

Chapter 201

George Thomas the billionaire! What prestige and fame he had! He had a net worth of more than ten billion and was the legend of Riverdale. The amount of wealth and connections he had could not be imagined by anyone at the scene. A powerful man like him was at Old Master Yates' party. No one would have thought of this happening! When they heard George's name, everyone in the hall and outer courtyard started gasping. They fell into a state of shock. Everyone at the scene including Bob, Peter, and Samson stood up. Russell and Theo also stood up to get ready to welcome this VVIP. "Who would've expected George Thomas to show up?"

Everyone was scared. There were ominous glints in their eyes. They all stared at the entrance at the same time. They wanted so badly to see the legendary billionaire of Riverdale to appear at the door. A few luxury cars

stopped outside the door of Yates Manor. Then, George got out of a black Bentley. He was wearing a grey Tang suit and holding a cane. He slowly made his way to the entrance. Bob and his group of people were already at the door. They were the first to witness the refined George Thomas walking over. "It's really George Thomas!" Bob could not stand still anymore. He walked over and welcomed George personally. Even though there was not much difference in their ages, it was obvious that George looked more energetic. He had a blush and a glow on his face. "Mr. Thomas, I didn't expect you to visit me in my humble abode," Bob said flatteringly. He had a grin on his face. "My dear Bob, I heard you're celebrating your 70th birthday, so I decided to crash the party," George shook hands with Bob and said flatly. When he said that, everyone figured that this was the Yates family lucky year. They had four simultaneous happy events, and now, VIPs were coming here to congratulate Old Master Yates. However, everyone could not help but cast their glances at Philip who was sitting in the outer courtyard. Did he come for Philip as well? If that was the case, then he had just accomplished an unattainable task! That was the richest man in Riverdale! Philip was just a useless piece of trash. What did he do to claim connections with powerful people like them? Before this, they thought that Theo's prestige and fame were all fake. If not, how could he be so respectful toward a useless bum? Then, in the next second, George said something that widened everyone's eyes. "Um... Is my little boy Philip here?" George asked with a grin. When Bob heard that, his hands trembled. He almost collapsed. Eric and the rest of the group felt as if a large hammer had fallen from the sky and landed on their hearts. They felt that everything that knew was starting to crumble around them. They did not expect to be right. The billionaire of Riverdale, George Thomas, was also here for Philip! Jess was starting to feel numb. Russell Field, Theo Zander, George Thomas... All of them had a net worth more than billions, and they were all here for Philip!

Was that spineless bum really a good-for-nothing? Bob came back to his senses and replied, "Yes." Then, he led George into the courtyard. Everyone

followed suit. George greeted everyone and followed Bob into the hall. "Mr.

Thomas, you came all the way from Riverdale. You must be exhausted.

Come, let me propose a toast to you," Peter said. He had to flatter a billionaire like George. It would be beneficial to the Yates family and at the same time, it would be beneficial to him. "Haha, how can I be absent for Old Master Yates' party?" George laughed. Then, his eyes landed on Martha and Charles who were sitting diagonally to him. "Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, hello. These are two little presents I brought for you two. I hope you can accept them." After he said that, George asked his secretary to take out two little boxes and hand them to Charles and Martha respectfully. The two of them gladly accepted the gifts. Martha was especially ecstatic. This was a gift from Riverdale's richest man. It must be extremely valuable! She was going to be rich! Everyone at the table was envious when they saw that.

They were looking at Martha with jealousy in their eyes. "Mr. Thomas, you're too kind. How can I accept such an expensive gift?" Martha pretended to decline but still, she put away the box impatiently. It was as if she was scared that George would ask for it back. "Mrs. Johnston, you have an amazing son-in-law. He has a very bright future!" George laughed and said. "Philip?" Everyone fell into a state of shock again. They did not expect a billionaire like George to compliment that piece of trash. This was so unbelievable. Everyone was in disbelief. This was a birthday party for Old Master Yates. Philip had not done anything and somehow, he became the star of the party.

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"Mr. Thomas, do you have the wrong person? Look at Philip's wretched state, he's just a hopeless case who everyone looks down on..." Paula was unconvinced, so she blurted out. Not only did she suspect that Theo was a fake, but now, she suspected George was a fake too. Who were they? Were they blind? How would they have any connections with a penniless fool like Philip? "Ma'am, please watch your language. No one can insult my little

Philip like that." George's tone was icy. Bob shouted as well, "Paula, shut up! One more word and you're out of here!" Paula shut her mouth when she saw her father's angry expression. She was as scared as a bird that was startled by the mere twang of a bow. She did not dare to lift her head anymore. Martha chuckled deviously. She said weirdly, "Oh, our Phil is the best indeed. He even knows a rich person like you, Mr. Thomas. Unlike some people whose daughter only got a nice husband after sleeping with God knows how many men. And she still dares to show off every day. How cheap." Bob was used to the daily bickerings of his two daughters. He spoke up and stopped them. Paula was trembling with anger. She peered at Philip at the outer courtyard. Her heart was filled with anger and jealousy. What did Philip do? How could he claim relations with someone like George? Did he sell his wife? At the party, it was only natural for people to ask about Philip and George's relationship. Before George could say anything, Martha could not wait to show off. She told them Philip had saved George and was George's savior. When they heard this, everyone sighed breaths of relief.

However, if he was George's savior, there would be a huge chance for him to have a bright future. After less than ten minutes, George got up and walked to the outer courtyard. Everyone's eyes followed him. After greeting Philip, George sat down at his table. In an instant, multiple eyes were glued on Philip. Bewilderment, jealousy, envy, and disbelief were among some of the complicated emotions in their

gazes. However, Philip was calm. He even started to complain about this. "Old Man George, what are you playing?"

Philip asked. George only smiled and said, "Young Master, didn't you ask me to prepare a gift? How's this?" Pfft! Philip almost spat out his drink.

George was even more of a poser than he was! Ted was looking at Philip, and at that moment, he felt foreign to him. Who was this guy? Was he really just a spineless coward? He even started to understand what Philip had said earlier, something about making the Yates disappear from Riverdale. Was this guy so arrogant just because he knew a few people? Ted drank his wine quietly. His hands were trembling, and his heart was roaring in

dissatisfaction. 'You're just a piece of trash! How is it possible for you to know so many people? How? 'This is the Yates Manor! A spineless bum like you is not allowed to cause trouble here! I, Eric Yates, am unconvinced!

'I'll kill you!' While thinking about that, Eric exited the courtyard and ran to a corner. He dialed a number and said with a dark face, "Monkey, bring the boys and block the entrance of the village. I want to f*ck someone up! I want to cripple him! There's also a woman. I'll let you guys do anything you want to her as long as you don't kill her." Back to Philip. It was obvious that Philip's table had become the highlight of the party even though it was near to the door. Everyone would cast glances at them occasionally. They were watching them closely. After spending some more time here, Wynn started to feel tired. Philip got up and said to George and the rest, "Um, I have to send Wynn back now. If you have the time, you can help yourself to whatever you want." When Wynn heard Philip's tone, she glared at him and said, "Um, Mr. Field, Mr. Zander, Mr. Thomas, I'm so sorry. I don't feel so good, so I'm going to ask Philip to send me back. I'll take him to visit all of you one day." When they heard that, Russell and Theo waved their hands and said, "No, no, no. There's no need for that. Phil is so busy.

You don't have to do that." George was the only one sitting calmly. Wynn hesitated and looked at Philip. She smiled before following him out of the door. When everyone saw Wynn walking out with Philip, they let out sighs of relief. That guy was finally gone. After a while, George, Russell, and Theo left as well. Finally, the Yates' party came to an end. When Russell was about to leave the courtyard, he was asked back to the drawing room in the hall by Bob. "Mr. Field, the reason I asked you here is for you to take a look at something for me." Bob was grinning cheerfully. Then, he took out a small box and handed it to Russell. The three generations of Yates were all in the room. Of course, the Yates' relatives were also there. Naturally, Charles was present too. "What's this?" Russell was curious when he took the box. Bob was frowning slightly when he said, "This is from my grandson-in-law. I didn't think it was worth anything, but now that you're

here, I want to ask you to look at it for me." To put it in simpler terms, Bob was suspicious. He wanted to get a clue through the box so that he could get rid of the qualm in his heart. What valuable thing could Philip afford to give him?

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Bob knew about Philip's relationship with Russell, and he knew that they were not that close. Naturally, his impression of Philip went back to how it was before. Philip and Russell just happened to know each other at a gallery.

That piece of trash was not worth mentioning at all. It was not just Bob waiting for Russell's appraisal, the rest of the group was also anticipating the result. Russell did not decline. He opened the box, and at the first glance, he was attracted by the jade ornamental thumb ring. This... This jade ornamental thumb ring was definitely made from jade of the highest grade!

Judging from the craftsmanship and the level of polishing, this ring was not made recently but from the pre-Qing dynasty. Russell took out his magnifying glass from his pocket and started looking at it up close. With this gesture, everyone in the hall was being kept in surprise. What was going on? Was Philip's jade ornamental thumb ring a genuine piece of antique?

Eric felt his heart sink. However, he got rid of this thought. It was just a piece of jade. How could it possibly be an antique? "How is it, Mr. Field?"

"Do you see anything?" Bob asked with a grin. He was super nervous. He had not felt this way for so many years. He did not know why he was so nervous for no reason. Bob could even predict what Russell would say next.

Judging from Russell's expression, Bob could tell this ornamental thumb ring was not made from any normal jade. "This... This is a jade ornamental thumb ring from the Qing dynasty! It might even belong to Emperor Qianlong!" Russell said excitedly all of a sudden. He was emotional. He even started to breathe heavily. If it belonged to Emperor Qianlong, it must be extremely valuable! He had not seen anything like that for so many years!

Russell remembered that he had bid for a piece of calligraphy that once

belonged to Emperor Qianlong in Capital City. It was sold at 30 million bucks. The value of this jade ornamental thumb ring was definitely more than 30 million bucks. It must be a valuable treasure! "Qing Dynasty..."

"Emperor Qianlong?" Bob was stunned. His eyes were wide as he stared at the jade ornamental thumb ring in Russell's hand. In an instant, everyone in the hall was beyond shocked. Even the ones who did not know anything about antiques like Martha knew that it was something extremely valuable when she heard it once belonged to Emperor Qianlong from the Qing Dynasty. Eric's face fell. Did that useless bum really give the old master something valuable? Where did he get the money? "Charlie, is that thing valuable?" Martha poked Charles and asked. If this was back then, Martha would do anything to take back that thumb ring. Philip was such a spendthrift. There were so many things in the world to give and yet he gave something that once belonged to Emperor Qianlong. Charles' face was red.

He wanted so badly to pounce over and take a look. He said excitedly,

“Valuable! It’s extremely valuable! Two years ago, a piece of calligraphy from Emperor Qianlong was sold for 30 million bucks.” “What? 30

million?” Martha yelled out from excitement. In an instant, everyone’s attention was on Martha. She covered her mouth and smiled awkwardly.

However, Martha was hurling abuses at Philip in her heart. What a damn piece of trash! What a spendthrift! 30 million! However, in the next second, Russell shook his head and said, “Old Master Yates, I think this ring costs more than 30 million bucks.” More than 30 million? This news was making waves in the room. Bob was breathing heavily. His face was red as he stared at that thumb ring. He smiled in satisfaction and said, “Why don’t you give us an estimate for this, Mr. Field?” After pondering for a while, Russell lifted a finger and said solemnly, “At least 100 million.” 100 million? Thud!

When Martha heard that, she passed out on the spot. She fell backward and landed on the floor. Thankfully, Charles was agile enough. He helped Martha to one side quickly. He pressed down on her philtrum and fed her water before she regained consciousness. Martha was limp all over. Her

hands were trembling uncontrollably as she murmured resentfully, “Philip, oh, Philip, you spendthrift! Where did you get that thumb ring? It’s worth 100 million and you just gave it out like that.” Martha was seething. She stared at the ring and wanted so badly to swallow it. If Philip had not given it to her father, it would have been hers! 100 million! My gosh! No way, she had to get it back!

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Martha decided to pretend to be sick. She grunted and pointed at her chest.

How would Bob not be able to tell his daughter’s little tricks? He glared at her coldly and yelled, “Martha, since Philip gave this to me, then it belongs to the Yates. If you don’t feel well, you should just ask Paula to send you back.” When she heard that, Martha did not dare to pretend anymore. She straightened her back, her face filled with hatred. Even though Paula was jealous, she still felt a little pleased when she saw that Martha could not get any goodies from this. Bob took the thumb ring from Russell with trembling hands. He valued it very much. 100 million! How did Philip afford to give him something so expensive? Eric, Aaron, and Jess were all beyond shocked. They were in disbelief. Was Philip not a completely useless piece of trash? How did he afford the thumb ring? Eric clenched his fists. Where did that guy get such a treasure? Fck, fck, fck! He was fuming. Eric went to one side and urged Monkey and his gang to hurry up. Jess was also curious. She could not make sense of the situation no matter how hard she tried. What else was this guy hiding? At the same time, she spotted Eric standing alone at the corner on his phone. His face was filled with anger. What was Eric doing? After pondering for a while, she took out her phone to send a message to Wynn telling her to be careful. Russell looked at everyone’s shocked faces. He felt helpless as well. They did not know that a thumb ring worth 100 million was merely just a toy for Philip. Mr. Clarke had previously told him to keep his identity a secret. As such, Russell explained quickly. “I think Philip must have gotten this ring from an antique market. This

guy has such a sharp eye. He found the 'Friends and Spring Mountain' painting by Tang Yin from an antique market as well." "He found it? What's going on?" Bob was puzzled. Russell explained briefly before everyone understood the situation. Their suspicions toward Philip vanished as well. It turned out that a useless piece of trash would always be a useless piece of trash. They thought Philip had a secret identity. Who knew it was just blind luck? What a lucky bastard! After Russell left, Bob asked his people to put away the thumb ring. The whole family looked at each other and smiled. That coward Philip was such an idiot. He might not even know the true worth of the thumb ring. Indeed, a good-for-nothing would not know the true worth of something valuable even if it was in front of him. Eric started to look down on Philip even more. He would not amount to anything his entire life. Martha and Charles were furious. They left Yates Manor as well. "I'm so mad, I'm so mad! 100 million! It's 100 million! Charlie! Philip really wants us to die from anger!" On the way home, Martha kept on hurling abuses at Philip. She was seething. "That's enough. He already gave it away. Do you think you can ask for it back?" Charles said helplessly. "Of course! Why not? That gift was from Philip, so it belongs to us. Why should it go to the Yates? No, I'm not leaving. You should go back first. I won't go back until I get the ring." Martha had made up her mind. After all, she did not cultivate her snobbishness in just one or two days. How would she be willing to part with something so valuable? Back to Philip. Wynn and Philip sat inside the car Theo had prepared for them. Inside the car, Wynn was very reserved. After all, the person in the front seat was the underground king of Riverdale. Philip knew Wynn was suspecting his identity, so he asked quickly, "Theo, thank you. You can just send me to the hospital." Theo was shocked, but he understood. He replied with a smile, "It's fine. It's nothing. Come have tea with me when you're free. I have to thank you for what happened last time, Clarke." What thing? Wynn was curious. Her eyes were glued on Philip as she pinched him on the waist. She bit her lip and muttered, "Philip, you have to explain this to me when we get back." Philip knew what she was thinking after looking into her eyes. He felt like he was in trouble. "Theo, I think we have some followers." When they were about to go out of the village, the driver noticed something was off. "Clarke, what are you going to do with them?" Theo looked at the rearview mirror and asked. "Ignore them," Philip replied calmly. He could guess who was behind this, but he did not want to make enemies now. Theo nodded and did not say anything. However, in a blink of an eye, the two vans behind chased up to them. One of the vans crashed into them and forced the Mercedes-Benz to stop. Seven to eight muscular men with tattoos got out of the two vans. They were holding things that looked like bats. "You fckers! Get out! Get the f*ck out now!" The leader of the gang was a man with a buzzcut. He looked extremely violent. He smashed his steel bat on the Mercedes-Benz and pointed at the people inside. He roared while strutting around.

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"Clarke, sit tight. I'll handle this." Theo said and dialed a number. He said coldly into the phone, "Ned, I'm at the entrance of Yates Village. Bring your men over." After he said that, he removed his hat and

took off his suit jacket.

He opened the door and walked out with his men. Philip smiled and got out as well. Wynn wanted to follow, but Philip kept her inside the car. Wynn should not have to watch what was going to happen next. "Which one of you motherckers is Philip Clarke? Get out here!" The leader was named Monkey. He was the local bully of this area at Yates Village. He would tyrannize this area to no end. He was also pushy and overbearing while thinking he was a big shot. He held a steel bat in his hand, and his face was filled with malice. He smashed his bat down on the hood of the Mercedes-Benz and yelled, "What's wrong? Did you not hear me? Are y'all fcking deaf? Get Philip Clarke out here and kowtow to me! And that woman named Wynn Johnston too! Come out here and go back with me so that the boys can have fun with you! If not, none of you will be allowed to leave!" "Do

you want to die? How dare you insult Mr. and Mrs. Clarke?" Theo walked forward and said with an icy face, "Are you bored of living?" He had been in this industry and working in Riverdale for so long, so he was not scared of a local bully like Monkey. He was just mad that they were insulting Philip! "Damn it! Who the fck are you? Is it your turn to speak? You're going to die and you're still so stubborn." Monkey looked at Theo from head to toe. "You do look like a human after dressing up, though. Do you believe that I'll beat you until you kneel and beg me for mercy?" "My name is Theo Zander. Who do you think I am?" Theo replied coldly. When Monkey heard the name, he was shocked at first. Then, he clutched his stomach and guffawed. He swung his steel bat and pointed at Theo arrogantly. "Theo Zander? You look like a pssy and you dare to say that you're Theo Zander?

Do you know who Theo Zander is? He's my boss' boss! He's the underground king of Riverdale!" Monkey could not hold back his laughter.

He did not expect to run into an idiot like this fella today. "Hey, dumbass! Look at yourself in the mirror before telling others that you're Theo Zander. How dare you pretend to be Theo? If you're really Theo Zander, then I'm your grandson!" "What big words! You're digging your own grave!" Theo's face fell as he took the first step to kick Monkey on the stomach. Monkey did not expect him to make the first move, so he suffered the kick and staggered a few meters backward before stabling himself. He felt pain spreading across his stomach. Monkey rubbed his stomach through gritted teeth and yelled angrily, "Why the fck are y'all still standing here? Go!

Cripple all of them! Cripple Philip Clarke first! Strip that woman and take her back!" In an instant, a group of people charged toward them while swinging their weapons. In the end, Theo and his three men defeated all of these thugs in less than five minutes. They were all writhing on the ground in pain. Philip took the opportunity and kicked them a few times. He was adding to their pain. The rest of them were all taken care of by Theo and his men. Of course, the reason Theo could be where he was today was because of his skills. He had handpicked all of his men, so naturally, Monkey and

the local bullies were not worthy to be their opponents. "Tell me! Who ordered you to do this?" Theo stepped on Monkey's face and did not show any mercy at all. Monkey started to shriek loudly from the pain. "Fck you! I'm one of Ned's men! If you dare to touch me, Ned will not forgive you!" Monkey was stubborn. Rage was burning in his eyes. "Ned Sutherland?" Theo snorted and continued to say, "He

won't dare to speak to me that way even if he's standing in front of me." "Stop fcking pretending! When he gets here, I'm sure you'll suffer the consequences of your actions! If you know what's best for you, you'll let me go!" Monkey kept on hurling abuses. He was seething. Theo then kicked him in the face and his nose started bleeding profusely. However... When Monkey was about to hurl more abuses, four Range Rovers sped over and stopped abruptly at the side of the road. In a blink of an eye, a man who was about six feet two got out of the car. He was huge and appeared to be covered in muscles. He looked extremely strong. Seven to eight men got out of the cars behind him. That muscular man scanned the scene quickly. His eyes were terrifying. "Ned?"

When he saw the man, it was as if Monkey had seen hope. He yelled happily,

"Ned! Over here! Save me, Ned!" Ned's eyes were on Monkey who was on the floor. He was being held firmly to the ground by Theo's foot. However, Ned chose to ignore him. Under everyone's shocked gazes, Ned walked over to Theo and did a 90-degree bow. He said, "Theo! I've brought my men here. What do you want me to do?" Theo's expression was neutral. He nodded calmly. "Theo?" At this moment, it was as if Monkey had a spell cast on him. His eyes went wide and his jaw dropped open. He could not believe what he was seeing or hearing. Monkey was beyond confused, especially when he saw Ned standing next to Theo humbly. He felt like his view of the world was all wrong. He hated himself. He was remorseful! His back started to be drenched in cold sweat. Even an idiot would be able to understand what was going on at this moment. The person in front of him was indeed the underground king of Riverdale, Theo Zander! The myth, the legend, the boss of his boss—Theo Zander! Monkey had been begging Ned

to bring him to visit Theo, but he still lacked the qualifications. He did not think the day he finally met Theo would be under these circumstances! Was God playing a joke on him? He was done for!

Comments (1)

Gideon Dapaah

serves you right! next time don't pretend to be a force among men! idiot! so unbelievable

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Monkey's face went pale. His face was ashy, and he was extremely frantic.

When he was at a complete loss and was thinking about how to turn the situation around, the underground king of Riverdale walked humbly to another young man and bowed. He asked, "Mr. Clarke, what do you think we should do to them?" Mr. Clarke? Damn it! Was that young man Philip Clarke? The man that Eric wanted him to cripple? When he saw this, Monkey was in a complete state of shock. It

was as if his heart had stopped beating. 'Eric Yates, you're killing me!' In Monkey's eyes, Theo was someone he had to maintain a respectful distance from. He was involved with both the dark and light sides. He had huge power over a lot of things.

If he stomped his foot, the entire Riverdale would shake! Now, this person was being so respectful toward that young man. He was also acting extremely cautious around him. He could guess the identity of that young man just from the way Theo was treating him. He wanted so badly to die now! As he watched the young man approach him, Monkey's heart leaped into his throat. "Did Eric ask you to do this?" Philip asked coldly. Monkey hesitated before nodding quickly. He admitted to everything. "Yes! Eric asked me to do this. Please, Sir, please forgive me. I was blind. I was a fool.

I deserve to die! This has nothing to do with me. I was just looking to make ends meet. Please forgive me, Sir!" Philip frowned and scratched his chin.

He looked like he was in deep thought. Then, he said, "What did you say to insult my wife just now?" Monkey started sobbing as he said, "I deserve to die! I deserve to die a thousand deaths! I was wrong, Sir! Please forgive me.

I will be willing to undergo the most severe trials for you if you let me go!

I'll listen to everything you say, Sir!" While he said that, Monkey got up from the ground and slapped himself on the face again and again. He slapped himself until he started to bleed. If he did not do that, he knew he would die an even more horrible death. Philip pondered and said, "Alright, I'll give you another chance. Watch the Yates for me. Report everything they do to me." "Alright!" Monkey agreed quickly. "Right, find an opportunity to return a gift to Eric for me. You should know what to do, right?" Philip chuckled coldly. Monkey trembled and agreed. He knelt on the ground and started kowtowing. He said, "I understand! Don't worry, Mr. Clarke. I understand completely! I will do this well!" After he said that, Philip and Theo got into the car and left. This interruption was nothing to them. Philip only thought about asking Monkey to watch the Yates at the very last minute. The reason was that he was unhappy with the Yates family. He was wondering if he should take action against them. Never mind. He should just let it be. If Eric decided to do anything, Philip would not mind to wipe out the Yates in one night. They got back to the city. They had been sitting in the car the entire day. Philip brought Wynn back to rest before going to the hospital to see Mila. The next day, Philip wandered around in his company. Then, he invested 30 million and asked Agnes to take care of it.

Gopher Delivery Services was responsible for half of the delivery services in Riverdale. He had no choice. It was too f*cking cool to be sending deliveries with BMW bikes! After he got out of his office, Philip thought for a while and decided to go for a candlelit dinner. He chose a French restaurant. When he entered the restaurant, he heard a voice from not far away. "Philip? Why are you here?" He lifted his head and saw two women walking over to him while holding hands. One of them was taller than the other. He knew them. To be more precise, they were his old classmates!

"Yolanda?" Philip asked curiously. "Oh, it is you. I didn't expect to run into you here." Yolanda was the

famous beauty queen in university. She was also extremely flirtatious. She was tall and slender with features as beautiful.

She had an amazing body, and she had the potential to be on the cover of Japanese magazines. When she saw Philip, she was taken aback. Then, her face was filled with mockery and sarcasm. Philip had gone after her back when they were in university. However, he did not succeed. Yolanda was not interested in him. She liked men with money. She would rather cry in a BMW than laugh on a stupid bicycle. "Yeah, long time no see," Philip smiled lightly and said. He did not want to pay too much attention to her.

There was a misunderstanding between him and Yolanda. When they were in university, he had asked Yolanda to deliver his love letter to Wynn.

However, there was a huge misunderstanding in the process and Yolanda thought he had feelings for her. "Why? Where's your wife, Wynn? She didn't come with you?" Yolanda chuckled. She turned her head to look for Wynn. "Yola, who is he? He looks so unsophisticated. How do you know someone like this?" The shorter woman next to Yolanda jeered. She did not even try to hide her disgust for Philip.

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Philip frowned. This little girl was so rude. She was criticizing someone the moment she met them. 'If I were your father, I would have slapped you!'

"Oh, Philip. This is my best friend, Sadie Cash," Yolanda smiled and said.

There was disdain on her face. Philip was such a pervert. What was he looking at? He was staring at her the entire time. Sadie pressed her lips together and scolded fiercely, "What are you looking at? Have you never seen a pretty girl before?" Philip shook his head helplessly and chuckled.

He ignored the two of them. Yolanda was not satisfied. She finally ran into the man who had feelings for her when they were back in university. She had to show off! A brilliant woman like Wynn actually married a spineless

bum like Philip. She even heard that Philip had been having it tough these past few years. He even owed people a lot of money and was about to have a divorce. Yolanda was feeling pleased. She wanted so badly to show off in front of Philip so that she could insult him a little. Without thinking about the consequences, she pulled Philip into a cafe next door and said, "This is such a rare opportunity. Let's have a coffee together." Philip wanted to decline, but he could not. They chose a booth and sat down. After a long while, Yolanda stood up unhappily and said, "Sadie, stay here. I'll go order coffee." After she said that, she glared at Philip in detest. This man was not gentlemanly at all. There were two beautiful women here and he did not even do the polite thing by offering to get them coffee. What a loser.

Yolanda was glad that she did not fall for a man like him during their university days. Plus, judging from

Philip's outfit, he must be poor. After the few of them chatted for a while, Agnes walked in from the door and said something to Philip. Yolanda and Sadie were curious when they saw a beautiful woman walking over and talking to Philip. "Philip, who is she?"

Yolanda asked curiously. Was that Philip's mistress? No way! How could someone like him get such a beautiful woman? Philip pondered for a while and replied calmly, "She's the manager of my company." Agnes nodded and smiled at the two of them. "Hello, my name is Agnes Summer. I'm the manager of Philip's company." Damn it! Sadie was excited. Her eyes were twinkling when she looked at Philip. She exclaimed, "Philip, you have your own company? Not bad!" How would Sadie not be excited? Philip looked so ordinary, but he had his own company. He must be loaded. This meant that all she needed to do was seduce him a little. She was confident that this stupid man would fall head over heels for her. After all, he had already liked her once before. While imagining that, Sadie took her bag impatiently and announced that she wanted to go to the restroom. Actually, she was going to touch up her makeup. Yolanda was shocked. She asked emotionally,

"Philip, do you really have your own company now?" Yolanda was curious.

She was not about to make a fuss about nothing like Sadie. After all, she was Philip's classmate, so she knew about his past. He was just a poor loser.

How would he be the boss of a company? Was this a misunderstanding?

Even though she was feeling suspicious, Yolanda was doing a good job of keeping her composure. She smiled and said, "Not bad, Philip. I haven't seen you for three years and you're doing so well. You even have your own company." Philip smiled flatly and did not say anything. He knew if he said that he was just an employee, he would definitely be the recipient of Yolanda's jeers and insults. If that was the case, he would just tell her the truth. He would not have much contact with her in the future anyway, so whatever. Yolanda smiled and said, "I guess Oliver got the wrong information. I thought you weren't doing so well. I didn't expect you to be excelling." Sadie came back at this moment. A woman indeed looked better after she put on some makeup. She was smiling flirtatiously and even winked at Philip repeatedly. She said, "Hey handsome, take us for a tour in your company if you have the time. I have nothing going on recently, so you can ask me out if you want to." How straightforward! Philip was terrified.

Yolanda chuckled and said quickly, "Philip, you were absent for the last two gatherings. This time, you have to come no matter what. Coincidentally, they've booked a private room at Arc de Triumph Hotel today. You can't run away again!" Philip was shocked. "Today?" Yolanda nodded. She said,

"Yeah, didn't Oliver tell you?" Philip had received the invitation for the previous two gatherings, but he declined both of them. Back then, he and Wynn were having conflicts. Plus, it would be awkward for him to attend when he was a nobody. Perhaps it was because he had already declined them twice that Oliver Jurgen did not invite Philip this time. This was so unexpected.

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Yolanda watched as Philip hesitated. She said quickly, "Since we're all here, let's go together. We haven't seen each other in so many years." Actually, Yolanda wanted to get close to Philip through this gathering. She felt

remorseful for not having any interest in Philip back then. She did not expect a man like him to have such potential. Philip touched his nose and nodded his head. "Alright." Philip did not have anything to do in the afternoon anyway. Also, his candlelit dinner reservation with Wynn was for tomorrow. As such, he did not have to worry. Philip told Agnes something before the latter went back to the office. After staying a while longer at the cafe, Yolanda and Sadie brought Philip to the karaoke in the mall nearby.

"Oliver and the gang will be singing here before going to Arc de Triumph,"

said Yolanda. She even grabbed Philip's arm voluntarily and said in a mysterious tone, "Philip, do you know what Joshua opened a company of his own as well? His turnover is already at three million bucks. I heard he's going to hit a target of 20 million this year! He's the one who's hosting this gathering today." Philip did not like Yolanda holding him like this. He knew what this woman had in her mind. He removed Yolanda's hand from his arm politely and shook his head. He said, "Joshua has his own company?

We haven't talked in so long." Yolanda's expression changed. She did not expect Philip to be so insensible. She made a face as her tone became colder.

She crossed her arms across her chest and squeezed her breasts together.

She said, "Weren't you guys best friends back then? What's wrong? Did you guys fight?" Yolanda knew that Philip and Joshua McAdams used to be best friends back then. They were always seen together. One would call them bosom buddies. Now, they did not even keep in touch anymore. They must have gotten into a fight because of Wynn. Everyone knew that Joshua had feelings for Wynn back then. However, in the end, Wynn decided to be with Philip. All the guys who had feelings for Wynn were jealous. It was also because of this that Philip fell out with a lot of his friends. That bitch was such a femme fatale. At this moment, Sadie came over as well. She was feeling nosy. "Hey, who's Joshua? What's this about his company?" Sadie's head was shaking slightly. She seemed passionate. Philip shook his head and said, "I don't know. I stopped talking to him after graduation." Yolanda gave a knowing nod and did not say anything more. "Oh, right, are you still in contact with Juan Parker? Howard Lowe too. Oh, and also Carl Ortega! Did you stop talking to all of them?" Yolanda asked curiously. When Sadie heard that, she frowned and complained. "Philip, why does it feel like you have zero contact with your old classmates? You're so bad at keeping in contact with people!" "I think I'm still alright. I'm not so sure about Juan, but I'm still in contact with Howard. Actually, I don't really like to keep in touch with everyone. It's enough for me to have a few close friends," Philip said. Philip felt a little sad when he thought about Juan. He had not seen Howard in so long. He wondered about his wedding arrangements

with Ruby. Philip had yet to tell Howard about catching Ruby in the act at the hotel last time. He was worried that Howard would be sad if he told him. He was even more scared that Howard would not believe him. They might stop being friends because of this. The three of them walked together and arrived at the private room after a short while. They could hear shrieks and screams from inside the room. However, in a short while, they could hear all kinds of praises and compliments. They felt extremely awkward while listening to these noises outside of the room. "Haha! How amazing, Mr. McAdams! You sounded just like the original soundtrack! I'm blown away by your talents!" "Exactly! Mr. McAdam should participate in The Voice! With his voice, he'll definitely be the winner!" "Not only is Mr. McAdams rich and extremely talented, but he is also a hottie! He's tall, rich, and handsome!" ... The crowd was praising him respectfully. Philip felt awkward hearing those remarks. He could only chuckle to himself. Yolanda pushed the door open and went in. She announced to the room, "Everybody, come see who I stumbled into today!" The room fell silent immediately. Under the colorful lights, everyone's eyes were glued on the person behind Yolanda. Coldness. Silence. No one was cheering. Only a few people shouted with a fake smile, "Fck me! Philip Clarke is here!" "He's such a busy man! I haven't seen him in three years and I finally get to see him here!" "Philip, you son of a b*tch. If you're doing badly, you should just tell us. We'll definitely give you a hand so that you won't have to dress like that!" Laughter and nasty comments started to sound in the room.

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There were all kinds of cold stares and jeers. This was the so-called gathering. Eventually, it would become a place for flattery and sneers. This was also why Philip did not want to come. What kind of gathering was this?

It was all fake. The ex-classmates here were all swinging with each other.

In addition to that, the men always tried to curry favors and be posers.

"Philip, why didn't you tell me that you were coming? I could've gone to pick you up. What's wrong? You didn't come the first two times I asked you but you're here now when Yolanda's the one inviting you. Are you trying to disrespect me?" Joshua was the one who said that. He stood up and walked over. He placed his arm around Philip's shoulder and pretended to be cordial. Philip looked at him coldly. Had he become so hypocritical now?

When did he invite him? Was it not Oliver the one who invited him the previous two times? After walking to the middle of the room, Joshua gave Philip a glass of wine. He said, "Come, it's such a rare chance for us to see Philip. Let's give him a toast. This was the most popular guy in our school back then!" Everyone was feeling indifferent about Philip. They heard that he was not doing so well all these years. He was not as dazzling as he was before. However, since Joshua had already said that, they all lifted their glasses as they wanted to flatter Joshua. Philip chuckled coldly and drank his wine. Then, he sat down at a corner. However, it was obvious that Joshua would not let go of this rare opportunity. He

hinted at Carl who was sitting at one side and the latter immediately got it. He said loudly, "Say, Philip, you son of a b*tch. Where have you been all these years? You don't even pick up your phone. Did you change your number? You didn't come to the gathering when Oliver invited you. Are you not bothered about your old classmates anymore?" Carl knew what Joshua wanted. He wanted him to humiliate Philip, or rather, to shame him. When he said that, everyone

started berating Philip. "Yeah, Philip. Are you rich now? Is that why you're not interested in us anymore?" "How can he be rich? I knew he was just playing to the gallery back when we were in university. He has no genuine talent at all!" "Hehe, Carl, stop making fun of Philip. Who here in this crowd is better than Mr. McAdams?" Everyone continued to belittle Philip, but at the same time, they did not forget to flatter Joshua. Joshua sat at his seat while feeling pleased. He lifted his hand and said, "Hey, you guys speak too highly of me. It's just a small company." However, the smirk on his face betrayed the pride inside his heart. When he saw Philip sitting at the corner all by himself, Joshua felt extremely pleased. Back then, Philip was the star while they were all side characters. Who knew that every dog would have its day. Today, he became the star. He was pleased with himself. He felt extremely proud! "Hey, Philip, I'm asking you a question. Why aren't you answering me? Why are you so arrogant?" Carl was slightly frustrated as he asked coldly. This idiot was sitting there unperturbed. Was he looking down on him? Philip chuckled and said, "It's nothing. I've been really busy these few years, so I didn't have time. I apologize to everyone here. Plus, I'm here today, aren't I?" Philip was clear about what these people were thinking. He knew how to play these cheap tricks since he was as young as eight years old. Joshua guffawed and said, "Alright! It's difficult for all of us to gather here. We should drink to this!" After downing his wine, Joshua started causing trouble. He asked, "Philip, I heard you started a business after you graduated. How's it? It's doing well, right?" Philip shook his head and said,

"I failed." Carl laughed sarcastically and said, "So what? It's fine. You're not made to start businesses anyway. Right, how are you and Wynn? I heard you're planning to get a divorce." Everyone in the room fell silent after they heard that. They lifted their ears. Wynn Johnston. It was such a dreamy name. She used to be the girl of everyone's dreams back in university. They did not expect her to marry a spineless coward like Philip. Joshua's face fell.

He was watching Philip's every move. "Don't worry, we're doing great,"

Philip said and smiled. Carl chuckled perfunctorily. Joshua said quickly,

"Why didn't you bring her? She was the campus belle. Are you worried about her? Is that why you didn't bring her here?" Joshua wanted to see Wynn. He wanted to prove to her that her decision was wrong. He was even more successful than Philip now. After being quiet for a while, Philip said,

"She's busy, so she doesn't have the time." Everyone looked at each other and laughed. They were all looking at Philip like they were poking fun at him. This guy was such a poser. He should just admit that they were going through a divorce! What could not be said among friends? Joshua got up and sat next to Philip. He patted him on the shoulder and said, "I hired someone to find out about this. You're working as a delivery guy now? Why are you doing so badly now?" It was here. The main question was here!

Philip lifted his eyebrow. He said, "Yeah, it's to make a living. There's nothing bad about working as a delivery guy. I'm not like you guys. You're all bosses or managers. I'm so envious." Since Joshua wanted to feel superior to him, he would just give it to him. He did not lack that anyway.

Plus, it was meaningless. Joshua faked a smile and said, "It's fine. Being a delivery man is a good job. I heard you can earn more than 10,000 bucks a month if you work hard." Philip shrugged. "I guess. I'm just trying to make ends meet." When Carl heard this, he laughed and said, "Philip, Joshua just started a new company and he's hiring. Why don't you consider it? Just tell Josh, I'm sure he won't treat you badly." Joshua smiled toothily and sat there unperturbed. He sipped on his wine and waited for Philip to beg him.

How wonderful! He never expected the day that Philip would come to beg him.

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Chapter 210

"Yeah, Philip. This is such a rare chance. I want to go too. Josh, what about me?" One of Philip's classmates said in envy. "Me too. I heard the current account of Josh's company has a few million every month. He has so many employees too!" Yolanda was envious. Her face was filled with adoration.

She sat close to Joshua and kept acting coquettishly. There were more than ten people in the room. Initially, everyone was just doing their own things.

However, when they heard Carl's conversation, everyone became eager and was looking at Joshua with impatient gazes. It became obvious now that they had just come to the gathering for their own selfish needs. It could not be helped. This was the reality of it. They were all normal people. They just wanted an easy way out. This was understandable. It was not despicable.

"Mr. McAdams, do you still need people?" "Josh, what about me? I was a secretary before. I can do anything." "... " Sadie, who was sitting at one side, immediately got close to Joshua. Her eyes were twinkling. This was a goldmine! She was the one who begged Yolanda to bring her here. Her goal was to curry favors with a rich man like Joshua. She would do anything for money. Everyone started chattering non-stop. They wanted to show that they had what it took to be hired by Joshua. Joshua smiled and said, "My company is still new, and I'm indeed hiring. However, I just need two. If you want to come, please send your resumes to my email. As for my old classmates, I will definitely take good care of you all." Joshua was feeling extremely pleased when he heard them praising and complimenting him.

However, he would not get over his own head. He could not give each one of them a job just because they were his old classmates. He still had to see what they got. If not, his company would be at risk.

"Philip, don't even think about it. How much money can your delivery company make in a month?

Hurry up and beg Josh. He might hire you if you make him happy. I heard the starting salary is at least

7,000 bucks,” said Carl in envy. When he said that, everyone fell into a state of shock again. It was just a new company and its starting salary for employees was 7,000 bucks?! What about in the future then? In a blink of an eye, everyone’s eyes started burning with flames of passion. Two vacancies were not enough! “Hey, don’t listen to him. The starting pay isn’t 7,000 bucks. It’s only 5,000. But I will also reward my employees based on performance. What do you think, Philip? If you need money, you can work for me. I’ll reserve a slot for you. For Wynn’s sake, I won’t treat you unfairly. When the time comes, you and

Wynn can just treat me to a meal.” Joshua smiled. He had a pleased expression on his face. Now, in Joshua’s eyes, he and Philip were people from different levels. Philip was just a delivery guy. He was working a low-level job. Joshua was not interested in him at all. He was just exchanging courtesies with him. It would all depend on Joshua’s mood whether he wanted to hire him or not. As long as Philip took this opportunity, he would be able to use this chance to get close to Wynn. He had not seen her for so many years. Joshua wondered how Wynn was doing. “Thank you. I’ll think about it.” Philip smiled. “Think about it? Philip, don’t miss this chance. This is a rare opportunity. Mr. McAdams is opening the backdoor for you and you still want to think about it?” Yolanda was eyeing Philip furiously. Was this guy an idiot? Joshua was personally offering him the chance to work at his company and Philip still wanted to think about it. He did not know what was good for him! As for Philip’s company, Yolanda had already forgotten about it. She did not believe a guy like him would be capable of starting a company. It might just be a lie so that he would not make a fool of himself in front of her. Everyone started criticizing Philip in frustration. “Philip, you don’t know what’s good for you. This is a chance given to you by Mr.

McAdams!” “This idiot still wants to think about it. He doesn’t know how to appreciate favors!” “A piece of trash will always be a piece of trash. No wonder Wynn wants to divorce him. He doesn’t even know how to grasp a golden opportunity.” Philip was faced with everyone’s criticisms. Philip was feeling helpless. He thought for a while and said, “Um, everyone, actually I don’t need the help because I’m...”

Chapter 211

“What? What is it? Do you want to say that you’re loaded?” Sadie talked back in frustration. This guy was disrespecting Joshua. There was a small smile on Joshua’s face. However, the dissatisfaction in his heart was getting more and more intense. ‘I gave you a chance and you’re not appreciating it.

Not only that, but you still want to decline? ‘How dare you reject me with your current status?’ He was still a piece of trash at the end of the day!

“Philip, I should advise you to think about this clearly. Go back and discuss it with Wynn. If you need any help, just come find me at my office. I’ll definitely lend you a hand.” Joshua clapped his hands together and took out a name card from his pocket. He threw it over to Philip rudely like he was giving alms.

“Alright, I think that’s enough fun. Let’s go eat at Arc de Triumph.” Joshua smiled and ignored Philip’s unappreciative expression.

Everyone stood up, giving dirty looks at Philip. This idiot was such a fool.

He did not even know how to appreciate such a rare opportunity. He was going to be a loser forever, so they decided to stay away from Philip.

Everyone was thinking about the same thing. Philip felt helpless. He was the last to get up and follow them. 'I'm the heir of a billionaire. Why won't you let me finish?' He got out and walked to the parking lot. Joshua drove out with his stylish Audi R8. This car was expensive. It cost around one to two million bucks. When he drove out, he caught the eyes of a lot of people.

It was so cool! Yolanda, Sadie, and a few female classmates were all staring.

However, this car could only fit two people. The women would definitely fight to sit on the passenger seat. Joshua knew what these women were thinking. He smiled and asked, "Who wants to ride with me?" "Me!" "Me, me, me!" In a blink of an eye, a few women rushed over to the passenger seat impatiently. Some even started to fight. In the end, Joshua looked at Yolanda and said, "Yolanda, get in. I'll drive you." Yolanda was feeling gleeful. She walked over with her high heels clacking against the floor. She twisted her bottom and sat inside the car. The women were all looking at her with envy and jealousy. Then, Joshua laughed and said, "Um, I'll be heading over now. Please take care of each other if you have cars." After a while, a few classmates started to drive out of the parking lot with their cars.

The best one was a BMW 3 Series. It belonged to Carl, and he was taking three women. He was also feeling pleased with himself. Then, out came the more normal cars like Volkswagen Phaeton and Buick. Philip was the only one standing at the side of the road. No one wanted to give him a ride. Joshua was still inside his car when he saw Philip. He had a fake smile on his face.

He said, "Philip, you didn't drive here?" "How will he have a car? He must have walked over! Never mind, let's just ignore him, Josh. We should head over first. We'll just let him use the e-hailing service," Yolanda said in contempt. She could not wait to experience the Audi R8. "Haha, Philip, you haven't bought a car yet?" "How useless! You've graduated for three years and you still can't afford a car?" "Sigh, we're not on the same level after all.

Life is full of ups and downs." Everyone started to make fun of him. Joshua pondered for a while and nodded. He took out a 100 dollar bill and threw it at Philip like he was giving money to a beggar. He said, "It's for you to call a cab. I'm treating everyone here, so I can't let you spend a dime." After he said that, he drove his car away abruptly with a loud rumbling noise. Then, the other cars followed suit. The street was filled with their laughter and nasty remarks. Philip was fine with this. He did not want to quibble over the need to buy a car. When he was about to call a cab, he heard a deep masculine voice behind him. "You're here as well, Mr. Clarke?" When he heard that, he turned around and saw Tiger's huge body almost knocking into his. Fortunately, he stopped just in time and stood in front of Philip humbly. He smiled and scratched his head before saying, "What a coincidence, Mr. Clarke." "Yeah." Philip nodded and did not say anything.

Tiger was feeling anxious. Mr. Clarke did not bicker with him about what had happened last time.

However, he still felt very apologetic and wanted to find a chance to make it up to him. He did not expect to run into Mr. Clarke today. "Did you drive here?" Philip asked suddenly. When Tiger heard this, he smiled flatteringly and said, "I did. Where are you going, Mr. Clark? I'll drive you there myself." Then, Tiger led Philip into the parking lot. At the same time, Ruby was holding a middle-aged man's arms in front of the cafe.

They were about to go inside. She saw the backs of the two men from the corner of her eyes. How familiar. 'Why does that man look like Philip?'

Ruby was curious. The other man's back too! It looked so muscular, like Tiger's! Philip and Tiger together? Was she overthinking? Ruby shook her

head and continued to rub herself against the middle-aged man sweetly.

They entered the cafe, and she did not think about this anymore. Tiger led Philip into the parking lot. He opened the car door, but Philip did not get in.

"Holy cow! You look like a brick wall and you're driving a pink Porsche 911?" Philip was stunned. A feminine pink Porsche 911 was right there in front of his eyes. Tiger blushed. He was feeling awkward, so he explained immediately, "You're mistaken, Mr. Clarke. This car belongs to Theo's daughter. I drove it out to take care of some business." Theo's daughter? He did not think he had met her before. Actually, Tiger omitted something.

When they were buying the car, Melody Zander asked for his opinion. Tiger felt that the pink one looked the best. Who said that a man with a large build could not have the heart of a teenage girl?

Chapter 212

Philip was feeling helpless, but eventually, he still got in. In a blink of an eye, the two of them arrived at Arc de Triumph. Tiger parked the car in the parking lot, and Philip got out. After a few steps, he ran into Joshua. He and Yolanda had gotten there first. When Joshua saw that Philip was here, he was curious. His Audi R8 was not slow. The rest were not here yet but Philip was already here? "Hey, Philip. I didn't think you would manage to get a cab that quickly. Did you take a shortcut?" Joshua smiled mockingly. At the same time, he looked behind Philip. A pink Porsche 911. It seemed that Philip had gotten out of that car just now. Was it possible? He must be seeing things Yolanda chimed in and said sarcastically, "You ran over here, didn't you? He was the champion of the 5,000-meter run back then." Joshua chuckled. Philip did not say anything. The two of them turned around and walked in. Tiger ran over a short while later. He said something to Philip before turning around to leave. At the same time, the rest of Philip's classmates arrived. "Philip? You got here first?" A few people asked curiously when they saw Philip standing by the door. This guy did not have a car, though. How did he manage to get here faster than the ones with cars?

How weird! Philip chuckled and said, "The driver took a shortcut." When they heard that, they

understood. Sadie could not control herself and said,

“What driver? You just called a cab. You’re even calling the DiDi driver your driver now? Will you die if you stop being ostentatious?” Sadie was no longer trying to curry favors with Philip as she was before. When she was in the car, she heard that Philip was a complete loser. What company?

It was all fake! It must be fake. Sadie told this to some other people and they all agreed that Philip did not want to humiliate himself in front of Yolanda, so he purposely made up a lie. They all shook their heads and laughed in disdain. Then, they turned their heads and left. Philip just smiled. This gathering was so boring. They were all just trying to feel superior. In a few seconds, they were all sitting in the private room. Arc de Triumph was an expensive and famous hotel. The people who could afford to sit here were all rich people. A lot of Philip’s old classmates had never come here before.

This time, they were all looking around with awe on their faces. On any normal occasion, everyone would sit randomly during a gathering.

However, today was different. Everyone was cautious and kept on flattering Joshua so that he would sit on the main seat. It was only after he sat down did everyone finally dare to take a seat. Philip had been forgotten a long time ago. He found a random spot and sat down there. No one said anything.

After all, they understood. No one would want to flatter a person with no status like Philip. After he sat down, Joshua snapped his finger and called the server over. He said, “Three bottles of Romanee-Contis and two bottles of Maotai.” In a blink of an eye, the server came over with the alcohol.

“Wow! Romanee-Conti! A bottle of this costs 10,000 bucks!” “Holy moly!

You’re amazing, Mr. McAdams! You can indeed be imposing when you’re rich!” “I don’t care! I want to work with Mr. McAdams in the future!” The crowd was excited, and their gazes were heated. Joshua smiled and shook his hand. He said, “It’s nothing, really. It’s just a few bottles of alcohol. You guys should know that as someone with their own business, we have to know something about alcohol because we need to have dealings with

clients. 10,000 bucks for Romanee-Conti is nothing.” When Yolanda heard this, her eyes went wide. Joshua had feelings for her back then. During their university days, she was young and did not understand men, so she rejected him. Today, she was feeling extremely remorseful. She was thinking of ways to claim relations with Joshua. Subconsciously, she looked at Philip.

The differences between them were too huge. Suddenly, she remembered Philip saying that he had his own company as well. However, Yolanda did not think that it was true. She started to look down on Philip even more. At the same time, the door of the room was opened. Zayn walked in holding a few bottles of top-tier alcohol in his hands. He smiled and said, “Everyone, I’m the manager of this restaurant, and this is the latest red wine we have.

They are from Château Pétrus.” Everyone was shocked. They did not understand what was going on. Joshua jumped up from shock. He knew about the red wine from Château Pétrus. One bottle would cost

more than 10,000 bucks. It was about the same level as Romanee-Conti. However, he did not order these! Even if Joshua was rich, he would not waste his money like this. "I'm sorry, we didn't order these," Joshua said with a smile. Carl, who was sitting next to him, started explaining to everyone. The crowd knew immediately that one bottle of this wine cost more than 10,000 bucks!

"Oh, these are gifts from us." Zayn smiled. His eyes landed on Philip secretly as he nodded slightly. Everyone was stunned. Gifts? Holy moly!

Was Joshua such an important person? The manager of Arc de Triumph was gifting them wine himself! However, Joshua did not think this was the case.

His face fell as he frowned. He did not know this Mr. Yeager. "Excuse me, Mr. Yeager, why are you giving us wine?" Joshua asked. Zayn peered at Philip and smiled. He said, "It's because of Mr..."

Chapter 213

Before Zayn could finish talking, he met Philip's cold gaze. He changed what he was about to say immediately. "It's fine. Enjoy." All kinds of discussions broke out in the private room. They were all wondering who

was the one so capable that even the manager of Arch de Triumph personally gifted them bottles of expensive wine. "Who? Who among you knows Mr. Yeager?" A bottle of this wine cost more than 10,000 bucks and they were gifted with three bottles. Everyone looked at each other, guessing who the VIP could be. Of course, no one looked at Philip. Who was he to be considered? Zayn and Philip communicated with each other with their eyes. Thankfully, he was quick. If he exposed Mr. Clarke's identity, he could just get out of Arc de Triumph. Just now, when Zayn was in the manager's office, the receptionist ran in and told him Mr. Clarke was here.

He ran downstairs immediately and chose a few good wines to make Mr.

Clarke happy. He wanted to perform well in front of him. He did not expect this to backfire. Zayn was clever. He exited the room when he saw everyone suspecting each other. "Wow! Who is the VIP? Take a picture and post it to WeChat moment! This is red wine from Château Pétrus! Normal people will never be able to drink this!" A few women were squirming in their seats in excitement. They took out their phones and started snapping pictures furiously. "Haha, I think Mr. Yeager must have sent these over himself because he saw Mr. McAdams," Carl said with a grin on his face. When everyone heard that, they nodded their heads in agreement. "Yeah, I think only Mr. McAdams has the prestige and reputation for this." "Josh, why didn't you tell us that you know the manager of Arc de Triumph? Is this a surprise for all of us?" "Mr. McAdams, you son of a gun! How generous!"

The crowd started to rain praises down on him. Joshua was puzzled. He did not know the manager of Arc de Triumph. However, it was impossible for him to stop them now. He smiled and said, "Haha, it's nothing. The most important thing is that you guys are happy. If it's not enough, I'll ask Zayn to bring

more." A dead mouse would not feel cold. He had already put on an act, so he did not mind to go even further. When everyone heard that, they cheered, "Hooray, Mr. McAdams! I'll definitely stick to you from now on." Yolanda's brain was occupied with Joshua. The more she looked at him, the more good looking he became to her. She wanted so badly to

swallow him whole. She had to get this man. She went to the restroom and removed her bra. This would make what she was about to do much easier.

When she went back to the room, she sat down next to Joshua. She ran her foot up Joshua's leg unintentionally and touched him with her hands. The other party could not handle her teasing anymore. As an experienced man who frequented nightclubs, Joshua just needed to take one glance before he knew that Yolanda was not wearing a bra. He chuckled and clinked his glass with Yolanda. The two of them were touching hands and feet under the table. They were in an extremely amorous state. Yolanda said just in time,

"Philip, what's your company called? How much do you make in a year?

Why don't you shut it down and work for Mr. McAdams instead?" She was looking down on Philip. He thought he was all that just because he married Wynn? He was still a good-for-nothing. Yolanda was saying this on purpose. In her opinion, even if Philip was that good and started a stupid company, could he make more than Joshua? He had a current account of a few hundred thousand bucks every month. Everyone in the room had their eyes glued on Philip. They were looking at him weirdly. Joshua also looked over with a raised eyebrow. He frowned and asked in disdain, "Philip, you also have your own company? Why didn't you tell us just now?" Philip replied calmly, "It's nothing. I can't compare to you, Mr. McAdams."

Actually, Philip was worried that Joshua and his gang would want to crawl into the ground if he told them. He had just invested 30 million into his company for an expansion like it was nothing. As for his old classmates who were just paying lip service, he felt extremely disgusted by them. After talking for so long, these people still refused to give him a break. They were all mocking and belittling him. Was this the so-called camaraderie among friends? Joshua chuckled and asked with a raised eyebrow, "What company? Tell us. I want to see if I'll have the chance to work with you guys." This guy can also start his own company? What a joke! Philip answered truthfully, "It's a delivery service. I just have some performance shares. It's really nothing. I'm literally an arm-flinging shopkeeper." Joshua

frowned and said, "Is that so? No wonder you're not interested in us. That's fine. I'm glad that everyone's doing well. I hope your business skyrockets and starts having franchises all over the country." After he said that, he made a toast. Everyone downed their drinks, but they were feeling unhappy. Philip was initially a victim of everyone's insults. They did not expect him to have his own company. Even if they were performance shares, it was still amazing. It was much better than working for other people.

After he sat down, Joshua asked impatiently, "Right, what's the name of your company? I'll ask my people to make some inquiries later. We might even have the chance to work together in the future. You can just deliver the lunches for our staff next time." Philip nodded and answered, "Gopher Delivery Services." After he said that, everyone fell silent. They were not enthusiastic about this. Everyone was trying their best to curry favors with Joshua. After all, he was the star of today. Philip's company? It was just something on a small scale. It was nothing compared to Joshua's business.

What future would there be for a delivery company? Philip ate his food quietly. If he knew this was going to happen, he would not have come. He was just watching Joshua being a poser the entire time. It was so boring. The food was almost finished. Joshua and Yolanda went out together. They said they needed to take care of something. Everyone in the room understood what was going on. They were going to have a quickie. All of the men in the room knew this very well. Scenes of the two of them entangled with each other across their heads. When they thought about Yolanda's hot body, they figured that Joshua had got himself a good deal. Indeed, after more than ten minutes, Joshua walked back into the room with a satisfied grin on his face. Yolanda walked in a few minutes later. Her face was blushing, and there was a slight glow to her cheeks. Her clothes were also wrinkled. Since getting back, they have been glued to each other. No one said anything. They knew what had happened between them. Sadie was the only one who was

mad. She did not expect Yolanda to have made such fast progress. After a while, the room started to be filled with smoke. Joshua had a little too much to drink, so he threw the key of his Audi R8 on the table. He said, "I bought this car for a little more than half a year. I don't want it anymore. Y'all can take it for half the price. I'm going to buy a Ferrari at the end of the year."

"Wow! How prestigious, Mr. McAdams! A Ferrari?" "He's indeed loaded.

He's so willful." Joshua shook his head and said, "It's just money. I can make more. Plus, a Ferrari will sure turn heads." "Amazing, Mr.

McAdams!" "Take us for a ride when that happens." Joshua smiled. "For sure." Yolanda stared at Joshua heatedly. It looked like she had made the right decision. A Ferrari! One of them costs four to five million! At this moment, someone interrupted. "F*ck me! Look, you guys. There's a trending topic saying that there's a delivery company where all its employees use BMW bikes!" the person exclaimed. Joshua was taken aback. He shook his head and said, "They're just playing to the gallery. This is the usual marketing trick. They're hyping themselves up to promote their brand. They'll get more business this way. However, I think this delivery company should adjust their prices. If they lower their prices, they'll have more customers. "Of course, this might also be BMW's marketing tricks."

When Joshua was talking big, that person continued, "No, Mr. McAdams.

This company really bought 100 BMW bikes!" "How many?" Everyone was shocked. 100 BMW bikes! It must cost at least tens of millions! What rich company was this? At the same time, that person handed his phone over. He pointed the video to Joshua, "Here, there's a video. It was taken by an employee from a BMW store. They said that the company wants to use BMW bikes so that their delivery speed will

be faster.” Everyone gathered around while looking at each other. That company was so darn rich! A few days ago, they saw a few BMW bikes sending deliveries. They did not think much about it because they thought it was a new gimmick. They did not expect this to be the trending topic for today. Yes, correct. It was the first project from Philip’s 30 million investment. He wanted to promote his

company. He wanted it to trend! A delivery company? Everyone was puzzled. They turned around to look at Philip. He was the only one in the delivery business in this room. Was it his company? Those were 100 BMW

bikes they were talking about! They cost 30 million! Was Philip’s company so rich? Yolanda started to feel restless. The video was slightly shaky as it was taken from a distance. This was the angle of someone who was capturing the video in secret. Suddenly! Yolanda covered her mouth and exclaimed, “Look! Why does that man look so similar to Philip?”

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Immediately, the room fell into an eerie silence. That person looked like Philip? That was a joke, right? Everyone widened their eyes as they stared at the screen. They did not want to miss out on any details. The more they looked at it, the more their hearts fell. These two people looked the fcking same! Plus, the man in the video’s clothes were also the same as what Philip was wearing today! The room was extremely silent. Everyone lifted their heads and glued their eyes on Philip. However, the latter was playing on his phone, unperturbed. He was chatting with Agnes while arranging some work for the company. Finally, Philip noticed everyone staring at him like he was a ghost. He felt goosebumps rising all over his body. He was confused. “Why are you guys looking at me like that?” Philip put away his phone in confusion. Yolanda could not hold it in anymore. She asked challengingly, “Philip, did you buy 100 BMW bikes for your company?” Philip was stunned for a few seconds. He pondered and said, “100 BMW bikes? Are they expensive? I just wanted to change the vehicles in my company.” “Change... vehicles?” At that moment, everyone inhaled sharply. Was this how people changed vehicles? Those were 100 BMW bikes they were talking about! Joshua’s face fell. He frowned as his mood got worse. He smiled weirdly and said, “Philip, stop lying. You bought 100 BMW bikes?” Philip looked at everyone, all of their eyes were wide. They wanted to extract some information from Philip. Philip pretended to think while touching his chin. He said, “Yeah, I bought them. They weren’t that expensive, only 30 million.” Joshua inhaled sharply, his eyes filled with shock. He asked in disbelief, “30 million is not expensive?” “Is it? It’s just 100 BMW bikes. For me, that’s child’s play.” Philip shrugged and looked unbothered. “Damn! Philip, you...” At that moment, everyone was speechless. They did not know what to say. This was such a plot twist. Just now, they were all mocking Philip, but now, the tables had turned. They could not accept this, or rather, they did not want to accept this. The atmosphere in the room was suffocating. They had been praising Joshua the entire day and even kissed his feet repeatedly. The reason they did that was so

that Joshua would take good care of them. Now, however, it turned out that the person they had been belittling spent 30 million to buy 100 BMW bikes! Who would believe him? Was he that rich? Philip touched his nose and smiled calmly. "Don't look at me like that. It's for the development of the company. I just invested 30 million. I bought the trending topic as well." Everyone started to feel dizzy. Joshua's eyes twitched. He snorted. "Philip, you're such a poser. You're going overboard with your boasting. You're saying you spent 60 million?" Philip must be lying! This idiot must be saying this on purpose because he could not stand them boycotting him. Joshua was frustrated. He had spent so much time and effort putting on a show today, from the karaoke to the restaurant. At the end of the day, Philip snatched away the spotlight with just a few words? Philip pressed his lips together and said, "Is 60 million a lot? It's just my pocket money for one day." ... Everyone was speechless. Finally, they understood. Philip was just fcking lying! "Dang! Philip, you're so shameless!" "When did you learn to lie? 60 million for your pocket money?" "I regret eating with him so much. How embarrassing." In the next second, all of his old classmates started talking at once. They were all roasting and scolding Philip. At the same time, Philip got a phone call. He looked at the number and saw that it was from Buffer. "My dear Master Philip, I'm already here. Where are you?

I'll come to find you now." Philip was shocked. "Buffer, why are you here?

Didn't I tell you to come here after some time?" "Master Philip, I miss you so much. Plus, I have a lot of things to report to you. Let's meet." Buffer was at Capital City right now. "Alright, when will you arrive in Riverdale?"

Philip got up and left the room. Before he left, the people inside could still hear his voice. "I'm not happy with the one billion investment last time."

Chopsticks fell on the ground. An investment of one billion dollars? Buffer?

Was that the god of investment, Buffer? Joshua and his gang were beyond shocked. They would rather believe that Philip was purposely putting on an act than believe that he was as rich as he claimed to be. They also did not want to believe that he knew Buffer. Everyone exchanged doubtful gazes at each other.

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Yolanda crossed her arms and scolded angrily, "I wouldn't have invited him if I knew that this would happen. I didn't think that he's so shameless. What is he talking about? Buffer? If he knows Buffer, then I know Jack Ma!"

"Yeah, Philip is such a poser. How disappointing." A few of them started scolding him to calm the alarm in their hearts. Joshua's face was glum. His face froze as he chuckled slightly. Fck! The gathering had been ruined by Philip. How should they fcking continue this? No one had the mood to eat anymore. Yolanda sat there for a while and pondered. She wanted to see if Philip was really that rich. Yolanda slipped out of the room with an excuse and started wandering around the restaurant. Then, she bumped into a waitress when she was not paying attention. In an instant, six expensive bottles of red

wine fell onto the ground. They were all broken into pieces.

The waitress was shocked. They were the Lafites that a customer ordered.

There were six bottles in total, so they were worth 40,000 bucks! Now that they were all broken, she had to take responsibility. Immediately, the waitress was enraged. She looked at Yolanda who was trying to escape while pretending nothing had happened and grabbed her. She yelled, "Are you trying to run? Madam, you smashed six bottles of Lafites! Please

compensate us immediately." "What? Stop talking nonsense. I'm warning you, I didn't bump into you. You were the one who dropped and broke all of them. Stop falsely accusing me." Yolanda shook her head furiously. She was frantic. She wanted so badly to run away. She knew she could not feel guilty right now. She had to look strong and powerful. Hence, she started to point at the waitress' nose and yelled. That waitress did not want to show her weakness either. The two of them started arguing heatedly. Immediately, a group of people started gathering around them while gossiping and pointing at them. "Not you? Alright, let's look at the security footage then!"

the waitress said loudly. This time, Yolanda panicked. She immediately apologized, "I-I didn't do it on purpose. It was an accident." Yolanda looked like a beauty with a tear-stained face. She looked so pitiful and wronged.

"You didn't do it on purpose? Why didn't you admit it just now? Now you're saying it's an accident. I think you did it on purpose!" The waitress was about to go insane from anger. She had never seen anyone like this.

This woman refused to own up for her mistakes. The waitress said, "Stop spewing rubbish. Pay for the damages now." "Yeah, that woman is such a lying b*tch." "Hehe, she looks so pretty but she's a liar." "This woman brings so much shame to all womankind." The crowd started criticizing Yolanda. Their eyes were filled with disdain and contempt. Yolanda started sobbing from anxiousness. She felt even more frantic now, especially when so many people were criticizing her. She wailed, "I'll pay! I'll pay for everything, okay? Stop yelling at me!" Yolanda was scared, but at the same time, she was also feeling frantic. However, the criticisms did not stop. Even if she was at fault, it was not necessary for them to lecture her like this, right? Was it not enough that she owned up to her own mistakes and agreed to pay them back? Did she need to kneel and beg for forgiveness as well?

"Alright, Madam, please look closely. There are six bottles of Lafite here.

One bottle is 7,000 bucks, so the total is 42,000 bucks. Madam, are you paying with cash or card?"

"What? 42,000 bucks? Impossible! You're scamming me!" Yolanda was shocked. Tears rolled down her cheeks like

pearls on a broken string. 42,000 bucks? Where would she get so much money? "Do you think the Arc de Triumph Hotel will scam you? You don't want your dignity, but we do. We still need to do business." That waitress was fighting a battle of words. Even so, she was extremely calm. Yolanda's legs were shaking from fear. She kept on looking at the floor. She did not have that kind of money. She could not

even take out 2,000 bucks, let alone 42,000! “I... I don’t have the money. Can you give me a few days?”

Yolanda asked while crying. “No!” the waitress replied coldly. “I think you should just call the cops. I think she spent all her money on her face.” “Yeah, just call the cops.” The crowd said coldly. They were just here for the drama.

Plus, it was fun watching a pretty woman making a fool of herself. Yolanda started to break down. She wailed and said, “No! Don’t call the cops.”

Yolanda’s family was not rich. This 40,000 was the annual income of her family. “Pay up, then,” the waitress said. Yolanda was in a state of despair, and everyone was still criticizing her harshly. She felt like her world was crumbling in front of her eyes. “I... I don’t have the money.” At the same time, Philip ended his call and walked past them. He hesitated and walked into the crowd. Then, he understood what was going on. He said to the waitress, “I’ll pay for her.”

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Everyone fell into a state of shock as they turned their heads to look at the young man who emerged from the crowd. He was just a normal guy. Who was he to say something like this? Was he trying to save the damsel in distress? That was 40,000 bucks! A lot of people started looking at him in detest. This guy was dressed so normally and yet, he was talking so big.

“Hehe, where did this penniless fool come from? He’s here trying to act like a big shot.” “Perhaps he has an ulterior motive toward her because she looks pretty.” “Him? He’s wearing cheap clothes. He’s obviously a loser.” Some people were making fun of him inside their hearts and out loud. They did not care about Philip’s feelings at all. Yolanda lifted her head and saw Philip

through her tears. She felt embarrassed. In her opinion, how would she not feel frustrated after being seen in such an embarrassing state by such a person? Plus, she thought Philip was here to make fun of her. “Philip, what are you doing here? Go away! I don’t need your help!” Yolanda yelled angrily. At this moment, Sadie ran over through the crowd. “Yola, what happened?” “Sadie...” When Yolanda saw Sadie, her tears escaped her eyes. She held onto Sadie and started sobbing. “It’s okay, Yola. What happened? Tell me.” Sadie comforted her and patted her back softly. She noticed the smashed bottles of wine on the floor as well as the puddle that had formed. She immediately understood what happened when she heard the criticisms from the crowd. Yolanda had gotten herself in trouble! “Sadie, I smashed six bottles of Lafite! She wants me to pay 42,000 bucks!”

Yolanda was crying sadly. “42,000?” Sadie was shocked. Her family was not too well-off either. She could not afford to fork out that amount immediately. She was regretting her decision to come out. Now that her best friend was asking her for help, it was difficult to reject. The waitress who was standing at one side was getting impatient. She snorted and said,

“Madam, please pay up now. We still have work to do. If not, I’ll call the cops.” There was such a huge

crowd around them. If she did not handle this well, she would be criticized further. "Don't call the cops. Please don't. I'll definitely pay." Yolanda cried and shook her head. Then, she looked at Sadie hopefully and begged, "Sadie, you're my best friend. You'll help me, right?" Sadie was in a difficult position. She awkwardly said, "Yola, I... I don't have that much money as well. You know about the situation in my family... I still have to pay for my brother's studies." When Yolanda heard this, she panicked. At the same time, she started to detest Sadie. People like her were fake friends indeed. Sadie became unreliable the moment Yolanda needed her the most. "Yola, why don't you ask for help from Joshua? He must have the money. He might even help you pay for the damages. After all, you two just... So, he'll not turn a blind eye to you when you're in need, right?" Sadie suggested. "I... Will it work?" Yolanda was ashamed. Would

Joshua look down on her for asking him for help at a time like this? She had always maintained the image of a goddess in front of everyone. However, she did not have a choice now. "Hurry up, please. Are you going to pay or not? If not, I'll call the cops." The waitress urged. "I..." Yolanda could not stop her tears. Finally, she braced herself and took out her phone to call Joshua. Over here, Joshua was fuming. Suddenly, he got Yolanda's call and she was sobbing. After he found out what had happened, he said in an overbearing manner, "Alright, wait for me. I'll go over right now. It's just a few bottles of wine. Is all this necessary?" Slam! After he hung up the phone, Joshua brought a few guys over to the scene intimidatingly. He shouted when he was still quite a distance away, "Hey, what happened?

You're bullying my girlfriend, eh? It's just a few bottles of stupid Lafite!

How much can they cost?" Joshua had been feeling frustrated earlier, which is why he could not wait to gain some respect back in front of all these people. When Yolanda saw Joshua, she ran into his arms and started wailing sadly. "Josh, they're bullying me! They want me to pay 42,000 bucks!"

Yolanda sobbed. Her voice sounded coy and childish. Joshua held Yolanda and comforted her. "It's okay, it's just 42,000 bucks. I'll pay for you." When Yolanda heard that, a smile appeared on her face. She wiped her tears and thanked him profusely. "Thank you, Josh. Mua!" After she said that, she kissed Joshua on the face loudly. This gesture was extremely seductive to Joshua. He leaned into Yolanda's ear and mumbled something. Then, Yolanda's face turned bright red. Her legs started twisting together like two pieces of ropes. Then, Joshua said coldly to the waitress, "42,000 bucks, yeah? Put it on my bill. I'll pay for it later." The waitress saw that Joshua was acting like a boss, so she nodded and agreed. However, all of a sudden...

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Chapter 218

A man dressed in a suit walked over. He was the hall manager. He asked coldly, "Leah, what happened? Why are so many people here?" Before this, the hall manager named Bill Horton heard the commotion coming from over

here. When he saw the scene, he could guess what had happened. The waitress saw that the hall manager was here. She bowed and said, "Mr.

Horton, this madam smashed six bottles of a customer's Lafite. I'm handling this." When Bill heard this, he nodded and did not say anything. He even exchanged a few words with Joshua. However, when his eyes landed on the smashed bottles on the floor, he started to panic. "How much did you ask them to pay? 42,000 bucks?" Bill asked frantically. The waitress nodded her head. "Yes, Mr. Horton. Lafite. 7,000 bucks per bottle, so it's 42,000 bucks for six." Slap! Bill slapped the waitress across her cheek and roared, "Are you fcking blind? 7,000 bucks per bottle? Look at the year of the wine!" The slap was so sudden that the waitress was stunned. Tears welled up in her eyes as she started to stammer. Bill's eyes were wide in anger. Then, he turned around with a smile on his face. He said to Joshua, "I'm sorry, Sir. The waitress is new, so she doesn't know anything. These are our latest batch of Lafite. They are a part of the collector's edition from the year 1787. There're just six bottles in this entire city. Each of them costs 110,000 pounds." Crack! The room fell silent. "What? 5.76 million yuan? Are you fcking kidding me?" Joshua exploded. Were they not just bottles of fcking wine? Yolanda was beyond shocked. She jumped out and yelled at Bill while pointing at him, "Damn it! I didn't expect Arc de Triumph to be so shameless! You're trying to overcharge the customers!" The crowd was so shocked that the colors from their faces were slowly being drained. What the heck? A bottle of wine that cost 960,000 bucks? Six bottles would be 5.76 million bucks! This was daylight robbery! Bill's face fell. He tugged on his suit and picked up a smashed bottle from the floor calmly. He said, "Everyone, look closely. The year is written here clearly. If you don't believe me, you can check how much a bottle of Lafite from 1787 costs online. I'm only telling everyone that there are only six bottles in this entire city. These are genuine goods at fair prices. Arc de Triumph had been operating for so many years, and we've never lied to our customers. If you think that I'm lying, you can call the market regulators to come and investigate us anytime." Bill's face was despicable. These people had no experience in life. If they did not even know a 1787 Lafite, who were they to talk about alcohol? Joshua was shocked. He took the glass shard and indeed, '1787' was clearly printed on the label. However, he would not give in to this without a fight. These bottles of wine cost fcking 5.76 million bucks! His company only had a current account of more than three million every month. How would he pay for this? Joshua started to panic. He said to Yolanda while stammering, "Um, Yolanda, you're in big trouble! 5.76

million! I... I can't afford that." When Yolanda heard that, she grabbed onto Joshua and wailed, "Josh, they're lying! Those things don't cost 5.76 million bucks! They must be bluffing. We'll just pay 40,000 bucks!" How could she not panic? If this was real, she would not be able to pay for them even if she sold her body. "Bluffing?" Bill's face turned cold as he said, "Madam, please ask around. When did Arc de Triumph ever lie to our customers?

You're not paying, right? Then I can only call the cops and let them handle this." When Joshua heard that they were going to call the cops, he stood at one side timidly. He did not want to get involved in this anymore. Yolanda wailed and begged, but it was of no use. That was almost six million bucks!

Which sugar daddy would be dumb enough to pay for her? However, Philip, who had been standing there quietly the entire time opened his mouth suddenly. He said, "Um, why don't you just let this go for

my sake?"

Comments (1)

Bebeth Maestrado Ruñez

if a bottle of Lafite costs 110,000 pounds then why the total for 6 bottles became 5.76m yuan?

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Chapter 219

When everyone heard this, they were shocked. What did 'for my sake'

meant? Did his name cost six million? Joshua frowned when he heard what Philip said. He was unhappy as he retorted, "Philip, are you an idiot? Didn't you hear what he said? Six bottles of them cost six million bucks! Who are you? Are you even worth six million bucks?" Philip must be trying to be a poser again! He would just watch how he was going to make a fool out of himself. Yolanda's face was filled with anger and frustration. Philip kept jumping out to be a poser. In the end, not only would he embarrass himself, but he would also embarrass Yolanda. "Philip, get lost! This has nothing to do with you!" Yolanda shrieked tearfully. She was fuming. That piece of trash was still trying to be a poser at a time like this. Philip shook his head and smiled helplessly. He looked at the waitress and said, "I'll pay the six million bucks." Even if Yolanda and Joshua refused to believe him, Philip still wanted to help. After all, they were ex-classmates. Was he purposely causing trouble for himself? Maybe. The waitress lifted her eyebrow and looked at Philip from head to toe. She said in disdain, "You're paying? Sir, listen carefully, six bottles of 1787 Lafite cost 5.76 million! Can you afford it?" The waitress did not want to look down on Philip, but his outfit was too ordinary! Plus, she had overheard his friends belittling him like that. How could he still have the courage to stand up for them? Was he dropped on the head when he was born? The people around him were all jeering at him.

They were pointing at Philip while hurling abuses at him. "Hehe, that guy is such a dumbass!" "I've never seen such a shameless guy before. He just had to come out and be a poser. We'll just wait for this to backfire." "Sigh, men are indeed animals who think with their lower halves. He doesn't even want his dignity after seeing a pretty lady." Philip was unbothered by everyone's detest and laughter. He said, "What if I'm able to afford it?" The waitress chuckled. When she was about to yell at him, Bill turned around and looked at Philip. Suddenly, his pupils constricted! "Sir, please don't interfere with this, okay? Do you think a man like you is able to pay for this?" The waitress sneered. Suddenly... Slap! A loud slap landed on the waitress' face while everyone watched. "Mr... Mr. Horton, why did you slap me?" The waitress was puzzled. She clutched her red face. Her eyes were filled with tears and grievances. This scene shocked everyone. Holy moly! What the hell was happening? In the next second, everyone fell into a state of shock once again. They saw Bill walking toward Philip before bowing. He said respectfully,

"I'm sorry, Mr. Clarke. She's new here, so she doesn't know you. I hope you can be so generous to forgive her and not take this to heart." Mr. Clarke? Everyone inhaled sharply and looked at each other. They were beyond confused. This wretched-looking idiot was someone respectable? Was this a joke? Joshua lifted his eyebrows. He was feeling agitated as he said, "Mr. Horton, are you an idiot? Philip only has some performance shares in his delivery company. How fcking respectable can he be?" He was unhappy. He did not expect Mr. Horton to treat Philip so humbly. However, Bill turned his head and glared at Joshua. He roared,

"Shut up! What do you know? Mr. Clarke is our..." He stopped abruptly.

Philip interrupted Bill and said calmly, "That's enough, Mr. Horton. Just let this matter go." Bill nodded quickly and said, "Alright, I'll listen to everything you say, Mr. Clarke." Slap! An invisible slap landed on everyone's faces. This slap had come too fast! Philip Clarke? They were going to wave the six million bucks for Philip's sake? Everyone's eyes were wide. They looked like they were in disbelief. Yolanda stopped sobbing.

She stared at Philip and Bill. She asked, "Re-really?" Bill looked frustrated.

This stupid woman still did not want to believe him. He announced solemnly once more, "Yes, you don't have to pay anymore." "Thank you! Thank you!" When Yolanda heard that, she bowed and kept thanking Bill while nodding. However, Bill said, "Madam, you should be thanking Mr. Clarke instead." Philip? Yolanda frowned and looked at Philip who was playing on his phone calmly. She was extremely puzzled. After pondering for a while, she still thanked Philip. "Philip, thank you. If you're free, we... We can..."

What could she do? Yolanda only knew how to pay someone back with her body. Did Philip have no ulterior motives in saving her? This pervert must

be hoping to sleep with her. Yolanda's heart was confused. On one side, there was Joshua. On the other side, there was Philip. She knew everything about Joshua, but Yolanda was confused about Philip. Who was he? Did he really just have some performance shares in his company?

Chapter 220

However, Philip replied calmly, "It's fine. We're all old classmates. It's nothing." After he said that, he took his phone and went over to one side to take a call without waiting for everyone. When the crowd dispersed, Joshua swung his arms and left with his men angrily. Yolanda and Sadie stayed where they were. They were waiting for Philip. "Yola, I don't think Philip is what he seems to be. That's six million bucks! He can just not pay if he wants to. This must be an act, right?" Sadie was curious. Yolanda was also confused. Was the Philip she knew the same man as the one who was talking in a domineering manner just now? Coincidentally, Philip walked back.

Yolanda ran up to him impatiently. She was blushing when she asked,

“Philip, do I really not have to pay back that six million dollars to you?”

Philip nodded and said, “Don’t worry. I know the boss of this place, so it’s fine.” Yolanda was shocked. Her eyes went wide as she said in astonishment, “You know the boss of Arc de Triumph?” Philip nodded and replied, “Yeah. He’s an old friend.” ‘Will you wet your pants if I tell you that I’m the boss?’ After hearing this, Yolanda’s restless heart finally calmed down. It turned out that Philip only knew the boss of this place. She thought he was someone special. Hmph! Philip was feeling helpless.

Yolanda’s attitude had changed too fast! After a few steps, Yolanda turned around and took out her phone. She said, “Um, Philip, give me your friend’s number. I have to thank him in person.” Yolanda remembered out of the blue that she had to meet the boss of Arc de Triumph. If possible, she wanted to wrap him around her fingers as well. Philip was taken aback. He asked,

“Why don’t you thank me?” Yolanda was stunned. She said rudely, “Didn’t I just thank you?” Philip was feeling helpless. After thinking about it, he

gave her his other number. After Yolanda got the number, she was ecstatic.

She said, “Alright. When it’s done, I’ll treat you to a meal.” ‘When it’s done? ‘When what is done?’ Philip was confused as he watched Yolanda walk away. What was this woman planning? Philip was about to leave.

When he was at the door, Zayn ran over to send him off. He even chatted with Philip respectfully. Philip’s other phone rang. He took it out and saw that he had just received a message. It was from Yolanda. ‘Hey you, thank you for what happened tonight. Are you free? I want to treat you to a meal.

(Shy)’ Philip was speechless. This was what Yolanda was planning! He smiled helplessly and did not reply. However, he was then spammed with messages from Yolanda. She was flirting with him and trying to get his attention. Philip was feeling helpless. He replied, ‘Who are you?’ Yolanda replied instantly, ‘Filthy rich boss, you’re finally replying to my messages!

I was the one who accidentally smashed the bottles of red wine in your restaurant. Philip told me you’re his friend, so that’s why I don’t have pay.

However, I don’t feel good about this, so I want to treat you to a meal as an apology.’ Philip chuckled and replied, ‘It’s fine. You can spare the meal.’

After that, Philip ignored her. Yolanda and Sadie were loitering in the parking lot. When she realized that the other party was ignoring her, she finally gave up. “Let’s go. This looks like a long-term plan for major returns,” Yolanda said. However, at the same time, she saw a familiar figure getting into a pink Porsche 911 from the corner of her eyes. Yolanda’s face was filled with shock and confusion. She asked Sadie who was by her side,

“Sadie, do you think that guy just now looks like Philip?” Sadie squinted and said, “I think so. Do you want to go over and take a look?” Yolanda frowned and got up. She said, “Let go and take a look.”

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Yolanda and Sadie quickly walked over to the pink Porsche. The closer she got, the more shocked Yolanda became. That person looked too much like Philip even if it was just his side profile. He was also chatting and smoking

with a tall, muscular man. "Philip?" Yolanda called out. The other party looked over. When he saw that it was Yolanda, he was taken aback. He asked, "Didn't you leave already?" Philip felt helpless. He did not expect to run into Yolanda when he was smoking with Tiger. Yolanda's eyes wandered around. She stared at Philip before gluing her eyes on Tiger. This car must definitely belong to this man. Could Philip be the owner of this Porsche? Impossible! Even a battery-operated bike would be too good for a man like this. Yolanda grabbed Sadie's arm in the first instant and started to flirt with Tiger. "Hey hot stuff, is this car yours?" Tiger looked at Yolanda and Sadie in confusion. These two women looked gorgeous, and their bodies were amazing as well. He wanted to say no, but before Tiger could say anything, Philip said, "Yes." When Yolanda heard that, she beamed.

However, she stared at Philip and said in agitation, "Who are you to be so nosey? What are you looking at? Hurry up and get lost." Yolanda was being unreasonable and was acting from mercenary considerations. Philip knew this very well. He touched his nose helplessly and said, "I'm smoking. I'll go away in a bit." Yolanda rolled her eyes at him before proceeding to ask Tiger a lot of questions. She looked extremely passionate. Tiger was puzzled. If Philip said it was his car, then it was his car. "Hey, Tiger, do you know Philip?" Yolanda and Sadie were grabbing Tiger's arms from both sides. They peered at Philip curiously. Tiger smiled timidly and said,

"Yeah." Yolanda and Sadie looked at each other. They were both shocked.

It seemed that Philip was doing great. The boss of Arc de Triumph was his friend and he also knew this affluent Tiger. Yolanda started to think more of Philip. This guy was doing a good job of hiding his true identity. "Hey, let's go," Philip took a drag of his cigarette and said to Tiger. Then, he opened the door of the backseat to climb in. Yolanda started to panic. She ran forward and pulled Philip out. She scolded coldly, "Philip! What are you doing? How can you get into his car?" Sadie crossed her arms across her chest and sneered at Philip. She said, "Hehe, I think something's wrong with his brain. Look closely, Philip. This is a Porsche, not a cab. What a country

bumpkin." Philip was stunned. What did he do? He asked, "Why can't I?"

Yolanda snorted and said fiercely, "You're still asking why? Why don't you take a look at yourself? Do you think you're all that because you have some performance shares in a stupid delivery company? That's Tiger's car. Are you even qualified to sit inside? Plus, did you ask for Tiger's permission?"

The owner of the car was here, but he got in without even asking for permission first. Did he have any manners? Plus, Yolanda had already decided to make the passenger seat of this Porsche hers tonight. She also wanted to post pictures of the car to her WeChat moment to show off! Philip touched his nose

and looked at Tiger. Tiger did not say anything before slapping Yolanda across the face angrily. Slap! The sound reverberated in the parking lot. "Tiger! Why did you slap me?" Yolanda was taken aback.

The slap was so hard that Yolanda even spun a few times on the spot. Her ears started buzzing as well. "Shut up! You're asking for death!" Tiger roared ferociously. Yolanda was shocked and terrified. She grabbed onto Sadie and wailed, "Tiger, why did you hit me? I was just speaking up for you!" Yolanda was unhappy. She was slapped for no reason, and her face was now swollen. She was extremely unlucky today. She should have never gotten out of the house. Tiger glared at Yolanda. This b*tch deserved to die!

Then, he turned around and said to Philip respectfully, "Mr. Clarke, please get in." When Yolanda and Sadie saw this, they were stunned. What... What did this mean? Did this car not belong to Tiger? "Tiger, what did you call him just now? Isn't this car yours?" Yolanda blinked a few times. Her face was filled with disbelief. Was there anything more shocking than this? This gigantic man was being so respectful toward Philip. Before Tiger could say anything, Philip said calmly, "Yeah, it's not mine, but he's my driver."

Driver? Sadie suddenly remembered Philip saying that the driver had taken a shortcut when he came here just now. Was Tiger with his pink Porsche Philip's driver? This was insane!

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Tiger politely gestured to Philip to get into the car before glaring at Yolanda and Sadie. He said, "Go back and ask others about me, Tiger from Lord North Street. In the future, if you dare disrespect Mr. Clarke, don't blame me for not going easy on you!" Yolanda and Sadie watched as Philip left in the stylish Porsche. Yolanda was unconvinced. She snapped a picture of the car's number plate and asked angrily, "Sadie, do you believe that he's Philip's driver?" Sadie was puzzled. She said, "I'm not sure. However, I've heard my ex-boyfriend talk about Tiger." Yolanda blamed Philip for the slap. Furious, she sent the car plate to Joshua and said, "Josh, I saw Philip leave in this car. Check who the car belongs to for me." Joshua had felt agitated throughout the entire night. When he received Yolanda's message, he became even angrier. What? That useless bum Philip left in a Porsche 911? Impossible! Joshua replied immediately, "Alright, give me five minutes." Five minutes later, Joshua found out that the car belonged to a young woman who was 20-years-old. Consequently, Joshua called Yolanda and said sarcastically, "I'm going to die from laughter. That car belongs to a little girl. My guess is that she's a nouveau riche. Say, is Philip her sugar baby?" When Yolanda heard that, her heart became filled with disdain and scorn for Philip. Philip was a sugar baby? How disgusting! Did that mean he was being unfaithful to his wife? Yolanda had to find a chance to tell Wynn and separate them. Additionally, she wanted Philip to leave his marriage without a single penny! "F*ck! He got himself some rich lady.

How disgusting!" Yolanda berated as she turned around to leave with Sadie.

Over on the other side, Tiger brought Philip to the hospital. When Philip entered Mila's room, he saw

her playing with the dolls of Snow White and the Seven Dwarves. Her hair was tied in pigtails, and she looked adorable.

Mila's eyes were huge, and her skin was like porcelain. Moreover, her cheeks had some baby fat on them. She said childishly, "Daddy, come play with me!" Philip approached her and sat on the floor. He pretended to be the witch from the story as he made a scary face. Philip said in an evil tone,

"Daddy has an apple. Do you want to give it to Snow White?" Mila rolled

her eyes at Philip and said like an adult, "Daddy, you're so childish. I don't want to play with you anymore." Having said that, Mila turned her head around and began to ignore Philip. Philip felt defeated and spent a lot of time coaxing her afterward. Eventually, he asked, "Mila, who gave you these?" Mila pouted but then beamed shortly after. "They're from a beautiful big sister. She asked me to call her Miss Chloe." Chloe Sommerset! Philip's face fell. After playing with Mila for a little longer, he left the hospital and called Chloe. Philip said rudely, "Chloe, thank you for the dolls but please stop sending them. Wynn doesn't like them." Blunt and straight to the point. "Philip, is it really your wife, or is it you who doesn't like them?" Chloe faked a smile on the other end of the phone. Philip continued to say in a flat tone, "We don't like them. What are you trying to do? I advise you to go back to Capital City. I can give you an explanation of what happened between us." "Explanation?" Chloe chuckled coldly. She said, "Philip, what kind of explanation can you give me? You're hiding it from your wife. Are you even a man?" Chloe was amused. She could not understand; How had Philip who had been so fearless and arrogant back then become such a spineless coward? "It's none of your business. In short, I'm warning you. Don't test my limit. Also, don't try to do anything to Wynn or Mila!" Philip warned. He was well aware of Chloe's personality.

She would not stop unless she achieved her goal. "I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed. Guess where I am right now." Chloe chuckled airily.

Philip could hear a few vague sounds. "Miss Sommerset, why are you at our office?" It was Wynn's voice! "Chloe Sommerset! What are you going to do?" Philip's face fell. He ran out of the hospital, ready to run all the way to Wynn's office. "Philip, you have ten minutes. You'll know what I'm about to do in ten minutes," Chloe coldly said into the phone. Then, slam! She hung up. Back in the VP's office in Beacon Pharmaceutical. Chloe could be seen sitting on the sofa like an arrogant queen. On the other hand, Wynn stood in front of her with a swollen face; there was blood on the corner of her lips. There were two bodyguards in black behind Wynn, holding her

arms tightly. One could immediately tell who was the culprit that had caused the wounds on Wynn's face.

Chapter 223

Wynn glared angrily at Chloe who was sitting in front of her. Wynn had not expected Chloe to be so unreasonable. The latter had barged into her office with her bodyguards and asked them to restrain her

arms. Another two bodyguards stood outside the office as they blocked the entrance. A lot of employees had gathered outside the door and were now anxiously watching what was happening. Evidently, they had witnessed VP Johnston get slapped six times in the office by the woman. Even the chairman, Derrick, had been stopped at the door, unable to enter the room. It was not that he did not want to go in, but he truly could not afford to offend the woman inside the VP's office. 600 million bucks! She had used 600 million bucks to buy the company in one go! Derrick was now only the temporary chairman of the company, while Chloe was the real boss. Chloe looked at the Patek Philippe watch on Wynn's wrist that had a crystal embedded in it and said nonchalantly, "Philip should be here in ten minutes." "Philip?"

Wynn's eyes grew wide. She said in a low voice, "Miss Sommerset, why did you ask him to come? If you're looking to cause trouble, I'm the only one you should look for. You don't need to involve him." Wynn had begun to panic. If Philip saw her in such a state, she was scared that Philip would do something out of bounds. What had happened to Yasmin was an example. Additionally, in Wynn's eyes, Philip could not compare to Chloe in terms of wealth. If Philip really ended up doing something to Chloe, she could not imagine what would happen to him. Nevertheless, Chloe smirked and said, "Philip was the one who wronged me first. So it's only right for me to punish you, btch. Philip deserves to be here to watch this. He has to witness this. If he can't give me an explanation, I wouldn't think twice of making you disappear from the face of the earth!" Disappear from the face of this earth? Wynn was taken aback, and her entire body went limp from fear. Chloe's tone was so full of hatred that it was scary! What was she planning to do? Chloe could tell that Wynn was very nervous. She added coldly, "Wynn, if you don't want anything to happen to your daughter, I advise you to divorce Philip as soon as possible. I wouldn't want to see anything happen to your daughter." It was a threat! A blatant one at that! At the moment, Chloe had an icy air around her. She looked extremely menacing. That was especially true for her eyes that looked sinister and evil! Nonetheless, Wynn would not submit to her just like that. Not when Mila was being involved! "Chloe Sommerset, I'm warning you. Don't you dare touch my daughter, if not, I'll kill you!" Wynn stopped feeling afraid and became rather fearless all of a sudden as she started to struggle with all her might. However, she soon began to feel pain as the two bodyguards in black that were holding her arms tightened their grips. "What did you say? Are you threatening me?" Chloe laughed. The expression on her face was stone cold. Furthermore, the aura she was exuding was rather terrifying; it was more than capable to make someone feel anxious. It could be said that the grandeur she had from being born in a huge family was oozing out. At this point, Wynn looked like an egg, while Chloe was a rock. The former was threatening someone who was much stronger than her. Therefore, to no surprise, when Wynn looked into Chloe's eyes, her imposing manner was crushed. The VP's office had an extremely suffocating air to it. Even the employees who were watching had begun to tremble. "Chloe, what are you trying to do?" Wynn asked after suppressing the fear in her heart.; she somehow managed to set aside the extreme stress she was feeling. Chloe looked at Wynn silently and stood up. She then approached Wynn from the front and slapped her. While looking at Wynn disdainfully and full of scorn, she said, "You're not qualified to ask me that." When Wynn heard that, she could feel her entire body explode from anger. Chloe was so boastful and egoistic. Wynn gritted her teeth and said, "Chloe, I'm advising you to leave now. Philip won't forgive you when he gets here." At this moment, the only thing Wynn could think of was Philip. Chloe scoffed and said, "Wynn, you place too much

importance on yourself. You might not know it, but you're only a dispensable item to Philip. You don't even know what Philip works as. So, who are you to talk to me in that tone?" "I don't care what Philip works as. The only thing I know is that he's my husband!" Wynn replied fearlessly. Slap! More pain was inflicted as Chloe struck Wynn again with all her might. The former's eyes were able to make one feel fearful. Wynn's face was bright red at this point and blood had started flowing out from the corner of her lips. "Kill me right now if you have the guts to do so!" Wynn was strong. She refused to back down even at a time like this. If Wynn had been scared of Chloe earlier, then, it could be said that she had completely won in terms of vigor. Chloe became enraged! Wynn was a bitch that had an exaggerated opinion of her own abilities. Did she really think Chloe would not do anything to her? "I don't think you'll ever remember who Chloe Sommerset is unless I teach you a lesson!" Chloe said before hinting to her bodyguards with her eyes. The two bodyguards grabbed Wynn and firmly pressed her head down against the ground. They then started kicking Wynn's calves. Wynn groaned and buckled in pain before collapsing to the ground in a kneeling position. The two bodyguards pressed down against Wynn's head once more and yelled, "Apologize to Miss Sommerset now!"

Chloe looked at Wynn from where she stood and chuckled coldly. She said,

"Wynn, weren't you ready to die to preserve your chastity? What are you doing now? Are you begging me? Say it then. If you beg me, I'll let you go." Wynn was unwilling to play along. Hence, she struggled angrily, but the bodyguards were too strong. She could not escape no matter what. Wynn lifted her gaze and glared at Chloe. She spat out some blood and chuckled.

"I won't beg for your mercy even if I die! Chloe, is this the only thing you're capable of?" When Chloe heard Wynn's words, she was so livid that her face became twisted. Consequently, she lifted her hand to slap Wynn again.

Chapter 224

Suddenly! A roar came from the door! "Stop it!" Philip had arrived at the scene and could see what was happening. His eyes were bulging and it was as if they were going to pop out of their sockets! 'Damn you, Chloe. You're asking to die!' 'You're asking to die!' Chloe turned around and saw Philip's bloodshot eyes. However, she did not stop. Instead, she swung her hand and slapped Wynn across the face. Additionally, Chloe had a smirk on her face.

In an instant, Philip was engulfed in rage. Outside the door, the two bodyguards could be seen holding out their hands to block Philip.

Nevertheless, Philip kicked both of them and sent them flying. Philip no longer had anything to hide. He did not hold back and instead used the skills he had learned from Reed in the past. "Chloe Sommerset! You're digging your own grave!" Philip roared as he stood by the door, his hands balled up in fists. Philip had lost all rationality from rage, and his pupils were constricted. Not to mention, when he saw the wounds on Wynn's face and her kneeling posture that was on the floor in front of so many people. Bam!

One kick and a punch. The two bodyguards who had been restraining Wynn were instantly defeated by Philip. They collapsed to the ground, and their bodies began to twitch. It was unknown if they were alive or dead. Philip's eyes were red as he helped Wynn up and inhaled deeply. Afterward, he turned around and glared at Chloe. How dare she hit Wynn? How dare she ask Wynn to kneel? Chloe had crossed the line with Philip! "Philip, I wasn't expecting to see an image of the past of yourself. Shouldn't you be thanking me? I'm the one who made you remember your true nature." Chloe was not worried that Philip would hit her and thus continued to talk arrogantly.

Philip smirked. His face was stone cold, and his voice sounded like the devil as he said, "Chloe Sommerset, you asked for this!" Slap! Philip lifted his hand and struck Chloe. Chloe fell onto the sofa immediately. Her eyes were filled with disbelief as she held her face. Chloe yelled hysterically, "Philip, how dare you slap me!" "Why would I not dare?" Philip replied angrily.

"Chloe, I warned you several times not to provoke me, most importantly, not to harm Wynn. Why didn't you listen to me?" At this moment, every

employee in the company was shocked by Philip's performance. Was this Wynn's good-for-nothing husband? Was he that savage? Wynn was standing behind Philip, and it was the first time she felt that Philip had turned into a brand new person. He seemed like a stranger to her. Especially the vibe Philip was exuding at the moment. It was so scary that it was 100

times, or even 10 thousand times, scarier than Chloe's just now. Chloe got up from the sofa and said furiously, "Philip, you'll regret having hit me today!" Philip scoffed and said, "Chloe, don't try to challenge me. The Sommersets are nothing to me! Don't forget who's the one who helped the Sommersets regain their position." Crack! A clap of thunder struck Chloe's heart. Philip was right. The reason why the Sommersets had been able to reclaim their place as the number one big shot in Capital City was all thanks to Philip. Chloe had become too used to being a socialite that she had forgotten how her family had signed a contract of alliance with Philip in the past. As Chloe thought of it, her body went limp, and she fell backward onto the sofa. On the other hand, just as Philip was about to say something, Wynn stopped him. She shook her head and said, "That's enough, Philip. I'm fine."

Wynn did not understand what Philip was talking to Chloe about. However, she did not want Philip to offend Chloe because of her. That was because Wynn knew that the Sommersets were rich and powerful. Could Philip afford to offend them? Philip looked at Wynn, and his cold eyes turned gentle as he said, "Alright." After saying that, he ignored Chloe and left with Wynn. Behind him, Chloe yelled hysterically, "Philip, you'll regret this! I'm sure!" After they left Beacon, Philip brought Wynn to the hospital to check her wounds. After taking the prescribed medicine, Wynn hesitated for a long time in the waiting area before asking out of the blue, "Philip, are you hiding something from me?"

Chapter 225

Philip knew what he had done at Beacon Pharmaceutical was overbearing and somewhat cruel. It was

only understandable that Wynn had become

suspicious of him. Should he tell her his true identity? No. Giada was already in Riverdale, and Philip did not know what that woman was planning. She would not come to Riverdale without a reason. Hence, she had to be planning something. He was restricting himself a lot by agreeing to that woman's conditions. If Philip did not need to protect the people he loved by adhering to her conditions, he would have turned the world upside down already. "Wynn, do you really want to know?" Philip asked with a raised brow. Wynn hesitated before nodding shortly after. "I want to know about your past. I have a feeling that you're not the Philip that I know. Did you used to be the way you were just now?" Philip shook his head and lied as he said, "No no no, not at all." If Wynn found out about those ridiculous and despotic things he had done in the past, there was a chance she would go insane. After staying silent for a while and composing his thoughts, Philip said, "Chloe and I are from aristocratic families. A long time ago, there was a marriage contract between the two of us. However, I only saw her as my little sister. So, on the day of the engagement, I fought with my father and ran away from home. I wasn't expecting Chloe to resent me for seven whole years. Do women like holding grudges?" Philip was not telling the entire truth. However, after Wynn heard Philip's explanation, she believed him. She said, "It was an engagement party, and you ran away without saying anything. You didn't even give her a reason or an explanation. If I were in her position, I would resent you for seven years too.

I might even want to kill you." All of a sudden, Wynn felt sorry for Chloe.

She was a pitiful woman as well. Wynn could not imagine her husband to have been such a horrible person back then. "Oh right, Philip, when are you going to take me to see your parents? Since your parents arranged the marriage for you, aren't they extra fond of Chloe? Would they refuse to recognize us if they found out about me and Mila?" Wynn started to feel anxious; the tone of her voice was gradually becoming lower and lower. She was worried that Philip's parents would not recognize her. Even if they refused to recognize her, they had to recognize Mila. She was their

granddaughter. Philip squinted his eyes and looked at the changes in expression on Wynn's face. He laughed and said, "What are you thinking about? Don't worry. You're my wife, and Mila is my daughter. They won't refuse to recognize you. If they really end up being unwilling to recognize you, whatever. As long as the three of us are together, we'll be happy."

Happiness was that simple to Philip. It was the same happiness he had left his home seven years ago in search of. Wynn rolled her eyes at him and said,

"You're making this seem way too easy. I just hope that Mila gets to live a better life. Even if my in-laws refuse to recognize me, it'll be fine as long as they recognize Mila." That was a mother's love. Philip patted Wynn's shoulder and held her in his arms. He said, "It's fine. I'm here." Just like that, Wynn leaned against Philip's shoulder and begun daydreaming about meeting Philip's parents with her family. No, she had to prepare for it. Even if it was only her work, she had to thrive for success. She had to make Philip's parents at least recognize one of her qualities. The Clarkes owned Northern Sky Western Restaurant so they had to be loaded. Philip's parents had to have a lot of emphasis on their daughter-in-law's upbringing, self-cultivation, and personal status. No wonder Chloe had been his fiance. She was

excellent indeed, and her family background was superior.

Additionally, she was pretty and strong. She was the perfect candidate as Philip's wife who was capable of helping him manage his family and restaurant. As Wynn thought about it, she started to feel inferior.

Consequently, she became moody. Philip was unaware of this as he asked happily, "Right, Wynn, are you free tonight? I'll wait for you in your office." Wynn was shocked. She looked at Philip who was acting mysteriously and asked dumbfoundedly, "Yeah, what's wrong? What are you planning to do?" Philip smiled slyly and said, "Hehe, it's a secret.

You'll know when the time comes." The two of them bickered for a while and then went to the hospital to be with Mila. Mila would undergo surgery in three days. Professor Turner was ready to carry out the surgery and had begun checking on Mila daily for the past few days. At the same time, he

had made sure to finalize the surgery's procedure and the recovery process that was to follow. In the evening, Martha's continuous calls out of the blue summoned Philip to her house. When Philip entered the house, he could feel the chilly air. Martha was seated on the sofa, and it was obvious that she was mad. Additionally, she carried a fit of anger that would burn one's insides. "Mom, what's wrong? Who made you angry?" Philip asked carefully. Martha took out the mop she had prepared earlier and struck Philip with it. As she hit him, she yelled, "You useless thing! You spendthrift! Look at what you've done! There are so many things in the world, and you just had to give Emperor Qianlong's ornamental thumb ring that's made of jade away! Did you not know how much that thing is worth?"

Philip could not fight back and could only endure being hit. After hitting Philip several more times, Martha became tired. She put one hand on her hip and pointed at Philip with the other before shrieking at him with saliva flying all over the place, "You're going to kill me by engulfing me in anger!

What did we do to get a useless son-in-law like you? You spendthrift!"

Martha was angry. That thing was worth 100 million bucks, and Philip had given it away in a state of confusion! Naturally, Martha had not asked for it to be returned. Instead, she was scolded by her father in the Yates Manor was asked to scam back to Riverdale. On the way back, she was humiliated and laughed at by her sister, Paula.

Chapter 226

When Martha got home, she was still in a fit of rage. Hence, she called Philip to come over. She had to vent her anger. Philip finally understood why she was so mad. It must have been because the Yates were aware of the thumb ring's value. What should he do now? Were they suspicious of his identity?

"Mom, what's going on? What do you mean 100 million?" Philip asked, pretending to be innocent. Martha became even angrier when she saw Philip's face. She yelled, "You worthless bum! You don't know anything!

Get out! Get out now! I get so angry when I look at you!" "Okay." His

mother-in-law was still mad, so he did not want to stay there anymore either.

Hence, Philip turned around to leave. However, before Philip could leave, Martha shrieked bossily out of the blue, "Wait, come back!" "Is there something else, mom?" Philip asked. Martha pondered and asked, "You...

Did you really get that thumb ring from an antique market?" Martha still felt suspicious. "Yeah. I bought it at the same time when I bought that painting for dad. What's wrong? Is it valuable?" Philip pretended to be excited. "Of course! You bastard! It's not just valuable. When Mr. Field evaluated its worth, we found out that it costs 100 million bucks! 100 million! You spendthrift!" Martha was beginning to feel sad again; she collapsed on the sofa and started bawling while rolling around. After making a fuss, Martha got up and grabbed Philip's hand. She said, "Come, take me to the same market. Let us buy a few more." Philip was surprised, but he understood what Martha was trying to do. Did she think he was an expert? "Mom, it was just blind luck. I bought that thing randomly," Philip said helplessly.

His mother-in-law was so unpredictable. Did she love money that much?

Martha turned a deaf ear to all his words. Her mind was occupied with obtaining 100 million bucks. She said in dissatisfaction, "Are you going to come with me or not? If you're not coming, then get out of my house! I'll ask Wynn to divorce you!" What was Philip trying to say now? Was he turning a deaf ear to everything she had said? He was being truant! Philip looked at Martha's furious face and came to the conclusion that he did not have much of a choice. He nodded and said, "Alright, I'll come, but I don't have any money with me right now." When Martha heard him say he did not have any money, she took a step back. She looked at Philip cautiously and asked, "How much?" Philip thought for a while and said randomly,

"Two to three thousand I guess." "That much? Are you scamming me?"

Martha yelled. Clearly, the act of asking her for two to three thousand bucks was equivalent to asking her to slice her own flesh. Philip replied and said that they indeed needed that much. Martha gritted her teeth and ran back to her bedroom after making up her mind. She took a few thousand bucks with her and then urged Philip to hurry up. She was very set on trying her luck.

When they exited the house, Philip made an excuse that he had to buy something first and then called Russell's number. On the other end of the phone, Russell asked respectfully, "Hello, Mr. Clarke, is there something I can help you with?" Philip did not beat around the bush. He said, "Are you familiar with the antique market?" "Yeah, I have a few friends over there.

What's wrong? Do you want to buy some old things, Mr. Clarke? What do you need? Just tell me. I'll send them to you as gifts," Russell said flatteringly. "It's n-nothing..." Philip then told Russell everything, and the latter admitted to being half responsible for the ordeal as he should not have revealed the true price of the thumb ring. Philip did not blame him and instead said, "We'll meet at the antique market.

You can randomly choose one for us. Just make my mother-in-law happy. I'll return the money to you later." How could Russell accept Philip's money? He said quickly, "Mr.

Clarke, you're too kind. Just treat this as a little gift from me to aunty. We'll meet at the north entrance of the antique market." "Alright." Philip agreed and hung up the phone. Shortly after, he heard Martha's impatient tone of voice as she called out to him, "Philip, what are you doing? Hurry up! What a good-for-nothing. I'm asking you to do something, and you're dilly-dallying." Philip felt helpless. He yelled out a reply and then brought Martha to the market. In the end, after they got to the market and met Russell, Martha proceeded to ignore Philip after exchanging greetings with Russell.

"Alright, Philip. You can go back now. Mr. Field will be here with me."

Martha's eyes were glued on Russell. She was extremely excited. He was the master and there was no doubt that he had a better eye than Philip for antiques. Philip felt helpless and could only look at Russell. He said courteously, "Sorry for the trouble, Mr. Field." Russell beamed, waved his hand, and said, "It's fine. I'll just treat this as a playdate with Madam Yates."

It was as if Russell was younger than Martha by seven to eight years. As Philip watched Martha and Russell walk into the antique market, his right eye began to twitch. He had a feeling that something bad would happen and

thus did not leave immediately. Instead, he stood by the entrance and smoked a cigarette before leaving. Indeed, in less than ten minutes, Philip received a call from Martha. A heated argument could be heard taking place on the other end of the phone. "Philip, come quick! These penniless fools said I smashed one of their blue and white porcelain antiques and want me to pay them thirty million bucks!" Martha said angrily. At the same time, she began fighting fiercely with the owner of the shop.

Comments (1)Chapter 227

Thirty million bucks? Philip felt helpless. He knew something would happen, but he was not expecting Martha to get herself into such big trouble.

"Alright, mom. I'll be there immediately. Please wait for me." After Philip said that, he hung up the phone and dashed to the scene. When Philip arrived at the scene, he noticed that they were at a hundred-year-old shop. There was a crowd at the entrance. Some of the people there were waiting in line, trying to sell their old items while some of them were only there for the drama. Nonetheless, their heads could be seen bobbing up and down. There was an argument taking place in the shop, and Philip could hear Martha's shrieks from outside the place. When Philip entered the shop, he saw Martha accusing the shop owner of bullying his customers. She was talking so fast her saliva was flying all over the place. Additionally, she was accusing the owner of selling fake antiques and scamming people of their money. "I'm not paying! Why should I? What kind of blue and white porcelain vase is this? It's fake! You just want to scam a woman like me who doesn't know anything. I'm going to call the cops on you! What you're doing is extortion

and blackmail!" Martha was fuming. It was just a porcelain vase. How dare he ask her to pay thirty

million bucks? He had to be bullying her because she did not know anything. He only wanted to scam her. However, Martha was feeling rather guilty as well. It was the man's shop and behind the owner were two muscular and tattooed men. If Russell had not stopped them, Martha would not have had any say as well. "Mom, what happened?" Philip squeezed through the crowd and asked curiously. Martha glared at Philip.

She was mad that he had taken so long to come. Within that period of time, she had been criticized by the people around them. She yelled, "What took you so long? Never mind. Look, this is the tiny vase I accidentally knocked over. They want me to pay thirty million for it, but I don't care. You stay here and take care of this for me. I think it only has a value of a few hundred bucks. I still have to go back to make lunch for your dad." After saying that, Martha turned around and ran away. If she did not run now, when would she get the chance to run? Philip looked at the smashed porcelain vase on the floor and then at Russell. He asked, "Mr. Field, is it genuine?" Russell said helplessly, "Yeah, it's a genuine blue and white porcelain vase. The shop owner is a friend of mine. The vase is genuine and the price is just. It is indeed thirty million bucks." Russell's heart was broken as well. It was the shop's showcased item, and the shop owner was a friend of his. Russell had only brought Martha to pick an item. He had not expected Martha to touch and look at everything the moment she stepped foot into the shop.

Additionally, Russel had never imagined that Martha would knock over the blue and white porcelain vase. When the shop owner saw that Philip was a reasonable person, he poured out some tea from his dark-red enameled pot, took a sip, and said, "My friend, the blue and white porcelain vase is from the year when Emperor Yongle was in power. I wouldn't lie to you. It is indeed genuine and worth thirty million bucks. I'll leave once I get the money. If you won't pay, I'll call the cops. It was the most valuable object in our humble, little shop, and your mom just smashed it like that." Philip sighed. It was a huge price to pay. However, who would have expected

Martha to shriek loudly after hearing such an explanation? "Bullsh*t!

Emperor Yongle? I say it's fake! Your shop is scamming its customers! I've come across too many people like you who sell fake goods! You've been poor for far too long that you've gone insane!" When the shop owner heard her words, he could no longer endure it, and his face fell immediately. Did she just say that his shop sold fake goods? He could not take such an insult.

In order to do business in the antique market, owners were required to follow a lot of regulations. How could anyone stand being pointed and yelled at by this shrew? "Madam, please look closely. My shop is a hundred years old!

We value trust in our industry. I've never sold fake goods before. If you keep slandering me like that, this won't just be about compensation." The shop owner was now mad. He placed his dark-red enameled pot down and took out his phone. He said, "Let just stop arguing about what happened.

I'll just call the cops and let them handle this." When Martha heard that he was going to call the cops, she started to panic. She knew she could not stay there any longer, so she said to Philip, "Philip, handle this. I'll... go home first. If you get into any trouble, just take care of it yourself." The wisest thing to do

was to run away! That was what Martha was thinking at the moment. However, could she? She was stopped by the two muscular men at the door. Martha fell to the ground in fear after she saw their muscles and terrifying expressions. Then, she started bawling and shouting, "Everyone, look! They're going to hit me! They're going to hit me! This is daylight robbery! They're scamming their customers and lying to them! The blue and white porcelain vase is a fake, and they want me to pay thirty million bucks!" What else could she do? Of course, she could only throw a huge tantrum. The method had worked countless times for Martha, and it had been time-tested. However, Martha had forgotten that this was not her house. How would they allow her to get away with this? One of the big men grabbed Martha's collar and dragged her back into the shop as if she was a dead dog. "Let go of me! Let go! They're hitting me! Murderer!" Martha kept on struggling and yelling. When she saw Philip standing at one side,

doing nothing, she yelled hysterically, "Philip, why are you just standing there? Come and hit them for me! Are you going to watch me get hit and do nothing?" She was shrewish and rude. Not to mention, she was causing a huge scene. It was Martha's self-cultivation as a shrew. Without any other choice, Philip shook his head and asked, "Mom, did he hit you? You broke their vase. Why don't you own up to your mistake? We can just apologize and pay up. Why do you want to make a fool out of yourself?" Pay up?

Martha would definitely refuse! It was thirty million bucks! "Are you insane? Why should I? It's a fake! A fake!" Martha was extremely shameless now that she had become hysterical.

Chapter 228

Slap! The shop owner could no longer take it. He looked at his subordinates and then slapped Martha across the face. Immediately, Martha, who had been making threatening gestures and endless pesters, fell silent. Her eyes were filled with rage as she stared at Philip. She did not dare attack the shop owner, so she ran over to Philip and started scratching him shrewishly. She yelled, "How did I get such a useless son-in-law like you? I was slapped and you're still standing here! You're just a spineless coward! I'm going to ask Wynn to divorce you!" Philip felt rather helpless, but he did not want to argue about it with her. Hence, he turned around and said to the shop owner,

"I'm sorry. We'll pay for it. Why don't we talk inside?" The shop owner looked at Russell and nodded. "Alright, you're quite reasonable, kid." After that, the few of them went back into the shop. On the other hand, Martha continued to make a scene outside as she hurled extremely nasty comments,

"Philip, if you intend to pay for the case, you should pay for it by yourself!

This has nothing to do with me nor my family!" However, when Martha saw the cold gazes of the two huge men, she became as timid as a mouse.

Consequently, she lowered her head and stood in the corner as she glared at everyone in the room fiercely while mumbling curses. Over on the other side, Philip followed the shop owner into a room

located in the shop. "I'm

sorry, Mr. Clarke. It's all my fault, I'm responsible for this." Russell apologized to Philip the moment they got into the room. The shop owner was shocked by what he heard and asked curiously, "Mr. Field, what are you doing?" Dang! What was going on with Mr. Field? Why was he being so respectful toward the young man? Russell smiled and said, "Tom, this is Mr. Clarke. I mentioned him to you before." Clank! The shop owner's heart skipped a beat, and he immediately invited Philip to take a seat. So, he was the top tier nouveau riche who had invested two billion bucks in Russell's company. A white and blue porcelain vase was nothing to a rich man like him. "Um, Mr. Clarke, I'm so sorry. I didn't know who you were. Why don't we just disregard the payment for the white and blue porcelain vase?"

Let's treat it as a little something from me to you." The shop owner smiled flatteringly. Philip waved his hand and said, "No, that's a horse of another color. Thirty million is thirty million, and I'm not short of money. Give me your account later, I'll ask my people to transfer the money to you." The shop owner looked at Russell and saw the latter nodding. So, he did not decline Philip's offer. After less than 5 minutes, Philip and the other two men walked out of the room together. Martha was shocked when she saw Philip unharmed. She asked, "You're alright?" "Why wouldn't I be?" Philip asked. The shop owner said politely, "Please come back to our shop next time, Mr. Clarke. Let me escort you out." Philip shook his head and said,

"No need." After he said that, they left the shop. On the way out, Martha looked at Philip as if he was a ghost. However, an opportunity had finally presented itself, so she asked, "Philip, stop! Tell me honestly, do you have a secret stash of money that you're hiding from Wynn?" A secret stash of money? Philip shook his head and smiled. "Mom, what are you talking about?" Martha chuckled and said, "You're asking me what I'm talking about? The shop owner kept insisting that we pay him thirty million. How is it possible that he let you go if you didn't pay?" Philip had to have a secret stash of money, and there was a chance he had a lot of it inside. Nonetheless, thirty million was just impossible. Martha was sure that the white and blue

porcelain vase was fake. It was a tactic to scam people of their money. Philip explained, "Mom, the vase was fake. Mr. Field was there, so the owner did not want to look into it anymore. I ended up paying only a hundred thousand bucks." Philip could only come up with such an explanation. "A hundred thousand?" Martha raised her voice. When she heard a hundred thousand, she felt her heart drop. Martha yelled, "You spendthrift! Where did you get the hundred thousand bucks? You're still saying you don't have a secret stash of money! Tell me, where did you get the money from? Do you have a mistress behind Wynn's back?" Philip had to be having an affair outside.

Martha had to find out where he got that hundred thousand bucks from!

Philip felt helpless, and at the same time, extremely annoyed. Martha was tormenting him too much. "Mom, there's no such thing. Stop indulging in flights of fancy," said Philip. Then, he called a car to send Martha home. At the same time, a beautiful woman with a sweet-smelling scent walked over to Philip. In a fit of anger, she slapped Philip across the face in front of Martha. Chloe's face was stone cold. Her long dress accentuated her perfect figure. Nonetheless, the only thing occupying her mind was her

hatred for Philip. "What are you doing?" Philip was enraged. Was she insane? "Philip, you still dare to say you're not doing anything shameful! Who is this little bitch?" Martha was furious. She stared at Chloe with resentment in her eyes. The woman looked like a whore. She was obviously a homewrecker!

That was Martha's first impression of Chloe. However, something amazing happened right after. "Are you Philip's mother in law?" Chloe asked as she stared at Martha with an icy expression on her face; her eyes were extremely cold. Martha was terrified. She felt fear in her heart as the other party looked at her like that. She said with a guilty conscience, "Yes, I am. Why? Who are you?" Slap! Chloe lifted her hand and slapped Martha across the face.

She said coldly, "Remember, you're not qualified to ask who I am."

Chapter 229

Slap! The slap stunned Martha who was arrogant and unreasonable. Martha became as terrified as a dog. She hid behind Philip and held her face with her hand. She said through gritted teeth, "Who... Who are you? Why did you slap me? My son-in-law is here!" What could she do? She could only rely on Philip at such a time. "I heard that Philip's mother-in-law is famous for being unreasonable and bossy. Now that I've met you, I can confirm that your reputation is fully justified." Chloe snorted. In Martha's eyes, Chloe was just an ordinary old woman. Thus, she did not need to take any action herself and someone else would handle her. However, when Martha heard Chloe's words, she became furious. She was indeed unreasonable, but she was proud of that. She was able to enjoy quite a number of benefits because of her attitude. Nonetheless, she did not feel as proud with Chloe saying it straight to her face. "Even if that were the case, you can't slap someone willy-nilly." Martha had lost her overbearing manner. She looked terrified.

Martha no longer looked like the person who had been targeting Philip maliciously. Hence, it could be said that she was the type of person who would manipulate the weak and cower at the presence of the strong. Chloe peered at Martha coldly but ignored her. She looked at Philip and said,

"Philip, that slap was for you. You'll never be able to pay for what you did to me in this lifetime!" Philip felt helpless. At the same time, he felt remorseful for what he had done to Chloe. Nonetheless, he would not let Chloe do anything that would hurt Wynn or Mila. "I'm warning you, Chloe.

Don't try to challenge me. You should know how I am." Philip's face was dark, and his eyes looked solemn. Chloe snorted and looked at Martha. She said, "Remember, my name is Chloe Sommerset. I'm warning you, behave yourself. Don't cause Philip any trouble, if not, I'll never forgive you." After saying that, Chloe turned around and walked away. Then, she got into a black Benz and left. Once Chloe left, Martha felt as if a huge weight had been lifted from her shoulders. Consequently, she let out a huge sigh of relief. Slap! Before Philip could comprehend what had happened, Martha slapped him across the face. Additionally, she pointed at Philip's nose and

yelled, "What are you staring at? What were you doing just now? She was bullying me! Were you dead?"

Were you so afraid that you couldn't speak?

How did I get such a useless son-in-law like you? I'm so mad!" Martha was seething. Her attitude was horrible. She had lived for so long, and no one had dared lecture her like that before. How shameful! She was fuming!

Having yelled angrily at Philip, she turned around to look in the direction where Chloe had left and shouted arrogantly, "Do you think you're so high up there just because you're rich? What kind of stupid car are you driving?

You little vixen, I'll kill you when I also have a car like that!" That was how Martha was as a person. She dared not say anything in front of Chloe, and she only dared to talk after the latter had left. Philip's face was dark. He had been slapped by Martha for no reason. However, he could not do anything to her. "Mom, do you know who she was?" Philip asked coldly. "Why? Who else could she be? Pah, she's just a homewrecker! Let me tell you, this is not over yet. You have to explain everything to me. What's your relationship with that homewrecker? Come back home with Wynn tonight and explain everything to me and your dad!" Martha was fuming as she rubbed her swollen face. Her expression was rather shrewd. Philip was getting out of hand. How dare he get himself a mistress behind Wynn's back. Now, there was a homewrecker in the picture! Philip shook his head helplessly as he smiled bitterly. Martha had such a wild imagination. If he told Martha that Chloe was Miss Sommerset who had given her all the presents, what would her reaction be? Would she still run her mouth and continue to hurl insults at Chloe? Perhaps not. Thus, Philip did not say anything. He would just let some things remain the way they were. Someone like Martha would never learn unless she suffered some sort of punishment. After he parted ways with Martha, Philip went to his office to supervise his employees. He would not be a competent boss if he was always absent from work. That day, he stayed in the office until late hours. Subsequently, he received a call from Wynn who then told him that his in-laws were asking for them to go home.

Philip knew immediately that it was about what had happened that evening.

Martha was going to criticize him violently. He did not have a choice.

Hence, Philip sat in Agnes' car and returned to the old manor.

Coincidentally, he ran into Wynn at the entrance, and the three of them greeted each other. "Agnes, swing by our place whenever you're free."

Wynn smiled and waved her hand. Agnes replied politely and left. After Agnes left, Wynn folded her arms in front of her chest and wore a jealous expression on her face. She looked at Philip coldly and asked, "Is it nice being in the same car as Agnes?" "Not bad," Philip blurted out. He had not noticed the expression on Wynn's face. Smack! Wynn kicked Philip in the shin and pinched his ear. She said sternly, "Well, well, Philip. You're frolicking all over the place after only a few days of me not paying attention to you, huh? Does it feel good?" Philip was dumbstruck and finally figured out that Wynn was jealous. He grinned and laughed like an idiot. He said,

"No, it doesn't." Wynn rolled her eyes at him before finally stopping.

Chapter 230

When Wynn arrived at the entrance, she did not go in immediately. Instead, she looked at Philip anxiously and said, "Philip, something must be wrong judging by the way mom asked us to come home. If she yells at you or hits you, you... you can fight back." Wynn was feeling helpless toward her mother's unreasonableness. Before this, she would close one eye to the abuse Martha inflicted on Philip because she was still contemplating whether she wanted to divorce him or not. However, it was different now.

Wynn had started to feel a long lost love between her and Philip. Philip was taken aback. He shook his head and said, "it's fine. Your mom is my mom.

I won't lose anything from the insults or punches." Wynn looked at Philip.

Her eyes were twinkling under the moonlight. Out of the blue. She tiptoed and kissed Philip on the lips. Then, she backed away quickly. "Stop overthinking. That's your reward that I'm giving you in advance," Wynn said while blushing. Shortly after, she made her way into the yard and knocked on the door. The four of them sat inside the living room. Martha

was fuming. She asked Philip in an interrogative tone, "Philip, your father, me, and Wynn are all here. You should tell us the truth. Who was that vixen this morning? Is she your mistress?" Mistress? All of a sudden, there was dead silence in the room. Wynn's reaction was the most genuine as she looked at Philip in disbelief. Had he been having an external affair? Charles only knew what Martha was trying to do now. He got up and angrily pointed at Philip with burning rage in his chest. He roared, "Philip, do you have a mistress outside of this family?" How dare his useless son-in-law do something so utterly heartless? How would he face his neighbors if word got out? What would happen to his daughter, Wynn? Philip knew that it was coming, so, he explained, "Mom, you're mistaken. She's not my mistress."

Martha was still unconvinced. She continued angrily, "Then tell everyone in the room who that woman was. How did she know you and why can't you pay her back for what you did?" Philip looked at Wynn helplessly and asked Martha, "Mom, do you really want to know?" "Rubbish! Tell us now.

If you don't give us an appropriate explanation, you should divorce Wynn!

Leave the marriage with nothing!" Martha looked at Philip with a grim look on her face as she snorted. The guy in front of her had enough money to pay for the stupid vase. So, he had to have a secret stash of money! Martha would not let him go so easily until she had taken everything from him. After pondering for a while, Philip said calmly, "She's Miss Sommerset, the one who sent you all those gifts." Crack! Martha's words became stuck in her throat. What? Miss Sommerset? No way! "What nonsense are you spewing?" Martha's face was in disbelief. Philip did not want to explain further. He said, "Mom, I'll return everything to her tomorrow. There are some things that I can't tell you, and you shouldn't ask me about them as well. There's really nothing between us." "What? Return everything?"

Martha was livid. She got up, pointed at Philip's nose, and shrieked angrily,

“Who are you to ask me to return everything? She gave me those things, so they’re mine now.” Martha started yelling hysterically. Eventually, Philip was kicked out of the Johnston Manor in under 10 minutes. Philip and Wynn

looked at each other helplessly before they decided to call a car to go to the hospital. They had to stay by Mila’s side for the next two days. “Philip, what are you going to do about Chloe?” Wynn’s back was toward Philip as she laid on the hospital bed. She asked with her eyes closed. Philip’s arm was draped across Wynn’s waist as he said, “I’ll take care of it. Mila and you are my everything. I will love you and Mila no matter what happens.” Wynn stirred and smiled sweetly. The early morning the next day, Philip hired a few movers to go to the Johnston Manor. “What are you doing? Who asked you to come here? Get out!” Martha started yelling. Those people had begun moving her things the very moment they entered the house. Additionally, they were all moving the gifts Chloe had given her. How could Martha remain calm? Martha was furious when she spotted Philip smoking calmly outside the house. She ran over to him to slap him. She yelled, “Philip, you rebellious rascal! This is my house! Tell them to stop now!” However, Philip caught her hand mid-air. “Martha, I’ve constantly endured your torment because you’re an elder to me. However, you’ve been an intolerable bully!” Philip said coldly and swung his hand. Martha was stunned. Philip had never spoken to her like this before. Was he crazy? Martha was seething. How dare he disrespect her in front of everyone? It was her home, and she was his mother-in-law. What status did she have considering the fact that Philip dared to talk to her like that? “Philip, are you insane? Is that how you’re going to speak to me? Do you even respect me as your mother-in-law?” Martha glared at Philip angrily. Nevertheless, Philip ignored her and walked away after taking a call. It was from Theo. He told Philip that Monkey from Yates Village had contacted him. “M-Mr. Clarke, I’m Monkey. I have something urgent to tell you,” Monkey sounded extremely anxious over the phone. “Tell me. What happened?” Philip asked calmly.

“Mr. Clarke, you have to watch out for Eric. He brought a few men to the city to look for your wife,” Monkey said anxiously. Eric was in town? He had come for Wynn? What was the guy planning to do?

Chapter 231

After he hung up, Philip felt anxious, so he called Wynn. “Wynn, what are you doing?” Philip asked. Wynn replied, “I’m in the office. There are a lot of annoying things going on. Turner’s Hospital did not sign the contract with us.” Wynn was in her office facing a huge stack of documents. She was extremely irritated. The contract was not signed because Chloe had barged in and made a scene during the meeting. In the end, Derrick contacted another party. Nevertheless, Derrick told the employees not to worry as the company would reconsider their contract again. Hence, the heavy burden fell onto Wynn’s shoulder in an instant. She was the VP after all, and Derrick had assigned the task to her. Thus, she had to be successful in securing a collaboration with Turner’s hospital branch in Riverdale. What Wynn did not know was that Chloe was the one messing things up secretly.

At the moment, Beacon Pharmaceutical’s boss was Chloe. The reason the collaboration was unsuccessful was that Chloe had pressured them to do so by using her family’s name in Capital City. In short, Chloe was creating all kinds of trouble for Wynn. Women were indeed magical and terrifying

creatures. When Philip heard that, he replied quickly, "Alright, I got it."

After hanging up the phone, Philip called Henry personally. "Professor Turner, why was the contract with Beacon not signed?" Henry replied respectfully, "It wasn't? I don't know. I ordered my employees to handle it."

"Mr. Clarke, don't worry, I'll call them and ask about it." Philip did not say anything. Five minutes later, he received a phone call from Henry. Henry said, "Mr. Clarke, don't worry. I already asked my people to settle the contract with Beacon now. I think I will receive a reply soon." "Alright, thank you, Professor Turner," Philip said politely. At the same time, under the building where Beacon Pharmaceutical was located, a black Audi A8L

could be seen speeding over. It was Director Stanley from Turner's Hospital. He had come to Beacon Pharmaceutical himself. "VP Johnston, please go to the meeting room now. Mr. Derrick is looking for you. I heard

that Director Stanley from Turner is here to talk to you about the collaboration." Mindy had run to the VP's office and was ecstatic. Wynn was still worried about the matter. The moment she heard the news, she asked quickly, "Really? Director Stanley is here?" "Yeah, go take a look.

They're asking for you to sign the contract." Mindy was excited. The company had been discussing their contract with Turner for a long time now, and it was finally going to be sorted out. Mindy was genuinely happy for Wynn because Wynn often looked after her like a big sister. Having stared into space for a while, Wynn finally came back to her senses. She looked over at the phone on her desk. Had Philip done something to help her? That was because not long ago, she was still on the phone talking to Philip. Nevertheless, she thought about it for a while and eventually dismissed her suspicions. Maybe not. Turner's Hospital was too prestigious.

Even if Philip had some sort of relationship with Professor Turner, he would not have the right to have a say in their contract. After all, the benefits of the industry and company she was representing were on the line. Wynn suppressed her urge to call Philip and ask him about it. She was wearing a cream-colored shirt and a red skirt. She stood up and quickly made her way to the meeting room as her white heels clicked against the floor. In the meeting room, Wynn saw Director Stanley. They shook hands and exchanged pleasantries politely. "Director Stanley, have you made up your mind?" Wynn asked. Director Stanley adjusted his glasses and smiled. "VP

Johnston, we've concluded our investigation and observation. We can sign the contract with your company now." Having said that, Director Stanley did not waste any time and signed the contract immediately.

"Congratulations, VP Johnston. I hope our collaboration will go smoothly."

Director Stanley stood up and shook Wynn's hand once more. "Director Stanley, thank you for trusting Beacon. We won't disappoint you," Wynn said courteously. There was a smile on her face. After sending Director Stanley and his people off, Wynn stumbled slightly. She could not believe that they actually

signed the contract. It was a contact worth fifty million

bucks! "Congratulations, VP Johnston!" "VP Johnston, you're so amazing!

Where are you going to treat us for dinner tonight?" "It's finally done, VP

Johnston. It would be too mean if you don't treat us to dinner." The company became lively immediately as everyone stood up to clap and congratulate Wynn. Some even took out bottles of champagne and party poppers. Derrick joined in as well. After saying something congratulatory, he suggested,

"Alright, tonight, we'll have dinner at Arc de Triumph, what does everyone think?" "Oh! Thank you, Mr. Hall!" Everyone cheered excitedly. Wynn was so happy that she forgot about the date she had with Philip that night.

Chapter 232

At the same time, Derrick's phone rang. He looked at the number and ran to one side politely before answering it. "M-Miss Sommerset, how can I help you?" "Did Wynn Johnston manage to secure the contract with Turner's branch?" A cold voice asked. "Yes, Miss Sommerset. Director Stanley from Turner came here personally and signed it just now." The back of Derrick's head was drenched in sweat; his legs were trembling from fear. Chloe Sommerset was very difficult to deal with. As of now, Derrick was the only one who knew that Chloe was the new boss of the company. He could guess that everything Chloe did was related to Wynn. It could even be related to Philip. "Got it." Slam! She hung up the phone. Derrick started to panic. He did not know what she was thinking. He calmed himself down before returning to the office. At that time, everyone was still discussing what to eat in Arc de Triumph that night. Then, Wynn received a phone call. It was from Eric. "Hello, Wynn. Where are you? I'm at Riverdale Plaza. Come pick me up." Eric's tone was extremely arrogant, and he was speaking as if he was ordering his servant. Wynn was surprised. There was a stunned expression on her face as she said coldly, "Eric? Why are you here?" Why was Eric there? "Wynn, I'm here to enjoy myself of course! Why? Don't you want to entertain me?" Eric was at Riverdale Plaza. He was wearing a pair of sunglasses and chewing on a piece of gum. He looked very stylish in

his floral shirt. Nevertheless, he looked wanton and unrestrained at the same time. He was leaning against a remodeled Benz sport's car that was red in color and toying with his car keys. He looked cool and flashy. Naturally, he attracted the attention of a few pretty girls that even came to flirt with him.

On one side, there were a few other remodeled sport's cars as well, namely Mazdas, BMWs, and Mitsubishi's. There was an unbridled man standing at the side of each car. Additionally, there were two beautiful women who were dressed stylishly next to them. Their hair was in braids, and they were wearing earrings, nose rings, boots, booty shorts, and crop tops. They were typical hedonistic children of rich parents. The way they dressed made it seem that they were obviously into cars. Wynn pondered for a while before saying, "Okay, I'll pick you up later." Eric hung up the phone and looked at the clear blue sky. A smirk appeared on his face. He snapped his fingers and smiled at his gang. "Showtime." They

looked at each other and nodded their heads. After about 15 minutes, Wynn drove to Riverdale Plaza herself.

There were a lot of cars parked at the plaza. However, she did not see Eric.

Just as she was about to call him and ask where he was... Suddenly! She heard the rumbling of a motor. Wynn turned her head and saw a red Benz sport's car charging at her at a speed of 100 miles per hour. Eric was sitting in the car, and there was an eerie smile on his face. At that moment, Wynn was stunned. She stood motionless and watched in a daze as the red Benz sport's car charged toward her. Moreover, her ears began to buzz from the rumbling of the motor. Only when the Benz sport's car was one meter away from Wynn did the car swiftly drift beside her and circle her. Finally, it stopped with a loud buzz. Eric pushed open the car door, got out of it, and held it open with his hand on its frame. Then, he removed his sunglasses with his other hand and said provocatively, "Hey, Wynn, were you scared stupid?" Hahaha! Laughter sounded behind Wynn. Eric's friends began walking toward Wynn and looking at her from head to toe without the slightest scruple. A few of the men laughed and said shamelessly, "Damn, Eric. Your cousin is hot. Look at her body." "Hahaha, this chick is not bad.

She's my type. I can't wait, Eric. What about a hundred thousand per night?

Would that be okay?" One of the men that had his hair in braids smirked deviously. Eric shook his head and said, "Slim, you'd have to talk to my cousin about the price. I have no problem if she agrees." 'That face is even softer than the face of a celebrity.' Slap! Wynn finally came back to her senses out of fear, and she slapped the man that had his hair in braids heavily across the face. She yelled, "Did your mother never teach you how to speak like a human being?"

Chapter 233

Eric had not expected Wynn's sudden slap. The man with braids was stunned. After coming back to his senses, he yelled, "Fck! You btch! How dare you hit me! Do you want to die?" Braids was furious! He had never been slapped by a woman in public before. Slap! He lifted his hand and returned Wynn a slap. The slap landed on Wynn's face. Consequently, her right cheek instantly became swollen and started to turn red. "Btch! How dare you slap my fcking face!" Braids was fuming. He glared at Wynn angrily and then grabbed her arm. "Let go of me! If not, I'll call the cops!"

Wynn struggled and screamed. However, it was to no avail. The seven to eight people around her were all Eric's friends. However, at the moment, they were just spectators. They only watched on coldly as the scene unfolded. They were well aware that Eric wanted to teach that woman a lesson. "Scream more! Struggle more! You little b*tch, slap me again, I dare you! If I don't teach you a lesson today, I'll just stop existing altogether!"

Braids swore as he talked, and there was a devious smirk on his face. He lifted his chin as he looked at everyone; he seemed extremely arrogant. Eric was currently leaning against his red Benz sport's car and was smoking a cigarette. He watched on coldly and did nothing. On the contrary, Eric felt extremely

pleased with himself as he watched Wynn get bullied. That woman deserves this! “Eric, do you know what you’re doing?” Wynn was pressed against the hood of the car by Braids. Her face was filled with rage,

and her eyes were red. Eric chuckled heartlessly and patted Wynn’s face.

He said, “Wynn, of course, I know what I’m doing. Why? Are you scared?”

Don’t you have a good husband? Come, tell him to get here. If you want to leave here unharmed, Philip will have to kneel and kowtow to me, understand?” Eric added, “Wynn, we’re family. Of course, I wouldn’t cause trouble for you. As long as you tell Philip to get over here, kneel, and kowtow to me, I’ll let you go. Think about it, Philip is just a worthless bum.

Plus, he’s an outsider.” After he said that, Eric signaled Braids to take action. Braids had been waiting for a long time. He licked his lips and let out a perverted laugh. Then, he pinched Wynn’s smooth cheek. Wynn gritted her teeth. Her eyes were filled with tears. She struggled furiously and yelled hoarsely, “Eric Yates, you’ll die a horrible death!” If she asked Philip to come over, Eric would definitely not let him go easily. Wynn could not do that. Hence, she bit her red lips angrily and closed her eyes. In her ears, she could hear Braids’ perverted laugh. She was ready to endure all of it.

Wynn would not ask Philip to come over even if it meant she would be dishonored. She knew very clearly that Eric’s target was Philip. If Philip were to come, he would be finished. Eric looked at Braids and his gang.

Then, he took out a pill from his pocket. He did not say anything and put his hand around Wynn’s neck before forcing her to swallow it. “Cough cough!”

Wynn’s eyes were red after coughing so violently. She stared at Eric and his gang and yelled, “What did you feed me?” Eric chuckled coldly and said,

“A very exciting pill, of course.” After he said that, Eric waved his hand coldly. Subsequently, Braids and the other men held Wynn as the latter’s legs went limp. They then got into their cars and forcefully kidnapped her away from the plaza.

Chapter 234

Eric had gotten the pill overseas. No woman could stay conscious under its effects. Inside the car, four men stared at Wynn who had just started to feel the effects of the pill. She looked very alluring as she bit her lip and pressed

down on her skirt. The car sped to a hotel. The few of them got out of the car and carried Wynn into a room. At the same time, Philip had been trying to call Wynn frantically. However, no one ever answered her phone. In the end, her phone was switched off. Oh no, something terrible must have happened! That was Philip’s first instinct. Hence, he called Mindy immediately. “Mindy, where did Wynn do? Why

isn't she picking up her phone?" Mindy was in the office discussing what to eat with her colleagues.

She replied, "VP Johnston left 20 minutes ago. I think she went to the plaza.

Oh right, she went to pick up her cousin, Eric." Eric? Philip was beginning to feel more and more anxious. He hung up the phone and called Theo. "Tell me where Eric Yates is! Hurry!" Theo replied respectfully, "Mr. Clarke, I'll ask my people to look for him. Don't worry!" How could he not worry?

Philip did not say anything else and immediately hung up the phone. He then called Eric. Almost instantly, the call connected. Eric chuckled coldly and said, "Oh, isn't this my cousin-in-law? Why are you calling me?" "Eric!

Where is Wynn?" Philip roared. He was extremely mad; rage had enveloped his entire body. If Eric crossed the line, Philip would teach him a lesson so harsh that the former would never forget. Additionally, he would make the Yates disappear from Riverdale and from the face of the earth! "Philip, be nicer to me. I won't be able to remember if you continue being that angry at me." Eric was drinking with his men at a bar. They were each hugging a girl in each of their arms while having the time of their lives. Hence, Philip eventually managed to find them. Hahaha! His plan had worked! Philip suppressed the anger in his heart. He was fearless as he yelled, "Eric, tell me, where is Wynn? I'm warning you. If anything happens to Wynn, you'll regret this forever, Eric Yates. The Yates will pay horribly for whatever you do!" Eric was enraged. "Fck! Philip, Wynn is with me now, so who are you to talk to me like that?" Eric was livid. He was not expecting a good-for-nothing like Philip to yell at him. How would he preserve his dignity? "Philip, I can only tell you that Wynn must be having the time of her life right now. Four men! Ah, right, it's been five minutes. I wonder which step they're at now. Iceland Hotel Room 3088. If you manage to get there in time, you might be able to witness something exciting." Eric laughed shamelessly. His eyes and lips were filled with malice. Boom! A clap of thunder struck Philip's heart. "Eric Yates, you're digging your own grave!" Philip yelled angrily. His eyes were wide with anger. 'Damn you, Eric Yates.' Eric was seriously asking to die. Nevertheless, Philip did not have time to seek revenge on Eric. Thus, he called Theo immediately and told him to order his people who were nearby Iceland Hotel to get there immediately. At the same time, he took his company's BMW bike and sped over to Iceland Hotel. Over on the other side, after Philip had hung up the phone, Eric chuckled coldly with a grim expression on his face. He said, "Hehe, have a nice day." At the same time, a figure pushed the door to the private room open and walked inside. He said with a cold chuckle, "Eric, you promised me you wouldn't hurt Wynn. You'd only cripple Philip." Eric looked at the man who was now seated opposite him and asked curiously, "Juan, I don't understand. Do you like my cousin that much? Philip used to be your best friend in the past, and now, you're so savage for doing this to him." Two days ago, Juan found Eric and told him he had a plan to exact revenge on Philip. Naturally, Eric accepted his offer happily. The only thing he did not understand was how Juan who used to be pretty wealthy had become so down and out. When Eric asked him about it, the latter refused to speak. Juan's eyes were dark, and there was a grim smile on his face. He did not say anything and instead only drank some wine before leaving. He looked desolate, and coldness could be felt radiating from his back. After Juan left, Eric kicked the coffee table and roared, "Fck! How dare he put on airs with me!" Eric was not happy with how Juan had acted and felt like he had been looked down upon. He took out his phone and called Braids.

“Go with the original plan. Have your way with her.” ‘Do not hurt Wynn?

‘Who are you, Juan Parker? ‘You’re just a piece of trash in a dire state!’ On Philip’s end, after arriving at Iceland Hotel, he ran to Room 3088. He kicked the door open without thinking twice. Bang! After the door was kicked open,

Philip rushed in. When he saw what was happening, the rage in his body was ignited, and his eyes became completely bloodshot. “Go to hell! All of you!” His roar filled the entire room.

Chapter 235

Philip was triggered by what he saw. His eyes went red and he was livid!

Wynn’s hands were being tied to the frame of the bed, and she was moaning in discomfort. Additionally, there was a faint handprint on her cheek, and there was blood on the corner of her lips. Philip was fuming. He ran over and kicked Braids in the stomach with all his might. Bam! Braids flew backward after being kicked by Philip, and the former crashed into the nightstand. It has to be said that Braids’ head was the one that hit the nightstand. Consequently, his head started bleeding, and he howled in pain.

The other three men were shocked upon seeing Philip’s arrival. However, they quickly came back to their senses and took out bats and knives from under the bed. They had planned for him to come! It was a trap. A trap for Philip to fall into! Wynn was tied to the bed; she had bit her lip until it had started bleeding. Her eyes were filled with tears as she tried her best to stay conscious. Wynn watched as the three men surrounded Philip. She struggled to yell, “P-Philip, run! Run now!” Even now, she was still worried about Philip. Nevertheless, the next moment, Philip was seen punching, kicking, and grabbing their knives with his bare hands. Evidently, the three of them were eventually defeated and knocked unconscious on the floor. Peter snatched a baseball bat one of them was holding and smashed it down into the person’s head. Smash! Blood started pouring out from the person’s head.

That person clutched his bloody head as he fell to the floor. Subsequently, he curled up his body and let out a cry of pain! The other two looked at each other after retrieving their weapons and decided to team up. They charged at Philip as they shouted at the top of their lungs. However, in the end, they were defeated in less than a minute. Two loud thuds. The two of them flew backward and fell to the floor. Their bodies continued to twitch as they

drifting in and out of consciousness. Then, Philip slowly walked over to Braids who was leaning against the nightstand. He glared at Braids coldly as the latter stood there limply, clutching his head and groaning in pain.

Bam! He kicked Braids in the chest once again, and the sound of the latter’s ribs breaking was heard. A scream of agony. Braids passed out instantly.

“P-Philip.” Philip reacted quickly and threw the bloody bat onto the floor.

His bloodshot eyes returned to normal slowly, and he ran to untie Wynn.

However, the next second, Wynn could no longer control herself. She pounced at Philip 'aggressively' and climbed into his arms. She latched herself onto Philip like an octopus. Wynn had completely lost her mind. Her entire body was burning. Philip was shocked. He turned around and pressed her against the bed. At this time, Theo and his people had arrived. They were completely shocked by what they saw. "Drag them out!" Philip roared. Theo and his men dragged the four men on the floor outside and then closed the door behind him. Theo would guard the door himself. Two rows of men dressed in black stood neatly on the left and right sides of the door. They were both five meters away from the door!

Chapter 236

Eric was enjoying himself at the bar. He was extremely pleased with himself at the moment as he finally managed to get back at that little bitch, Wynn Johnston. Not to mention, Philip had to be very beaten up by now. Eric took out his phone and called Braids. However, no one picked up. He smirked shamelessly and muttered, "I guess it's going well. I wasn't expecting Wynn to be such a little whore. It's been so long and she still isn't done yet." As Eric thought about it, he proceeded to flirt with the pretty lady next to him.

However, at this moment. Bam! The door of the private room was kicked open violently. Four muscular men in suits barged in. Tiger glared coldly at Eric who was sitting on the sofa and currently being overwhelmed with lust.

Tiger boomed, "Eric!" Eric turned his head and saw that someone had barged in. He was fuming as he got up, pointed at Tiger, and shouted, "Who

the fuck are you? Fuck off!" In his family, Eric was the king. Thus, he was used to being arrogant and unreasonable. Tiger snorted and forcefully punched him! Crack! That was the sound of Eric's nose having been broken.

Eric fell backward as blood poured out of his nose. His brain began buzzing as well. "F*ck! H-How dare you punch me! So you know who I am? I am Eric Yates from the Yates Family! My grandfather is Bob Yates, and my father is Samson Yates! You're all dead meat!" Eric clutched his nose and yelled hysterically as his eyes grew wide. "I don't care who your father or grandfather is. We're after you!" Tiger said coldly. Tiger waved his hand, and two of his men grabbed Eric. They then twisted Eric's arms behind his back. Eric struggled and howled in pain. "Let go of me! I am one of the Yates! My dad knows Theo Zander! Theo Zander even attended my grandpa's birthday party! You're asking to die if you dare catch me!" Slap!

Tiger was starting to get annoyed by his yapping, so he slapped Eric across the face. Consequently, Eric immediately became obedient. Over in the hotel room, Wynn had finally been satisfied. Her face was red as she laid in Philip's arms. The atmosphere of the room had not dissipated, and their amorous mood was still in the air. Wynn's eyes were wide as she stared into blank space. Philip said, "Don't go

home. Go stay with Mila.” “What about you?” Wynn lifted her head and asked. The scene of Philip barging into the room was still replaying itself in Wynn’s head. She dared not ask. “I have some things to take care of. You should go back first. Mila’s having her surgery tomorrow.” Philip’s tone had turned cold out of nowhere, and his eyes had also begun glinting ominously. Wynn could feel it. She looked at Philip and pondered for a while. Finally, she said, “Be careful. Don’t cause any trouble.” Philip kissed Wynn lightly on the forehead and said, “Alright, I’ll listen to you.” “Right, Philip, why are you so good at fighting? You never told me about it before.” Wynn lifted her head and asked out of the blue. Her eyes were twinkling curiously. “I realize that I can’t seem to figure you out anymore. Are your parents really restaurant owners?” Philip’s fighting moves were like those seen in the movies. He was so amazing! Oh

no. Wynn had begun suspecting him. Should he tell her? Philip inhaled sharply, got up, and put on his clothes. After cleaning up, he bid farewell to Wynn and left the room. Theo and his men were standing outside reverently and respectfully. They only removed their hands that were on their ears when they saw Philip walk out. “Mr. Clarke, he has been retained. You can tell us what to do with him anytime,” Theo said deferentially. Philip nodded and said, “Ask someone to send a set of clothes inside.” After that, Philip left the hotel with Theo and his men. He got into Theo’s Maybach and took off to a sport’s arena. Inside the car, Philip’s eyes were icy. However, a fire was burning in his chest. ‘Eric Yates, I’m coming.’ ‘I warned you. You’ll pay greatly for what you’ve done!’

Chapter 237

The Maybach headed directly to the stadium. At the moment, the outside of the stadium was crawling with henchmen in black suits and dark sunglasses.

They were each standing solemnly with their hands behind their backs.

When the car pulled over at the entrance, one of the henchmen immediately stepped forward, opened the door of the car, and greeted respectfully, “Mr.

Clarke.” About twenty to thirty henchmen in the area followed that person’s cue as they each bowed down and shouted respectfully, “Mr. Clarke!” The volume of their voices was staggering! Philip got out of the car, his cold demeanor and anger seemed to be suppressed in his eyes. With quick steps, he made his way toward the arena. Theo followed closely from behind, ready to deal with the aftermath. As soon as Philip entered the stadium, he heard Eric shouting hysterically. “Let go of me! My name is Eric Yates. I belong to the Yates’ family! If you don’t release me at once, my grandfather won’t let you off! “My father knows Theo Zander. He’s the Underground King of Riverdale! You had better let go of me now! “And you, you should kneel and beg for my forgiveness! Otherwise, I’ll ask Theo to take care of you!” The arrogant Eric could not stop yelling brazenly. Even with his arms tied behind his back and pressed against the seat, he was still acting

obnoxiously. Why? Because his grandfather was Bob Yates, and he was a member of the Yates family. His father was Samson Yates, and he was on good terms with Theo Zander. Who would dare lay a finger

on him? Those bunch of people would be courting their own deaths! Despite all that, Tiger's expression was indifferent as he stood before Eric. It was as if Tiger was looking at a moron. With a swing of his arm, a slap landed on Eric's face, knocking out two of his teeth. Tiger shouted, "So much nonsense. You don't even know how and why you're going to die. Such an idiot." Eric glared vehemently at Tiger, spat a mouthful of blood, and sneered. "Dmn fatso, I'll remember you. You're finished! I'll shatter your teeth personally!" In fact, Eric became a little flustered. When he was brought to the place earlier, he had observed his surroundings. There were many people, and all of them were henchmen in black suits. Such a setup could not have been accomplished by an unknown person in Riverdale. Eric Yates had just arrived on the same day and he had not offended anyone. The only people he had provoked were that little btch Wynn Johnston and Philip Clarke.

Could it be Philip? Impossible! How could that piece of trash command such a huge force! If that good-for-nothing really was behind it, Eric would eat sh*t! However, the very next second, Eric saw a familiar silhouette appear at the entrance. When Eric saw the person's figure, he was dumbstruck! This... how could this be possible?! It was Philip Clarke. Why was he there? Wait a minute! The person behind him was Theo Zander! It was Theo! Instantly, Eric ignored Philip and instead began to frantically shout at Theo for help, "Theo, it's me. I'm Eric Yates from the Yates family.

My father is Samson Yates. Tell your men to capture them. They dared beat me up, they're courting death!" Nevertheless, no matter how much Eric shouted, Theo was unmoved. With a cold expression on his face, he stood behind Philip, looking at Eric as if he were already a dead man. The next instant, under Eric's shocked gaze. Philip approached him one step at a time.

Philip was full of anger as his eyes reflected hell's bitter chill. Bam! He was struck by Philip's knee! Philip had struck Eric's chin with deadly force!

Crack! A crisp sound was heard! A few of Eric's teeth were knocked out of his mouth, and he spat out mouthfuls of blood! The sudden excruciating pain made Eric shudder all over! The pain! The gut-wrenching pain! He had not managed to close his mouth in time when he was struck. Consequently, his teeth bit off a small piece of his tongue, and his whole mouth was now full of viscous blood! "Argh!" An agonizing cry was heard! With his head down, and blood dripping from his mouth, Eric snared as he stared viciously at Philip with his bloodshot eyes. "Philip! You dare... you actually dare lay a hand on me! I want you dead! Your whole family is dead!" "My whole family?" Philip said coldly and then looked down upon Eric like the King of the Underworld. Thump! Another kick! This time, it landed on Eric's chest. His whole body, including the chair he was sitting in, toppled over and hit the ground! Then, Philip quickly stepped forward, grabbed hold of the chair, raised it, and slammed it into Eric! The wooden chair broke into pieces! Eric experienced the most heart-wrenching pain that came from his very soul. He would remember it for the rest of his life. "No, no more. I was wrong, I was wrong!" Eric abandoned his previous persona that was arrogant. He fell to the ground and began to beg for mercy with great difficulty as he tried to crawl away. However. Philip stood stoically in front of him, raised his leg, and stomped on his hand! In an instant, screams akin to dying pigs were heard throughout the stadium. About ten minutes later, Eric was limp on the ground like a dead dog. Theo passed a towel to Philip to clean his hands. Philip took it, wiped his hands, and threw it on Eric.

Fishing out a cigarette from his pocket, Philip lit it and took a deep puff. He then glared at Eric who was on the ground, "Eric Yates, now, do you know what the consequences of provoking me are?" Eric had been beaten beyond recognition. With his body trembling all over, he opened his heavily bruised eyes with great difficulty and whimpered as he asked, "You... who are you?"

Chapter 238

Eric had never imagined that a piece of trash like Philip would lash out at him like that! He was simply unscrupulous! Also, why was Theo standing next to him so respectfully? All the events that had happened almost caused Eric to suffer a mental breakdown. Why? Was he not a good-for-nothing!

Philip thought for a moment before replying calmly, "I'm someone you can't afford to offend. Remember this, the Yates family is nothing more than an ant in my eyes. Don't try to challenge me, otherwise, I won't think twice about removing the Yates from the face of this earth." Philip had the urge to remove the Yates that day, but he recalled the words Wynn had said to him. Do not cause trouble. Therefore, Philip held back and only taught Eric a lesson. If Eric remained unrepentant after this, then, there would be no longer any reason for the Yates family to exist. Eric lied on the ground as he sneered and said, "Philip Clarke, it seems that I've underestimated you.

You've been holding back all this while." Eric could not figure it out. How could useless trash like him be so formidable? Philip merely chuckled and left after saying a few parting words, "I'll give you a piece of advice. Stay away from Wynn and don't try any funny business again. Otherwise, you'll end up miserably." With that said, Philip turned around and left. Theo nodded to Tiger and personally saw Philip out. In the stadium, only Tiger and the henchmen remained. They all stared at Eric coldly and sneered. Eric felt chills all over his body. Being stared at by a group of burly men made him fear for his life. "You... What are you going to do? I'm Bob Yates's grandson, and my father is Samson Yates! You can't do this to me! You can't!" Eric watched on hopelessly as Tiger and his men walked over toward him with a sack and rope. They placed him in the sack, tied it up, and quickly loaded him into a van. Philip headed toward the hospital as soon as he left the stadium. Theo had taken care of the men Eric had brought with him.

Theo had disposed of them in front of a hospital because their limbs were broken. After arriving at the door of the ward, Philip took a deep breath and pushed the door open. He was greeted by a heartwarming sight. In the ward, Wynn and Mila were playing together. It was a scene that Philip wanted to

safeguard. "Daddy." Seeing Philip, Mila ran over with her arms wide open and threw herself into Philip's arms. Philip carried her high into the air while Mila giggled with joy. Mila's voice was crisp like wind chimes. After playing for a while, Wynn pulled Philip into the resting area. Wynn hesitated for a brief moment before she asked, "Philip, tell me honestly, did you do anything to Eric?" Philip knew Wynn would ask him that. He replied, "Of course not. What would I do to him? We just had a chat." "And then?"

Wynn's expression was full of disbelief. "And then, he went home, of course." Philip shrugged. Wynn simply could not believe his words. She knew exactly what sort of person Eric was. Would he go home after having only a brief chat with Philip? Philip noticed that Wynn did not believe him, so he explained further, "It's true, I'm not lying to you. Perhaps he was touched by my words. He cried bitterly, admitted his mistakes, and went home." Wynn stared at Philip, trying to search for traces of deceit, but he seemed very sincere throughout. Were all men like that now? Able to spout nonsense with their eyes open without blinking at all. "I'll call him and ask,"

Wynn suddenly declared before taking her phone out. Philip was startled before he became flustered. Oh no! He was about to be exposed!

Comments (1)

Stephanie Paris

for real wynn she worried about him the man they was going to let four men rape you... get out of here..

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Chapter 239

With her arms crossed, Wynn raised her chin, looked straight at Philip, and dialed Eric's number. The fact was, even if Philip really had taught Eric a lesson, Wynn would not say anything. That was because Eric really had gone too far this time. If the Yates pursued the matter, Wynn would

definitely take Philip's side. Beep, beep, beep... A long wait ensued. In the end, the call went unanswered. After a while, Wynn gave up trying and said to Philip dubiously, "Okay, I'll believe you for once." Philip grinned, touched her cheek that was still slightly red and swollen, and asked, "Is it still painful?" Wynn shook her head shyly and said, "It has been treated. I'm fine." The two stared into each other's eyes. "Damn it, I almost forgot!"

Philip slapped his forehead out of the blue and hurried out. "Wynn, I'll pick you up later." Wynn was puzzled, totally unaware of what Philip was up to.

Oh, right. Philip had asked her the day before if she was free today. That was bad. Wynn had promised to have dinner with her colleagues that night.

Nonetheless, after hesitating for a while, Wynn called Derrick and explained why she would not be attending the celebratory dinner that night. Derrick was a reasonable person and simply said that there would be more opportunities in the future. Wynn heaved a breath of relief and stood by the doorway of the ward, staring at the direction Philip had run off in. She looked forward to seeing what Philip was about to do. On Philip's side, he hurried toward the French restaurant that he had made reservations at

the day prior. When the restaurant manager saw Philip, he greeted him respectfully, "Mr. Clarke, you're here. Where's Mrs. Clarke?" The chubby manager looked around and was puzzled when he did not see Philip's female companion. The day before, Mr. Clarke had paid a deposit of thirty thousand to reserve the entire restaurant for the night. At first, the manager refused Philip's request because the latter was dressed like an average working-class person. The manager only changed his mind when Philip paid the deposit.

He was part of the hidden second-generation. Philip panted as he asked, "I want to check on the preparations." The manager was very enthusiastic and personally led Philip around to look at the setup of the venue. Outside the window, the beautiful scenery of Lake Phoenix could be seen. "Mr. Clarke, as per your instructions, we've hired a pianist accompanied by a violinist.

Additionally, when Mrs. Clarke arrives, rose petals will fall around her. The roses that will rain on her are the ones you wanted, the freshest of roses,

imported from Erdogo. Our waiters also hand-picked the petals and soaked them in the fragrance of Chanel..." The manager spoke continuously while Philip followed closely from behind, nodding his head silently. "Okay, well done. This is the final payment of two hundred thousand." Philip was very happy as he handed his card to the manager. The manager grinned broadly, took the card, and said, "Mr. Clarke, please wait a moment." After swiping the card, the manager quickly returned and gave the card back to Philip. If the manager had any doubts before, all of them had been dispelled now.

Two hundred thousand. Very few people could fork out two hundred thousand for a reservation. Philip Clarke was one. Therefore, the manager assumed that Philip was a low-key nouveau riche. Such customers had to be served well. As Philip left, the waiters of the restaurant watched his disappearing figure. Their faces were full of envy and jealousy. "Wow, that man is so rich that he booked the entire restaurant for two hundred thousand.

How nice would it be if I had such a low profile and a rich boyfriend." "I wonder who that woman is. She's so fortunate to have someone who loves her that much. I'm so envious." "Okay, that's enough. Hurry up with the preparations. We can't afford to make any mistakes tonight!" The manager admonished sternly when he saw the idiotic expressions on the waiters'

faces. Night soon fell. At the Riverdale Public Hospital, one after another, a long line of Mercedes-Benz decorated with flowers pulled over at the main entrance. The scene instantly attracted everyone's attention.

Chapter 240

Everyone gathered around the entrance and watched on curiously.

Additionally, many people took out their phones and started to record videos to upload onto TikTok and other social media platforms. "Damn! Who is this rich person, spending so much money? So many

luxury cars, is the person proposing?" "No idea. This is too glamorous for words. I'm so envious!" "It would be nice if they were here to pick me up. This is too romantic, and the plot is too surreal. It's exactly like something that would

appear in a K-drama." Many female nurses crowded around the entrance.

They were each staring at the scene in envy. At this time, Wynn walked out from behind the crowd with Mila in her arms. She had received a call that asked her to bring Mila to the hospital's entrance. When Wynn arrived at the door, the four chauffeurs standing next to the Mercedes-Benz vehicles bowed in unison and stretched out their hands in a gentlemanly fashion.

"Miss Johnston, please get in the car." In an instant, everyone's gaze was locked on Wynn. She was the main star! Envy, jealousy! However, the appearance of the woman was ethereal, and the little girl in her arms was also very adorable and beautiful! Wynn was completely taken aback. She glanced at the long line of luxurious vehicles and got into one of them amid the envious stares of the crowd. Wynn was in a daze. Shortly after, the car pulled over in front of the French restaurant. Wynn got off the car with Mila in her arms. Her dull eyes were full of suspicion. "Mom, are we here for dinner?" Little Mila blinked her large, jewel-like eyes as she asked. Her face had an expression full of amazement. Wynn had no idea how to respond to her question. "Miss Johnston, welcome. Please follow me." At the door, a waitress approached Wynn with a huge smile on her face, bowed, and made a gesture of invitation. "Oh, sure." Wynn's mind was still in a blur as she replied the waitress. When Wynn entered the restaurant and saw the immaculate arrangement, she was both surprised and moved. As the strings of a violin sounded, accompanied by a piano playing in the background, a familiar singing voice filled the restaurant. Wynn held in with one hand and covered her mouth with the other. Tears began to stream down her cheeks in big droplets. At that very moment, she was full of bliss. It was Philip. It had to be Philip! He remembered what today was. It was their wedding anniversary! Amid the music, from a dim corner, Philip walked out slowly.

He was dressed in a clean and crisp suit and was holding a bouquet of red roses in his hand. His face was wearing a smile. With both knees on the ground, Philip raised his head and looked at Wynn who was still immersed in her emotions, crying and smiling blissfully. Philip said, "Wynn, I didn't

treat you well enough in the past, and you've suffered a lot because of me.

Starting from today, you'll be the happiest woman in the world." Wynn looked at Philip. Her tearful eyes carried an expression of seriousness. At that moment, all her grievances had disappeared. She cherished the romantic moment a lot. "Dad, I want one too," Mila said jealously. Wynn and Philip exchanged a glance and smiled. From the huge bouquet, Philip took out a single stalk and gave it to Mila. "Okay, this one is for Mila." Mila was very happy, and she kissed Philip on the cheek. Subsequently, Philip stood up and looked at Wynn. He turned his head to the side and raised his cheek.

Wynn rolled her eyes before planting a quick kiss on his cheek. The waiters standing at the side were wiping their tears at this moving scene. What a warm and happy picture it was. It would be great if the picture belonged to them. However, that picture of happiness came to an abrupt end! All of a sudden! A

figure dashed into the restaurant and walked up to Philip and Wynn! Slap! Chloe appeared out of the blue and angrily slapped Wynn. She pointed at Wynn's nose and cursed, "Sl*t! You're not worthy!" As she said that, she snatched the bouquet of roses from Wynn's hands, threw it to the ground, and trampled over it with her high heels. It was all too sudden!

Everyone was shocked. Especially the waiters, all of them stared with their eyes wide open and mouths covered. They could not believe that such a thing was actually happening. Among them, someone could be seen recording a video of the scene. A total reversal! "Are you mad!" Philip roared in anger. His eyes were red as he furiously slapped Chloe's face. The woman in front of him was crazy! Chloe clutched her face as she looked resentfully at Philip and Wynn. She said, "Philip Clarke, I won't let you off.

With me around, don't expect to live in peace for a single day!" Chloe then stared at Wynn and said with a sneer, "Wynn Johnston, you're so pitiful. Up till this day, you still don't know who Philip Clarke is. You pathetic clown!"

With that being said, Chloe turned around and left. On the other hand, Philip clenched his fists and glared furiously at Chloe's back before turning his attention to Wynn. Wynn was absolutely livid. She picked Mila up and

another slap landed on Philip's face. "Philip Clarke, I've had enough! You must resolve the matter between the both of you. Otherwise, we'll get a divorce!" Wynn had had enough. She was willing to be hospitalized for Philip. Even if it meant letting Eric humiliate her, she would not wish for Philip to be hurt. However, as a woman, Wynn could not tolerate another woman interfering with their marriage. Furthermore, that woman had a marriage agreement with her husband in the first place. Fuming, Wynn left the restaurant with Mila. Philip stood there alone with an expression full of anger and helplessness. After violently kicking the flowers on the ground, Philip rushed after Wynn. "Wynn, wait for me. Please listen to what I have to say," Philip shouted as he chased after Wynn. Wynn stopped, turned around, looked at Philip angrily, and said, "Okay, tell me then, who are you?"

Why does Chloe keep telling me that I don't know who you are? Who is Philip Clarke? What have you been hiding from me? Why can't you tell me?"

Chapter 241

Philip was taken aback and did not know how to respond. He said, "Wynn, please believe me. I'll tell you someday but not now. I have my own problems." Philip really wanted to tell Wynn, but reality did not allow him to do so. Giada was still in Riverdale, and Philip had not figured out what she had planned yet. That woman would not let Philip off easily, and the people Philip treasured the most were Wynn and Mila. Therefore, he did not have a choice. Wynn scoffed at his words. "Fine, keep your secret then. Mila will be having her surgery tomorrow, so I won't argue with you today."

With that said, Wynn turned around with tears in her eyes and left with Mila in her arms. Philip's lonely silhouette stayed as he watched Wynn's back disappear into the distance. Additionally, he saw Mila who

was perched on Wynn's shoulders trying to reach out her arms to him. 'Wynn, I'll tell you someday. That day will arrive very soon. When everything has been resolved, I'll bring you and Mila back to the Clarke family with fanfare!'

On the other side, after Chloe left the restaurant, she returned to her hotel and sat down on the carpet alone. She drunk red wine until she became intoxicated. With eyes full of tears, she stared at the night scenery of the city and mumbled, "Why, why do you treat me this way? What have I done wrong?" To Chloe, Philip was her everything. However, her everything seemed to belong to someone else as of now! She could not accept it! The third young lady of one of the biggest families in the capital city was troubled by the affairs of her own heart. If the public found out about it, it would definitely cause a scandal. A strong woman like her would actually get drunk over a man. The moonlight outside the window spilled into the hotel suite. Chloe stood up and slowly removed her lacy nightgown, revealing her graceful figure. She stared at her naked reflection in the mirror.

About one inch away from her heart, there was a hideous scar. It was a stab wound. She could still remember that Philip had once risked his life for her.

Warm tears flowed down her cheeks and dripped onto her chest. Chloe stroked the scar as she murmured with trembling lips, "Philip, have you forgotten? This here, I gouged it for you before. Why can't you love me?"

Why?" If all the emotions in the world could be explained logically, there would not be so much regret. Chloe knew very well what she should do logically, but she could not bring herself to stop. She loved Philip to the point of madness. She was a woman troubled by love, and there was no escape for her. Her only trouble was not being able to obtain Philip's love.

Back at the Yates family compound, Bob Yates could be seen sitting on the Grand Preceptor armchair in the inner hall, playing with the jade thumb ring that Philip had gifted him. Bob Yates was unable to conceal the smile on his lips. It was good stuff. This item was worth one hundred million! That useless Philip had managed to find such a valuable treasure, but the point was, he ignorantly gave it away to Bob. Sure enough, a piece of trash would never be worthy of a treasure. All of a sudden! The butler barged in and shouted in panic, "Old Master, it's bad!" Bob glared at him angrily and yelled, "What are you shouting for? Such insolence!" The butler

immediately bowed his head. His body was trembling all over. "So, what is it?" Bob said coldly, still fiddling with the jade thumb ring. "Old Master, the Young Master, he's in trouble." The butler looked very worried and was sweating profusely. Just moments ago he had been notified that Young Master Eric Yates was grievously injured. The latter's limbs were broken and all his teeth were shattered. Eric Yates was now in the hospital and was in critical condition. It was a catastrophe! Someone had laid hands on the Yates! Smack! Bob stood up furiously, shaking in anger. Thump, thump, thump! With his cane, he rushed out of the hall while saying anxiously,

"Hurry, bring me to the hospital, quickly! My Eric, nothing must happen to you!" Bob was very distressed and ordered someone to bring him to the hospital. Eric was his precious grandson, his

youngest one at that, and the one he loved the most. In a ward in Second Public Hospital, Eric was lying on a bed. His eyes were blank, and his whole body wrapped in bandages.

Ever since he woke up, he only stared at the ceiling blankly. There was no expression on his face. He had three broken ribs, and all his arms and legs had been broken. It would take at least one year for him to recover! As he stared at the ceiling, his dull eyes suddenly became bloodshot. His words were muffled as he roared in anger, "I want to kill him! I'm going to kill him!" He was nothing but a vegetable now! The doctors said that he would face difficulties holding a knife and fork in the future, and he would have to undergo a long period of rehabilitation! What more would it take for him to walk. Of course, Philip was not aware of all this. Eric's other injuries had been caused by Theo's men. Offending Mr. Clarke was the same as courting death!

Chapter 242

Next to Eric stood a distinguished, middle-aged man in his mid-forties. His appearance was quite similar to Eric's. He was the chairman of Seafare Trading and was Eric's father, Samson Yates. Additionally, on the top of Eric's hospital bed, there was a middle-aged woman dressed in luxurious

clothes. The woman's eyes had turned red from crying. "Who is so cruel to have beaten my son up like this?" She was Eric's mother, Cecelia Drew.

Her heart was in pain. Evidently, a mother's children were her most beloved.

At that moment, seeing that her child had been hurt by someone else, Cecelia's heart was bleeding! "Eric, tell me, who hurt you? I'll ask your father to capture that person!" Cecelia wanted to hold Eric's hand but was afraid of hurting him, so she could only watch anxiously. A stream of tears fell from the corners of Eric's eyes. His chapped lips trembled as he said,

"Dad, you must avenge me! It's Philip Clarke, that spineless piece of trash!

Kill him for me! I'm a cripple now!" Samson had not said a single word ever since he appeared in the ward. Nevertheless, his face was extremely dark. Philip Clarke? Was he not a useless piece of trash? Why did he do such a thing? Was he tired of living? "Samson, say something! Don't you feel bad that our son was beaten up by that worthless piece of trash? We must avenge our son! I want that bastard to pay with his life!" Cecelia was crying, but her eyes were filled with malice! "Enough!" Samson became annoyed with Cecelia and glared at her. "You're the woman of the house, but you don't even take care of your son properly. He causes trouble all the time. If he really didn't do anything in the first place, why did Philip do this to him?" "What did you say? Isn't he your son too? Fine, Samson Yates, I must be blind to have followed you! My son is suffering..." Cecelia stood up abruptly, pushed Samson aside, and started to make a scene. Seeing his heartbroken wife and at son lying on the hospital bed, Samson felt rather distressed in his heart. Hence, he hugged Cecelia and said, "Okay, fine, stop crying already. I'll deal with this matter. I'll be sure to make Philip suffer ten times more pain than Eric." Samson truly did not take that useless Philip seriously. However, why did Philip dare take things so far? Samson knew his

son very well. He must have kept something from them. Nevertheless, it did not matter. Philip had to pay for it! With that said, Samson turned around and left the ward. On the other side, Bob arrived at the hospital right after Samson left. When he saw Eric wrapped up in bandages, lying on the hospital bed, he flew into a rage. He hit his cane against the floor and bellowed, "Who did this to my grandson! I want him to pay tenfold!" When Eric saw Bob, he immediately burst into tears and started crying. "Grandpa, I'm a cripple now. It's Philip, he did this to me. Avenge me!" When Bob heard that Philip was the culprit, he became flushed with anger. The hand holding his cane trembled as he said, "Okay, Eric, I'll capture Philip right now and break his bones. I'll avenge you!" Having said that, Bob brought a few men with him and sped aggressively through the night to Martha's home. More than half an hour later, Philip received a call from Martha. "Mom, it's so late, what's the matter? Philip was in his small seventy to eighty square meters house, busy preparing the things to be used after Mila's surgery the day after. He had also just distributed tens of thousands worth of bonuses to his employees in group chats 940, 901, and 551 as a special reward to them. "Philip Clarke, you've got some guts! Come back here right now!" A loud shout was then heard. It was not Martha's voice on the other end of the line, but Bob Yates. Philip frowned as he immediately realized something. He calmly said, "Bob Yates, are you here for Eric?" "Very well, Philip Clarke, you dare call me by my full name? You're really insolent. Get the hell back here at once!" Bob was absolutely livid. After saying that, he slammed the phone. At the Old Johnston Manor, Martha and Charles stood in one corner as they trembled together. They had no idea why the old man had turned up at their house in the middle of the night with so many men in tow. He looked exceptionally furious. Martha exchanged a glance with Charles as she cursed internally, 'Dmn Philip, he must have caused trouble again! This time, he even provoked the old man! Even if he doesn't die this time, he won't leave unscathed.' Bob merely held the tiger head on his cane and sat stoically on the sofa with a grim expression on his face. The entire room was permeated with a murderous aura. Shortly after, Wynn returned home. She had also received a call from her mother. As soon as she walked in, she saw her grandfather sitting on the sofa somberly "Grandpa, why are you here?" Wynn asked politely. But! Smack! Bob raised his cane

and struck Wynn's leg! Wynn knelt on the ground in pain. Her face turned pale and big drops of sweat began to pour from her forehead. "Grandpa?"

She did not understand why her grandfather was in such a mood. It was his first time beating her like that. "Kneel! Kneel until Philip comes back!" Bob shouted angrily, "Useless piece of trash! You took a wolf into the house!

You're a disgrace!"

Chapter 243

The house was filled with a murderous aura. No one spoke. Martha, who had always been unreasonably noisy, was now quietly standing at one corner like an obedient baby. She was looking with lowered eyelids at the kneeling Wynn, afraid to make one sound. Wynn knelt with poise and said stubbornly, "Grandpa, can you at least tell me what's going on? Did Philip do something wrong?" "Tell Philip to get

back here at once!” Bob bellowed angrily. His face had a stony expression, and a biting chill could be seen in his eyes. Martha dared not say anything and merely stood there as she looked at Wynn. She winked at Wynn as a signal for her to call Philip. That wastrel must have caused trouble, otherwise, the old man would not have rushed to their house in the middle of the night. He had also brought many men with him, all of whom were lined up outside. There were also four more men inside the house with them. Scary! Martha’s hatred toward Philip increased just like that. Wynn had just returned and had not figured out what the cause of all of it was yet. Nevertheless, she had a vague feeling that it had something to do with Eric. Although Wynn appeared stubborn on the surface, she was actually very nervous. They were about to face her grandfather, Bob Yates. Ever since she was young, she had felt that he was a formidable person. The daunting aura that he carried was fully portrayed at the moment as Wynn felt immense pressure from him. “Grandpa, you must tell me what Philip did, otherwise, I can’t call for him,” Wynn said weakly, but her kneeling posture was still firm. Bob glared at Wynn and felt sorry for her from the bottom of his heart. Such a fine young lady had chosen

to marry a wimp and become the butt of everyone’s jokes. In the past, Bob purposely did not attend Wynn’s wedding and even announced that the Yates would not acknowledge Wynn as their granddaughter. That caused Wynn to lose her job in Fortune 500, and she ended up in Beacon Pharmaceutical as a result. “Wynn, you’re not involved in this matter. You just need to call Philip to come back. The rest of it has nothing to do with you!” Bob said sternly in a tone full of deterrence. Wynn was upset when she heard those words. As Philip’s wife, it was her right to share his burdens.

“Philip will not return tonight. He’s in the hospital with Mila. You can talk to me instead. If he made a mistake, I’ll kowtow to you and beg for your forgiveness,” Wynn persisted. However, Bob then stood up with a sneer on his face and approached Wynn with his cane. The scene that ensued next shocked everyone! Without another word, Bob raised his hand and slapped Wynn across the face. The loud smack was heard throughout the entire hall.

“What right do you have to speak to me like that? Can you represent Philip?”

Do you know what he has done?” Bob’s face was flushed as he roared, “If Philip doesn’t return tonight, you’ll continue to kneel! When he returns, that’s when you can stand up!” When would this foolish granddaughter of his come back to her senses? Although Bob was furious, he still cared for Wynn. Martha dared not say anything even though Wynn had been beaten.

She was merely a spineless, two-faced person, who could only act arrogantly in front of people like Philip. When faced with someone like her father, she dared not make any waves. Despite that, she was still distressed at the sight of Wynn being beaten, and said anxiously, “Wynn, hurry up and tell that wretch to return at once! Why are you still protecting him now?”

He should be responsible for his own mistakes. He’s not the son-in-law of Johnston family, nor the grandson-in-law of the Yates family.” While she cursed, Martha tried to discern Bob’s mood. Nevertheless, the stubborn Wynn only continued to kneel without saying a word or taking out her phone. Bob nearly exploded in fury! He lamented her bullheadedness, pointed at her viciously, and said through gritted teeth, “Very well, you’ve

chosen to rebel! From now on, you'll no longer be the granddaughter of Bob Yates. The Yates family will not acknowledge your bloodline!" Those words were very harsh.

Comments (1)

Xeshan

How many slaps wil Wynn face? Everyone is slapping her lols [VIEW ALL COMMENTS](#)

Chapter 244

Martha became startled at those words and rushed at her father while shouting, "Dad, you can't do this! Wynn is your granddaughter! This matter is that wimp's fault!" She turned to Wynn angrily, held her shoulders, and shook them desperately. "Wynn, don't be silly. Just hurry up and tell that wimp to come back. We won't get involved in this matter. He must solve his own problems." Why was her daughter so stupid? Was it worth it to stand against Old Master Yates for that wastrel? However, Wynn laughed coldly as her eyes became tearful. She glanced at Martha before looking at Bob. "Grandpa, I know you're here for Eric. I don't know what happened to him, but you laid your hands on me as soon as I stepped in here. Did you find out about what Eric did? Do you know what Eric did to me today?"

Wynn was infuriated. This was her grandfather, an old man who did not care about right or wrong and distinguished between grandson and granddaughter. To Bob, Eric was the flesh and blood of the Yates, his precious grandson. Was Wynn not his granddaughter? Bob's mouth twitched. However, his love for his grandson caused him to ignore her statement as he retorted, "Eric is the grandson of the Yates family. Even if he did something wrong, it should be the Yates who punish him. An outsider has no right to break his limbs!" Thump, thump, thump! As he spoke, Bob angrily tapped his black-and-gold cane that was embellished with a tiger's head against the floor that was tiled. Everyone in the house fell silent. What?

Philip broke Eric's limbs? Martha was the first person who fell into disbelief. Her breathing became rapid, and her eyes rolled back into her head as she almost passed out. They were doomed! Philip had wreaked huge havoc this time! Wynn was obviously startled by this as well. She had not expected such an outcome at all. Despite that, she did not have any regrets.

Philip was her husband, and she was willing to stand by his side. "He asked for it." To everyone's astonishment, Wynn bit her lip and said this. "Very well, very well indeed!" Bob laughed menacingly and ordered his men,

"Beat her! I want to see how hard the bones of Wynn Johnston are! Let's see if Philip can return before you've been killed!" Two bodyguards stepped forward and swung their big hands. Consequently, several

blows landed on Wynn's face! Wynn was a feisty woman. Although she was beaten up and ended up vomiting blood from her mouth, she knelt steadfastly without crying out in pain. Bob stared at Wynn frostily. He refused to believe that Philip would not return! "Call Philip! Tell him that Wynn is here. If he doesn't come back, I'll beat her to death!" Bob turned around and shouted at Martha. Martha got a fright. She picked up the phone. Her fingers shook as she dialed Philip's number. "Phil... Philip, come back at once! Wynn, Wynn is being beaten to death..." Cries echoed throughout the house. It was Martha's wails. She was heartbroken at the sight of her little girl being beaten. When Philip received the call, he had just arrived at the street right

outside the Old Johnston Manor. He heard the slapping sounds from the receiver and was immediately enraged. D*mn Bob Yates! He was courting death! The entire Yates family was courting their death! Very well! He had given them an inch, and they had now taken a mile! The entire Yates family would disappear from the world then! Philip dashed into the manor, and as soon as he stepped into the house, he saw Wynn kneeling in front of Bob.

Wynn's face was red and swollen. Not to mention, her mouth was full of blood, and the two bodyguards showed no signs of stopping as they slapped her face back and forth. "You're dead!" An angry roar! Philip pounced and threw a couple of punches. Bam! Before the two bodyguards could realize what was happening, they each received a punch to the face and immediately slumped back in a daze. Despite that, they were physically strong after all and could take Philip's blows. With a grim expression on his face, Philip squatted and inhaled coldly. Especially when he saw the injuries on Wynn's face. He could hardly contain his anger! They dared hit Wynn!

It was tantamount to playing with fire! "Philip Clarke, you're finally home.

Are you going to come with me quietly, or do I need to drag you with me?"

Bob knocked his cane on the tiles of the floor once again, producing a loud, frightening thump. Philip turned his face around. His eyes could be seen exuding a bitter chill, and his mouth was upturned at its corners. He was wearing a very dangerous smile! If Chloe were there, she would have definitely understood the meaning of his smile! Philip was infuriated! His wrath would flatten mountains and destroy rivers! Philip Clarke of the past, he was wearing the very same smile he had on when he annihilated the rivals of Chloe and the Sommerset family! "Bob Yates, do you know the taste of total family destruction?" Philip asked.

Comments (1)

Xeshan

Again slaps on Wynn face? I am confused how can women bare all this slaps in row hehehehe

[VIEW ALL COMMENTS](#)

Chapter 245

Bob scoffed nonchalantly. "Philip, you're just a worthless piece of trash.

Can you even brag about something like that?" Philip clenched his fists tightly, his dark eyes scrutinizing the four bodyguards in the house along with the men surrounding the area. It would not be easy. Although he had learned a few moves from Reed, his two fists would be insufficient for so many people. He had to wrap things up quickly. "Bob Yates, I think the number of people you brought won't suffice," Philip jeered. The sneer on Bob's face remained. Although he did not know where Philip had gotten the courage to say such things to him, he had brought many people just to capture him. How could the tables turn? Could a useless wimp like him create a miracle? At this time, Martha stepped forward, pointed at Philip's nose, and shouted, "Philip, you're to be held responsible for your own mess!

The Johnston family has nothing to do with this!" Martha was scared and eager to cut off all ties with Philip. The old man was angry, and the

consequences were unimaginable. However, what Martha did not expect was for the repercussions to become even more serious when he was angry!

More serious than the entire sky falling! "Philip, be a man and take responsibility for your own actions. You can break your own arms first and then come with me to kneel in front of Eric to beg for his forgiveness. If he's willing to let you off, then I'll let you go. However, you won't show yourself in Riverdale ever again, and you will divorce Wynn too." Bob snickered coldly. In his eyes, Philip was nothing more than a useless wimp.

Wynn's heart trembled violently at Bob's words. Grandpa was very domineering. He was prepared to deny Philip any chance of survival. Would someone like Eric let Philip off the hook so easily? "No, I don't agree! What right do you have to take Philip away? You didn't even ask about what Eric did. He deserved it!" Wynn got up and stood in front of Philip, glaring at Bob as she spoke. "Shut up! Another word from you and I'll take care of you too!" Bob was furious. Wynn was constantly testing his limits, and he was very annoyed by that. Even if she was his granddaughter, Bob did not mind teaching her a small lesson if she persisted. Martha was terribly scared.

Upon hearing her father's words, she became even more flustered. She did not wish for her daughter to be hampered by a rotten person like Philip.

"Philip Clarke, I don't care what you're thinking. From now on, you're no longer the son-in-law of the Johnston family. My daughter will divorce you!" Martha shouted at Philip desperately. "Shut up!" Philip said angrily as he stared at Martha with daggers in his eyes. He was fed up with Martha's unprovoked accusations. He had tolerated such a mother-in-law for three years. Martha was caught by surprise, especially when she came into contact with Philip's murderous gaze. Hence, with her heart pounding rapidly, she said weakly, "Very well, Philip, you dare shout at me now! I don't have a son-in-law like you! Dad, take this trash away now!" After scolding Philip, Martha took a few steps backward in fear that

Philip would rush at her and beat her. She had witnessed it earlier. When Philip came in, he beat up the two bodyguards. The fellow could actually dole out some punches. Bob

sneered at Philip with pity in his eyes. "Did you hear that? You're a single man now. Kneel obediently and break your arms, then come with me to beg for Eric's forgiveness. Maybe then you can keep your pathetic life."

However. Philip's expression sank. He raised his eyebrows and asked with a faint smile, "Are you sure you want me to kneel in front of you?" Bob frowned as he felt a sudden surge of dreadfulness and retorted, "Why, do you think you can escape with just two hands? Even if you do manage to, what about your wife and child?" A chill spread across Philip's eyes. Bob dared to threaten him with Wynn and Mila? In an instant, Philip took the initiative and stepped forward. It has to be said that the bodyguard beside Bob did not even see when Philip made the first move. Bam! One punch!

Philip's punch hit Bob's face and blood was spilled immediately! Bob staggered backward and slumped limply on the sofa. Blood from his nose was now splattered all over his face as his head buzzed! At his age, he could no longer withstand such a blow. He was already dizzy from one strike! The result of Philip's blow took Martha and the rest of the people in the house by surprise.

Chapter 246

"Philip, what have you done?!" Martha shrieked. By now, Philip had already eliminated another four bodyguards. Wynn stared at Philip in a daze, realizing once again that he had terrifying fighting skills! The men outside wanted to rush in. However, when they saw Philip standing next to Bob, choking the latter's neck, they dared not risk it. Bob's face was bloody, and his breathing was rapid. His hands were trembling as he gave Philip a vicious side-glare and said, "You... you dare lay hands on me! I'll... I'll kill you!" Up until now, Bob was still unaware of his situation. Martha was huddled in a corner. She could only watch helplessly as Philip choked her father's neck. She yelled agitatedly, "Philip, let go at once! If anything happens to my father, I won't let you off!" How dare the good-for-nothing do this? Nevertheless, Philip only threw a glance at Martha and said,

"Martha Yates, he's your father, not mine. He dared to hit Wynn, he has to pay the price!" With one sentence, Philip made everyone feel as though they had plunged into an icy abyss. Martha never thought that Philip, who had always been useless, would portray such an imposing demeanor. It was the head of the Yates family. Wynn took some time to come back to her senses.

She quickly said, "Philip, let him go. He's my grandfather!" That was right; he was her grandfather after all. Wynn could not bear to watch Philip choke him like that. Philip raised his eyebrows, looked at Wynn, and asked her in all seriousness, "Wynnie, he ordered his men to beat you up indiscriminately and even threatened you and Mila. Are you sure you want me to let him go?" Wynn was now in a dilemma. After a long while, she finally said,

"He's my grandfather after all. Even if he has done something terribly wrong, I must forgive him." Philip

fell silent, and without another word, he slowly loosened his chokehold. Bob's entire face was flushed red. When Philip let go of him, he opened his mouth and drew big gulps of air. At that moment, Bob truly felt the threat of death. For many years, he had not suffered the taste of defeat. However, that day, he had almost died in the hands of Philip, the wastrel. "Wynn, take Mom and Dad out. I want to have a good chat with Old Master Yates." Philip said solemnly; his eyes had traces of deterrence within them. "Okay." Wynn did not know what to do, but she could only trust Philip for now. Hopefully, he would not cause any more trouble. Since the old man was in the house and Philip was in a strategic position, the men outside dared not make any rash moves. Philip said sternly, "Old Master, tell your men to withdraw from the house. Believe me, I have the strength to deal with you before they can take any action."

Bob's head was still buzzing. Hence, after brief consideration, he waved his hand angrily and motioned to his men to withdraw. On the other hand, Wynn pulled Charles and Martha along with her. "Philip, don't cause any trouble.

Just speak to grandpa nicely," Wynn said to Philip before leaving. She was afraid that Philip might lose his temper and do something irrational. "Okay, I promise." Philip chuckled. Very soon, only Philip and Bob were left.

Sitting on the single-person sofa, Philip said without beating around the bush, "Old Master, what do you think is the current social standing of the Yates family in Riverdale?" Bob was already quite sober at this point.

Hearing Philip's question, he could not help but chuckle. "Philip, even if the Yates are not considered first-class in Riverdale, we're at least second or third class. Why, is a good-for-nothing like you planning to do something to the Yates?" Bob felt the utmost disdain from Philip's attitude and mannerisms. What did he mean by that? He wanted to lay his hands on the Yates? A wimp like him? Philip merely smiled indifferently, took out his phone, dialed a number, and said to Bob, "Then, do you want to witness the Yates family's collapse in ten minutes?" Ba-thump! Bob's heart sank. He suddenly felt a sense of crisis as he looked at Philip's nonchalant smile. He felt extremely unsettled. What was happening? How could he feel such pressure from a wastrel? Impossible! After a moment of silence, Bob said slowly, "Philip, I came here out of a fit today. Maybe Eric really did something wrong. Let me go home and have a good talk with him. Why don't we just leave it as it is today?" Bob backed down. Indeed, he felt unprecedented pressure from Philip. That pressure made him think twice.

However, Philip ignored his words and merely smiled faintly. "A son's wrongdoings must be corrected by his father. The Yates family has never produced a good man. I already taught Eric a lesson for what he did today.

Nonetheless, Old Master, why are you so eager to stand up for him? Is the entire Yates family less than one Eric?" With that said, when the call connected the next second, Philip calmly said in front of Bob, "Old Man George, in ten minutes, I want all of Yates' properties to go bankrupt. That applies to any amount of profit that the Yates have gained through illegal means. Additionally, related evidence of their dirty dealings should be handed over to the Law Enforcement Bureau!"

Chapter 247

Bob sneered reflexively when he heard Philip's words. Was he joking? Ten minutes and the Yates family will go bankrupt? "Philip, do you know the value of the assets the Yates have? Two billion!" Bob laughed coldly, his eyes full of contempt for Philip. "Do you really think you can make the Yates family go bankrupt with just one phone call? You're too naïve." Bob shook his head and suddenly felt that all his worries had been for nothing.

Philip was just a little good at fighting. How could he really have the means to make someone go bankrupt just like that? Was he becoming senile? He was actually scared by that wretch. However, Philip smiled placidly and said, "Since you don't believe me, let's do it this way. We'll start with Samson Yates. He's Eric's father, so he has failed in his responsibilities as a father to teach Eric well." After saying that, Philip called George Thomas again. "The plan has changed. I want the Yates' properties to go bankrupt one by one, starting with Samson Yates'." On the other end of the line, George replied respectfully, "Yes, Young Master, please wait for a moment while I handle it." After the call disconnected, the room fell silent again.

Bob could not understand why Philip spoke with such confidence. Well, he would wait and see. At this time, Samson was in his office. He had gotten in touch with a few top-notch hooligans in Riverdale. He wanted to teach Philip a lesson that he would never forget for the rest of his life. "Remember, I want him crippled, not dead," Samson said ominously. They each took Samson's money one by one and said with a smile, "Don't worry, Mr. Yates.

We've worked together for many years. We won't disappoint you." Samson nodded, his eyelids jumping madly. All of a sudden, a flustered female secretary barged in and shouted, "Mr. Yates, something has happened! Our traders overseas have suddenly cut off all supply. Eight domestic branch companies have also received notifications from their suppliers that all supplies will be halted. Furthermore, they have received notices from the tax department saying that there is a problem with our taxation. The company is now suspended, and all financial and accounting books have retained by the tax department!" The female secretary was rather agitated.

All of a sudden, the company was facing so many major incidents! Each one was enough to make Seafare Trading go bankrupt! Samson flinched.

"What? Say it clearly, why was the supply cut off without any prior warning? Hasn't our finance team been doing a good job all this while? Why are we under investigation all of a sudden?" Samson started to panic. Which company had no financial problems? If they were exposed, Samson would be put in jail for at least ten years! "Boss, we don't know either. We heard that it was an anonymous report," the female secretary replied nervously.

An anonymous report? Samson stood up. Big drops of sweat were dripping from his forehead as he slammed the table. "It should be okay. Our books are very detailed and there shouldn't be any problems.

Now, the problem is with the foreign and domestic suppliers. Why did they cut off the supply?"

What a joke. The Seafare Trading Company was a trading company, and a foreign one at that! With their suppliers no longer willing to send them supplies, Samson would have to fork out a huge sum of money to find new suppliers. It was a matter of both time and money. The female secretary hesitated for a long while before saying, "They said they found a new trading partner that offered to pay half our price." "What? Half? Isn't that equivalent to no profit at all?" Samson was shocked. At half the price, there was no profit to be made at all. Therefore, he was very sure that it was a competitor! At this moment, Samson was in a state of confusion as he hurriedly said, "Hurry up and find out who contacted those suppliers. I must find out! I want to see who dares mess around with Samson Yates!" The secretary left, and only Samson and the few hooligans remained in the huge conference room. Nevertheless, the hooligans knew that Samson was facing a business crisis now, so they left quickly as well. Right then, before Samson could take a breather, the female secretary from before ran into the room once again. Her expression this time was highly unsettled. "What now?"

Speak slowly!" Samson could tell that something else had happened. "Boss, our downstream channel distributors are requesting returns and refunds!"

The secretary gulped. "All? Returns and refunds?" Samson was

flabbergasted, and his breathing became rapid. Additionally, his face turned red! If all the goods were returned, and the money was refunded, Seafare Trading would go bankrupt! Assets worth a total of one billion! Ruined just like that? "Get someone to suppress it! A return and refund cannot happen!"

Samson said menacingly. The secretary said as she cried, "We can't do that, Boss. They have already blocked the doors of all the branches and are demanding we do so. There are problems with our goods, all of which are fakes. The Bureau of Industry and Commerce is already investigating the matter." Crack! Samson's heart shattered into pieces. "Fakes? How could that be?" Samson was in a complete panic now. If the issue was investigated, not only would he go bankrupt, but he would end up in jail! The secretary cried. "I don't know. The people from the Tax Department and the Bureau of Industry and Commerce are downstairs. They want to see you. The security stopped them at the door." Samson collapsed in his chair. He could only stare at the chandelier on the ceiling with his dull eyes. They had come so soon. He did not even know where the fakes had come from.

Chapter 248

His opponent was too formidable! He or she was driving him to his grave!

Samson could not understand how he had provoked such an opponent.

Nevertheless, he did not have the time to think about it. Samson quickly took out his phone and called his father. At the moment, only his father could save him. Very soon, Bob, who was still in the Old Johnston Manor, received a call from Samson. Bob's ringtone was like an evil melody. Bob stared at his

phone on the table for a long time, afraid to answer it. It had been less than ten minutes since Philip declared that he would make the Seafare Trading Company that belonged to Samson go bankrupt. Could it be... Impossible! "Old Master, you should pick up the call. Samson must be calling you for help," Philip said as he sipped his tea calmly. Bob was dubious but answered the call anyway. Almost immediately, Samson's crying voice was from the other end of the phone, "Dad, you must save me

this time. My company has gone bankrupt. The business and tax authorities are also after me!" Ba-thump! Bob's heart took a dive, and he gaped at Philip who was indifferent. He really had done what he said he would do.

"Samson, what did you say?" Bob was still in disbelief as he asked in a quivering voice. "Dad, the company... the company is bankrupt! They're here for me, they want to take me away. Think of something quickly!"

Samson was anxious and terrified. Once he was caught, he would be put in jail for sure! At this moment, Bob finally flew into a panic. His eyes fell on Philip, and he asked, "Did you really do this?" Philip nodded and said,

"That's right, and it's only the appetizer." That one sentence from Philip broke Bob's final defense. Samson naturally heard the exchange of words from the other end of the line and asked in nervous curiosity, "Dad, who are you talking to? Who did what?" Bob said quaveringly, "Samson, your company's bankruptcy was caused by Philip." Although Bob was unwilling to believe it, the truth was right in front of him, and he had no choice but to believe it. Philip Clarke actually did it! Who the hell was he? Just one phone call, and in less than ten minutes, Samson's company went bankrupt!

Horrifying! It was simply too horrifying! Was this the useless son-in-law of the Johnston family? When Samson heard this, he was stunned. It took a long while for him to react. "Dad, how could that be? Isn't he just a useless piece of trash?" Samson could not believe it. He had just been discussing with hooligans how to mutilate Philip. Now, his company was suddenly bankrupt, and the cause of it was Philip? Bob sighed. "He's right next to me now." Subsequently, Bob handed the phone to Philip. Philip took the phone from Bob and said with a laugh, "Samson Yates, you have a good son. This is just your appetizer." Samson thought for a moment before replying,

"Philip, I don't know what Eric did wrong, but since you've already maimed him, how about the matter stop here? On the account that you're the grandson-in-law of the Yates, let's just stop here." Samson had no other choice. The wimp that he had always looked down upon had suddenly dealt him a fatal blow. What else could he do? Resist? The representatives of the

two different bureaus were waiting for him downstairs. Contrary to his expectations, Philip said, "There are some things that once have been done, cannot be undone. Enjoy your last few days of freedom." Philip hung up the phone once he was done speaking and said to Bob, "Old Master, I know you're well connected. You can start setting up your defenses now. I hope you don't disappoint me." Bob was taken aback, and his heart began to pound wildly. However, all of a sudden, his gaze became resolute as he asked, "Philip Clarke, are you sure you won't let go of the Yates?" "If the Yates aren't destroyed, I'll have

trouble sleeping and eating. Besides, this is the price you have to pay,” Philip replied mildly. Bob was crestfallen.

However, he had gone through countless battles over the years and had experienced strong winds and waves. He soon stabilized his mind. “Philip, I have to admit that I’ve underestimated you. Nonetheless, I advise you not to be too heavy-handed, to forgive and forget! The Yates family is not a force to be reckoned with. Before you do anything to the Yates, you should weigh the price of it yourself!” Bob had thought about it thoroughly. At most, Philip only had a few connections. Hence, such action against Samson had most likely exhausted his strength and network. Bob had also thought of the possibility that it was all a bluff. The bankruptcy of the Seafare Trading Company was most probably the most Philip could do. Therefore, Bob was quite confident. In Riverdale, apart from the few big families, no one else was qualified to oppose the Yates! Bob was as steady as a mountain when he dialed a number and said, “Old Fargo, I’m facing a bit of difficulty here and need your help.”

Chapter 249

A loud, booming voice was heard from the other end of the line, containing a trace of melancholiness. “Bob, what has happened for you to call me this late at night? This is very unlike you.” Desmond Fargo was currently at home in his study room, looking at the following day’s work minutes. He was wearing reading glasses, and his hair was white at his temples. He

carried the aura of someone who had been in an official position for a long time. His actions and demeanor were both stoic and resolute. Bob Yates was a good friend of his for many years. In the past, both of them were often seen hand-in-hand, achieving numerous accomplishments in the system together. Even though Bob had retired early, he still had a strong influence.

That was especially true when it came to many students. Bob flicked a glance at the nonchalant Philip and said, “Desmond, my son Samson is facing some problems in his company. The tax officers got to him and said there are problems with his books. Please help me suppress them. Also, please talk to Jeffrey for me. The Industry and Commerce Bureau said that the goods that were sold by Samson’s company, the Seafare Trading were fakes. Please do me a favor and talk to these two departments. You’re more familiar with them.” Although Bob was getting on in years, he was still very articulate; his words were very concise. He knew very well that if he wanted to save Samson, he had to step forward and contact his old friends. Most importantly, Desmond was still in the system, and his words carried a certain amount of weight. “Problems in Samson’s company? Hasn’t it been doing well all this while? Why so sudden?” Desmond sat up straight and took off his reading glasses. His expression was full of astonishment. It was impossible to say that he had not benefited from Samson over the years. As a junior, respecting one’s elders was beyond reproach. However, many times, the sum involved was huge. Therefore, Desmond was well aware that if Samson got into trouble, he would not be able to escape scotfree either.

“Samson’s son, Eric, has offended some people. Consequently, the other party is attacking Samson’s

company. Okay, you don't have to worry about anything else. Just help me deal with the two parties I mentioned just now."

Bob was beginning to become anxious. He still had to contact other people.

"Very well, Bob. I'll handle it right away, just wait for my... wait! Who are you people? Who allowed you to barge in here! Get out!" All of a sudden, a shout was heard from the other end of the line. Soon after, Bob heard a voice over the phone say, "Desmond Fargo, you are suspected of having received monetary benefits and being involved in power-for-money deals.

You are now under arrest. Please come with us!" Hearing this, Bob trembled reflexively. He shouted apprehensively, "Desmond, Desmond, what happened? Who barged into your house?" With a click, the phone was picked up, and the voice of a middle-aged man that had a trace of amusement within it was heard, "Bob Yates, I'm sorry to inform you that this connection of yours has been severed by us. Desmond Fargo has now been officially apprehended. You should prepare a backup plan now." Click! Bob fell into a panic. After recovering, he hurriedly dialed Peter's number. "Hello, Peter, did something happen? Desmond has been arrested." "Dad, something has happened! I've been removed from my post. Now, representatives from the two bureaus are waiting for me by the door. You must save me!" Peter's cry for help was heard over the phone. Bob became drenched in cold sweat when he heard this! Desmond Fargo had kept a low profile for many years and was responsible for facilitating the Yates family's actions. That was especially true for the deals they were to make in the future. Bob had also sent Peter into the system for the same purpose. However, Peter had now been arrested as well! Bob had planned for it all his life, yet his two lines had been severed just like that! The two were the Yates family's future support! Samson's company had gone bankrupt, Peter had been apprehended, and even Desmond had been arrested as well! Bob was drenched in cold sweat as his hands trembled uncontrollably. At this moment, he finally understood what Philip meant by the taste of total family destruction. "Did you do all that?" Bob endured the tremors in his heart as he asked nervously. Philip sat on the sofa nonchalantly, glanced at his phone, and said, "Next up is Ted Yates." Ted?! Bob was taken aback for a moment. Nevertheless, he then hurriedly called his favorite grandson to warn him to be careful. However, before he could dial Ted's number, his phone rang! It was from Ted! At that instant, Bob dared not pick up the call.

His face paled, and he was afraid that the call would bring bad news. "Pick up the call. Some things are set in stone. Whether you find out sooner or

later, the outcome will be the same," Philip said calmly. With trembling hands, Bob answered the call. Immediately, Ted's agitated voice was heard over the phone, "Grandpa, there's trouble! There's a problem with the oasis development project that's happening south of Riverdale. The contract went wrong and the entire project is now void. We have to compensate the other party six hundred million due to a breach in the contract!" Six hundred million! Bob's breathing stuttered all of a sudden. The Yates family had a total of one billion in property and another one billion in terms of investments. They had a total of two billion in assets! When Samson's company went bankrupt, they suffered a loss of one billion! However, would he dare refuse to pay six hundred million in terms of compensation?

The oasis development project that was south of Riverdale was an Apex Group project. He could not afford to abandon it! "Compensate them! We must handle our relationship with the Apex Group properly and try our best to get the project back. We still have a chance to make a comeback!" Bob said through gritted teeth. There was a menacing look on his face. Yes, they still had a chance! As long as the project existed, the Yates would not collapse! The worst thing that could happen was that the Yates would not make much money out of it. However, once their reputation was firmly established, there would be more opportunities for them in the future!

Nevertheless, in the next second, Ted exclaimed, "Grandpa, we can't! The chairman of the Apex Group, George Thomas, has called me personally.

The project will no longer be handled by the Yates! Now, not only do we have to compensate them with six hundred million, but the two hundred million that we paid in advance has gone down the drain too!" Bob crumbled at the news. He fell into a slump on the sofa as he clutched his chest and gulped for air. How did such a thing happen? Samson's company had gone bankrupt! Ted had been taken away! The oasis development project that was south of Riverdale had been terminated with a loss of eight hundred million!

What the hell had happened exactly? Had the world gone mad? Even if Bob Yates had the greatest of abilities, he could not cause such destruction to the

Yates family in a matter of minutes! Bob regretted it now. He bitterly, utterly, absolutely regretted it now! Only then did he realize how stupid he had been to provoke someone like Philip Clarke. He was not a wimp; he was the Devil himself!

Chapter 250

Bob quickly regained his senses and picked up his phone. He had another way out; the angel investor! As long as the angel investor continued to invest in the Yates, there was still a chance for him to make a comeback! Mr.

Clarke. That was right, Mr. Clarke! That angel investor had mentioned it before that his actions were on the account of Mr. Clarke. Bob could not wait to find this mysterious and wealthy Mr. Clarke. However, at this moment. Philip glanced at his phone placidly and asked with a grin, "Old Master, are you trying to approach the foreign businessman that invested one billion in your family last time to come and save you?" Bob was startled.

His gaze swept across Philip and saw a trace of victory in the latter's eyes.

Could it be, that Mr. Clarke was... No, impossible! Bob shook his head repeatedly and screamed in utter aversion, "It can't be you! Impossible!

You're nothing but a worthless piece of trash, the useless son-in-law of the Johnston family!" He would

not believe it! However, the next second, Philip dialed a number on his phone and said, "Buffer, retract that investment of one billion." "Sure, my most esteemed Mr. Clarke. I'll do it right away,"

Buffer's respectful voice was heard from the other end of the line. He was in the capital city at the moment and had booked a flight to Riverdale for

the next day. As soon as Philip's voice fell, Bob's phone rang. Bob quickly picked up the phone in hope of a piece of good news. However, another desperate voice was heard from the other end of the line instead, "Old...

Old Master, our family has gone bankrupt! The investment of one billion is now gone!" Ka-thunk! Bob could no longer take the pressure. His body went limp, and he sank into the sofa as he stared at the chandelier blankly. He was finished. The Yates were finished. In under twenty minutes, the prestigious Yates family had fallen from heaven to hell. At this moment, Bob was paralyzed on the sofa as if he had been drained of blood. Philip stood up, looked at Bob who was crying on the sofa, and said, "This is the Yates family's comeuppance. You must reap the bitter fruit that you sowed yourself." With that said, Philip was ready to turn around and leave.

However, at this time, Philip's phone rang. When Philip looked at the display of his phone, he frowned! He turned around. Bob knelt on the ground with his phone in his hand. He had aged considerably for some reason. "Philip, I beg of you, please give the Yates a way out!" Bam, bam, bam! Bob Yate was already so old. Nevertheless, at that moment, he knelt in front of Philip and kowtowed to him as he begged for mercy! The once-uppity Bob Yates now looked like a frail, old man, kneeling and begging for forgiveness. Philip stared at him placidly as he answered the call. A woman's voice was heard on the other end of the line, "Philip, I heard from Samson. Grandpa also sent me a message just now. I... I want to beg you...

please leave us a way out." Silence. Philip said indifferently, "Jess, I'll give you two options. First, save the Yates. Second, become Buffer's student."

Jess was the only person in the Yates family who had treated Wynn and Philip well, so Philip had not planned to attack her from the beginning.

However, Jess was now begging him to let the Yates off. She only had one option, and she had to make a choice. Sure enough, Jess fell silent for a long while before finally replying, "I choose to save the Yates." "Okay," Philip responded and hung up the phone. With his eyes on Bob who was now trembling, Philip said coldly, "On Jess's account, the Yates family will not

be destroyed. However, don't even think about making a comeback. From now on, not a single member of the Yates family will enter Riverdale. I don't want to lay eyes on any one of you ever again, otherwise, don't blame me for being ruthless!" With that said, Philip no longer looked at Bob who was still kneeling and kowtowing on the ground. Instead, he opened the door and stepped out of the house. Outside the house, Wynn and the others were waiting anxiously. Seeing Philip come out unscathed, Wynn breathed a sigh of relief. She ran over and hugged Philip while crying, "Don't leave me alone again. I can share the

weight of the burdens that you have.” Philip returned her hug and said with a smile, “Okay.” On the other hand, Martha rushed into the house anxiously and saw her elderly father kneeling on the ground. She screeched, “Philip Clarke, what did you do to my father! You good-for-nothing piece of trash!”Chapter 251

Philip ignored Martha and turned his attention to the men standing outside the house. “Do you still want to lay your hands on me?” Those people exchanged silent looks. When they saw Bob kneeling on the ground, they stepped back without a fuss. Philip then left the Old Johnston Manor with Wynn. Before that, Wynn had noticed the situation in the house and asked Philip, “Philip, what did you do to Grandpa? Why is he kneeling on the ground?” Wynn was shocked! The scene was simply unbelievable! Bob was the Old Master of the Yates family! He was her grandfather, a stubborn old fogey! However, at that moment, he was kneeling on the ground, and tears could be seen streaming down his cheeks! Philip... what exactly did he say to the Old Master? Philip looked at Wynn and said, “I’ll tell you next time.

Now, I’ll bring you to the hospital to treat the injuries on your face. If a scar is left, you won’t be beautiful anymore.” Wynn’s words got stuck in her throat. Looking at one side of Philip’s face, she wanted to ask but eventually refrained from doing so. Thus, she rolled her eyes instead. He could still say such cheeky words in this situation. Philip had changed. He was different

from before. Wynn had never experienced such a sense of security before.

It seemed as if Philip was now able to do everything. That was also precisely why Wynn felt unprecedented pressure. At the hospital, Wynn got her injuries treated before she and Philip went to accompany Mila in her ward.

Mila would undergo surgery the next day. Neither Wynn nor Philip fell asleep that night; both of them found themselves lost in their own thoughts.

The next day, the news about the Yates’ bankruptcy spread like wildfire and caused an uproar in Riverdale. Evidently, it became the topic of interest for many people. The Yates could be considered a second-rate family in Riverdale. Especially since Old Master Bob Yates used to be a senior ranking officer in the provincial system and still had many students even though he was already retired. Nevertheless, it was that very Yates family that ended up facing bankruptcy in just one night. Furthermore, the entire Yates household had left the Yates family compound overnight without leaving a single trace of their whereabouts. As for Bob’s former students, after the incident with the Yates, they unexpectedly and unanimously chose to keep silent. No one stood out on behalf of the Yates. The news spread quickly like a small earthquake. Even in the hospital, many people had begun talking about it as the matter was already being covered in the news.

Each and every company under the Yates family had declared bankruptcy.

On TV, Bob seemed to have aged by dozens of years overnight.

Additionally, he left hurriedly after announcing the news. “Philip, tell me, what exactly happened yesterday?” Wynn was astounded when she heard the news and quickly found Philip who had just

returned from shopping.

She could hardly believe that the huge Yates family went bankrupt overnight. Did Philip really do that? If so, where did all that power come from? Philip knew he could not keep it a secret forever, but he was not prepared to confess either. He shook his head and said, "I have no idea.

Yesterday, the Old Master received a bunch of calls and that's it. We didn't even talk much." Wynn was dubious, especially when she saw Philip's sincere eyes. Hence, she asked again suspiciously, "You really didn't do it?"

Philip grinned as he bopped her nose and said, "What're you thinking about.

Do I have that kind of ability? If I did, I wouldn't be looked down upon by your family members in the first place." Wynn rolled her eyes and said, "I never looked down on you." That was right. If Philip was capable of such a thing, would he have endured such treatment throughout the past three years? Would he go so far as to suffer the brunt of everyone's disdain?

Wynn glared at the cheerful Philip before growing somber. "Will there be any problems with Mila's surgery today?" Philip held Wynn's shoulders and comforted her as he said, "Don't worry, she'll be fine." At 9 a.m., Mila was pushed into the operating room. Philip and Wynn sat outside the OR, waiting anxiously for Mila to return. After two hours of surgery, Mila safely made it out of the OR. Professor Henry Turner took off his mask and said excitedly, "Mr. Clarke, Miss Johnston, the operation was very successful!"

At the announcement, Wynn burst into tears and began crying. She held Henry's hands in excitement and appreciation. "Professor Turner, thank you. Thank you so much!" Henry glanced at Philip and said, "It's only my responsibility to do so. The rest of the rehabilitation will be carried out according to the plan I've prepared. After four months, Mila will be able to be discharged from the hospital." "Thank you, Professor Turner. You've worked very hard." Philip thanked him and then took a look at the still sedated Mila through the glass window of the ward with Wynn. Philip's eyes were full of love.

Chapter 252

"Are you relieved now?" Philip hugged Wynn's shoulders and asked. Wynn nodded and wiped her tears. She had waited for this day for such a long time. At the same time, in the Old Johnston Manor, Martha was hysterically kicking up a big fuss. The Yates were bankrupt, and Martha had lost the support of her maiden family. What would happen to her status in this family in the future? How would she face her neighbors whenever she went out in the future? Especially when this matter was splattered all over the news.

Early this morning, she received a few text messages from her friends. Their words were all full of gloating and sarcasm. "These mean b*tches, they must have been waiting for this day! Sending phony messages to comfort me..."

They're just shedding crocodile tears!" Martha almost went crazy with rage.

She tried to phone Bob, Peter, and Samson, but the calls went unanswered.

After thinking about it, she sat on the sofa and called Paula. "Paula, what should we do? Our family has gone bankrupt. Will anything happen to us?

Will we be asked to pay up instead?" Martha was extremely flustered. She had done some inquiring. Since the Yates was now bankrupt, they had to pay more than one billion! The Yates family's assets were only worth one billion, so what would happen to the remaining debt? Paula also sounded very nervous over the phone. "Martha, just wash your hands off this matter.

After all, our dad didn't give us anything back then. In his heart, he only cares about Peter and Samson, so I won't take any responsibility for this matter. The compensation should come from the Yates family. It has nothing to do with me. I advise you to quickly sever your ties with Peter and Samson. I heard they're still short of 200 million!" In the face of an adversary, one would choose to fly the coop. This saying was vividly reflected in the two daughters of the Yates family. When Martha heard that there was a shortage of 200 million, she quickly said, "Okay! I'll block their numbers now!" After she hung up, Martha could not wait to block the numbers of Peter, Samson, and everyone else in the Yates family. After doing all this, she was still worried and discussed it with Charles. "Charles, let's move away. We can't stay here anymore." Charles had already been in a frenzy the entire day. His father-in-law was bankrupt and the Yates were ruined. As the son-in-law, his future was bleak. "Move away? Why?"

Charles was puzzled. Martha slapped him on his arm and exclaimed, "Are you stupid! My dad still owes 200 million! What if he asks us to sell the old manor and pay up on his behalf? I don't care, I want to move away! Let's move tomorrow. Today, you and I will go and look for a suitable place to stay and sell this old manor. I heard that the real estate prices in this area

have increased recently. Our house is quite valuable. We can sell it for seven or eight million. This way, I'll combine that with the one million that Philip gave me last time and ask your brother for a small loan. We can get a villa then!" Martha had already planned everything out. Paula was staying in a villa, so why could she not? Charles' face was full of reluctance as he said,

"He's your father, after all. If he wants to borrow money, can we really say no? Besides, why do we need a villa? A 100 square meter is more than enough." Martha was upset when she heard that. She slapped and yelled at Charles, "You're such a useless man, exactly the same as that worthless Philip! He's my dad. If I say no, then it's a no. Hurry up and go out with me. We must buy a villa!" After saying that, she added. "Oh yes, call Philip up. That wimp must have some personal savings left. At the antique market last time, I... He broke a small bottle and paid 100,000 bucks for it. Don't you think he's being stupid? It must be a scam." Charles felt helpless. The cards were certainly stacked against him to marry such a wife. If it were not for the status of the Yates family in the beginning, Charles would never have married such a domineering woman! Seeing that Charles was motionless, Martha personally called Philip instead. Very soon, Philip's voice came from the phone. Martha said coldly, "Philip, if you don't want to divorce my daughter, then you have to take out all your hidden personal savings.

We plan to sell the old manor and buy a villa. We're still short of one million. "By the way, you should also sell off your current house. Since we're getting a villa, I'll leave a room for you." As she was talking to Philip, Martha raised her chin at Charles in a triumphant manner. Philip was still in the hospital currently. He glanced at Wynn who was still busy and moved to one side. "Mom, you want to sell the current house and move?" "Yes.

The Yates are bankrupt now. What if they want to borrow money from us?

We'll move tomorrow. You and Wynn should move too." Martha's words were like a kind reminder. Philip chuckled helplessly and said, "No need, Mom. I've already bought a house. If you have time, I'll bring you and Dad to look at it." "You bought a house already?" Martha raised her voice in

surprise before she sneered. "Philip, are you confused? Can a worthless wimp like you afford to buy a house?" Martha held contempt in her heart.

She knew exactly how capable this son-in-law of hers was. Even if he had some personal savings, it would be no more than tens of thousands. How could he ever afford to buy a house? Even the place that they were currently staying in was contributed in part by her. If they sold that house, then they would have just enough funds. Philip pursed his lips. "Mom, I really bought it. It's at Longford..." Longford Park! First Palace worth 100 million! "The hell with it! Are you trying to say Longford Park? Do you even have any idea what kind of place that is? A house there is worth tens of millions! Get back at once, and remember to bring all your personal savings with you.

Otherwise, you can sell your house and make up the shortage!" Martha was very angry and slammed the phone. Philip was getting more and more audacious. He had even learned how to brag! Longford Park? What a joke!

Martha did not take it seriously. Philip hung up the phone and touched the back of his head. The clicks of high heels sounded behind him when Wynn approached. She asked, "What does Mom want?" "She wants to sell the old manor and buy a villa. She also wants me to make up for the shortage,"

Philip said with a smile. Wynn frowned and said dubiously, "Buy a villa?

What is she thinking? Where are we going to get so much money from?"

"It's okay, Wynn. Actually, I've already bought..." Philip said with a smile.

Chapter 253

Before he could finish his sentence, Wynn's phone rang and interrupted their conversation. She rolled her eyes at Philip and said, "Regardless of what my Mom says, just don't give her more money. She's just kicking up a fuss now. It'll die down soon." With that said, Wynn stepped aside to answer the call. Philip stared at Wynn's back in silence and mumbled,

“Forget it. Once Mila gets well, all of us will move into our new home.” On this day, the news about Yates’ bankruptcy intensified. Many forces and

families were speculating about the power and influence behind all of this.

The methods were too formidable! They only found out the terrifying circumstances after detailed investigation! Overnight! In just one night, the Yates went bankrupt and fell from grace. The reason turned out to be because the Yates had offended someone. Who was that person? It was a secret that many upper-class families and forces in Riverdale wanted to unearth. In other words, one small move from Philip had attracted the close attention of all prominent figures and families of Riverdale. Philip stayed in the hospital until the afternoon before he left. During that time, Martha made numerous calls to him, demanding his return to the old manor. Wynn had to go to work. She was busy handling the cooperation between Beacon and Turner’s Second Hospital. Therefore, the affairs at the hospital were temporarily handed over to Agnes. Philip hailed a cab and returned to the old manor. Martha sat in the living room with several business cards in front of her as well as real estate information. As soon as Philip stepped in, Martha immediately served him tea with a flattering smile. “Philip, here, sit down quickly. I just washed the grapes. Try them.” Philip was taken aback. It was the first time he felt some enthusiasm from his unreasonable mother-in-law.

It was petrifying. “Mom, just tell me what you want to say. I’m not used to you being like this,” Philip said pensively. Charles, who was pretending to read the newspaper at the side, could not help but smile. Philip could tell that his wife was up to something. Martha was quite embarrassed about being pointed out like this. She glared at Charles before turning her attention back to Philip. What was wrong with this good-for-nothing to actually refuse her kind gesture of serving him tea and fruits. Sure enough, a wimp would never enjoy a good life. “Okay then, let’s drop the pretenses. Give me 500,000 bucks. I want to buy a villa. If you can’t get the money, you can sell off the house you’re currently staying in.” Martha sat rigidly and said directly, “Of course, we’ll leave you and Wynn one room in the new villa.

You don’t have to worry about that. But, we need to set rules in advance. In the villa, I have the final say. You’re responsible for the laundry and

housework. You need to make sure the house is clean both inside and out.

Also, I might invite my friends over for mahjong or something, and you have to wait on them and make sure you don’t embarrass me. Do you understand?” Martha said each rule meticulously, the smile on her face growing brighter the more she explained. It was as if she had already bought the villa. Charles shook his head helplessly and sighed, “I’ll go out for a walk.” Martha glared at him, aware that he was not happy. She yelled out,

“Old man, you don’t have to stay there!” Of course, it was just a meaningless rant. “Well, Philip, my conditions are okay, right? After all, you’re living off our family and staying in the villa I buy, so you must listen to me,”

Martha said loftily. In fact, she was reluctant to live under the same roof with this trash son-in-law of

hers, but she had no other choice since she was still short of some money. "Mom, there's no need to go through so much trouble. I've already bought a house. Once Mila is discharged, we'll move in together." Philip smiled. Martha was startled for a moment before she retorted contemptuously, "That's enough, Philip. Don't you think I know how capable you are? Can you afford a house? Even if you have some savings, how will it ever be enough? Even if you've really bought one, it's probably a kennel the size of several dozen square meters. I won't stay in that type of place!" Martha would never believe Philip had bought a house.

He must be joking. He was nothing but a useless person. After eating and drinking for free in the Johnston family for the past three years, what else had he achieved? Nothing. Philip's gaze flicked over the real estate pamphlets on the table and focused on a particular one, Longford Park.

"Mom, this is it." Philip laughed as he picked up the Longford Park flyer.

Immediately, Martha's expression darkened as she admonished Philip with a furious glare, "Philip, do you think it's amusing to joke around like that?"

Are you unwilling to fork out the money? If you are, just say the word. Stop beating around the bush!" Philip was obviously unwilling to give her the money. "Okay, I get it. Get lost and don't ever enter my house again in the

future! When I buy the villa, don't ever think you can move in either!"

Martha was very angry and started to drive Philip out of the house.

Chapter 254

Philip was powerless as he got chased out of the house just like that.

Standing at the entrance, he could still hear Martha's tirade in the house.

After brief consideration, Philip called George. "Old Man George, can you help me keep a lookout for any houses on sale recently? Wynn's mother is thinking of buying a villa. If she asks about it, you can handle it on your own." "Sure, Young Master. I know what to do," on the other end of the line, George responded respectfully. After hanging up the phone, George immediately notified his secretary to contact all the real estate agents in Riverdale. As long as Martha had inquired about a villa to any real estate agent, the price would be reduced by half. In that case, even Martha would be able to afford it. After the arrangement, George responded to Philip who immediately gave his assent. He would treat that as a gift to the Johnston family. After all, Philip had not given anything to Martha in the past three years. After Philip left, Martha sulked at home alone. She could not bring herself to borrow money from her friends. However, looking at the prices of the villa, she could not afford any of them either. When Charles returned in the afternoon, Martha hurried out with him to a few real estate agents that she fancied to inquire about the properties. Martha headed to the Hillside Villa sales office first. She had

been fond of this area for a long time, and she heard that Paula was also staying here. A unit here was worth ten million! If she sold the old manor for seven or eight million and combined it with some funds here and there, she should be able to buy one. The sales office of the Hillside Villa was very different indeed. It was very stylish with a high glass dome and crystal chandeliers. The flooring was not made of tiles but carpet that was soft under the feet. The insides were decorated mainly with gold and platinum—lavish and extravagant! Furthermore, the salespeople here were tall and slender beauties, each more beautiful than the

next. However, Martha did not like that. She hated such vixens the most!

When she was younger, she was most definitely more beautiful than any of them! As soon as she entered the office, she headed directly to the mockup model of the property. It was done up beautifully and atmospherically, surrounded by lush greenery, near the mountain and the lake, and there were also private shopping malls and cinema in close proximity. It was simply a paradise for women! When the young and beautiful salesperson noticed someone inspecting the mockup model, she naturally approached her with a sweet smile and a warm greeting. “Hello, Madam. This unit you’re looking at is our best seller. It’s a four-story two-household villa with a total area of 300 square meters. It’s selling at 40,000 bucks per square meter. There are only two units left now. If you are keen to purchase, we can sign the agreement on site.” Martha was startled when she heard that. “It’s priced at 12 million?” “That’s right, Madam. There are only two units left.” Martha frowned. She liked this villa very much, but it was too expensive. She could not afford it. “Well, I’ll have a look around first.” Martha’s smile became a little awkward. She pulled Charles as she planned to walk around a little before leaving. At this time, a flashy woman with heavy makeup smacked her lips and mocked. “Poor wretch, here to see a villa that she can’t afford.

Dear, just look at these country folks, here to look at properties in Hillside Villa. Such an embarrassment.” A middle-aged fat and greasy man stood next to her. He scrutinized Martha, frowned contemptuously, and taunted,

“Ah, you shouldn’t say that. Even poor people have the right to look at villas. Although they can never afford it in their lifetime, they can still look at it.” The flashy woman sneered. “They should come up with a rule to prevent these poor people from daydreaming. Pay first before looking at it!

Their presence here is an insult to Hillside Villa!” The two people took turns to humiliate Martha. Who was Martha Yates? Was she a tolerant person?

Obviously not. Martha was enraged. She pointed at the flashy woman and cursed, “What the hell are you saying? Who’s poor? Who said I can’t afford it? You are the poor wretches. I can already tell that you’re a vixen who

seduced a married man, but you’re still shameless enough to brag here. If you’re not careful, the actual wife will find out and expose your dirty deeds online, you slit!” Martha could be very vehement when picking a fight with someone. Especially when she was right. The woman was indeed a homewrecker. When she heard that, she lost her temper and retaliated. “Fck off! You’re the slit! You’re nothing but a

pathetic loser with no money but still here to look at the villas. Buy it if you can! Get the fck out if you have no money!” After shouts were exchanged, they started fighting.

How could Martha be a match for this younger woman? She suffered a few slaps on the face and fell on the ground crying in pain, “I’ve been hit, look here, I’ve been hit. The slt is hitting me!” All the salespeople exchanged glances before they rushed in to separate them. Charles wanted to talk things out when he saw Martha getting beaten, but the fat man just punched him in the face. His nose started to bleed. “Fck! Two old fogeys like you dare to lay hands on my girlfriend, you must be courting death!” The fat man shouted, his voice thunderous. Martha got frightened by it, but she would not back down so easily. She pointed at them and said vehemently, “Just wait. I’ll ask my son-in-law to take care of you!” Martha said this because she had witnessed Philip’s skill the last time. “Go ahead, call him. I want to see what type of person you can call. Hopefully, it’s not another poor wretch.” The flashy woman sneered with her arms crossed over her chest.

Martha remained lying on the floor and refused to get up, portraying her miserable state. She called Philip and shouted, “Philip, come to Hillside Villa’s sales office at once! Your dad and I have been beaten up! We’re nearly dying! Come quickly!” Philip received the call with cold sweat on his forehead. “Okay, Mom, I’ll be right there.” “What’s wrong?” Wynn, who was right beside Philip, asked. She had just returned from work. “Mom and Dad were beaten up at Hillside Villa’s sales office. It seems pretty serious,” Philip scratched his nose while saying. Martha Yates was such a trouble magnet. “What? My Mom and Dad were beaten up?” Wynn got a fright and hurried out anxiously. “Let’s go there now.” Philip considered for

a moment and sent a text message to George before following Wynn outside. He said, “Wait for me, I’ll drive us there.” Wynn was startled and turned around while asking, “Drive? You have a car?” At the same time, her eyes landed on the BMW motorcycle parked on the curb which Philip rode back from the company just now. When Philip got on the bike and handed the helmet to Wynn, she looked confused and asked, “Philip, have you forgotten to tell me something? Where did you get this from?”

Comments (1)

Xeshan

How many times he will be kicked out and why he came back on a call? Don’

t he have any ego?

[VIEW ALL COMMENTS](#)

Chapter 255

Philip helped Wynn put on her helmet before he bopped her on the nose and said, "Nothing much. It's just a company vehicle, that's all." With that said, he quickly started the vehicle and turned the handlebars. The BMW

motorcycle roared to life pleasantly! It was the dream of every man. "Hold on tight." Philip chuckled. The vehicle zoomed out quickly like a drift.

Wynn sat behind Philip, her arms tight around his waist. She got a fright just

now! When cornering, Philip actually imitated the moves of the bike racers on TV, leaning low into the corner! It was too cool! That scene attracted many passersby to cheer and take pictures of them. Was he still the trashy husband of hers? He even knew how to do stunts like this! Wynn stared at Philip's back, her heart full of questions. How much did she not know about her own husband? Very soon, they arrived at the sales office of Hillside Villa on the bike. Wynn got down first and quickly dashed into the office.

Philip had to park the bike. He was not allowed to stop at the entrance and had to park the bike in the underground car park. This was the sales office of the Hillside Villa with its own dedicated underground parking facility.

Wynn rushed into the sales office and immediately saw Martha lying on the floor, looking as if she was about to die. Her mother was constantly wailing and cursing. As for Charles, he was bleeding from the nose. Although the bleeding had stopped, his face was pale from the injury that seemed quite serious. "Dad, Mom, are you alright?" Wynn rushed over anxiously and helped Martha up from the floor. As soon as Martha saw Wynn, she howled and pointed at the flashy woman and the middle-aged fat man. She yelled,

"Wynn, if you were here a bit later, your Dad and I would've been killed by them!" A wave of fury welled up in Wynn's heart when she heard this.

After she pulled Martha from the ground, she glared angrily at the arrogant and domineering woman who was still cursing and admonished coldly, "Did you hit my parents?" The woman's eyes were full of disdain as she scrutinized Wynn from top to bottom. She was beautiful, more beautiful than herself. All of a sudden, her jealousy bloomed. The flashy woman crossed her arms over her chest and said contemptuously, "Yes, I did. A woman like your mother deserves to be beaten. She's so poor yet she still wants to look at the houses at Hillside Villa. Stop pretending if you can't afford it and get the f*ck out of here already!" The flashy woman was very upset with Wynn's attitude. Although she was beautiful, she was dressed in an average middle-class fashion and did not seem wealthy. She felt more confident when she noticed that. Sure enough, the entire family was poor.

Wynn said coldly, "Even if we can't afford it, what gives you the right to hit them? Apologize to my

parents at once. Otherwise, I'll report this matter to the police." Wynn was rational and did not waste time entangling with them. However, when that woman heard this, she merely snorted and smacked Wynn across the face while pointing at her nose. She screeched,

"So what if I've hit your parents? I'm hitting you too! Call the police if you want! Let me tell you, my brother is the chief staff sergeant of this area!"

Brazen, audacious! The flashy woman exuded the aura of domineering wealth and power. "Just a few poor peasants like you want to make a police report? Believe it or not, I'll ask my brother to arrest your entire family!"

the woman said coldly, eyes flickering with disdain. These poor wretches dared to brandish their teeth and claws at her... Ignorant fools! When Martha heard that the other party's brother was the chief staff sergeant, she immediately cowered and shrank behind Wynn. She tugged at Wynn's arm and whispered, "Forget it, Wynn. Let's not pursue this matter. Let's go."

Martha acted like a wimp. She had no other choice. She could not afford to provoke someone like that. They had strong backing after all. She could only act arrogantly at home. Outside, when any problems occurred, she was nothing but a spineless coward. When the flashy woman overheard this, she laughed heartily and mocked sarcastically, "What a weak little scaredy-cat!

Now you know to be afraid? A bunch of poor pathetic losers looking at houses at Hillside Villa. If you don't have the money, just get lost already!"

The middle-aged greasy fat man was also annoyed by now. He pointed at Wynn and yelled at the salespeople, "I say, what's wrong with you people?"

How can you allow such trashy folks to come in here? Are you trying to ruin my customer experience?" "Sir, Madam, sorry, it's our negligence."

The salesperson quickly bowed in fear and apologized. She frowned and glared at Wynn and her parents while cursing scornfully in her heart. At first, she thought Martha was a wealthy person who came to look at houses, but it turned out that she was not. Why did she bother to come in, then? If they offended a genuine big customer because of this, their sales for the day

would be ruined. "Hey, the three of you should leave now!" The salesperson was not merciful and immediately shouted icily at Wynn. Suddenly! A stony voice sounded at the door.

Comments (1)

Xeshan

Another slap

[VIEW ALL COMMENTS](#)

Chapter 256

“My mother-in-law and father-in-law are here to look at houses. Why are you chasing them away?” Philip appeared at the door. With his face stoic, he walked in one step at a time. His gaze immediately locked on Wynn’s left cheek that had an obvious red print. His wife got hit during the time he parked the bike? Philip walked up to Wynn and touched her left cheek. With fury in his eyes, he demanded to know. “Who did this?” With tears in her eyes, Wynn glanced at the flashy woman but shook her head and said, “It’s nothing. Let’s go.” Wynn was angry, but she did not want to cause any trouble. After all, the other party had connections in the family. As a commoner, she could not afford to provoke them. However, the unexpected happened. Philip said grimly, “That won’t do. In this world, no one can hit

my wife, no matter who they are. Even if it’s the king of heaven, he must kneel and beg for your forgiveness.” He was brimming with dominance!

The entire sales office fell silent. Everyone stared at the man who just walked in through the door in sheer disbelief. “What the f*ck! What the hell did you just say? Are you saying you want to teach me a lesson?” The flashy woman taunted. With his shabby clothes, it was obvious at one glance that he was a low-class citizen. How dare he have the audacity to utter such words. What a joke! The middle-aged fat man also sneered coldly, raising his eyebrows and glaring at Philip. “Little brother, don’t try to pick a fight with someone out of your league. Your mother-in-law and wife have already backed down, but you still want to be reckless?” Was this guy trying to put up a brave face in front of everyone and earn brownie points in front of his wife? If that was so, he would humiliate him thoroughly. However, in the next second. Philip turned around, stared at the flashy woman and fat man, and said curtly, “Excuse me, but I’m a very spiteful person. Since you hit my wife, then...” Before he completed the sentence, Philip had already stuck his hand out and smacked the flashy woman across her face in fury!

Slap! The sound reverberated throughout the entire sales office. Two teeth were immediately knocked out of her mouth as blood gushed from the flashy woman’s mouth. Tyrannical! This side of Philip frightened many people.

Martha was stunned. She never imagined that her spineless son-in-law would be so fierce. It was a brainless act! This person’s brother was the chief staff sergeant! They were finished. They were in a load of trouble! “Philip, what are you doing? Did I ask a useless fool like you to help? You’ve gotten us into trouble now!” Martha could not care less about other matters and quickly admonished Philip. After that, she pulled Charles and Wynn to run away with her. “Wynn, let’s go quickly. This has nothing to do with us.

Philip caused the trouble, so he should take responsibility for it." This scene once again evoked everyone's surprise. This mother-in-law was truly someone who acted upon the circumstances. It took no time at all for her to double-cross the son-in-law who rushed to her aid. Despicable! Despite that, Martha could not be bothered about the strange looks from everyone else.

She just wanted to run. However, Wynn stood motionless behind Philip, glared at Martha, and said, "Mom, that's enough! Isn't Philip here because of you? What do you mean by saying all these now? If you want to leave, go ahead! I'm not leaving!" With that said, Wynn walked up and stood beside Philip and immediately bowed apologetically to the flashy woman.

"I'm really sorry about this. My husband was a little heavy-handed just now.

We'll pay for the medical fees. Just give us a number." Wynn was aware that Philip was in big trouble, but she was unwilling to leave him to face the responsibility alone. He only acted out because of her after all. However, the flashy woman obviously would not let them off so easily. She screeched hysterically, "You... A poor wretch like you dares to hit me? Honey, he hit me!" She was livid. The two newly filled teeth had been knocked out just like that. It was extremely painful. The fat man was also infuriated and swung his fist. "Damn it! You dare to hit my woman, you're courting death!" Philip landed a kick directly on the fat man's big belly, and the latter slumped backward on the ground with a muffled crash. The force of Philip's kick was so overpowering that for a long while, the fat man could not get up. In an instant, the flashy woman panicked and rushed up to the fat man.

She pulled him up before taking out her phone. Then, she shouted hysterically, "Don't you run away! I'm calling my brother now. You're doomed! Once my brother gets here, you'll be jailed for sure!" However, Philip just looked at this scene indifferently, took out his phone, called Theo, and said frostily, "Hillside Villa sales office. Bring your men."

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Chapter 257

Wynn was standing right next to Philip, watching everything unfold without a word. This man was so familiar to her, but also so unfamiliar. Martha and Charles had long since been stunned into silence. They exchanged a look and found oceans of fury in each other's eyes. "Do you have any idea what you've done, Philip? Why the hell did you do that? Her brother is the Chief

Staff Sergeant! We're screwed, you've condemned us all to death!" Martha immediately shoved Philip and yelled at him, then she just sat her butt on the floor and began bawling unreasonably. Philip really hated the way Martha made a huge scene out of everything. She was always so ignorant and ungrateful. "It's fine, Mom. I can handle this," Philip said calmly. "As if you can handle anything! You're just a good-for-nothing! Oh, you'll be the death of us all!" Martha scolded him angrily. She wanted nothing more than to rip him to shreds right now. That cursed Philip Clarke was truly a blight on her life. If the woman

really called her brother over, the whole family would end up behind bars. “Are you done, Mom? Philip’s only trying to stand up for us, isn’t he?” Wynn was truly mad now. Martha had blatantly insulted Philip in front of everyone, making them a public laughing stock.

Martha was almost mad with fury as well. She grabbed Wynn’s arm and lambasted her, “Are you stupid, Wynn? Philip just hit someone, and he even made her spit blood! Her brother is the Chief Staff Sergeant! If this escalates, he’ll end up in jail and we’ll have to pay for the damages.” As she ranted, Martha gave Philip another furious glare. He was truly good for nothing! She should not have asked him to come. However, Martha would never admit that it was her mistake. No matter what, everything now was Philip’s fault. It had to be. On the other end, the flashy woman ended her call. When she saw the dramatic scene before her, she could not help a cold sneer. “Haha, do you regret it now? Well, too late! You beat me up so badly, and my husband is in bad shape because of you too. You’ll have to pay at least one million for this!” That was nothing short of bold-faced extortion!

Martha almost fainted from anger when she heard the sum of ‘one million’.

“I don’t care! This has nothing to do with us, he started it! If you want compensation, get it from him!” Martha simply gave up, pushing all the blame onto Philip. With that, she grabbed Charles’ hand indignantly and tried to run away with her tail between her legs. However, a figure at the door stood in their way and even pushed them back inside, roaring, “Who the hell dared to bully my lil’ sister? Do you have a death wish? Haven’t

you heard of the great Manson Horace?” The man who walked in was very tall and had a pair of handcuffs at his waist. However, he was not in his uniform, walking around in plain clothes instead. As soon as he entered the store, the temperature dropped by tens of degrees. It was enough to make anyone shudder. To make things worse, he gave Martha a vicious glare.

Grabbing Martha and Charles each with one hand, he threw them onto the couch and said coldly, “Don’t even think about running away until we settle this today.” As he said that, the man sat down on the couch and slammed his cuffs onto the table. His actions were so intimidating that Martha had already emitted a little scream. Without missing a beat, she pointed at Philip and shrieked, “D-Don’t arrest me, I didn’t hit her! It was him, it was my useless son-in-law who did it! If you want to arrest someone, take him. It has nothing to do with me and my husband.” She sold him out! Just like that, she heartlessly sold Philip out. That was Martha Yates for you. She was ever the pragmatic mother-in-law. Smack! However, the large man, Manson Horace, simply gave Martha a violent slap across the face. He said coolly,

“Shut your trap, btch!” His slap left Martha in a daze. She instantly shrunk away, holding her face and too afraid to say anything. Philip watched them silently. He had no intention of standing up for her. Martha had long since deserved a good beating. It might be good to teach her a lesson. The flashy woman hastily brought the fat man, running up to Manson and sobbing as she pointed at her mouth. “Look, Manny! Look what that idiot did to me! You gotta arrest him! Arrest them all! I won’t settle for anything less than a million after all they did!” Manson saw his younger sister’s injury and immediately blew his top. He jabbed a finger at Philip and barked, “Get on your fcking knees, *sshole, and apologize to my sister!” He was brutal and decisive! That was Manson Horace in a nutshell. In his eyes, his younger

sister was everything. Anyone who hurt her deserved to die! However, Philip merely gave him a cool look and made to walk toward him. Wynn quickly grabbed his arm and shook her head, saying in a whisper, "Why don't we just apologize? Let's not cause any more trouble, we can't afford

it." Philip just patted the back of her hand gently and said, "Don't worry.

You have me." Martha had seen Philip and Wynn's little interaction, of course, and she muttered to herself, "Keep pretending, useless piece of trash.

Let's see how he worms his way out of this." Manson gave Martha another terrifying glare, and she instantly played dead, all the blood draining from her face. By now, Philip was standing in front of Manson calmly. He took a seat without being asked and said, "Just spit it. How do you want to settle this?" Manson frowned deeply. A thought occurred to him when he saw how composed Philip looked. The punk was not scared of him at all. Did he not know who Manson was?

Chapter 258

"Haha! Not bad, punk. You're pretty bold for someone who just committed an assault. In fact, you're the ballsiest one I've seen so far." Manson sniggered and grabbed the cuffs from the table, dangling them in front of Philip. "Do you want to cuff yourself, or do you want me to do it?" The flashy woman next to him interrupted, "I wanna do it!" However, Philip merely said calmly, "You just want money, right? State your price."

Everyone went silent at that. The flashy woman exchanged a look with Manson and discretely held up two fingers. Manson understood in an instant. With a smile, he said, "Since you offered, let's do two million, and we'll consider this water under the bridge. After all, I can't just let you get away with hitting my sister for nothing." Philip nodded and actually agreed.

"Alright. Two million it is." That was enough to spread smiles across the three people sitting opposite him. They did not expect this broke-ss punk to actually have some money behind him. He agreed to two million just like that. On the other hand, Martha was not having it. "What? Two million? That's daylight robbery!" Martha blew her top. They were plainly taking advantage of the situation. "Shut your face, old btch! This has nothing to do with you!" Manson glared at Martha again, and the latter once more lowered her head, swallowing her words as her body shook. At the same

time, her heart was filled with hatred and curses for Philip. She knew it, that piece of trash really was hiding a nest egg. He must have gotten it from that guy back then, that George Thomas. It was definitely more than a million, too. 'Well, well, Philip Clarke! So you've been playing me like a fool, huh?'

The more she thought about it, the angrier Martha grew. She gave Philip a vengeful glare, plotting how she was going to squeeze him of every penny after they went home later. The flashy woman was looking at her brother with even more admiration now. She knew it, there was no problem her brother could not solve. That thought gave her the guts to suddenly say,

“Money alone won’t cut it. You slapped me just now, so I demand the right to slap you back!” She was being even more unreasonable now because he gave way. Manson scoffed too. “My sister’s right. We’ll consider this over if you take one slap and give us two million.” However, things went contrary to their expectations once more. Philip said mildly, “How about this? I’ll give you three million, and we pretend this never happened.” As soon as he said that, Manson and the flashy woman took a sharp intake of breath. Three million! This broke-*ss punk was really loaded! “Deal!” Manson thought it over and looked at his sister. Both of them agreed. One slap for one million was worth it! This time, Wynn was growing anxious. Where would Philip get three million from? What was he planning? As she watched, Philip picked up his phone and called Theo Zander’s number. “Where are you?”

“We’re at the door, Mr. Clarke.” Theo had arrived at the sales office at the hillside villa, with Tiger and over a dozen henchmen in tow. As soon as he got out of his car, he received Philip’s call and hurriedly ran into the sales office. He stood at the door and looked around, only to find Philip waving at him from the couch. Theo hastily plastered on a smile and jogged up to Philip, saying respectfully, “I’m here, Mr. Clarke. What can I do for you?”

As he said that, he also nodded and smiled at Wynn, bending his back into a little bow. “Hi, Mrs. Clarke.” Thump! Wynn nearly jumped from her seat!

That was Theo Zander, right? She met him that day at her grandfather’s birthday bash. He was a famous and powerful mafia boss here at Riverdale!

Why was he here? Also, did he just call her husband Mr. Clarke? Not Phil...?

Chapter 259

Wynn stared directly at Philip, her eyes filled with suspicion. Just who was her husband, really? Why was a man as powerful as Theo Zander treating him with such respect and gravitas? It was not just Wynn, either. Martha and Charles were also looking at him with eyes widened in surprise. They had met Theo Zander before at the Old Master’s birthday. The Old Master had treated Theo with significant reverence. Yet now, Theo was treating that useless Philip even more respectfully. What kind of a sick joke was this?

Martha’s eyes narrowed in suspicion and she looked Philip up and down.

She just could not find anything special or impressive about Philip at all.

With that, she was even more certain now that Theo was a nobody too. If he had to treat a piece of trash with such respect, he must not be all that either.

Had her old father gone blind? Why was he so polite to a mere thug like that? On the other hand, Manson also blinked slightly when he saw that Philip had really called in reinforcements. He frowned, a bad feeling rising in his heart. He then exchanged another look with his sister and decided to demand the money anyway. What was there to be scared of? He was the Chief Staff Sergeant, after all! He would

just arrest anyone who tried to resist! Hence, Manson abruptly slammed his hand onto the table, making the cups on the table jump. The tea spilled everywhere as he roared, "I don't have all day, fckers! Hurry up and hand over the three million, or else I'm arresting the lot of you!" "Who did you say you're arresting?" Theo turned to face him coldly when he heard that, giving Manson a glare. Manson was still in the middle of his little tantrum, so he nearly exploded at Theo. When he saw who he was looking at, though, his face instantly turned pale, and his heart pounded in his chest! What the fck! That was motherf*cking Theo Zander, right? No way! Manson thought his eyes were deceiving him, so he blinked hard and asked in a shaky voice, "A-Are you... the Theo Zander?"

Theo straightened up, his expression stern. Holding his hands behind his back, he looked at Manson quietly before saying, "Yes, that's me." Crash!

Manson was so scared that he fell off the couch. Throwing his image to the winds, he crawled back onto his feet and jogged up to Theo. He nodded away as he bowed, his body trembling as he asked, terrified, "M-Master T-Theo... Why are you here?" His legs could not stop shaking, and the corners of his mouth were twitching like motors. Manson had lost his guts! This was the underground boss of Riverdale, after all! He had a hand in everything!

That included both the legal and illegal sides of the city! Who would dare to make an enemy of him callously? That would be simply asking to be killed! Besides, he remembered how subservient Theo Zander had behaved in front of that young man earlier. That had to mean that the young man was a formidable figure indeed! It was all over! Manson was feeling very sorry for himself right now. Today might be the end of him, considering he offended someone so important. "S-Sorry! I didn't know any better, Master Theo, forgive me!" Manson hurriedly bowed his head in an apology. As everyone watched on in surprise, he then turned to Philip and apologized to him too. "Um... Mr. Clarke, right? I'm sorry. I was wrong. I'm a dog who can't tell right from wrong. Please spare me just this once." As he said that, Manson abruptly turned toward his sister, giving her a look. "Come on, apologize to Mr. Clarke, and the lady with him. Apologize to their parents too!" Right now, Manson had only one thought in mind. He just wanted to apologize as soon as he could and beg for their mercy. Otherwise, if Theo Zander really grew angry at them, they might not get away with their lives.

The flashy woman was proud, and she did not understand why her invincible brother had such a vast change in attitude after he saw that man. She jeered coldly, "What's wrong with you, Manny? Who the hell is he, and why do you have to treat him so nicely? He looks normal to me. You're the Chief Staff Sergeant! Why are you scared of him?" Manson wanted nothing more than to strangle his sister right now. How could she talk to Theo like that?

Did she want to die?! Theo looked at the flashy woman icily and frowned.

"What's your name?" The others were still processing Manson's apology from earlier, but now they watched in shock as he fell to his knees, tears falling freely down his face. "Master Zander! Please, spare us!" Manson howled at the top of his voice and abruptly kowtowed his apology.

Immediately after that, he got up and slapped his sister across the face furiously! Smack!! He looked at

his sister. It was all his fault for spoiling her. The sound of flesh against flesh reverberated throughout the sales office! Everyone was stunned! What just happened there?

Chapter 260

There were many sales personnel and prospective buyers in the large sales office, all of them gathered to watch the drama. Now, however, all of them were feeling rather lost. Manson had been quite cocky just a while ago, but he was the Chief Staff Sergeant around these parts. He had a reputation of getting up to such antics, but no one dared to really cross him at all. Yet here he was, slapping his younger sister without hesitation. "Why did you hit me, Manny?" The flashy woman was utterly shell-shocked, holding her face with hurt written all over her eyes. She had lost the two teeth she had just gotten fixed today. After that, even her own brother slapped her twice. What on earth was happening? "B*tch! I told you to get on your knees and apologize to this man and his lady! And their parents too! Are you disobeying me?" Manson was especially furious. His sister was being so stupid! Could she still not read the situation? Everyone was once again blind-sided. Just a second ago, Manson was swearing that he would not let this slide without three million in damages. So why had he suddenly ended up kowtowing and begging for forgiveness? They did not understand at all, so all of them turned their gazes toward Philip. Just who was this unassuming man? What kind of a background did he have? Martha looked completely shocked, her body soaked with waves of cold sweat. She thought that Philip was done for, but then he summoned Theo over with just a phone call. Now the large man who had been behaving so arrogantly just a while ago was bowing his head and apologizing for everything... Wynn's gaze had long since lost focus. She more or less understood Theo's capabilities and influence, but she did not think it was this exaggerated. He just asked for their names, and Manson had immediately fallen to his knees, begging.

Her eyes involuntarily went back to Philip. Just who was her husband? Did he truly come from a family of mere restaurant owners? Did he really run away from home? For the first time, Wynn was starting to doubt that excuse.

However, just then, Philip said calmly, "Don't scare them, Theo. I've always been a reasonable guy. They want three million, right? Then we'll give them three million." With that, he took a card out of his pocket and gave it to Theo, saying, "Withdraw three million for me." "Yes, sir." Theo respectfully took the card and then personally walked out of the door. He went to a nearby bank and withdrew three million bucks, filling a whole seven or eight bags with the cash. Smack! The seven or eight bags landed in front of Manson loudly, spilling their contents everywhere. They were filled with bright red hundred-yuan notes! All tied and bundled together! That image threatened to overwhelm everyone's senses! That was three million bucks?

Martha was the first to grow so excited she nearly fainted. Three million!

Philip actually really withdrew three million! With that, she glared at his back resentfully, muttering to herself, "Well, well, Philip Clarke! You say you didn't hoard any money, but this just goes to show how

much you were actually hiding!” Now, Martha was even more certain that George Thomas had given Philip far more than one million after he helped him that time.

There had to be at least five million! That cursed scum, how dare he try to keep it from her. Martha was furious, even more so than when that flashy woman hit her. “Here’s three million, not a penny less. Want to take some?”

Philip sat on the couch calmly, looking at Manson who was bowing before him. Right now, Manson was wishing for the sweet release of death. His entire body was shaking. Did he dare to take that three million? No, he did not! That money would cost him his life! On the other hand, that flashy woman ran up to them indignantly and grabbed the money from the table,

saying, “Of course we’ll take it! Why shouldn’t we? This is to make up for what you did to me!” That was three whole million in cash! The temptation was all too real! How could Manny be so spineless? Of course they had to take it! However! Bam! Manson finally blew up. He went forth and gave his sister an almighty kick, sending her sprawling onto the floor as he roared at her, “Take it and I’ll chop off your hands!” After that, he turned around and knelt before Philip once more, slamming his head repeatedly onto the floor. “Mr. Clarke, please forgive me and my sister. She’s such a fool, but I’ll apologize to you and your wife, sir! We were wrong, it was our fault!

We’ll even pay for the damages!” As he said that, Manson took a bank card from his pocket and offered it to Philip respectfully. “Here’s two million, Mr. Clarke. Think of it as my apology to you and your wife, as well as payment for your parents’ psychological damages and medical fees. Please, accept it!” By now, most people could see that Philip was not your average citizen! The only one in the room who did not recognize that fact was Martha. To her, he was still a good-for-nothing piece of trash. His money was just a hidden nest egg. That Theo something or another was just an actor he called over to scare Manson. Now, though, she was glad to see Manson apologize. She hastily grabbed the card from Manson’s hands and even swept the money on the table into the bags, taking it all for herself. “Alright, I accept your offer on behalf of my son-in-law. Now, get the hell out of my sight.” Everyone was once again stunned, looking at Martha with their jaws on the floor. There truly was no end to her shamelessness! Philip was exasperated. He glanced at Theo and shook his head, indicating at the latter to call it a day. What else could he do? His mother-in-law was simply that greedy for money. Theo shrugged too and barked, “Come on in!” Martha jumped and swiveled around to see more than a dozen men in black suits charging through the door. She thought they were here to take the money from her, so she hurriedly held the money against her chest. However, those men in black suits merely grabbed Manson, his sister, and that fat middle-aged man who had stayed quiet all this time, escorting the three of them

away. With that, Theo bowed at Philip again and said, “Alright then, Mr.

Clarke. I’ll take my leave.” He then led his men away from the scene. Martha was ecstatic, forgetting all about her pain. She hastily filled the bags with all the money and even casually told Philip, “Philip, I’ll keep this money for you, okay? If you need it, you can come ask me for it later.” She could not stay here for long. Martha was worried that Philip would change his mind, so she dragged Charles and the bags of

money with her, taking off into a run. Philip was exasperated but helpless. He looked at Wynn beside him and said, "Come on, we should go back too." Wynn did not say anything. She left the sales office at the hillside villa with Philip, but once they were outside, she grabbed his arm and looked him in the eye, asking, "Why do you have so much money? Where did you get it from? Also, what's up with that Theo Zander guy? Why is he..." Philip interrupted her before she could finish that question and handed the card to her, saying, "Here, this card is for you. There's some money inside, some of my savings from before I ran away from home. I also secretly bought some stocks since then and earned quite a bit. My initial plan was to take you and Mila on a trip around the world after she leaves the hospital." In truth, this card was the one Philip had just gotten at the bank earlier. There was an entire billion inside! What Wynn did not know was that the money had been saved under her name.

She blinked and quietly accepted the card, giving him a dubious smile.

"Your savings? How much is there?" Philip rubbed his chin and grinned craftily. "Do you really want to know?" Wynn rolled her eyes. "What, are you saying there's another million in there? Maybe ten million, or a hundred?" Of course, Wynn was just joking, but Philip nodded and said calmly, "Yeah, I think there's ten of those..."

Chapter 261

"There should be a billion bucks in that card," Philip said mildly, raising his brow as he wore a confident smile. Wynn paused and stared at Phillip suspiciously, her heart pounding in her chest. After that, though, she rolled

her eyes at him again and pinched his waist, berating him, "You're pulling my leg again, aren't you? If you really have a billion, I'll have to serve you for the rest of my life." Philip grinned at that and put his arm around Wynn's slender neck. "You said it, not me. Come on, let's make that an official contract." Wynn batted his arm away and scolded him with a laugh,

"Alright, alright. So you insist you have a billion? Sheesh, you don't have to tell me if you don't want to. But you're not handwaving this off today. I demand an explanation once we get back." Wynn raised her brows and rolled her eyes at him. She did not believe that he really was a billionaire.

To her, it was just Philip's idea of a joke. Even if he did tell her that his family ran Northern Sky West Restaurant, he probably was not wealthy to that extent. Besides, he ran away from home, right? There was no way he would have that much money. That was why Wynn did not take his words to heart. Nevertheless, she happily put the card away. The card was Philip's contribution to the family. She had to take good care of it. Philip shrugged.

He told the truth sometimes, so why did no one believe him? A few days passed without event. Over those days, Philip constantly stayed by Mila's side in the hospital. Wynn was busy with work at the company, doubly so now that they had the deal with the Turner's Hospital branch to handle. As for Martha, she had been surprisingly quiet for those few days. Sometimes she would just randomly call

Philip and try to convince him to visit the Johnstons. Of course Philip knew what Martha was up to. She had probably been baited by the little amount of money he had shown her that day at the sales office. That woman truly only had eyes for money. Martha had spent the past few days at home, looking through all the manors and villas on sale in Riverdale. She had the money now, so they were already putting the old house on the market. She could get more than seven million for it, and then she had Philip's four million and Manson's two million. Martha could buy a villa now, so naturally she was over the moon. In fact, she would have plenty of change to spare too. Once she started having more money, however, Martha naturally began to have other ideas. "Hey, Charles, I bet Philip is

hiding plenty more money from us. Think about how he so casually dropped three million that day, and he hasn't even asked me for the money back until now. Don't you think that's weird?" Martha was self-aware enough to know that if Philip really wanted the three million back, she would not be able to hide it from him. However, she had waited for a few days and Philip had not sought her out at all. As a result, she grew bolder. Charles sat on the couch, reading a newspaper. He said, "I mean, considering your temper, of course he wouldn't dare to ask you for the money back. I don't mean to insult you or anything, but the money is still Philip's, so you should return it to him. If you don't want to give it back, then you'd better treat him better from now on. Don't always throw tantrums at him. After all, he is your son-in-law." Charles shook his head helplessly. He knew what his wife was like.

Since she managed to get her hands on that three million, no one was ever going to get it back from her. Philip probably knew that too. That was why he could not be bothered to ask. Martha did not like what she heard, and she immediately snapped back. "Hey, Charles, since when have you taken that good-for-nothing's side? All he did was give you a painting, do you have to change so much? Kissing up to him now, huh? If he's really all that, then he should buy me a villa of his own accord instead of asking me to come up with a plan." Martha was annoyed now, and she began acting up again.

Charles sighed and said, "You're being unreasonable. Whatever, I'm going to play chess with Reggie. You just keep on playing with your little calculator. Seriously, what if Philip divorces Wynn one day and asks you for the money? What will you do then?" With that, Charles walked out of the door. His words served as a wake-up call to Martha. He was right. The money was Philip's, so what if he divorced Wynn and asked for the money back? Was the money part of their shared finances or his personal assets?

No, she had to make sure. Martha immediately gave Wynn a call. "Hey, Wynn, I want to ask you something." Martha sat cross-legged on the couch.

"What is it, Mom? I'm at work." Wynn sounded somewhat tired over the phone. Martha thought it over and asked, "Wynn, do you know how much

Philip has in savings?" There was a silence on the other end, followed by Wynn's suspicious question. "Why are you asking about that, Mom? Do you want to ask him for money again?" Martha said viciously, "Are you an idiot, or what? Would you even know if he was hiding money from you and keeping a mistress out there? He's your husband, which means you need to have a firm hold on his finances. Once you go home, ask him properly if he still has any more money stashed away. Make sure you know if he earned the money before or after you got married. If it's after, that means the money is evenly split

between the two of you. In other words, you won't lose out if you get a divorce since you'll get to keep half of it." Martha ranted on and on, growing more enthusiastic as she went. Back when Philip and Wynn first got married, not a single member of his family attended the wedding.

Could he really be the son of a wealthy family? Did he hide away the money from before they got married? On the other end, Wynn was absolutely flabbergasted by what she was hearing. She hurriedly said, "Alright, alright, Mom. I hear you. I'll ask him when I get home, alright? If there isn't anything else, I'll hang up now. Work is really busy these days." Smack.

Without waiting for a response from Martha, Wynn ended the call and tossed her phone onto the table, sighing helplessly. Why was her mother always like that? As her mind wandered, she pulled the card Philip had given her a few days ago out of her wallet. She held it in her hand and looked it over a few times. Only she knew what she was thinking to herself. Did this card really contain money?

Chapter 262

Wynn stood up. Wearing a white blazer, heels, a presentable black lace blouse, and white slacks, she walked out of the VP's office. "Mindy, I'm going out for a bit. Call me if you need me," Wynn told her assistant, Mindy Scott. "Sure thing, Wynn. Oh, do you want to take my car?" Mindy was always so cheerful and full of smiles. She was adorable. Full of youth and vigor, she was. "Alright." Wynn accepted Mindy's car keys and headed to

the carpark alone. She wanted to go to the bank and check how much money was in the card Philip gave her. More than anything else, she was simply curious. On the other end, Philip was just leaving a mall with a princess doll about half his height. Mila had insisted on it. As soon as he walked out of the door, though, he had barely taken a few steps before a flashy pink Porsche 911 swerved a beautiful 180 degrees and skidded to a halt right in front of Philip. "Fck!" Philip resisted the urge to swear out loud. He walked around the car and tried to leave. This person was rich, after all. He should not provoke them. However, the window on the pink Porsche wound down, revealing a young girl with long purple hair. She wore shades and had an eye-catching figure to go with it, looking just like one of those magical girls from TV. "Hey, get into the car." The girl turned around and tilted her fair chin at Philip. Her voice was sweet, cute, and very much chuuni. Philip looked around suspiciously before pointing at himself and asking, "Are you talking to me?" The girl with the purple hair just got out of the car impatiently. She wore a short black skirt, revealing her long, slender, fair legs with calf-high boots. For her top, she wore a plain white T-shirt. Presently, she grabbed the doll from Philip's hands and stuffed it into the car, telling him coldly, "Get inside." Philip looked completely lost, but he got into the car helplessly. The main reason was because he recognized this car. It was the one Tiger Zander drove last time. Was this girl Theo's daughter, Melody, then? That seemed about right. Was this sexual harassment? She did just drag

a man into her car in broad daylight, after all. The pink Porsche's engine roared to life, and it sped away from the mall. Philip had barely left when a woman in a long black dress and carrying a handbag walked out of the mall's main entrance. It was Yolanda Lee. She was looking in the direction the Porsche had left, perplexed. Inwardly, she muttered to herself, "That was Philip Clarke, right?" What was happening here? He actually got into that Porsche, and that young girl was... Yolanda immediately figured it out. Either Philip had a mistress, or he had a sugar mommy! The results of Joshua's previous investigations were right on the money. That Philip Clarke was truly despicable. Looking at the video she had filmed on her phone, Yolanda's lips curved into a mean, cold sneer. 'You're dead meat, Clarke! 'If your wife Wynn finds out about this, you'll be in for hell! 'Take that, you sunuvabitch!' Just then, Yolanda's phone rang. When she saw the caller ID, she frowned her pretty brow and hesitated for a long time before she reluctantly accepted the call. A woman's wails immediately blasted from the speaker. "Yola! Where are you? Why aren't you at home? Your dad went out gambling again, and he lost several thousands, so they won't let him leave! Hurry up and transfer me some money, or else they're gonna beat your dad to death." Yolanda's entire body shook when she heard that nightmarish voice. She was frustrated, but she had to reply exasperatedly, "Stop calling me, Mom. Just let them beat that useless gambling addict to death. He's not my dad!" Smack! Yolanda hung up, her heart falling into the pit of her stomach. Her father was a hopeless gambling addict. Because of him, their family was completely broke, and they even owed a debt of several hundred thousand. After so many years, Yolanda finally had enough. She left home and came here all by herself. It was all because she wanted to help clear her family's and her father's debts.

That was why she ended up the golddigger she was today. She had never told anyone else about this because she was worried they would laugh at her. Nevertheless, that vampire always seemed to find her somehow, demanding money from her. If she refused to give him any money, he would simply beat her up! All the beatings she had taken since childhood meant that she was inevitably terrified of him. Depressed and helpless, Yolanda let a few tears roll down her cheeks. She sniffled. It was not like she had any money to give them now. The calls never stopped coming. After a while, she had no choice but to accept one and roar, "Fine! Get off my back! I'll give you the money now! But this is the last time, you hear me!" After Yolanda hung up, she crouched down and put her face in her hands, breaking down in tears. Money, money, money! She thought it over for a long time before scrolling through her contacts and finding the number she

had labeled as 'Filthy Rich Boss'. She edited the message over and over before she finally, hesitantly hit send. "Sugar Daddy," it read, "I'm desperate right now. Please lend me five thousand bucks, I'll return the money as soon as I get my salary next month!"

Chapter 263

As soon as she sent the text, Philip, who was still sitting in the car anxiously, received it. A glance told him that the sender was Yolanda. He straight-up ignored it. However, the messages kept coming in, pinging his phone over and over. He had no choice, so he picked up his phone and glanced at it.

“Sugar Daddy, I’m not a conman. I’m Yolanda Lee, and here’s my ID and address. Please, lend me five thousand! It’s an emergency! I’ll definitely pay you back later!” The message came with Yolanda’s ID attached. It was a nice photo. Philip thought it over and suddenly decided to teach this Yolanda a lesson. He replied, “Why should I lend you the money? What’s in it for me?” Yolanda was quite exhilarated to receive his reply, but when she saw the contents of the message, she fell silent. After some hesitation, she bit her bright red lip and replied, “If you lend me the money, I’ll keep you company for a week. Every night if you want me to, and you can do whatever you like. I’ll return the money next month anyway.” Yolanda had no choice. Her heart was filled with rage right now, because she had not expected ‘Filthy Rich Boss’ to be that kind of man too. The moment he saw her reply, Philip instantly asked for her nudes. It was very low-brow, yes, but Philip wanted to find out just what Yolanda was thinking. She hesitated for a long while, but eventually she replied, “Okay, wait a sec.” After that, she jogged to the ladies’ restroom and closed the door. A bit of rustling later, she sent him the photo. Philip clicked on the picture once he received it.

Whoa, what the hell! Her body was crazy sexy! Unbelievably so! He did not expect that from Yolanda Lee! He would need at least two hands to grab that! “What do you think, Boss? Is this enough? Don’t send it out, you hear?” Yolanda continued to text him. Philip did not hold back either. After

he received her photo, he asked her for her card number directly and transferred ten thousand into her account. When Yolanda received the text informing her of the transfer, she leaped in surprise and joy! Ten thousand!

She did not expect Sugar Daddy to be so generous! “Thank you, Sugar Daddy! I’ll return the ten thousand as soon as I can! If you want my company any of these days, just call me. I’m safe for the next few days.”

Yolanda shyly sent that text and then hurried over to the bank. When Philip received that text, all he saw was the word ‘safe’. They were all adults here, so he naturally understood what she meant. She was saying he did not have to pull out. F*ck me! Yolanda sure was bold. Philip was definitely tempted, but he hurriedly threw that repulsive thought aside. He could not betray Wynn! He could not become a scum of a man! Sigh, it seemed that he too was a victim of his lust. Philip sighed helplessly and soon calmed himself down. He closed his eyes and meditated for a while, the fog slowly fading from his gaze. He nearly made the huge mistake every man would make.

Just then, Melody’s Porsche had arrived in front of a huge mansion. There were over a dozen luxury cars parked in front of it. Even the cheapest one was a GTR! Philip felt utterly lost. He gave the purple-haired girl an innocent look and asked, “Um, who are you? And why did you take me here?” The purple-haired girl took off her seatbelt, her twin peaks under her collar bouncing like a sight for sore eyes. She turned around and appraised Philip curiously. “You’re Philip Clarke?” Philip nodded in some exasperation. How could this girl ask him to get into the car before confirming who he was? What if she got the wrong guy? “You’re the guy, then.” Melody smiled and took off her shades. Philip was stunned. The girl was truly quite beautiful. She had a small face, large eyes, a mouth like a cherry bud, and two adorable dimples in her cheeks. Her eyes were especially clear and pure, free from any defilements. Melody got out of the

car, and Philip followed suit. She walked in front of Philip and looked him up and down carefully. Finally, she held her jade-like chin and frowned, shaking her head. "My dad said you're a really special guy, but you seem

pretty normal to me. You're dressed so lamely, and there's nothing exceptional about you." Philip did not feel at ease when she stared at him like that either, so he shrugged and said, "Your dad must have gotten the wrong guy, then. If that's all, I'll leave now." With that, he turned to leave.

Chapter 264

There was a generation gap between him and kids these days. He had no idea what they were thinking. "Hey, hold up. Did I say you could leave?"

Melody put her hands on her hips and pointed at Philip with a huff. Philip had barely turned when a few young men and women poured out of the mansion. They were all dressed to the nines and clearly came from wealthy backgrounds. When they saw Melody, all of them beamed and waved at her.

"Hey, Melody! We were waiting for you. Where did you go? You said you went to pick up a friend, right? Where are they? Introduce them to us."

"Anyone the great Miss Zander calls a friend must be impressive indeed."

"He's not your boyfriend, is he? That would break poor Master Finn's heart." They spoke over each other, their arms over each other's shoulders as they joked and laughed. They were the very picture of youthful energy.

Melody glared at the boy with the baseball cap and blonde close crop. She berated him, "Frederick Kelly, could you lay off it already? You always have the most to say." The boy with the blonde close crop shrugged and stuck out his tongue, looking completely unaffected. Next to him, there was a boy with a white shirt and two buttons undone to show how wild and free he was. He had slightly long, K-pop style silky hair. His features were well-defined, and he looked both handsome and energetic. He also wore a pair of simple ankle-length black slacks. Anyone could tell at a glance that they were not cheap. On his feet, he wore fashionable white sports shoes that emphasized his youthful vigor. As for his watch, it was a Cartier worth several hundred thousand! It had to be said that this young man was quite dashing, but it was also quite obvious that he came from money. At the same time, he was staring at Melody, his love for her obvious in his eyes. With a

smile, he said, "Welcome back, Mel. Where's your friend?" He did not seem very confident when he was talking to Melody, so he quickly changed the subject. That was when the rest of them finally began to notice Philip. The problem was that he was just dressed too shabbily. To these rich heirs and heiresses, he barely registered on their radar. At first, they all just assumed he was a member of the manor staff in charge of collecting the trash. It was only when they saw that Melody was staring at him that they understood.

“What the f*ck, seriously? Is he the friend you mentioned, Melody? This peasant?” The boy with the blonde close crop laughed out loud and walked around Philip a few times, saying, “Hey, bro! Are you a garbage collector?”

As soon as he said that, the others began giggling. “Don’t say that, Fred.

Don’t you know the really rich people these days like to act poor? It’s a trend amongst them.” One of the sexy-looking girls crossed her arms in front of her chest and turned up her nose. Frederick snorted with laughter and pointed at Philip condescendingly. “Him, rich? What a joke.” As he said that, he turned to look at Melody and asked with a smile, “Melody, is he really the friend you brought over?” Melody nodded, unmoved, and then looked at Philip calmly. “Hey, introduce yourself to them. After that, we’re going to Dragonstone Mountain for a race.” A race? Philip looked completely out of the loop. He said helplessly, “Sorry, but I have something to do, so I think I’ll leave now. You guys have fun.” What was the matter with this Melody Zander? Was this how Theo raised his daughter? All of a sudden! Someone yelled at Philip coldly from behind him. “Stand right there! Who said you could leave?” Finn barked at him, his expression frosty.

He really did not like the way Philip treated Melody. Even Finn himself did not dare to treat Melody so nonchalantly. What right did this peasant have to give Melody the cold shoulder? He was asking for a beating! Finn walked over and looked at Philip coldly, saying, “Hey, what was with your attitude just now? Melody told you to introduce yourself, so how could you just walk away?” There was another reason why Finn was so upset with Philip, and that was the fact that Melody had personally gone to pick him up. Was there

something between the two of them? To Finn, Philip was now something of a love rival. Still, the guy just reeked of poverty. Everything about it was low and tawdry. Philip looked at Finn calmly and said, “Sorry, but I have nothing to discuss with clueless kids like you. I don’t know her, either. If you’re trying to show off in front of her, then you got the wrong guy. I’m just a normal person, so I’ll get out of your way now.” With that, Philip turned and made to leave. However, this time it was Frederick who ran to him with a hint of a smile. He stood in Philip’s way and taunted him, saying,

“Don’t be in such a rush, man. Stay and play. Since Melody’s already brought you here, we can’t just let you leave. That would be so rude of us.”

As Frederick said that, he gestured at Finn with his eyebrows. The two of them had grown up together, so they could read each other’s thoughts quite easily. They were thinking of playing a nice little game with Philip. Melody watched everything unfold, looking detached. She had no intention of helping. She just wanted to see what was so special about this Mr. Clarke, the man her father talked about. It seemed to her that he was just another ordinary guy. She seriously did not know what her father was thinking. Why did he tell her to get on his good side? How disgusting! At the same time, Wynn had arrived at the bank and was standing in front of an ATM, ready to see how much money there was in the card Philip had given her. She put the card into the machine and entered the PIN. He had told her that the PIN

was her birthday, and that did make Wynn quite happy. Next, she tapped on

'Check account balance'...

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Chapter 265

However, she waited forever without a result. Wynn frowned and keyed in the PIN again, but nothing changed. She could not do anything, so she called the security guard over and found out that the ATM was out of service and currently under maintenance. "Thank you," Wynn told the guard politely and then walked toward the counter. Just then, however, a familiar voice called out to Wynn from behind her. "Wynn Johnston? Why are you here

too?" Yolanda just happened to walk through the bank door at exactly that moment, and the first thing she saw was that familiar figure. It was Wynn Johnston, huh? The two of them exchanged a polite smile when they met, behaving exceptionally passionate with each other. "Yolanda, right?" Wynn said with a smile, her gaze saying she only wished she could have reunited with her old friend sooner. Back in college, Yolanda was her classmate and best friend. After they graduated, though, the two of them fell out of touch.

It was not because Yolanda was especially heartless or anything. That was just how the world worked. Everyone was busy with their own careers.

Unlike those rich married ladies, they did not have the time to find a cafe, have some coffee, exchange gossip, or show off the newest make-up and bags. Yolanda was happily hugging Wynn too, smiling so brightly. She looked completely unlike the power-hungry gold-digger she was earlier.

Yes, she was a classic two-faced bitch. "Hey, Wynn! It's been three years. You've grown even prettier! Where's your husband, Philip?" Yolanda appraised Wynn and saw that the latter was just as beautiful and elegant as ever. Yolanda was inevitably jealous, but she did not express it at all. Still, the way she specifically enquired about Philip was a bit obvious. Everyone knew that Philip's career had not been going very well these years, and that Wynn's marrying him was a huge mistake. Yet here Yolanda was. They had just encountered each other, but she was already asking about Philip, and in a taunting tone too. Wynn smiled slightly and replied politely, "He's at the hospital with Mila. She just completed her surgery." Yolanda looked shocked to hear that. She tugged Wynn aside and began talking to her about Mila. After a while, she pulled the conversation back to Philip, painstakingly advising Wynn, "You gotta believe me, Wynn. Men these days are terrible, and they're always going behind their wives' backs to be with their mistresses. You gotta keep a good hold on Philip and make sure he doesn't sneak around. Yeah, he's not that successful, but he still loves you quite a lot. That's why you have to keep a close eye on him. Look at me! I'm single and free." Yolanda spoke with 'sincerity', her eyes twitching as she constantly watched the changes in Wynn's expression. Wynn smiled and said, "Oh, I trust Philip. He won't play around out there." Yolanda frowned deeply when she heard that. All of a sudden, she said,

“Oh yeah, I suddenly remembered something. I saw Philip on the way here, but I don’t know if I should tell you this.” She purposely hesitated, building the suspense. Wynn asked suspiciously, “What’s the matter with you? What did you see?” Yolanda looked around them and then pulled out her phone, saying, “First of all, I didn’t take this on purpose. I just happened to stumble across him, okay? Try to stay calm.” As she said that, Yolanda showed a doubtful Wynn the video she had just secretly taken. While she played it, she even put on an act of indignation, saying, “Look, Wynn! You didn’t believe me, right? But see, all men these days are like this. If you don’t watch him, he’ll be playing around everywhere. Look at Philip! The girl is barely twenty, and he even got into her car so casually. How shameless!” She added, “Who knows where they’ve gone. If you ask me, though, that’s the direction of the Hilton Hotel...” Yolanda just let her voice trail off there. Wynn was extremely shocked and furious to see the contents of that video! She trusted Philip, of course, but it was only natural that she would be angry to see something like that! The main problem was that the girl in the video was very pretty and had a great body. She even hugged Philip’s arm and pulled him into the car. Despite her anger, however... Wynn did not let her fury show. She kept her expression calm as she said, “Oh, that’s my relative’s kid. She has to meet Philip for something. I knew about it.” This time, it was Yolanda who panicked instead. “You knew about it? No way.” Yolanda did not believe that Wynn knew, so she guessed that the latter was telling a bald-faced lie. Even so, she could not see any rage or panic on Wynn’s face. Even after they parted, Yolanda still had her arms crossed in front of her chest. Watching Wynn’s back as she left, Yolanda muttered to herself, “Did I guess wrongly?” Whatever, forget about it. Getting the money was more important. If possible, she wanted to invite Sugar Daddy out tonight. Wynn left the bank without even checking the account balance. She was furious! Once she got into her car, she gave Philip a call and demanded fiercely, “Where are you, Philip?” At the time, Philip had been dragged by Melody to the Dragonstone Mountain racing track. It was a very vast and high-class track. Even Philip had not known that Riverdale had a place like this. “I’m busy outside, Wynn. What’s the matter?” Philip walked aside, carrying the princess doll in one hand. “Who are you with?” Wynn huffed. “No one. Just some friends.” Philip turned around and glanced at Melody and the others. They were all looking at him strangely. “Is that so?” Smack! Wynn simply hung up, leaving Philip on the back foot. What... just happened? Did all women throw tantrums at will like that? “Hey, Clarke, are you fcking done with that call? You chickening out?” In the distance, Frederick was laughing at Philip, his contempt written clearly across his face. “Haha, looks like he doesn’t even know where he is right now. Must be getting cold feet.”

Another girl was leaning against a red Mustang, chewing gum as she jeered.

The others exchanged a look and burst out laughing, tossing insults at Philip.

Melody did not say anything either. When she saw Philip approaching, she finally walked up to him, her expression cold. She grabbed his phone and said icily, “We’re playing today. Don’t worry about anything else.” Philip looked helpless. They dragged him here, so what did they want to ‘play’?

Comments (1)

Stephanie Paris

why are they playing with the devil..smh

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Chapter 266

Just then, the man in the white shirt, Finn suddenly pulled a large bouquet of red roses out of his trunk. In front of everyone else, he fell onto one knee before Melody, saying passionately, "Mel, I really like you. Will you be my girlfriend?" The crowd went wild. Melody and her friends were not the only

ones there, after all. This was a professional track, and there were at least a hundred people here, all of whom had rich parents. "Say yes, say yes!" Finn had clearly coordinated the chanting in advance. Frederick and the others were especially fired up. In comparison, Philip had long since been left by the wayside. That was perfectly fine by him, of course. He just wanted these dang kids to get their party over with and send him home. Once he got back, he had to complain to Theo about the latter's daughter. She needed a good re-education. However, things did not turn out as planned. Melody gave Finn a cold look and rejected him outright. "Sorry, Finn. I know you like me, but I don't like you. Besides, I already have a boyfriend." With that, she turned and left. She pretended to take a call and beckoned Philip to get into the car. "Come on, let's go." Philip was stunned speechless. Seriously, that was it? So why the f*ck was he dragged over here? To make the numbers?

That made no sense. After the pause, Melody glared at Philip and barked at him, "Come on! Why the hell are you just standing there?" However, Finn immediately stood in Melody's way. He grabbed her arm and asked coldly,

"Don't play with me, Mel. Since when have you had a boyfriend?" As he said that, he even sneered and looked at Philip, pointing him out. "Don't tell me he's your boyfriend?" All eyes fell on Philip, filled with disgust and even hatred. Philip knew that things were going south for him. He had not expected something so damned cliché to befall him. He hastily shook his head to try and explain, but Melody broke free from Finn's grip and said,

"That's right, he's my boyfriend. What's the matter, don't like it?" Crap!

Philip's internal monologue had broken out into swears. Melody Zander was clearly out to cause trouble. Did she not have any other male friends? Did she have to get a stranger to impersonate her boyfriend? It was not totally her fault, though. It was Theo who praised Philip too much to her. Melody thought that only a man like that was worthy of being her boyfriend. That was why she looked him up. However, her disappointment was immeasurable and she had no way out now. Finn instantly turned to look at Philip, striding up to him menacingly and taunting, "Mel said it, but I really

don't believe her. Look at you, dressed like a peasant! There's no way she'd fall for you. Alright, tell me

how much she paid you to put on this little act, and I'll pay you double. Then you can roly-poly off this mountain!" Hahaha!

There was a roar of laughter and sneers. Melody could not stand all those unfriendly gazes upon her, so she stomped her foot angrily and pointed at Finn, saying, "I don't care if you believe me or not, Finn, but he is my boyfriend, and I'm leaving now. Tell them to get out of my way so I can leave." Frederick and the others had long since blocked the road leading away from the track. "You want to leave? Sure. He just has to race me for one lap. If he beats me, you can leave whenever. If he loses, you have to agree to be my girlfriend. As for him, he has to crawl underneath my crotch and then roll off this mountain!" Finn said darkly, his gaze openly challenging them and his attitude unbearable. "Buddy, it's your fault for agreeing to her ruse. I insist on teaching any man who approaches her a hard lesson!" Finn walked up to Philip and patted his shoulder, his eyes filled with cold malice. The others looked at Philip in content too. This idiot was done for now. After all, they all knew Finn. He was the provincial racing champion! He had won the last three competitions in a row! In fact, later this year, he was going international and participating in the Asian Le Mans Series! He was one of the country's brightest rising talents! Racing him was practically suicidal! To make matters worse, Finn had even qualified for the highest level of racing in the world, the Formula 1 Grand Prix! That was the highest level of competitive racing in the world, one of the world's three largest sporting events after the Olympics and the World Cup! In other words, Philip did not stand a chance. Besides, judging by how poor he looked. Philip had probably never even touched a racecar before in his life.

They were just forcing his hand now. Philip frowned deeply, his expression darkening. He did not expect these little brats to look down on him. The problem was they were so bold-faced and arrogant about it. That rubbed him very much the wrong way. Philip had wanted to refuse the challenge, but his pounding heart made him hesitate. Melody knew that there was no way

Philip would be able to win against Finn too, so she stomped her foot and said furiously, "You're doing that on purpose, aren't you, Finn? Of course he can't race. I'm not taking your stupid deal. Let's go!" With that, Melody tried to drag Philip away. To everyone's surprise, though, Philip grinned widely and said with a laugh, "Sure, let's do one lap. We'll do exactly as you say. But if I win, firstly you have to apologize to me, and secondly I want you to give me your car. How's that sound?"

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Philip's gaze fell upon the red Ferrari behind Finn! If he gave that car to Wynn, she would not have to take public transport to work anymore. That would save her so much effort. With that thought in mind, Philip smiled with certainty. However, the people around him looked at him as though he was a fool. Did the guy hit his head on something? "What did he just say?"

He wants to race Master Finn? And if he wins, he wants Master Finn to apologize and give him the car?" "Well, damn! The guy's got balls. Doesn't he know who Master Finn is?" "The provincial three-time champion!"

Many onlookers broke out laughing, jeering at Philip and feeling sorry for him. The pauper really thought he could beat the prince. Finn was scoffing heartlessly as well. He did not expect the friend Melody brought to be so unaware of his own capabilities. The man wanted a race with Finn? That was suicidal! "Haha, friend, I think you messed up there. If you'd just apologized like a good boy, I might have let you go. But what you just said got on my nerves." Finn's lips curved into a cold smile, his gaze arrogant.

He poked Philip's chest with a finger, saying fiercely, "What right do you have to challenge me?!" Fck! The nerve of the motherfcker! How dare he issue Finn a challenge? Besides, he wanted Finn to apologize and give up the car? Was he an idiot? Frederick and the others wanted to see the world burn too. They stared at Philip maliciously and taunted him, "C'mon, buddy.

No offense, but there has to be a limit to your jokes. Master Finn here is the provincial champion, and he's joining an international race later in the year.

The Asian Le Mans Series, heard of it? He'll even be an F1 racer next year.

Seriously, how could a piece of filth like you have the balls to brag in front of our Master Finn?" As they spoke, Frederick and the others looked at the cold-faced Melody. What a joke. Even if Melody wanted to turn down Finn, she should have found someone decent. Melody was quite pissed now herself. She abruptly grabbed Philip's arm and said crossly, "What are you doing, Philip? You're crazy! Finn is the best racer here, and he's the record holder at this track too. There's no one faster than him! You're purposely getting me in trouble here, aren't you? What the hell, man! Shut up and stand aside!" Melody was very unhappy right now. She was now absolutely certain that her father had misjudged Philip Clarke. How impressive could a man like that be? Yet her old man praised him to high heavens. "Finn, he's him, and I'm me. His promise has nothing to do with me. I don't accept your terms. Bye," Melody said to Finn, annoyed, and then tried to jump into her car. However, Frederick and the others clearly were not going to let her go so easily. They simply blocked her way and forced her to stay. "What are you guys doing? Get out of my way!" Melody was very angry now, pouting her adorable little mouth. Her chest rose and fall as well, and she turned around to glare at Finn furiously. "What is the meaning of this, Finn?" Finn smiled at her gently. "Patience, Mel. Since he issued a challenge against me, and since you said he's your boyfriend, how could I not take him up on his terms?" As he said that, Finn turned around and looked at Philip with endless confidence. "How do you want to do this?" Philip rubbed his chin and said calmly, "Since you're the record holder, let's make it a race of speed." "Sure," Finn said with a laugh. He was brimming with confidence.

Six minutes and twenty-seven seconds! He held the record of the shortest time to complete the track! The second-place time was more than a minute slower than his! That was Finn's true skill! Almost everyone here knew Finn. All of them were his fans. Within three minutes, everyone at the Dragonstone Mountain knew that someone was challenging Finn to a race, trying to beat him in speed at a track he knew like the back of his hand.

"Whoa, seriously? The guy must be masochistic." "People these days will do anything to act cool. Didn't he at least try to find out who Finn is before that?" "Think of it as a hazing, then. But that guy definitely has some balls.

It's been such a long time since anyone dared to challenge Finn." Everyone at the track gathered together and discussed the event enthusiastically. It was going to be a very uneven match. Of course, no one had any hopes for Philip.

He reeked of poverty. See, he did not even f*cking know how to put on a racing suit. He needed help from the staff. Many people were even starting to wonder if he was here as a joke. The news of Philip's challenge against Finn took off the wind, and soon everyone knew about it. There were even many people who were not on the scene, but who streamed to the track from all parts of Riverdale just to watch! It was a really big deal! Philip Clarke was challenging the legendary racer, Finn Gerald!

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It was quite the spectacle! That was why Riverdale was especially busy that day. The streets were filled with luxury cars, race cars, modified cars. They all surged down the roads, heading toward Dragonstone Mountain from all directions. "Mommy, why are there so many fancy cars? Where are they going?" Many children on the street were quite curious to see so many luxury cars driving past them. The adults were even more lost. What was up with the streets today? Was it a fancy car parade? In the end, even the transport department got involved, going down to the streets to maintain the order. There were simply too many luxury cars, each of them worth at least a million. There were even some that were worth tens of millions, like Aston Martins and Bugatti Veyrons! They could not afford any incidents! The streets were jam-packed! All of these rich sons and daughters were stuck on the streets, slamming their steering wheels and cursing their heads off. The owners of normal cars all stayed far, far away from the wealthy drivers, putting at least several tens of meters between them. It was too worrying! If they even bumped into those cars, the repairs might cost them their house!

"What the fck is happening here?" The captain of the transport team was stunned to hear that hundreds of fancy cars had taken to the streets too. Meanwhile, Philip's race against Finn was about to begin. The entire track had been emptied out. Everyone stood at the stands, looking at the enormous digital screen. The track was covered with cameras, and the giant screen played the footage live. On the track, Finn was done with his preparations. He wore a red racing suit, and before he got into his car, there was even a sexy racecar model who presented him with some champagne in lieu of an early celebration. Finn gave Philip the finger, saying with contempt, "Hope you don't lose too badly." With those words, he opened the car door and slipped inside. On the other hand, Philip shrugged helplessly. He did not even have a car right now. No one here was willing to lend him one. They were embarrassing him from the start. "Damn, he challenged Master Finn when he doesn't even have a car?" "That's so embarrassing! If I were him, I would have found a hole to hide in by now." "Who the fck is he? Does anyone know him? He's so f*cking stupid." The jeers and laughter did not stop. Philip looked at Melody in exasperation, and she said with great reluctance, "Fine, you can take my car. Do you know how to drive it? Don't you dare crash it, because you definitely can't afford the repairs!" She was very unhappy with Philip right now. He just had to insist on racing Finn.

What if he lost? Still, she had no choice. She was the one who brought Philip here, so it would be unfair

of her not to help. To everyone's surprise, though, Philip shook his head and said, "Forget it, I can't afford to drive your car. If I happen to crash it, I can't afford to pay you either." His statement made the entire audience burst into laughter. After that, Philip walked to the side and pointed at an AE86, asking the man next to it, "Could you lend me your car, mate?" The man looked at Philip and shrugged. "Fine, I'll be a good guy for once. But be careful with it, this is an AE86, you know. The racing god of Mount Akina." Philip gave him an OK sign and said with a laugh,

"Sure thing. If I crash it, I'll make sure to pay you back." Melody witnessed the whole thing, clenching her teeth. What the hell was wrong with Philip?

Was he saying that her Porsche 911 was no match for an AE86? Soon, the race began! Finn had long since been ready. He sat in his car, his eyes alight with flames of confidence. Looking out of the car window, he gave Philip next to him a look of contempt. Hehe. In the control room, there were a bunch of people gathered around the large screen and the pile of data everywhere. These were all professional data analysts. There were quite a few professional racing analysts gathered around as well, and they were paying rapt attention. Of course, they were mostly occupied with Finn's data, because he was going international later that year and joining the F1

circuit too. The live feed from the track and the cars were being played here as well. Finn Gerald was as dashing as ever, stealing the hearts of many female racers and racecar models. The control room was filled with the cheers of lovestruck girls. As for Philip, he was still getting used to the interior of his car. Looking here and there, he murmured to himself, "Clutch on the left, brakes on the right..."

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The entire crowd nearly fell over from exasperation! Philip Clarke really was here as a fucking prank, right? He had to be! Did he even know how to drive? Melody's expression dropped a few more degrees. She was going to be utterly humiliated today. Everyone snorted at the screen, feeling utterly exasperated with Philip. "Go!" On the track, the sexy racecar model brought down the red flag she was waving! Finn's Ferrari was the first to roar to life. It zoomed right ahead, leaving Philip in its dust. On the track, Philip's AE86 was still parked in its original position. No one knew what he was up to. "What are you doing, Philip? Get moving!" Melody was beside herself with anxiety, so she grabbed the commentator's mic and roared at him. Philip shrugged helplessly. "Sorry, I mistook the brake for the accelerator." Pfft! The audience burst into laughter! Melody felt dizzy. She threw down the mic and sat back in her chair, pouting angrily and ignoring the happenings from now on. So infuriating! That Philip Clarke was nothing but a piece of trash! However, the very next second, the ruckus in the control room instantly became dead silent! Finally, someone exclaimed, "What the fck!

Did he just do a wheelie launch control?!" Melody frowned deeply. She did not understand that at all, so she just glanced at the car from a distance. What she saw was Philip's AE86 trembling violently. The car's front wheels then took off from the ground, and the entire car shot forth like an arrow from a bow! The scene stunned the entire audience into silence! The digital screen outside played that very image

live, too! In fact, the race was even being streamed to their entire racing community. Everyone who saw what just happened felt their jaws hit the ground! A wheelie launch control start! He actually did a wheelie launch control start! There was a legend among racers. The wheelie launch control was also known as the dragon god's launch! Only one person could ever pull this off! An unsurpassable legend!

A four-time world champion of the F1 circuit! The true indisputable racing god! The many racers in the control room were feeling dizzy and shocked.

After that, their hearts turned to excitement and wild joy! "Seven years! I haven't seen that wheelie for seven years!" "It's that man! It has to be him, he's back!" "Who the hell is he?!" A few experienced racers and data analysts were all stunned! All of them looked at the man on the screen, the man they had just insulted into the mud, in utter shock. Who on earth was he? Even those out of the know were extremely shocked right now. They kept demanding answers from the people next to them. "Yeah, stop the suspense. Who is he?" "Wait, why are you making him sound so epic? Who on earth is he?" All of them asked impatiently. Just then, a middle-aged man walked out from behind the crowd. He had some salt-and-pepper stubble, and the clothes he wore were all limited-edition goods. In his hands he held a coffee cup, some traces of grey in his hair. "Uncle Chase!" "Hi, Uncle Chase." The crowd parted before the middle-aged man. He was the boss behind the scenes here at the Dragonstone Mountain track, Chase Fisher. He was worth 800 million, a famous tycoon in the racing and racecar circles.

He even had his own team. A team of racecars and racers. He had his own

private racing club, and he was a professional racer himself. He was once the national champion, the racing god of the entire country. His reputation preceded him, and he had a ton of fans. The moment he stepped forth, everyone treated him with respect.

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Chase raised his eyes to look at the screen, his excitement spilling into his expression. "That wheelie has the world record for the fastest launch, and only one person ever used it. The inventor of that move was the F1

champion for four terms running. They say he's the best racer the world has seen thus far, and some call him the international racing god. He set countless records in the racing scene that no one has managed to break to this day." Shock washed over the audience's expression in waves as Chase explained. In the end, they were almost numb to it all. "Do you mean that mysterious international racing god, Uncle Chase? No way." Frederick stood in the crowd, voicing his extreme doubts. That had to be a lie!

Frederick was not the only one. Many others shared his suspicions. That was insane. Chase frowned deeply. He looked at the image on the screen, his eyes filled with confusion. "I don't know either. That mysterious racing god vanished seven years ago and was never seen again. Many people tried to look into him, but no one found any news of him." Chase was very confused too. Why would such a mysterious legend appear at his humble little arena?

Besides, when he looked at the footage from inside that car, he found that the man looked utterly plain and normal. The only thing that piqued Chase's interest was how that man treated racing even more flippantly than a child would. On the screen, Philip looked utterly at ease, as though this was not a race at all. When Frederick and the others saw his attitude, they snorted and said, "I think you must be mistaken, Uncle Chase. How could he be that international racing god? He probably just learned the technique in secret or something. It's not impossible." Chase nodded and took a sip of his coffee.

He simply sat down, paying rapt attention to the live footage. Melody stood

at the back of the crowd, watching as Philip's lips curved into a slightly crafty smile on screen. Inwardly, she asked herself, 'Could that guy really be the international racing god?' Their gazes turned back to the two men on the track. Right now, Finn was completely relaxed. He had been way in the lead the entire time, and he smiled confidently. How dare that wimp try to challenge him! What a piece of utter trash! When Finn looked into his rearview mirror, however, his heart suddenly skipped a beat. What the f*ck?

Was he actually catching up?! Finn slammed the accelerator and drifted past the bend! With a beautiful swerve, Finn immediately left Philip's AE86 in the dust. On the track, everyone cheered Finn wildly. "Whoa! That's crazy!"

The footage was being streamed live to racing enthusiasts throughout the city as well. Philip's start earlier set a lot of hearts ablaze. Many people were jumping to their feet! After all, that was a world-class start that had not been seen in seven years! Many of them were even wondering who the man racing Finn today was. Three minutes later, though, Philip was still far behind Finn. Several onlookers gradually began to doubt their suspicions.

Did they get him wrong? His techniques were totally those of an amateur.

There were barely any techniques at all. Chase was growing disappointed as well. He shook his head and got up, preparing to leave. He must have been mistaken. However, someone suddenly yelled, "The hairpin turn! five consecutive hairpins!" Dragonstone Mountain was known for its twists and turns, and the five consecutive hairpins were the Dragonstone track's most dramatic stretch! The five consecutive hairpins were much sharper than usual turns, with a higher risk of swerving. After all, when a car took the five consecutive hairpins, it would have to alternate rapidly between turning and going straight, managing acceleration and braking in quick succession.

It drifted a lot more than usual, too! On a stretch like that, a moment's slip could mean instant death! That was why even a provincial champion like Finn would slow down at the hairpin turns, simply drifting sideways to get past them. It took time, but it was also safest. Most racers could not even manage to drift past a turn like that. Chase sat back down and told the

analysts, "Check Finn's time and speed on the five consecutive hairpins."

The analysts hurriedly got to work. The professional racing assistant was already telling Finn across the intercom, "Master Finn, we'll be checking your timing and speed on the five consecutive hairpins." "Sure," Finn replied confidently. Right now, everyone's eyes were on Finn. They wanted to see if he

could break the record again and a set record for five consecutive hairpins. Two hundred meters! One hundred meters! Fifty meters! Vroom!

The Ferrari turned at rapid speeds, its engine humming nicely. Full of confidence, Finn changed gears, hit the brakes, and turned the wheel all the way. The red Ferrari flew like the wind, drifting quickly and easily traversing the first turn! 5.06 seconds! That was a new record! The entire crowd erupted into cheers! Before, Finn had spent 7.78 seconds on the first hairpin! He had improved by more than an entire second! That was unbelievable! Just as everyone was cheering and whooping, though... On the large screen, there was a black car, moving lightning fast across the screen. It overtook Finn's red Ferrari and instantly left it several tens of meters behind!

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On the screen, the black 86 had its tires in the gutter by the side. The car slanted, the tires rapidly spinning against the road. The friction resulted in plumes of white smoke, and the tires began to shriek as well! It took him slightly over two seconds! The car did not slow down at all! It simply lurched forth and left Finn's Ferrari far behind! The whole action was quick and elegant! The cheers were abruptly silenced! Everyone was stunned speechless! Even the racecar girls who did not understand such things were clapping their hands to their mouths and gasping out loud! What was that just now? They had not even seen it clearly! Was that still racing? Finn was completely floored. He had been overtaken! In fact, he could not even tell how Philip did it! Fck! In his fury, Finn slammed the accelerator, trying his best to catch up! However, after Finn personally witnessed how Philip traversed the next four hairpins, there was nothing but shock left in his heart! He had lost! Philip did not slow down at all across the hairpins! Was he a demon? "U-Uncle Chase! That's a gutter run! And brake drifting!" The assistants and analysts were all astounded! Chase was similarly stunned. He jumped up from his seat, his expression looking overwhelmed as he burst out laughing. "That's him, we found him! The legendary racer!" With that, he ignored everyone and ran right out of the control room to go wait by the finish line. The others were no fools either. All of them ran out and gathered at the finish line. The video had been streamed through the entire city, and hundreds of people cheered in unison! All of them had taken those hairpins before, but they had never seen such an impressive way of taking them! It was truly a sight to behold! So that was a motherfcking racing god! There was no doubt about it! Just then, the hundreds of luxury cars on the main street of Riverdale were raring to go. The drivers were all anxious to go to Dragonstone Mountain and meet that legendary raving god! As hundreds watched, the black AE86 rapidly zoomed past the finish line! Five minutes and twenty-eight seconds! He had absolutely shattered Finn's record! When the new record was born, the entire arena erupted into cheers! Everyone lost their minds! That was their way to show respect toward the new record holder. When Philip got out of the car, the man who had lent him the car was already running at him excitedly. Admiration written all over his face, he said, "Bro, big bro! Please give me your autograph! You can have the car, it's yours now!" To these rich young masters, their cars meant little. It was far more important for them to get to know racing legends like Philip!

All of them gathered around him, leaving Philip feeling rather awkward.

Melody ran up to him as well and immediately pounced at him. She hugged Philip and showed off to the others, saying, "See? This is my boyfriend, Philip Clarke! Anyone else wanna race him?" As she said that, she even gave Frederick and the others a glare. By now, Frederick and his friends had complexions the color of pig liver. They were scarlet to the roots. They were eating dirt now! Motherf*cker, how were they supposed to recover from

this? While the others were cheering, Finn slowly drove his Ferrari to the finish line. He sat in his car, looking up at the record on the screen. He lost!

He had lost by a mile. Finn closed his eyes. He was frustrated, but inwardly, he was also quite jealous of Philip's skill at those hairpins. He got out of the car. Finn walked toward Philip. To everyone's surprise, he bowed and told Philip, "Sorry." Philip was quite astonished too. He thought that Finn was just another cocky rich kid, but it seemed he was a man of his word. "No worries," Philip said with a smile. Melody was not going to let this chance pass, of course. She grabbed Philip's arm exaggeratedly and said with a pout, "So now you know, Finn. My boyfriend's really impressive, so get off my case from now on." Finn was troubled. He really liked Melody, but at the same time he was a man who kept all his promises and walked his talk.

Philip was feeling awkward too, so he hastily changed the subject, "So Master Finn, about your car...?" Finn did not hesitate, throwing the keys at Philip. "It's yours." Philip was pleasantly surprised. He gave Finn a thumbs-up and said, "Impressive, Master Finn. Money really means nothing to you, huh? Well, thanks for the ride." With that, Philip turned to leave. However, Chase approached him then and looked at Philip with a polite smile. "If you're free, my friend, shall we have a little chat?" Everyone was dumbfounded. Uncle Chase had personally extended an invitation to him!

That was such an honor!

Chapter 272

Philip turned and spared Chase Fisher a glance before he replied, "If you'd excuse me, I'm running against time. My wife's waiting for me at the hospital." Pfft! Everyone else fainted again! This dude was unnecessarily pretentious! How could he just brush Chase Fisher off like he was nothing?

Did he not know who Chase Fisher was? He was the vice president of the National Association Of Car Racing! He was one of the country's best racers too! Yet to Philip Clarke, racing was just a game to play. 'If you like it, you can have it.' Everyone might throttle him should they know of Philip's

current thoughts. Being a racer was the dream career of many young males!

Instead of being irked by Philip's attitude, Chase smiled even friendlier at him. "Should you have any free time in the future, Mr. Clarke, you're always welcome to drop by. This is my name card." Not

rejecting him this time, Philip took the card from Chase and stuffed it into the pocket of his pants. Then, he turned to holler at Melody, "Bye." Melody's eyes sparkled as she pondered over the love-hate feelings she had for Philip. She had fallen in love with how attractive this man was! He stood out from the rest! It explained why her father kept praising how different and special he was as well as how he was adamant not to offend him. What she hated, was that despite being a man of such caliber, why did he feel the need to hide it away?

Under the envious gaze of everyone else, Philip drove away in Finn Gerald's red Ferrari. Only after watching Philip drive away did the weight on Finn's chest lift. He turned to ask Chase, "Who's that, Uncle Chase?" Finn had yet to be acquainted with Philip's true identity, but he found himself completely impressed by the other's skills. Those were the skills of a world-class racer.

Why did he seem so common, though? Chase squinted and patted Finn on his shoulder. "You're curious, aren't you? That's too bad then, since I'd like to know too. It has been seven years of a mystery, but all I can say is that this is no ordinary man. You'd do well to study from him if you have the chance. Who knows, you might even learn a skill or two. If so, the victory's basically yours in the race for the second half of the year." Hearing him, Finn's heart pulsed in excitement. Watching the silhouette of the car as it drove down the mountain, he muttered to himself, "That impressive, huh?"

Chase smiled. "I don't know about worldwide, but as far as I'm concerned, there has yet to be a match for him." Chase could not help but shake his head. He was a little wistful. For a man with his abilities, why would he ever present himself as the underdog? Not to mention, why had he vanished from the face of the earth for seven years after numerous legendary deeds?

However, Finn had already made up his mind. He was going to be Philip's disciple! Back to Philip's point of view. After leaving Melody Zander, he

drove his way to the hospital. Hitting the brakes at the entrance, he got out of the car with a princess figurine in his hands. Wynn was not free, so it fell on Philip to spend time with Mila. Seeing the figurine, Mila was elated. She made grabby hands at the figurine but instead of giving in, Philip held it just out of reach and placed it somewhere else before turning to her. "This'll be Mommy for now, Mila. On days that she's too busy with work, this princess here will watch over you in her place, okay?" Mila laid understandingly on the hospital bed and nodded, a sweet smile tugging at the corners of her lips.

Philip gave her a peck on her forehead before walking out of the hospital room. Reaching the car park, he was met with the sight of quite a few fashionably dressed women taking pictures of the Ferrari. The thing was, he could actually recognize two of them. 'Yolanda Lee and Jane Snyder.

'Seriously, both of you...' After mulling over it, Philip found that he was not in a rush. It would not hurt to let them take their pictures. Unfortunately for Yolanda's pair of sharp eyes, she easily found Philip watching the group of them from a distance. Her disdain flared. Jane was no stranger to Philip either. She immediately began to tell the tale of Philip Clarke's ostentatious behavior at Arc de Triumph to the other two girls. Sure, Philip had given Yolanda a helping hand last time, but they all collectively agreed that it was merely an act out of obligation as they were friends. After all, Philip had wasted three years

of his life. "What are you looking at, Philip Clarke?"

"What, you're going to tell me this is your car now?" Yolanda strutted over and crossed her arms under her chest with an expression of belittling mockery. Philip quirked an eyebrow as his gaze fell unintentionally on the jade piece by her collar. It did not seem too small. Unease crept up on Yolanda at Philip's scrutinizing gaze. She scoffed. "The fck are you smiling at? Do you think you have the right to laugh at me? Is this your fcking car?" Yolanda was pissed under the pretense that she believed Philip was laughing at her for taking pictures with a luxury vehicle. She most certainly could not buy herself one, so was Philip here to laugh at how fake she was? "How do you know the car's not mine?" Philip asked calmly,

though the corner of his lips betrayed him as a tinge of a smirk appeared on his face. Yolanda had come to him to borrow money not too long ago. She even flirted with him. He still had her nude pictures with him. Philip was almost tempted to fish them out in front of her, curious about how Yolanda would react. Yolanda and her gang of friends covered their mouths as they burst into laughter. "Why don't you look at yourself first? As if you have the right to drive a car like this." In return, Philip brushed past them without another word and slowly made his way to the Ferrari...

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Yolanda and her friends watched as Philip walked toward the red Ferrari, the condescending distaste for him thickening in their gazes. Even after having scolded him angrily, Yolanda stomped forward and gripped onto Philip whose hand was rummaging for the car key. She reprimanded again,

"Isn't this enough? Stop pretending already! What, do you need the few of us to shriek and fawn over you for you to stop?" 'Seriously this man... He's going all out just to look cool. 'How could such a nice car even belong to a worthless wretch like him? 'At least take a look at yourself first!' Philip frowned at the motion. "What now? This is my car." With a mere sentence, he managed to offend all four girls at the same time. Jane's laughter could be seen in the curve of her eyebrows even though her hand was held over her mouth. She mocked him sarcastically. "Look at him, still pretending to be all high and mighty. I can never understand why some people find the need to pretend to be some big shot they're not. Hilarious." The gazes of the other two girls also shone with a hint of scorn as they glanced at Philip.

Yolanda out-right laughed tauntingly as she patted Philip's shoulder in mock consolation. "I know life isn't the best for you now, Philip. But there's no need to embarrass yourself like this." With that, Yolanda led her group of friends away. Philip, staring at their retreating backs in disbelief, fetched out the car key for the Ferrari and sighed a breath of exasperation. 'Yolanda Lee, you're really going to turn against me like this? 'Even after helping

you last time, this is how you repay me? No thanks, no nothing, but mockery? 'Whatever. I'm not in the mood to explain anything anyway.'

Philip gave it some thought before he ultimately decided to drive over to where Wynn worked and

surprise her. He had a good explanation for the Ferrari. He would say he won it in a bet. Should Wynn not believe him, well, he could always call Finn to back him up on this. On the way there, Philip received an unexpected call from his good friend Howard. Philip had his regrets when it came to Howard Lowe. It had been so long since he contacted the other, and he did not know how this friend of his was doing now. After picking up the call, the line drifted in the light laughter of Howard Lowe. "You free tonight, Philip? Come out for dinner tonight and bring Wynn Johnston too. Ruby and I are getting engaged." Howard's ecstasy was evident in the tone of his voice. Philip, on the other hand, frowned deeply. 'Howard and Ruby are getting engaged?' "Sure! Where?

I'll come to you." Philip smiled. He decided against telling Howard about what he knew of Ruby Ford at that moment, for this friend of his wore his heart on his sleeve. Should he find out about what kind of a woman Ruby Ford was, who knew what stupid things he might do? At the same time, the engagement between Ruby Ford and Howard Lowe was one he would never agree with. He had to come up with a plan to uncover her lies. "She has decided on Northern Sky Western Restaurant. She says it's a high-end place with a good atmosphere. Tonight, at seven o'clock, don't be late. Oh, and remember to bring Wynn." Describing Howard as excited was an understatement. Having been in a relationship with Ruby for four long years, today was finally the day they took the next step further. "Okay."

Philip replied and hung up the phone. He was sitting in the car deep in thought. Making a turn, Philip came to the closest gift shop. He had to bring something at least. Philip needed to bring something, even if it was a small thank you gift for the help that Howard had given him all those years. He would not embarrass his friend. Howard Lowe was sitting in his apartment.

Right as he ended the call with Philip, Ruby entered the door. Donned in

branded clothing with the newest Gucci handbag in her arms, she had an intellectual vibe to her. She walked up to Howard in struts, showing off her pale long legs. Having heard who Howard had called, Ruby's expression turned grim as she asked, "This is our engagement dinner, Howard. Why can you call Philip Clarke, that nobody?" Ever since the incident at the BMW showroom, she despised Philip. He had made a big fool out of her.

Howard was at a loss about what to do. He had no idea what the reason behind his girlfriend's animosity toward Philip was, but with a smile, he comforted. "But Ruby, Philip's my best bud. He's the only friend I have, I can't just not call him." Ruby pouted, unhappy with the turn of events. "Just this once. No more." Ruby knew that this was a big matter, and it would not bode well for her to fight over an issue in regards to Howard's honor. The two spoke for a little longer before Ruby picked up a call with a sweet smile on her face and walked out. "Hello, Mr. Wade? What's the occasion for this call today?" The mellow voice of a middle-aged man rang out, "Are you free tonight, Ruby? It has been a while since we met. I miss you, dear."

Ruby frowned her perfectly shaped eyebrows and turned to look back at the worn-down apartment behind her. A glint of disgust flashed across her face before she pulled it back into a beautiful smile. "Of course. I'm having dinner at the Northern Sky Western Restaurant tonight with a few of my friends. How about you wait for me at the hotel upstairs tonight?" "Sure,"

replied Mr. Wade excitedly. Ending the call, Ruby flipped through her Gucci handbag and touched up her makeup. Hailing a car afterward, she contacted a few of her best friends. Seven o'clock at Northern Sky Western Restaurant. In the private room gathered youthful males and females who chit-chatted and laughed with one another. There were quite a few beautiful ladies. They had porcelain skin coupled with fashionable dressing as per what the trends considered 'in'. Especially the one in the middle, whose eyes wrinkled into crescent moons when she smiled. She had sharp features, and her long legs were covered with the short hem of her miniskirt. The

gazes of the boys by her side would slip downward from time to time. That was Ruby's sister, Isabelle.

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Of course, she showed up. Today was her sister's engagement party after all. She had arrived after buttering herself up to the nines. What for, you ask? To meet more boys, what else? "How's your boyfriend, Sis? I've only met him a handful of times. What does his family do?" Isabelle spoke, turning to look at Ruby who was evidently more interested in the contents of her phone than their conversation. Ruby smiled. "Nothing special. He treats me well though, so I thought it's best that we get engaged first. That way, at least Mom and Dad will stop nagging, you know?" A quick flash of disappointment shone in Isabelle's eyes. She had assumed that her future brother-in-law would be the scion of the rich. Who would have thought he was from a normal family? 'Has my arrogant sister changed her taste in men? 'So, she prefers the honest kind now?' Ruby's WeChat with Mr. Wade was filled with flirtatious messages of all sorts. They had already picked a time to meet as well. She would join him at nine o'clock. Satisfied, she placed her phone down and began to chat with both her male and female best friends that she invited over. "Guys, I have something to tell you. It's fcking hilarious." Taking out her phone, Ruby pulled up a video she had previously taken for everyone else to see. Everyone present were young teens who lived for gossip, so it was expected that everyone's attention was piqued the moment she said she had something funny to tell. "Something happened here a few days ago. So you know how Howard has a best friend named Philip Clark? You should know him, Isabelle, he's the guy who bought 100 BMWs from the shop the other day." Ruby scrunched her eyebrows at Isabelle to hint at her intentional slip of detail. The latter immediately understood. "Yeah, I remember. Philip Clarke!" Isabelle made sure to flop back onto the seat of the chair as she spoke, her arms coming up to cross under her chest. "Huh? What Philip Clarke?" A few of them widened their eyes in curiosity. Ruby secretly created a WeChat group with the lot of them and sent the video she had recorded of Philip's conflict with someone in the Northern Sky Western Restaurant. With a face full of jeer, she told them, "I've sent it to you. Basically, some bastard touched his wife, so he decided to pretend like he was the shit and fought with the restaurant's manager. I don't know about the rest, but it wasn't pretty from what my friend told me. Only after his wife slept with the guy did the matter come to an end I think..." Ruby left gaps in her story, but its general idea was clear. The fact that he was alive today was thanks to his wife selling herself! The tale Ruby told had absolutely no evidence. Sure, there was a video, but everything else afterward was a lie. What more could she wish for than the perfect chance to shame both Philip and his wife? She had been pissed with Philip for a very long time, even more so the perfect Wynn Johnston who was his wife.

She was the kind who would invoke envy in every woman, and Ruby was more than happy to ruin her in such a public setting with a made-up tale. The more humiliating the story, the better. It was the only way for Ruby to feel better. 'Howard wants to bring Philip over today, right? Then let this be a surprise for him.' This was Ruby's revenge. To disgrace Philip Clarke in front of everyone! With that, she sent an image of Wynn to the group chat as well. Everyone was shocked. The girls were filled with envy. A few of them were even pleased to know that such a woman had been in such disgusting circumstances. The boys felt like they lost something as regret stewed in their chests. Such a beauty, only to be paired with a good-for-nothing husband. What a pity, having to climb into bed with another man just to save her husband. "You know, I think I'm envious of that man. Oh, to be joined in bed with a beauty like her." "What a trashy excuse of a man!" "You guys might not know, but the last time he came to our Harley-Davidson showroom and asked for 100 Harleys, it was absolutely hilarious! I threw the poor fcker out." Isabelle added more fuel to the flames, her expression dripping with ridicule. "Ah well, we should stop. Your boyfriend should be here soon right?" Isabelle smiled brilliantly.

"Didn't you say he'll bring over a few friends? Who's coming? Any handsome and rich boys you can introduce to your good ol' sister?" "Are there handsome boys?" The girls began to gossip. Right then, Howard pushed open the doors to the private room. Sitting down, he loped his arms around Ruby and gave her a kiss on the cheek. It was quite a loving scene.

Ruby, on the other hand, pushed him away with a glare. "What're you doing? I just touched up my makeup." Only Ruby would disrespect Howard in front of so many people. The group exchanged a wordless glance for they all knew that Ruby was most probably not in love with Howard. She was just leading him on. Did one even have to ask? Everyone's gaze had settled on Howard since the moment he walked through the doors. In their minds, they had already graded him. Four out of ten, that was the highest it would go. This man was ordinary, the epitome of an honest man. How could Ruby Ford get engaged with a man like this? Isabelle was stunned too. What was up with her sister? How could a brother-in-law like him have any rich friends at all? "Oh, right," Ruby asked, "I thought you said you'd bring your friend? Where is he?" The corner of Ruby's lips lifted in mockery as she asked. She had yet to tell anyone that the friend Howard was bringing was the very Philip Clarke they were discussing just moments prior. She was curious as to how everyone would react the moment Philip entered the doors. "Oh, he went to the toilet." Howard explained. Right at that moment, Philip entered the doors. "Oh, allow me to introduce you. This here is my good friend, Philip Clarke." Howard stood from where he sat and introduced with a smile.

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"Philip Clarke!" Everyone froze the moment they saw Philip enter the private room. "Holy fck! That's Philip Clarke?" There was a strange glint in everyone's eyes as they scrutinized him all over. Who would have thought they would meet him today? Philip was confused as well. Something was off about the atmosphere ever since he stepped foot into the room, especially as he glossed over the strange look in everybody's eyes. They were filled with unadulterated insult and contempt. "Isn't your boyfriend's

friend a little too shoddy, Ruby? What he wears is even more miserable than your future husband.” Isabelle began to taunt. Anger rose the moment she laid her eyes on Philip’s poker face. Not only had she lost her dignity at the BMW motorcycle showroom last time, but it even cost her her job as well. This was an act of revenge she had to take! She would make him pay, and if squishing him like a bug under her foot was what needed to be done, she would. Even if it was the last thing she did! Howard’s expression turned awkward as well. He had only met Ruby’s sister a couple of times, and since they had yet to have any in-depth conversations, he did not know what kind of a person she was. Now, though, Howard knew. She was of high maintenance. A woman who spared no respect. However, there was nothing Howard could say. She was Ruby’s sister after all, and in extension, his future sister-in-law. All Howard could do was turn to look at Philip with the hope that he would be patient and be the bigger person tonight. Philip nodded but did not comment or reply to her. He was frowning as he had not expected to meet Isabelle here of all places. Under Howard’s motion, he took the seat beside him. Calmly, Ruby touched up her makeup with a portable mirror and said abruptly, “Why do you care?” With that, Ruby picked up a glass and stood up. “Now that everyone’s here, let’s have a toast.” Everyone toasted and drank their drinks. Placing her glass down, Ruby excused herself and promised to return soon on the pretense that she had something to do. She then left the room with her handbag. Howard frowned as she left and followed Ruby out as well. Philip was now alone in the private room to deal with everyone’s distaste-filled gazes. “Hey, Philip Clarke. I heard you went to Isabelle’s shop to buy 100 Harleys?” started a small male from the side, his expression full of disdain. Philip merely raised an eyebrow before diverting his gaze to Isabelle who was sitting quietly with her hands crossed before her. The people beside him were quick to become angry. Their tone danced along the line of threatening. “Oh? Fcker thinks

he’s tough. I’m asking you a question here!” Someone was pissed. How dare this Philip Clarke ignore them. Was he looking down on them? Philip turned to look at the girl next to him. Her entire face was caked with makeup, and she was chubby. Her face looked like that of a pig. Sitting there, she continued to take selfies as if nothing was wrong. “If you’d excuse me, I’m going to the bathroom.” Philip was in no mood to deal with the lot of them, so he turned to leave the private room. Behind him were the condescending snorts of people in the room. “Who knows what his wife was thinking, marrying such a piece of trash.” “Haha. How about you don’t come back.

Knowing that I’m eating in the same room with you curbs my appetite.” The taunting tone and mocking words of the people in the room ignited a small spark of anger within Philip. Leaving the room, Philip fetched a cigarette to smoke in the bathroom. He no longer wished to enter the private room again.

Walking around, Howard was nowhere to be found. Philip decided to send him a message instead. ‘I have a gift for you, buddy. I’ve placed it at the reception desk. Remember to pick it up right before you leave. I’ve got to go back to the hospital now. I’ll be here for the wedding though.’ Having sent the message, Philip extinguished his cigarette and turned to leave.

However, he saw a familiar figure as he passed by the elevators! Ruby Ford?! Not to mention she was holding the arms of a middle-aged chubby man in a suit as they entered the elevators. Who knew what they were going to do? Philip’s heart stopped. He waited for the duo to turn around before he took a

better look. There was no mistaking it, that was Ruby Ford! What the f*ck! Anger ranged in Philip immediately. Sharing the night with another man the same day she was holding an engagement party with Howard? Philip knew it was a hotel upstairs! After all, this was his family's restaurant. In fact, this entire building belonged to Philip's family. Well, it was under Philip's name now. Howard seemed to catch up to him from the other end. He was waving his hands at Philip with a smile on his face.

"Philip! Why're you leaving so soon? What's the rush? Stay for a while, it's not always that I treat you out to dinner." Fear struck Philip. He had to stop

Howard before he could see anything for this was too cruel an attack!

However, he was too slow to stop him. Howard watched as the entire scene unraveled in the elevator. As if struck by lightning, Howard stood unmoving in front of Philip. His face was flushed, and his hands were balled into fists as he watched with wide eyes the closing doors of the elevator. Chapter 276

In the elevator, Ruby had also recognized both Howard and Philip. Without an ounce of regret, her first response was to frown disgustedly and glare at the duo. Then, right before Howard's eyes, she pecked the middle-aged man on his cheek and neck. She even went as far as to humor the man by clinging on to him. Time froze. The elevator doors closed. Philip sighed hopelessly and walked forward to pat the shocked Howard on his shoulder. "I've been trying to tell you. Ruby..." Howard interrupted before Philip could finish talking. With a forced smile and tears that threatened to spill from his eyes, he said, "Come on, let's go. It's time to eat. Ruby just went to buy something. She'll be back in a while." Philip was stunned. 'Howard really doesn't plan to admit it, does he?' Having said that, Howard turned to leave.

Philip's expression hardened as he watched Howard's retreating figure. He roared, "Dude! How the fck long more are you going to lie to yourself? That over there was Ruby Ford! The woman you've loved for four long years! The woman who has only seen you as a wallet and nothing else!" "Stop!" Howard turned around and glowered at Philip with reddened eyes. "It wasn't her! It wasn't!" Right at that moment, the doors to the elevator opened again and out walked Ruby. Her eyebrows were furrowed tightly as she walked past Philip to glare at Howard with both her hands crossed before her chest. "You saw everything, didn't you?" Quickly wiping the tears in his eyes, Howard brought his entire face into a smile. "What are you talking about? Where did you go? I thought you said you went to buy something? Come on, let's go. My parents will be here soon." Smack! With a slap to his cheek, Ruby stared disdainfully at Howard. "It's over, Howard Lowe. I've had enough, let's break up." She was cold, her tone completely disregarding their past. Howard was stunned, but he held on to his composed facade. "Come on, Ruby. It's not funny. We're getting engaged today. My parents are at the door." He could not believe his eyes. This was the woman he had loved for four long years. Yet, Ruby never once loved him. Flinging Howard's hand away, Ruby sneered audaciously. "Engaged? What can you give me, Howard Lowe? Do you have money? Or do you have a house? What, were you expecting me to live in a rented apartment with you for the rest of our married lives?" As she spoke, Ruby pulled out a cigarette from her purse. Lighting it, she took a long drag and flicked her hair to reveal her sculptured features. With a slim and slender finger, she poked disdainfully at Howard's chest. "Stop dreaming, Howard. Everything with you was just a game. You're worth nothing more to me than a wallet! Getting engaged? Your parents are

farmers, they're not worth me calling them 'mom' and 'dad'!" Those were horrible words to hear. Anger spread like wildfire within Philip. 'What the hell, Ruby Ford? 'How can you even say something like that? 'If anything, Howard has spent four years taking care of you. How can you be so cruel?' Howard froze and averted his gaze to the floor. His hands were clenched into fists as he spoke in a self-convincing manner, "Come on, Ruby. Let's not fight, okay? I know you're angry about what happened today. I'm sorry, please don't break up with me, please. My parents took a six-hour train just to be here today. They really like you, they do. I promise they'll treat you like their own daughter when you marry me." Howard quickly fetched out a passbook and a small box from his breast pocket. Going down on one knee, he opened the box to reveal a small diamond ring. "Ruby, I got this for you. I know the diamond's small, but I promise I'll work harder and change it to a bigger one soon. The passbook holds all my savings, so there's around 300,000 bucks in there. It should be enough to pay the first installment for a suite." Their actions stirred the interests of many passersby. Even Ruby's friends had come out of the private room to watch the commotion. Nobody dared to step out as they feasted their eyes quietly upon the scene before them. It was common knowledge between them that Howard Lowe was merely one of Ruby's toys. Just another dumbass. "Haha." Ruby scoffed as she flung the ring in Howard's hand away. She yelled, "Are you fcking stupid? What makes you think I'd want some small ring? Oh, and your fcking passbook too! 300,000 bucks? What, you want me to pay debts with you too now? You wish!" Out the elevator strolled a greasy middle-aged man. He was the same man who had been wrapped around Ruby mere moments ago. He scornfully approached their small group and clung an arm around Ruby. While condescendingly staring at the kneeling Howard from atop, he mocked. "You have no money and yet you think you have the right to date and get married, you little sht? Keep dreaming, you dumbss! Ruby is my precious treasure. What I give her every month is more than your entire passbook, you idiot!" With that, he pulled Ruby closer to him and smacked a possessive kiss on her lips in front of everyone. Ruby started off uneasy, but then quickly accepted the kiss.

What a perfect match of a btch and a bstard. The duo turned to leave, but not before they stared unfeelingly and spewed a few more insults at Howard who was still kneeling before them. Frenzy and riot arose among the spectators. "Hold on! What makes you think the both of you can leave? You think that 'cause you're rich you can belittle him?" Right at that moment shot out a hostile scoff that stood out from the commotion! Philip had enough! Trailing his gaze to the kneeling Howard, he could feel the anger in his chest reaching new peaks! Philip steeled his gaze back to glare at Ruby and the middle-aged man. He took a few steps forward and wore an expression of unadulterated fury. "Ruby Ford, what if I were to tell you that Howard is actually very rich and has hundreds of millions worth of assets?

Would you still humiliate him the same way you are now?"

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The entire restaurant fell into silence at Philip's question. Everyone was confused. 'Such a bold claim. 'Hundreds of millions worth of assets?

'Doesn't he only have 300,000 bucks? That was merely a small diamond ring too. 'But he's suddenly rich

now that his girlfriend is breaking up with him?’ Ruby smirked tauntingly as she turned to Philip. “Come again? He’s nothing but a piece of trash, just like you. Hundreds of millions worth of assets? Who are you kidding?” ‘Even at this point, he opts to butt in instead of pulling Howard away? ‘Hundreds of millions worth of assets? ‘What a joke.’ Ruby had been with Howard for four years. If anyone, she would know best about his financial condition, no? The fat greasy man by Ruby’s side also began to make relentless fun of the duo before him. “Who’s this fcker? Do you know him, Ruby dear?” The man had never seen someone as shameless as Philip. The man was not alone in his opinion. In fact, everyone else spectating, mostly the friends Ruby had brought over, were making fun of him as well. “Holy sht! What a disgusting fcker.” “What a horrible choice of friendship! I feel bad for Howard. First, he gets dumped by his girlfriend. Then, his best friend stabs him in the back.” “What a one of a kind douche. Though they do say birds of a kind flock together.” The people around them began to criticize belittlingly. On the ground, tears streamed freely from Howard’s eyes as he clenched the passbook tightly in his balled fists. Standing up, he turned to Philip with his head still held down. “Let’s go.” He did not want to stay in this place of heart-wrenching memories any longer. Philip pulled Howard back instead. “No, we’re not going. We can’t possibly leave quietly after being insulted like that! We’re not going anywhere until they apologize.” Determination shone in Philip’s eyes. He would not stand by Ruby and her friends humiliating one of his own. Money? He had more than he needed! Howard’s face was flushed as he tugged Philip toward the exit impatiently. “Forget it. Let’s just go.” The middle-aged man guffawed. “Get lost, you pieces of trash! You’re pretending to be rich in front of me? You know what, if you fckers end up having hundreds of millions worth of assets, I’ll prostrate to you.” Flames of rage cackled within Howard, but he knew that he was no match for them.

It was painfully obvious. Ruby had chosen a rich man over himself,

someone in a completely different league. “Forget it.” Philip could not forget it. Turning around, he glared menacingly at the fat man. “Those are your words, not mine!” “Oh? You’re still helping him out? Why don’t you take a good look at yourself first? On what basis is your arrogance on?” The middle-aged man did not appreciate Philip’s attitude. ‘Who does this fcking dumbss think he is? ‘Brainless idiot.’ Philip had already dialed for George by the time the man finished speaking. From the other end of the line answered George courteously, “What are your orders, Young Master?”

Philip glared at the middle-aged man before him and asked, “What’s your name?” “Fck you! My name’s Deaton Wade! What, calling a fcking hitman to get rid of me?” Condescendence dripped from the corners of the fat man’s eyes. Clinging onto Deaton’s arm, Ruby stared at Philip with equal amounts of hatred in her eyes. “What the hell, Philip Clarke. Just bring your worthless friend out of my sight already!” Right then, Isabelle decided to step out and walked to her sister’s side. Pointing a finger at Philip, she exclaimed, “Exactly! Remember that time you came to the shop and asked for 100 Harleys? It ended with me throwing you out of the shop!”

Immediately, everyone around them began to laugh at him with all sorts of chiding remarks hanging off the corners of their mouths. “What the fck! Who would’ve thought... What a weirdo!” “Sigh. What a disgusting excuse of a man.” “I wanna break his phone. Who the fck is he trying to deceive here? Who can he even call?” Philip remained calm and serene in response to the taunts around him and directly

instructed into the phone, "Find me everything you can on a Deaton Wade and transfer all his holdings under Howard Lowe. ASAP." Then, Philip hung up the phone and waited quietly.

The lobby burst into laughter. Everyone pointed their fingers at Philip as they rioted. "What the f*ck is wrong with this guy? Is he stupid?" The Ford sisters could no longer hold in their laughter. Philip had gone off the far end.

Embarrassed to say the least, Howard tugged onto Philip and whispered,

"Forget it, Philip. Let's just go." It was not that he did not believe in Philip, but the call he made was just too outrageous. In return, Philip replied calmly,

"Hold on. Give it a minute." "Haha! Even being pretentious has a limit, my friend. Transferring all my holdings under that puny friend of yours? Are you kidding me?" Deaton scoffed. Yet right as he finished speaking... Ring!

The pressing ringing of someone's cell phone echoed in the restaurant's lobby.

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Everyone fetched for their phones immediately even though most of them were aware that the phone ringing was not their own. Staring at Deaton, Philip motioned with a jerk of his chin. "It's yours." Stunned, Deaton reached for his pockets to realize it was indeed his phone. Most importantly, it was from his company's secretary. Had he not already established that they were not to disturb him today? Deaton frowned. Having no idea what the meaning behind the call was, he picked it up with a smile. "Right in time. A call from my company's secretary. I'll get to ask if my assets have been..." Before he could finish speaking, his ear was met with the anxious voice of his sexy female secretary. "Mr. Wade, something has happened!

Our company's been bought and transferred to someone else's name."

Stunned, cold sweat began to form on Deaton's forehead. "What?" He was shocked. The unease in his chest caused his entire body to shiver in fear as he stared at Philip. "Mr. Wade, all your holdings have been transferred to someone else! As of right now, you've gone bankrupt!" the female secretary worriedly exclaimed. Bang! Deaton paled as he felt his brain crash. His legs gave out as he landed butt-first on the floor. That was an appalling sight.

Ruby was especially agitated. Quickly reaching to pull Deaton up, she exclaimed in a spoiled tone, "Mr. Wade! What's wrong? What happened?"

With his face seemingly drained of blood, Deaton sat dejectedly on the floor.

'Bankrupt? 'He had gone bankrupt! 'No way!' Immediately, Deaton demanded with a roar, "Who? Under whose name have they been transferred to?" The female secretary trembled on the other end of the

line as she answered, "A man called Howard Lowe..." 'Well, fck! 'He was completely screwed!' All light had vanished from Deaton's eyes upon hearing Howard's name. His mind blanked. Bang! Before anyone could get a grasp over what was going on, they found Deaton kneeling before Philip, prostrating and begging him. "Please forgive me. I was wrong, please! I was wrong!" Everyone was dazed. What was happening? Ruby could not believe her eyes as she tugged at Deaton. "What happened, Mr. Wade?" Slap! A furious slap landed on Ruby's cheek! Deaton stood up with renewed vigor and sent another slap her way as he raged. "Fck you! You screwed me over, btch! All my holdings have been transferred to Howard Lowe!" Ruby was confused. She felt wronged. Cradling her cheek, her eyes were brimmed with unshed tears. "Transferred? You're joking right, Mr. Wade?" Ruby was petrified. 'What the fck is Deaton doing? Why is he acting along to Philip's script?' Deaton appeared in front of Howard the next second and begged on his knees. "Mr. Howard, please! Please, let me go! I'm sorry, I should never have gone after your girl! Please, forgive me!" Deaton was a bright man. He knew that for Philip to just transfer all his holdings away, it meant that this man was practically a god! This was not someone he could offend! He could only beg for forgiveness! Everyone was stunned, shock dawning on all of their faces. Especially Ruby, who looked as if she had been force-fed feces. 'All of Deaton's holdings have been transferred, and to Howard Lowe too. 'That's hundreds of millions worth of assets! 'That means Howard Lowe is a millionaire! 'No way! 'All with a call from Philip Clarke?' "No way! There has to be some kind of mistake! It's not funny to joke around like this, Mr. Wade." Ruby was in disbelief. She was not alone in that sense. Everyone else watching could not believe their eyes too, opting to understand it as some large-scale prank. Right then entered authoritative figures who walked straight in to arrest Deaton. "Deaton Wade, we have reason to believe that you have resorted to illegal means to seek profit.

Please come with us to assist in our investigation." Jaws dropped as they watched Deaton get dragged limply away. Holy sht! This was actually fcking happening! In an instant, everyone's gaze toward Philip Clark

shifted into something indescribable. One call was all it took for him to end Deaton Wade. Philip turned his apathetic gaze to Ruby. "Next up, your turn." That mere sentence was enough to scare the strength from Ruby's legs. Dropping onto the floor, she began to bawl. "Brother Clarke! I'm sorry! I shouldn't have laughed at you! I didn't know how great of a power you had. Please, forgive me!" That, ladies and gentlemen, was Ruby Ford, a complete btch. Philip called her out coldly. "The one you should be apologizing to is Howard!" Howard was still in shock as he watched the woman he had loved for four years crawling and begging on the floor toward him like a btch in heat. "Howard! Forgive me, please! I should never have cheated on you, I'm sorry! This is all my fault!" Ruby slapped herself across her face as she sobbed, trying her best to gain Howard's sympathy.

Unfortunately for her, Howard's heart was already numb from the pain. He stared emotionlessly at Ruby and clenched his fists as he shouted, "Get out!

From this moment on, we become strangers. Do not come to me ever again, Ruby Ford!" Ruby was shaken. Quickly picking herself off the floor, she spared both Philip and Howard a glance before mortifyingly pulling her friends to leave. The round of spectators began to thin out, and Philip patted his confounded friend on his shoulder. "Alright. I'll answer all your questions another day. Tonight, we drink

like there is no tomorrow.”

Howard nodded and entered their private room to drink the night away. The night ended with Philip hailing Howard a ride home. Turning around, he walked to the car park. Mila was still in the hospital. Right then came a call from Wynn. “Hello, Wynn? What’s up?” Philip asked, letting the wind blow against him to rid himself of the scent of alcohol. On the other end of the call came Wynn’s quiet voice. “Philip. There’s this woman, a Giada Wallis? She’s here to see Mila. She says you’re...”

Chapter 279

Giada Wallis! ‘She has found Wynn and Mila, but what does she want?’

Philip felt his eyebrow twitch as his expression shed its warmth. Anxiously,

he uttered out, “I’ll be there soon!” Philip had no time to explain and quickly hailed a taxi to the hospital. Having just drunk, he could not drive. Philip reached the hospital within ten minutes and quickly alighted the car, dashing toward Mila’s hospital room. Pushing open the door, he was met with the scene of Wynn speaking happily to a graceful woman. The duo was shrouded by an indescribable air of harmony. “Philip, You’re back.” Wynn stood from where she previously sat and greeted him with a warm smile.

Opposite her was Giada Wallis. Donned in an expensive set of clothing and an aura of nobility that one could only be born with, she gave off the royal vibe fit for a queen merely by sitting there. Despite being over 40 years of age, this was a woman with the beauty of a 20-year-old lady. The small quirk on the corner of her lips and the warmth of her eyes made it difficult for people not to trust her. That was Giada Wallis—a woman with the appearance of an angel and who concealed the deviousness and slyness of a snake. Philip nodded as his gaze trailed from Wynn to Mila who had long fallen asleep on the hospital bed. Then, he looked back at Giada. Giada stood as well, clutching her LV limited edition handbag in her hand as she turned and smiled gently. Warmth shone from her face, and it was reminiscent of spring breezes. “Not going to introduce me, Philip?” Philip’s expression grew cold. Frowning, he turned to Giada. “That’s my wife, Wynn Johnston.

And that’s my daughter, Mila Clarke.” Having introduced them, Philip walked over to Wynn to whisper in her ear, “Take care of Mila, I have things to discuss with her.” Turning to stare coldly at Giada, he said, “We’ll talk outside.” Then, he walked away. Giada tilted her head to bid Wynn farewell before she turned to look at Mila on the bed. “I’ll see you guys again next time. Millie is a very cute girl, and I hope she spends every day being the happiest little princess in the world.” Wynn nodded politely and tucked a section of her hair behind her ears. “Thank you.” Turning away, Giada took elegant steps out the doors. At the hospital’s resting area. The area had been cleaned of people, thanks to the eight bodyguards in suits and sunglasses standing at every corner. Philip stopped before a window and watched the

scenery outside with his hands in his pockets. Behind him, Giada took small steps to reach where he stood and smiled. “Your father wishes for your return. He doesn’t have much time left, and the Clarkes need their heir.” The Giada Wallis here was one who had authority and knew how to use it, a complete

opposite from the one in the hospital room moments ago. Her lips drew into a smile, but unlike the last, this one brought a shiver instead of warmth. Roger Clarke was running out of time. Philip's breath hitched as an unidentifiable glint flashed through his eyes. "Why'd you come to find Wynn and Mila?" Philip turned around to ask with an icy tone. "They're the wife and daughter of Young Master Clarke. As your mother, it's only right that I come over in place of your father to screen if your wife has the right to marry into our family." Giada smiled. It was so overwhelming that it compelled people to accept, yet still so gentle at the same time. It was at that moment Philip understood, this woman's smile was dangerous. "She's my wife, and Mila's my daughter. They have every right to belong in the family.

Though I would greatly appreciate that you remove your nose from my business and leave me out of your petty matters." Philip warned matter-of-factly. Giada smiled, removing a small brocade box from her purse and opening it to reveal a small golden bangle. "This is something your mother left behind. Said something along the lines of giving it to your child when you get married and have children of your own." Philip frowned as he stared at the small golden bangle in Giada's hand. It had belonged to his mother.

Taking the golden bangle, Philip asked with the intention for her to leave,

"Anything else? If not, please leave. This is not somewhere you should be."

Unfazed by his tone, Giada was calm when she spoke next, "There will be an event at Cirrus Manor next week. Come and bring Wynn with you." One of her bodyguards politely handed him a golden invitation as she spoke. Its cover was decorated with clouds and butterflies, thus drawing emphasis to its subtle extravagance. Taking the invitation, Philip replied nonchalantly,

"We'll see." He did not want to accept the invitation, but this was Giada

Wallis he was dealing with. In the end, Philip took the invitation anyway. It was too early to show his hand.

Chapter 280

Giada smiled right as Philip was about to leave. "Aren't you curious about what Wynn Johnston and I were talking about, Philip?" The temperature of the room seemed to drop significantly with that one sentence. Furious, Philip turned to punch Giada. Unfortunately, all eight of her bodyguards formed a wall between them. "Move!" Philip roared, flames of fury burning in his eyes. Yet the eight bodyguards only averted their gaze downward, not moving an inch. Giada was who they took orders from. Philip might be the Clarke's young master, but he was not the man of the house. As such, he had no right to give orders. "I apologize, Young Master, but we have our orders," said the head of the bodyguards. Philip frowned and kicked the man. "Fck you!" Giada smiled. Putting on her pair of sunglasses, she left with her bodyguards behind her. Standing by the window of the resting area, Philip watched as Giada got into a Rolls-Royce at the entrance. With three black Mercedes-Benz S-Class sedans both in front and behind, all seven vehicles left the hospital. Giada Wallis, a woman whose entrance had to outdo

everyone. Perhaps what happened was Giada's version of a warning, or it was an act of provocation. So what if Philip Clarke was the future heir? As long as he had yet to take full control over the family, he was merely a young master to Giada. "Philip? What's wrong?" Coincidentally, Wynn decided to come to look for him. With both her arms crossed in front of her, she strolled toward Philip worriedly. Philip was quick to rein his emotions in and replied with a smile, "Nothing. Did Mila make a fuss today?" Philip brushed shoulders with Wynn as he motioned to return to the hospital room. However, Wynn placed a hand against Philip's shoulders before he could walk past. With glimmering eyes, she asked, "Who's Giada Wallis?" The couple stared at one another as Philip searched for his voice to answer. After a while only did Philip reply, "Wynn, to tell you the truth, she's a relative of mine. She came over to Riverdale for business, and having heard about my situation, she probably just came over to take a look." Wynn frowned as she searched Philip's eyes for any traces of a lie. Satisfied, she let go and nodded. "Alright. Let's go check on Mila." "Don't worry, okay? It's going to be alright." Philip caressed her cheek before turning to leave. Left alone, Wynn sat on one of the resting area's chairs. She was deep in thought. After a long moment, she fetched out the quaintly designed name card from her pocket to examine. Made of gold, the back of the card had a cloud design engraved on it and the name 'Wallis' 3D-printed in front. A gold name card was not something one would find in any other family. Giada had told her too that if she was open to answering any questions she had on Philip, all she needed to do was bring this card to any store in Riverdale with the 'Wallis' flag. Wynn Johnston was confused. Philip was hiding something from her, but what? Having made up her mind, Wynn returned to the hospital room as well. Tonight was doomed to be a sleepless night. Both Philip and Wynn laid back to back on the other hospital bed in the room despite having no intention to fall asleep. Philip received a call from Howard the next day with the latter sounding especially energetic and excited. "I-I'm not dreaming, am I Philip? Someone told me this morning that I've become the new chairman for Lush Harvest Group..." Philip walked out of the room only to see Wynn getting ready in the bathroom in her shorts from the corner of his eye. Closing the door for her, he walked out of the hospital room and arrived at the hospital's garden. "That should be right." "Holy sht! So... So last night wasn't a dream?" Howard was as shocked as he was excited. Memories of last night resurfaced—how he had blown it off with Ruby but in turn, gained himself a company and became a millionaire.

It was all thanks to Philip's one phone call. "No, it's not a dream. It's all real, so take your time and enjoy this new life of a millionaire, yeah? Maybe enrich yourself a little more too. This is your company now, after all." Philip smiled, sitting on a bench. Having passed the initial craze, Howard asked,

"But how Philip? How did you do it? You're hiding something from me,

aren't you buddy?" Habitually touching his nose, Philip mulled over how he should answer his friend.

"Uh, well, my family's kind of rich, I guess.

Like top-notch rich, richer than any Wang Sicong, Tiger, Mr. Zach, or Jack Ma. I've just never said anything. I'll tell you more next time, but you have to keep this a secret, especially from Wynn and Mila, got it?" Seated in his rented apartment, Howard's head was in the clouds. It was ringing in shock.

"Then aren't you like, super rich?" Philip smiled. "I'm okay, I guess. My debit cards have like 100 billion

each? And my family owns 70% of the world's wealth, I think." Philip would gladly show his hand if it meant for Howard to feel at ease. Yet, out of the blue! "Philip? What're you talking about? What 100 billion?" Behind him came a sweet voice that scared the living lights out of Philip! Whipping his head around, he was met with the sight of Wynn in a black dress that hugged her body in all the right places.

Her long legs were revealed at the hem of the dress. Her ivory white flesh contrasted the black of her clothes. Wynn had natural makeup on, and she was walking toward a dazed Philip with breakfast in her hands. There was a suspicious look in her eyes. "What 70% of the world's wealth?"

Chapter 281

Fck! Where did Wynn come from? Suddenly nervous, cold sweat began to form on his forehead as Philip hung up the call and smiled. "Wynn! What're you doing out here?" Handing Philip his breakfast, Wynn stared amusedly at her husband who had begun to profusely perspire. Crossing her arms and her legs, she stared at Philip with mock arrogance and asked, "So, what's this about 100 billion and 70% of the world's wealth again?" Philip was nervous as he fumbled with his hands, not knowing where to put them. 'Oh no! 'Could this be the end of the lie?' Philip stood up. "Okay. I'll tell you the truth!" Strongly gripping onto Wynn's shoulders, Philip's eyes shone with overzealous excitement. "Wynn. I, Philip Clarke, am actually one of the richest heirs in the world. My family is very rich and very powerful, and I'm given an allowance of 100 billion!" 'What?' Wynn was stunned. She was blinking confoundedly at him before her blank stares turned into fuming glares. "What on earth! Stop kidding around, it's not funny." How could she believe that? Placing her hand on Philip's forehead before touching her own, Wynn murmured, "You're not burning up either. What's with all the bullsht so early in the morning? "Nevermind. Take care of Mila today, I still have work to do. The company needs me to deal with a contract with some pharmaceutical factory." With that, Wynn turned to leave. However, she turned back around after a few steps to glare at Philip and gently reminded. "Eat your breakfast." Chuckling foolheartedly, Philip's hand went to scratch the back of his head. "Got it. Be careful, okay?" After watching Wynn leave, Philip finally let out a sigh of relief.

Thank goodness for his fast reflexes, or that would truly have been the end of his lie. Thank goodness no one believed the truth. Finishing his hearty breakfast, Philip spent a while playing with Mila before a call from Martha pulled him away. He had no idea what his mother-in-law's intentions were, for she had not said anything in the call. Taking a detour to Northern Sky first, Philip then drove his Ferrari toward the Old Johnston Manor. Of course, instead of parking at the entrance, he opted for a car park around the area. After bringing the car to a stop, he walked his way to the Old Johnston Manor. At the same time, Lynn Johnston was happily shopping with her classmates at a nearby mall. From afar, Lynn's jaw dropped when she saw Philip alight the Ferrari. 'Holy sh*t! 'Philip driving a Ferrari? 'Or am I mistaken?' "Lynn? What's wrong? What're you looking at?" asked a girl with pigtails whose sharp canines peeked out as she spoke. The girl had a cute pink school bag hitched on her back and was wearing white stockings on her legs. Lynn hugged herself and frowned. "I have a few things to do, so you guys might want to go ahead first. I'll come and look for you guys again tomorrow!" The boys and girls had no

qualms, so they all went their own ways. With that, Lynn walked toward the Ferrari and turned her back toward it after taking a few good looks around. Pouting her lips, she took a cute looking selfie and posted it to flaunt on her WeChat Moments. 'My

boyfriend's new Ferrari! Suck it, guys!' Satisfied with her post, Lynn sat her butt down on the engine and began to play with her phone. On the other end, Philip had arrived at the Old Johnston Manor. After entering the doors, he found Martha Yates and Aunt Paula chatting with each other. "Martha, I don't want to be the devil's advocate here, but how do you plan to buy the hillside villa with the little money you have? Impossible! They've even increased the price now. You'll need at least 15 million!" Paula sat on the sofa, her eyebrow twitching extravagantly. Beside her was an LV handbag while her wrist was donned with expensive jewelry. Martha laughed dryly.

"Who said anything about buying the villa, Sister? I don't have that money."

Martha was pissed ever since the moment she heard about the price inflating to 15 million. Especially since her sister had come all the way here to laugh in her face, even bringing her son-in-law over to flaunt as well. Martha was infuriated. "Oh? Still trying to lie to your sister, are you, Martha? The hillside villa you had your eyes on belongs to my son-in-law's company. So I knew the moment you asked about the villa." Arrogance oozed out of Paula in waves. Paula had long known about the incident involving Martha asking about the hillside villa and getting hit for it. She had anxiously rushed back to check on her sister and perhaps make fun of her a little as well. She had only heard the first half of the story and was completely oblivious as to what happened afterward. The fact that her sister knew about it made Martha feel as if she had lost all dignity. When she saw Philip enter the room, she unleashed her fury on him. "What are you doing there? Go get me a new pot of water." Philip had no other choice but to hum a sound of affirmation before he left to boil a new pot of water in the kitchen.

Chapter 282

Paula flicked a glance at Philip. Amused by his timid and obedient display, she could not help her sarcasm. "You have such a good son-in-law.

Although he's not promising, he's good at doing housework. You can be relaxed because of that." Martha was angry when she heard this and

promptly cursed. "He's nothing but a useless piece of trash. So what if he can do the housework? If he's half as good as Frank, I won't have to suffer so much and live in this old manor with Charles." Paula's eyes narrowed with a smile. When she saw Philip walking over with the tea, she deliberately loosened her hold on the cup, making hot water spill all over Philip's hands. The boiling hot water instantly burned Philip's skin a fiery red! The cup also shattered with a loud crack. "Oh dear, I'm so sorry. The cup was too hot, and I didn't hold it properly. Philip, I hope your hands are alright." Paula pretended to be concerned. Philip clenched his teeth in pain and forced out a smile. "It's fine." After that, he quickly ran into the kitchen and soaked his hands in cold water, but a huge blister had already formed!

The pain was excruciating! Philip's eyes were cold as he stood in the kitchen. How could he not notice that Paula had done it on purpose? In the living room, Paula had already forgotten about Philip and turned to Martha instead. "Well then, since you've already asked for my help, I'll get Frank to help and see if he can get an internal discount or something." With that said, Paula leaned back on the sofa and fiddled with the jewelry on her hand, waiting for Martha to beg for help. She continued, "Martha, it's not that I want to reprimand you, but you really shouldn't have allowed Wynn to marry Philip back then. Now see how much you're regretting it." When Paula said this, she totally did not consider if Philip could hear her from the kitchen. So what if he could? He was nothing but a wimp. At the same time, Philip walked out of the kitchen. He had already applied some medication for his burns before he returned to the living room. He said with a smile,

"Aunt Paula, please don't worry about the villa. I've already bought a house.

If you're interested, you can come to visit our new home later." Both Paula and Martha were stunned by his words. Martha did not expect that Philip would still brag and joke about this matter at a time like this. Thus, Martha glared furiously at Philip, picked up a book on the table, and flung it at him while cursing. "Philip, no one will think you're a mute if you don't speak.

Now, get lost at once!" "Mom, I've really bought a house. I've told you last

time. In a few more days, all of us can move in," Philip said while he bent over to pick the book up from the floor. Paula was indifferent. She looked at Philip dubiously before mocking with a sneer. "Martha, your son-in-law has learned to brag now? This isn't good, you know. He'll turn bad pretty soon." "Yes, you're absolutely right." Martha could not do anything except glare daggers at Philip. However, in the next second, Paula stood up with her handbag in tow and said, "Well then, since the son-in-law has already said so, let's set a date for us to visit your new home then." Crack! Martha's heart shattered into pieces. She was full of anger but had nowhere to vent.

She glared vehemently at Philip, stood up, and slapped him across the face with a screech. "Get lost! Who told you to open your big mouth!" Philip chuckled and said that once Mila was discharged from the hospital, they would move into the new home together. This made Martha so angry that she cursed him for a long time even after his figure had disappeared. After Philip left, Paula pretended to be rueful and said to Martha, "Martha, this son-in-law of yours is really no good. You must teach him a good lesson.

However, since he has already said so, I'm really curious to see what sort of house he has bought." Paula left. Soon after that, she told her husband, daughter, and son-in-law about this matter. At the same time, she also notified many relatives about it, saying that once Mila was discharged from the hospital, they should all visit Martha at their new home. The family members obviously just wanted to see their humiliation. This incident made Martha extremely angry, and she immediately fell ill for many days after that. However, she was unable to reverse the situation. After Philip left the Old Johnston Manor and walked toward the parking lot, he was just about to take out the key to the Ferrari when a graceful girl appeared and hugged him from behind. She said cheerfully, "Philip, you've really concealed yourself well. You're even driving a Ferrari now." Lynn Johnston? When Philip turned around, he saw Lynn with her arms crossed over her chest, looking at him with a smirk on her face. The clothes she wore today

revealed her belly button. Her pants also exposed her pale and slender waist. She had exquisite makeup on her face. During the hug just now, he felt the softness on his back which felt very real. This little girl had developed well. "What are you doing here?" Philip asked dubiously. With a phone in her hand, Lynn played a short video which was the scene of Philip about to get into the car. She then threatened with a smile. "Philip, if my cousin sees this, what will she think?"

Chapter 283

Philip raised his eyebrows and watched the video in Lynn's hand. He reached out to grab the phone. "What do you want?" Philip asked. Lynn was not coy about it. She grabbed Philip's arm and smiled intimately. "I was tight-lipped about your business last time, so this time, how do I put it... I should receive some hush money from you." Philip frowned and looked at Lynn. This girl had plastered her body against his, and her provocative demeanor made him short of breath. "Just say it, what do you want?" Philip asked. "Let me drive the car around for a couple of days." Lynn did not beat around the bush and reached out for the key. It was a Ferrari, a car she had never driven before. If she drove it to school, it would be flashy as hell!

Hence, she would borrow the Ferrari from Philip today no matter what.

Philip frowned, thought about it for a moment, and shook his head before saying, "No way, the car isn't mine." Lynn immediately became anxious and said, "Not yours? Philip, this joke isn't funny. Who would ever lend you this car?" Could it be that Philip did not want to lend her the car, so he made such an excuse on purpose? "It's really not mine." "Well, I don't care.

I want the car. If you don't lend it to me, I'll send the video to Wynn and even tell her about what happened the last time." Lynn was angry. She sat haughtily on the hood of the car, clearly indicating that she would not budge from the spot. Philip was helpless. He looked around before taking out the key and throwing it to Lynn. "Okay, I'll let you drive it for two days, only two days. You'll have to return it to me after that. This car really doesn't belong to me." Lynn totally did not pay any heed to Philip's words. She was

simply ecstatic when she received the key from Philip. She could hardly wait to get into the driver's seat before she yelled excitedly, "Philip, get in the car. I'll take you for a ride." Philip smiled bitterly before he got into the car. The two of them drove around the city before Lynn sent Philip to the hospital and took off again. Staring at the direction Lynn had disappeared into, Philip could only shake his head. In the afternoon, Philip played with Mila for a long while, but most of the time, it was Philip making faces at her and telling her stories. The little gold bracelet given by Giada yesterday was already being worn on Mila's hand. Philip felt a wave of sadness as he looked at it. It had belonged to his mother. It had been seven years since he last visited his mother's cemetery. He did a horrible job as her son. He had no choice. His mother's final resting place was not an ordinary place. It was Roger Clarke who personally bought a piece of land measuring tens of thousands of hectares. It was built in imitation of an ancient

imperial tomb.

Now, the cemetery was heavily guarded by Giada's people. After leaving the ward, he came to the convalescent garden. Philip sat on the long bench and did not speak for a long time. In his hand, there was a phone that no one else had ever seen before. He hesitated for a long while before finally dialing a string of numbers. About ten seconds later, the call connected. A bland male voice could be heard. There was not much emotion, but it gave people an imposing feeling. He respectfully said, "Young Master, what are your orders?" Philip asked calmly, "How are the preparations?" "Everything's ready. I'm awaiting Young Master's instructions," the voice replied respectfully. "Good," Philip said, "Nothing can go wrong. The Wallis family must be destroyed. In a few days, you should attend the banquet held at the Cirrus Manor. We'll meet there." "Yes, Young Master." Philip hung up and stared at the glow of the setting sun on the horizon, unable to calm his emotions. In order to deal with Giada and the Wallis family, he had been preparing for 13 years. Since he was 12, he had spent six years investigating the cause of his mother's death. At the age of 18, he struck an agreement with Giada and left the Clarke family. It took him another four years to

disappear and integrate himself into the lower echelons of society and bore the infamy of being a wastrel for three years. Initially, Philip thought he could let go of everything because he had Wynn and Mila. However, Giada's sudden visit yesterday sounded the alarm for Philip. This woman had never thought about letting him go. The Wallis family had a hidden agenda. In that case, the sharp sword that he had concealed for so many years would now be hung over Giada's head, over the heads of the entire Wallis family! The Clarke family would forever hold the last name of Clarke! Philip's eyes became darker as the atmosphere surrounding him grew chill. Philip was willing to remain anonymous for the sake of Wynn and Mila. Now, however, he had no other choice. Giada had started to cross the line.

Chapter 284

Back to Wynn. Today, she dressed up and came to the Hutten Pharmaceutical Factory at the south district of Riverdale for a business cooperation discussion with the manufacturers. Since the cooperation with Turner's Second Hospital had started, Beacon needed to look for more pharmaceutical factories to produce drugs for them. Hutten Pharmaceutical Factory was the largest manufacturer in Riverdale, and the boss behind the scenes was quite influential. Not only did they have factories in Riverdale, but also branches all over the country. This was a testimonial to their strong base. In the past, Beacon was not qualified to cooperate with Hutten. Now, everything was different. With Turner's Second Hospital's reputation, Beacon was now qualified. "Oh dear, VP Johnston has come here personally. Why didn't you tell me? I could've gone to pick you up personally." Wynn walked into the 13-story building of the Hutten Pharmaceutical Factory and met Jared Hutt, the owner of Hutten, in the chairman's office. He was a well-known entrepreneur in Riverdale. He was a representative in the system and had also made it into the Hoff's richest list. Speaking of Jared Hutt, his father-in-law must also be mentioned. He

was a high-ranking bigwig in Capital City with unfathomable power. Over the years, under the protection of his father-in-law, Jared's pharmaceutical factory had been flourishing. It was firm in its standing as

one of the top ten businesses nationwide. His wife was also a strong career woman with many companies. She dabbled in real estate, film and entertainment, cultural communications, and other fields. It could be said that Jared Hutt was a very successful son-in-law who had most definitely won the favor of his father-in-law. Wynn smiled and stretched out her hand for a handshake. "Mr. Hutt, you're such a busy man. How can I ask you to pick me up?" Jared shook hands with Wynn and stared at her fixedly. He even took a few more glances. This woman was truly beautiful as mentioned in the rumors. A rare beauty indeed. That aura of elegance was simply too enticing. "Umm, Mr.

Hutt." Wynn was a little embarrassed and tried to pull her hand back. Jared returned to his senses and quickly laughed. "Oh dear, VP Johnston is such a beautiful woman. I've been captivated by your aura." Wynn just smiled faintly, but she was more guarded now. Before she came here, Mindy had already warned her that Jared Hutt was not a good person. He was an old pervert. Over the years, he had fooled around with countless women, both openly and secretly. Basically, all the female secretaries hired by the company had been played by him. His wife turned one blind eye to his activities. After all, she had her fair share of boy toys too. This couple had already lost their feelings for each other, but they did not resort to divorce because they wanted to maintain their business relationships and reputation.

Jared personally made tea for Wynn, and they chatted for a long time. The more they chatted, the more fascinated Jared was with Wynn and the more he felt the itch in his heart. It was a pity that this sort of woman was married to a useless man. Jared's eyes traveled from Wynn's white ankles and moved slowly upward until they reached those alluring red lips. Superb! Her voice was also very sweet and beguiling. Swallowing dryly, Jared did not even hear what Wynn was saying. He sat down next to her, seemingly pouring tea for Wynn. Then, he placed one unruly hand on Wynn's thigh

and said with a smile, "Miss Johnston, we'll discuss business later. Let me take you out for dinner tonight." Wynn vigilantly removed Jared's hand, changed her sitting posture, and said, "Mr. Hutt, let's talk business first.

Once we have reached an agreement, we can have a celebration dinner then." With that said, Wynn took out her phone as if she was checking the time, but in fact, she was sending a message to Philip. She only thought of Philip. He was the only person who could give her a sense of security. Jared touched his hand and felt the residual warmth on it. He leaned back against the leather sofa, his beer-belly in prominent display. He said with a smile,

"Miss Johnston, I have an unwritten rule that we should first eat and drink before discussing business. If you can't do this, then I don't think we can continue our discussion. My Hutten Pharmaceutical Factory is not short of business partners. In my eyes, Beacon Pharmaceutical is not qualified enough just yet." Jared looked at Wynn, his mind already up to no good.

Too beautiful. She was simply the goddess of his dreams! Without being able to enjoy the taste of such a woman, Jared felt on edge. It was as if ants were gnawing at his heart. "What's wrong, Miss Johnston? Don't worry.

It's just a meal," Jared reached out for Wynn's small hands as he said with a lewd smile. Wynn forced

out a smile, pulled her hands away, stood up, and bowed. "Mr. Hutt, it looks like we can't work together after all." Old pervert! Seeing that Wynn was prepared to leave, Jared felt as if this chick was about to fly the coop. Jared got anxious, and his face changed into a menacing look. His voice became sharp, and he rushed up to Wynn wildly before hugging her from behind. "Miss Johnston, don't leave. Since you're already here, let's have a good talk and be frank with each other. Let's do it this way. As long as you sleep with me for one night, I'll give you as many orders you want." Jared hugged Wynn tightly like a boorish beast and attempted to kiss Wynn's neck from behind. In his eyes, there had never been a woman he could not lay his hands on! "Let go of me! Help!" Wynn tried to struggle, but she was not a match for Jared. She could not muster

any strength at all. Besides, she felt dizzy and was gradually losing control of her body. The tea had been drugged!

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Wynn panicked. She never thought the other party would be so bold and beastly! He did this in broad daylight! "Help me!" Wynn cried for help desperately, but her body was getting weaker. She could not gather enough energy until finally, her body seemed to have fallen apart. She felt extremely sick, and her vision gradually blurred. At this moment, the door was pushed open. Two security guards rushed in and asked anxiously, "Mr. Hutt, what happened..." "Get lost!" Jared roared furiously and flung the tea set at them.

The two guards saw this scene, and in unison, lowered their heads before exiting the office tacitly. They even locked the door behind them reflexively. They were used to this kind of thing since they would deal with it once every two or three days. At the same time, Philip, who was at the hospital, received the text message from Wynn. His expression changed instantly. Wynn's text was very simple, just a request for him to pick her up from Hutten Pharmaceutical Factory. Without any hesitation, Philip hailed a cab and headed there. While he was on the way, Jared already had complete control over Wynn. He carried her over to the sofa and gazed in rapture at the flushed and delicate beauty in front of him. "Miss Johnston, let's face each other frankly and have in-depth interactions. Don't worry, we will cooperate afterward." With his depravity totally fired up, Jared smiled lewdly, rubbed his hands, and started undoing Wynn's buttons under her collar. With two buttons undone, two beautiful arcs wrapped in undergarments could be seen. Wynn was extremely agitated. She struggled to shield her chest. She pushed at Jared desperately and shouted in a slur,

"Mr. Hutt, please, let go of me. I have a husband and child..." Tears dripped from the corners of Wynn's eyes. Her whole body trembled in fear.

However, she could not muster any strength at all. At this moment, she was helpless and pitiful. "I've heard of that useless husband of yours. What's so

good about him anyway? As long as you agree to become my mistress, I'll promise that you'll have a

lavish life and no shortage of money.” Jared did not stop his actions. He licked his dry lips as his eyes widened. His breathing turned rapid as well. Bang! “Jared Hutt!” Suddenly, the office door was kicked open violently! Jared fell to the ground in fright. When he saw that person, he got up quickly and approached her humbly. Nervously, he said,

“Honey, why are you here?” She was Jared Hutt’s wife, Sandy Logan! The Logan family was one of the eight big families in Capital City! Sandy Logan was the only daughter of Cayman Logan. Cayman Logan was the family head, a bigwig in Capital City. He traveled around with an old-fashioned Audi A6L with a license plate of CC A80! Within the family, there were nobles who walked the imperial study, influential magnates in various industries, royalty with noses up in the air, and elegant and distinguished gentlemen of aristocrats! In other words, the Logan family was certainly a major force to be reckoned with! Sandy walked into the room with a frosty expression. She glanced at Wynn on the sofa and sneered. “Very well, Jared Hutt, you dare to fool around in your office in broad daylight now. Do you expect me to wipe your ss for you?” Jared was very nervous as sweat beaded on his forehead. He hurried to explain. “Dear, don’t be angry. It’s just a misunderstanding.” Of course, Jared was scared. His wife was the apple of Old Master Logan’s eyes. If the Old Master found out about it, he would be dead for sure. Maybe even without a whole corpse. Moreover, Sandy had always been more dominant than Jared. To put it bluntly, he was married into the Logan family, but he had achieved many accomplishments over the years and won the favor of the old man. Although they enjoyed their own fun, if this matter was exposed, everyone’s reputation would be impacted. “Honey, you’ve misunderstood. It’s her. It’s this slt who seduced me. She wanted to discuss business with me at first, but for some reason, she just pounced on me and said that she wants to accompany me so that I can cooperate with her.” When he said this, Jared was not embarrassed at all and even glared several times at Wynn who was still lying on the sofa

feeling sick. “Is that so?” Sandy glared at Jared coldly, and the latter lowered his head while cold sweat dripped from his forehead like a waterfall.

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“Hold this little btch up for me!” Sandy said coldly, and her followers behind her immediately pulled Wynn up from the sofa. Smack! Wynn was greeted with an angry slap. The corners of her lips cracked open from the impact and blood slowly flowed down. “Little btch, since you dare seduce my husband, then I’ll kill you in front of him today!” Sandy cursed, and at the same time, she instructed her followers to take a video of the scene.

Another slap landed on Wynn’s face. She glared viciously at Jared and said,

“I’ll show the vixens who dare to run into your office every day! Let’s see who will dare to come in again.” Sandy wanted to seize the bull by the horns and settle this once and for all! After about a dozen whacks on her face, both sides of Wynn’s cheeks were red and swollen with blood in her mouth. She was totally unable to withstand such a beating, and her whole body trembled violently from the pain.

“No... I didn’t...” Wynn said weakly while shaking her head. “You still dare to talk back?” Sandy’s eyes turned stony. She grabbed Wynn’s hair, twisted it harshly, and cuffed her twice again. At the same time, she reached for the tea on the table and splashed it on Wynn’s face while cursing fiercely. “I know you’re a vixen with just one glance.

Your whole body stinks of one. Seduce my husband? I’ll kill you today, you slit!” Slap! “You really have the gall to sell your body for business opportunities, right? Who told you to come here? Which company do you work for? What a fcking slit!” Smack! “Your face looks good but you dare do something so disgusting. Are other people’s husbands better? Are you not getting fcked enough or are you just itching for more?” Bash! Bang!

Sandy hit her a few more times until she was tired. By this time, Wynn’s face was already full of palm-prints, and with her hair hanging down, she looked very innocent. Jared’s mouth twitched as his heart filled with fear at the sight of Wynn getting beaten up. Despite that, when he saw Sandy tired

from all the beating, he quickly served tea to her with a simpering smile.

“Honey, have a drink.” Sandy reached out for the tea and took a sip before saying coldly, “You two, bring this btch to the square below so that everyone in the company can see what this btch looks like!” When Jared heard this, he knew everything was doomed. “Dear, there’s no need to go this far. Maybe she’s just too eager for this business opportunity. Let’s spare her,” Jared steeled himself and said. “Why, are you feeling sorry for this vixen now?” Sandy said grimly. “No, of course not...” Jared immediately shook his head back and forth. Soon, Wynn was dragged like a dead dog by two of Sandy’s followers to the square on the first floor of the pharmaceutical factory. She instantly attracted the attention of hundreds of employees who were now watching the spectacle. “I heard this woman seduced Mr. Hutt and was caught red-handed by Miss Logan. She really deserves it!” “Haha, just kill her and be done with it! This sort of woman ought to be beaten to death! Miss Logan did the right thing!” The onlookers were discussing this matter at length. “Fcking btch! I heard she wanted to use her body and beg Mr. Hutt to cooperate with our factory. She’s such a loose woman!” Everyone stared incredulously at Wynn who was tied to a pole in the middle of the square. They were condemning her mercilessly.

With tears at the corners of her eyes, Wynn sobbed softly. “No... I didn’t...”

No one heard her. Even if they did, they would pretend not to. They were all employees in the factory, so how could they not be aware of the hanky-panky stuff that their chairman was up to? This woman was merely at the wrong place at the wrong time. It was truly unfortunate. “Ah!” Wynn wailed in pain. Sandy grasped her hair, showed her face to everybody, and said frostily, “Take a good look, this is what a sltty btch looks like!” This was the most direct and overwhelming approach. As everyone watched, they did not even dare to draw a loud breath. She was beaten up really horribly. At the same time, Philip arrived at Hutten Pharmaceutical Factory in a cab. At the entrance of the factory, he heard all sorts of cursing and commotion inside. “Hey, Mister, what’s going on inside?” Philip asked the door security

as he passed a cigarette to him. The old doorman took the cigarette and shook his head regretfully. "There's a woman who seduced Mr. Hutt and was caught red-handed by our lady boss. She was beaten up terribly and is currently on display to the public. "Aye, the lady is so pretty too and speaks kindly. How could she do such a thing?" The old doorman sighed again.

Philip nodded and looked in the direction where the crowd had gathered.

Suddenly, a sharp wail was heard, "I didn't!" That was... Wynn's voice!!!

Comments (2)

Antonio Jr Apique

it's so redundant wynn always beaten in this story...every time she has a contract signing...

Xeshan

What a pity Wynn slapped and slapped

[VIEW ALL COMMENTS](#)

Chapter 287

Like a madman, Philip rushed into the crowd. When he saw Wynn being tied to a wooden post and hanging by her arms, he completely went berserk!

Raging anger overtook Philip as his eyes reddened. He rushed up and kicked the abdomen of the middle-aged woman who was pulling at Wynn's hair and cursing her wildly. The force of this kick was so heavy that Sandy flew a few meters in the air before falling with a loud thud. Philip released Wynn's hands from the cuffs. The skin on her pale wrist was rubbed raw and had turned a fiery red. He stared at Wynn lying weakly in his arms. Her face was covered with injuries, and the temperature around him dropped to a freezing point. Aura! It was an aura so intense that everyone swallowed nervously and found it difficult to breathe! At this very moment, the entire square filled with hundreds of people fell into dead silence! Everyone stared at this man who rushed in suddenly and was absolutely astounded by him.

What a strong murderous intent! "Wynn... Why is this..." With Wynn almost unconscious in his arms, tears of regret and pain flowed from Philip's

eyes. "Why, why did they treat you like this?" "Fck! Who the hell is this guy? He dares to kick Miss Logan!" "Security! Catch him at once!" "Kill him! He dares to hit Miss Logan. Don't let him escape!" A few people came back to their senses. Driven by group frenzy, they wanted to rush in and bash Philip up.

“Phil... Philip... You’re here... Painful, so tired. I...” Wynn whispered weakly. She had wounds on her face and was bleeding from the corners of her mouth. She reached out with trembling hands and tried to touch Philip’s face. “Take me away. I don’t want to stay here anymore. I want to go home... Go home... Mila...” Tears from the corners of Wynn’s eyes rolled down like shattering beads. Argh! He was livid! Philip held Wynn in his arms and roared up to the sky. At this moment, his anger was like an invisible dragon, shaking everyone at the core of their souls! That roar was like thunder on the flat ground, and the sky was suddenly covered with dark and surging clouds! Boom! A muffled thunder rumbled, frightening everyone. It seemed as if God was venting His frustration on Philip’s behalf. “You’re the wife of Philip Clarke. In this lifetime, no one can bully you like this, never! I want them to realize that in this world, anyone who dares to touch you will be destroyed by me! Even God will tremble and bow before me!” “What are you standing around for? Tie this lunatic up at once!” “This guy is crazy to be bragging like this.” The surrounding employees pointed at them and laughed as they felt that Philip was being a fool. On the other side, Sandy stood up with Jared’s help. Her face was pale as her stomach roiled in pain. With her stubby fingers, she pointed at Philip and shouted furiously, “Hit him! Beat him to death! He dares to kick me, he must be courting death!” Jared was also very angry because his wife was kicked. He immediately led a team of security and pounced on Philip. However, at this time, Philip’s aura exploded with freezing killing intent. It pierced through the audience like a tangible sword. He put Wynn down gently before standing up. A pair of stony eyes stared at Sandy. Then, he rushed at her. In his eyes, the security guards in front of her posed no threat to him whatsoever. Bang! Thud! Slam! With ease, Philip took care of the few guards who were all kicked and now sprawled on the ground unmoving. It was unknown if they were still alive or dead. Then, with one swing of his fist, he slammed a punch into Sandy’s face! Crack! It was the crisp sound of a broken nose bone. Before Sandy could call out for help, she was already punched in the face with blood spurting from her nose! “You... A pathetic fool like you dares to hit me?!” Sandy shielded her face quickly, blood dripping from between her fingers. She could not believe it. No one had ever laid a finger on her for more than 40 years, but she was hit today. In her current status and position, how dare the pathetic guy in front of her lift his hand against her? “Fck! He’s mad! He’s going to be dead!”

“Finished! With that punch of his, neither he nor the woman can hope to leave now.” “What’s more, their entire families will fall into the darkest hour. That’s our Miss Logan with the most ruthless methods. Her father is Old Master Logan, a bigwig in Capital City. Even Mayor Sanders is a disciple of the Logan family.” “He’s doomed for sure! Old Master Logan’s adopted son, Sean Logan, is currently in Riverdale. He’s the head of Green Dragon Court!” The onlookers discussed and shook their heads helplessly, feeling sorry for Philip. With just one punch, this guy ruined his entire family. They would be buried with him. “Fck! You hit my wife! I’ll kill you!” Jared knew he had to perform well this time, so he rushed forward and swung his fists. Thud! With a high kick, Philip swept his leg at Jared’s head. The force of the kick was great. Jared’s head immediately went fuzzy, and with a loud thump, he landed with both knees on the ground! “Hubby!” Sandy was shocked. She rushed over, glared menacingly at Philip, and shouted, “You’re dead! I’ll ask my brother to kill you and bury you with that btch. We’ll destroy your family! My brother’s Green Dragon Court will hunt down your entire family, even your relatives and your family’s ancestral graves. I’ll dig everything up! I’ll feed all the ashes to the dogs!”

Sandy shrieked hysterically. She had never been hit since young. Today, getting hit like this, she was so angry that she had lost her mind. The only thing in her mind now was to kill Philip and that little b*tch! "They're dead!"

The kill order of Green Dragon Court! Sean Logan is a devil who kills without batting an eyelash!" "I've heard that the Green Dragon Court is a major force in Capital City. Even someone like Theo Zander has to give them some leeway!" "Of course, they're not on the same level at all. And Old Master Logan is standing behind the Green Dragon Court!" The crowd had reached a boiling point. Everyone felt sorry for Philip and started to shout at him, "Hey, man, quickly kneel down and beg Miss Logan for her forgiveness. Otherwise, your entire family will be dead for sure." However, Philip was not afraid at all.

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Green Dragon Court? Stop him and they would be destroyed! The Logan family? Stop him and they would be destroyed! Bigwig of Capital City?

Stop him and he would be destroyed! Today, anyone who dared to stop Philip would be destroyed! So what if he caused upheaval to Riverdale and Capital City? Offend Wynn and they would be destroyed! Suddenly! Philip leaned forward and grabbed Sandy by her hair. His eyes were red with anger. Slap! Smack! Two slaps and four of Sandy's teeth were knocked out!

Then, with a single back throw, Philip threw a lady like Sandy Logan who weighed little more than 150 catties directly to the ground. It was followed by a kick on her abdomen. Urgh! Sandy retched immediately, her stomach roiling in waves. All the abalone, shark's fin, and lobster that she ate for lunch were thrown up. "Starting from today, Hutten Pharmaceutical Factory will announce its closure!" With his foot still on Sandy, Philip looked around the crowd and declared coldly. His thunderous voice shocked everyone. "Fck! He's really not afraid to die!" "Hutten Pharmaceutical Factory is a company highly valued by the Logan family. Who is he to speak such grand words?" Everyone murmured softly. "Bstard, you're dead! I'm Sandy Logan of the Logan family, my father is Cayman Logan! For hitting me today, I'll annihilate you!" Sandy struggled to get up from the ground.

She was supported by a few employees. Her face was now full of injuries.

She had never suffered so much indignity before in her life. Sandy was almost deranged with anger. She gnashed her teeth while staring at Philip and groped for her phone. "Brother... Come to the factory quickly, I was beaten! Four of my teeth have been knocked out! Bring your men, those from the Green Dragon Court. Come here at once! I want to kill them! Kill all of them!" Everyone sucked in a breath of cold air when they heard that!

It was completely over. Sandy's brother, the adopted son of Old Master Logan, Sean Logan, would be here soon! "People from the Green Dragon Court will be here too? That's one of the major forces in Capital City!" "Oh no! Today, that kid will be maimed for sure!" "It's over for sure. He's too impulsive. It's useless to beg for mercy now." Sandy threw her phone away angrily. Pointing at the security guards

who were scrambling to get up from the ground, she barked her orders fiercely, “Block the f*cking door for me.

“I’m going to watch the *sshole and the btch die in front of me today!” Today, Sandy wanted everyone to know that there would only be one end for those who provoked her—death! However, Philip was unmoved and looked at everything indifferently. After that, he quietly took out his phone. “Damn! What’s he doing? Is he calling for help?” “Idiot! In Riverdale, who can be more powerful than Sean Logan of the Green Dragon Court?” “Even if someone like Theo Zander came, they’d have to serve tea to Sean with a smile!” Everyone felt that Philip had gone crazy as a bat. He was only leading himself down the path of fire. Sandy also sneered coldly. How could a silly fool like him order others around? “Hello, Old Man George.” Philip had returned to Wynn’s side and was hugging her tightly in his arms. “Young Master, how can I help you?” On the phone, George’s voice sounded a little distressed. “I want the Logan family destroyed!” Philip said grimly. “Huh? The Logan family?” George got a shock. The Logans were one of the eight great families in Capital City, and Old Master Logan still held the reins. This was not something that could be done easily. “I need to make use of the family’s power. Today, I want the Logan family to disappear from the face of the earth!” Philip said. “What sort of power?” “I want to invoke the Displacement Order!” The Displacement Order must not be invoked unless it was a matter of life and death for the family or even the country! “The Displacement Order?!” George sucked in a breath of cold air and said anxiously, “Young Master, you mustn’t! The Displacement Order isn’t a joke. You’ll cause a major panic! Also, Madam Wallis is right next to me. She said...” “Giada Wallis? What did she say!” Philip frowned as his tone slowly dipped. “She said that from today on, if you don’t return to the family, you’ll have no right to make use of any of the family’s property and power.” Fck! Giada Wallis, she deserved to die! Philip was livid! He stared at Wynn lying weakly in his arms. Right from the start, if he had told Wynn about his identity and told the whole world that she was the young madam of the Clarke family, would she still be subjected to such humiliation and abuse? Philip was annoyed! He wanted to destroy the Logan family as a warning to everyone! “Tell Giada, if she dares to stop me from destroying the Logan family today, my agreement with her will be invalidated. Even if the entire Clarke family is at stake, the sharp sword hanging above them will fall tonight and obliterate the Wallis family! There won’t be any Wallises left in the world from then on!” Following that, Philip thundered into the phone, “Now, I want to invoke the family’s Displacement Order!”

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“Young Master, please listen to me...” George was very nervous that even his expression had changed. Nevertheless, the call was already disconnected. With cold sweat on his forehead, he glanced at Giada who was sitting on the sofa and said with a smile, “Madam Wallis, you heard him. This...” Giada simply looked coldly at George and said, “He wants to destroy the Logan family? Why?” She had no intention of destroying the Logan family because of the connections between the Clarke and Logan families. The sharp sword hanging above the Wallis family? Giada’s good-looking eyebrows dipped in a frown as her mouth turned up in a cold arc.

“Interesting. I didn’t expect that he’s not the useless wimp I thought of him for so many years.” George bowed at the waist as he tentatively probed.

“Madam Wallis, the Displacement Order?” “He’s being reckless and you still want to follow his orders? Do you know when a Displacement Order can be invoked?” Giada glowered as her aura intensified. George got so scared that his whole body was drenched in a cold sweat. With that said, she got up and prepared to leave. However, just at this moment, Giada’s phone rang. She frowned when she saw the unfamiliar number on the phone display. Her expression became slightly unnatural. “Hello, who is this?”

With Giada’s aura, even a few words and her tone could convey an unbeatable impression. “Miguel Wallis, at the age of 13, was involved in a gang-beating. The victim died of serious injuries. At age 15, he raped several.... At age 18...” As the low voice on the phone continued, every single charge involving Miguel was listed. At this moment, Giada’s body trembled as she clenched her phone tightly. With a twist of her eyebrows, her expression finally changed. Miguel Wallis, a fourth-generation member of the Wallis family and also the youngest son of Giada’s oldest brother. He was the favorite great-grandson of the patriarch of the Wallis family. Over the years, Miguel was spurred on by the power of the Wallis family and committed more than one or two heinous acts. However, his misdeeds were covered up every single time. Miguel was deeply doted by Patriarch Wallis and was also Giada’s favorite nephew. “Who are you?” Giada asked coldly.

“How much do you want?” On the phone, the low voice came to a halt and only spoke one sentence, “What the Young Master wants... You, Giada Wallis, will not stop it. Otherwise, Miguel Wallis won’t see the sun tomorrow.” Click! The call had been disconnected. At this moment, Giada felt chills up her spine. For the first time, her cold eyes were filled with killing intent toward Philip! That guy was really not fooling around with this! The next second, without any hesitation, Giada commanded George,

“Give him the Displacement Order.” There was no need for Giada to go to such lengths over a displacement order. Of course, she did not think that Miguel was the sharp sword hanging above the Wallis family. What exactly

had Philip planned? In the past 13 years, what preparations had he done?

With that said, Giada walked out of the chairman’s office while shrouded in an aura of chill. Back to Philip. He still held Wynn in his arms and was looking up at the sky. The dark clouds hanging low in the sky and the depressing pressure it brought with it made everyone present at the scene felt chills. Many people had goosebumps all over their bodies. “Did I hear it wrongly just now? What did he say? What family’s displacement order?”

“I don’t understand it either. He wants to destroy the Logan family? Is he right in the head?” “Ahem, I think he’s so scared that he has become delusional. That phone call was just a decoy. Another mentally-impaired person... What a pity.” “Hah, I can guarantee that once the people from the Green Dragon Court arrive, he’ll kneel and beg for mercy. I bet he’ll have his sht beaten out of him.” At this moment, everyone was heartily discussing this matter with various expressions. Some with contempt, some with

regret, some with hatred, and some with pity. It was also at this time that someone in the crowd shouted, "They're here! Sean Logan is here! It's the Green Dragon Court!" Then, everyone in the square turned their heads and stared at the electronic gate in unison. Everyone waited with bated breath! Once the electronic gates opened, a convoy of cars slowly entered. The leading car was a black Bentley! The vehicle that followed behind was the star attraction, a Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost with the iconic little statuette. It was the epitome of a luxurious identity and status! This customized version of the Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost was worth one billion! The design of the car was very symbolic. As soon as this car appeared, everyone knew that the person sitting inside had an extraordinary identity and status. This was simply a mobile vault! Following behind it were dozens of luxurious escorts—Cayenne, Maserati, Audi R8, Land Rover, and Maybach. All the top luxury cars! This was too overwhelming! Just this appearance was worth billions! Furthermore, the sleek luminance from the Rolls-Royce reflected the dim sky, giving it a fiery and awe-inspiring presence. Chapter 290 "What the fck! Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost, Maybach... They're all fcking luxurious cars!" "Awesome! Is this the Green Dragon Court? Theo Zander can't compare with them at all. They're the boss!" "Oh no, this kid is doomed today. He has provoked the Green Dragon Court. Just wait to collect his body now." On one side of the square, all the luxurious cars were parked. After that, the doors opened one after another. Dozens of men in black suits stepped out of the cars solemnly. They were all standing around the Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost respectfully, waiting for the master. This formation alone was frightening enough. It was exactly like the appearance of an Italian mafia! Subsequently, the door of the Rolls-Royce opened. A middle-aged man stepped out. He wore a navy blue suit with a prominent logo on his chest. His hair was combed back, and he had a bearded square face. With his sharp gaze, his demeanor was very imposing. He was the head of Green Dragon Court, Sean Logan. He was Old Master Logan's adopted son and also the most powerful! Sandy had already rushed over to him and was crying aggrievedly, "Sean, look at me, I've been beaten up like this..." "Sandy, don't worry. Since I'm already here, I'll manage this to your satisfaction. Those who offended the Logan family have all drowned at sea already." Sean touched Sandy's head in a doting manner. After that, he walked stoically toward the center of the square where Philip was. Wynn was still in his arms. Following that, dozens of thugs behind Sean surrounded Philip, leaving no gaps in between. Clank! These people drew out hidden daggers as a murderous aura flared! The onlookers got such a fright that they dispersed and backed up several meters. The killing intent from those people was too overpowering. Sean looked at Philip who was in front of him and sneered coldly. He glanced at his watch and said, "You still have five minutes for any last words. You can say goodbye to your family members or breathe in this fresh and fragrant air. This will be the most comfortable five minutes of your entire life because after five minutes, my brothers will start to cut off your flesh piece by piece." Sean was full of arrogance. There was a cold murderous glint in his eyes. He was the performer on this stage, performing his own show. "Of course, if you don't wish to die, you can choose to kneel down right now. And like a dog, crawl up to my sister to beg for her forgiveness. If she does forgive you, I'll just break your four limbs." "No way! I won't forgive him! I want him to die together with that btch!" Sandy walked over and snarled, staring at Philip furiously. She wanted Philip dead. She wanted him tortured to death while begging for mercy. Sean shook his head and said, "There's no other choice, then. Bro, you really shouldn't have provoked the Logan family. You should hope to get a good reincarnation in your next life." Philip calmly raised his head and looked at the two. His expression was indifferent while the corners of his mouth twitched. "Haha, scared now?" Sandy was very pompous and excited now. With a

distorted smile on her face, she said, “Didn’t you make a call just now? Where are they? Where are the people you called?” She had on a cruel smile and said in a sarcastic tone. With a wave of Sean’s hands, dozens of men brandished their daggers and walked toward Philip. Swish!

The dagger in one man’s hand fell and was about to cut into Philip’s shoulder. Right at this moment, boom! Loud rumbling noises, like thundering waves, swept over the pharmaceutical factory. Everyone was shocked and dumbfounded! They raised their heads in the direction of the main gate. Everyone was astounded! Four huge hollow steel pipes painted in camouflage colors were being penetrated from outside the building! What followed immediately was the collapse of the outer walls! This scene was imprinted into the minds of everyone and was a nightmare that no one could ever get rid of in their entire lives! Too scary, too terrifying, too overwhelming! Four battle tanks crashed into the walls and produced a loud rumbling sound. Huge clouds of smoke and dust swept into the factory!

They were moving at top speed as if they were entering no man’s land.

Everyone screamed and scattered. These four tanks suddenly stopped less than one meter away from Philip! Four giant barrels adjusted their angles

with loud clanking noises! Two barrels aimed at Sean’s head, one at Sandy’s head, and one at Jared’s head!

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“Battle... Battle tanks!” “Fck! I must be blind! What the hell am I seeing?” Pandemonium! The crowd was in an uproar at this moment. Everyone was stunned as they stared at the four genuine war tanks in front of their eyes! The atmosphere was extremely intriguing! No one dared to breathe aloud! It was a scene that could only appear in the movies, so why was it happening here? “What the hell is going on? Are those reinforcements from the Green Dragon Court? It’s too exaggerated. Those are tanks!” “No! That’s the Merkava IV, the main battle tank used by the Israel Defense Forces. It weighs 65 tons and can reach a speed of 70 km/hour. It’s also one of the most advanced war tanks in the world. It costs 23 million dollars!” At this moment, there was one person in the crowd who was very interested in this topic and quickly took out his phone for comparison and explanation. Everyone was stupefied. Their jaws dropped at the scene happening in front of them! It was not a question of money. The cannons were just too terrifying! Everyone mistakenly thought that those were the reinforcements from the Green Dragon Court, but as time lapsed, they realized that the situation was not quite right. The four barrels were adjusted at an angle where they pointed directly at Sean and the others. Moreover, it seemed that Sean was shaking all over now. Drops of cold sweat on his forehead were dripping to the floor. Sandy had turned pale with fright long ago. She fell to the ground while trembling all over. That was not all. Just when everyone was infinitely confused and bewildered, another rumble could be heard from the distant sky! “Look at the sky!” Everyone looked up and saw three black dots flying toward this direction quickly. “Fck! Helicopters! Those are military helicopters!” Someone shouted in surprise. At this moment, everyone started to freak out—especially when the three military helicopters hovered right above the

factory. The powerful winds caused by the high-

speed rotating propellers made it difficult for people to stand steadily on their feet. They covered their ears and rushed to look for a place to hide!

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh! The ropes were dropped, and everyone saw the hatch open. Immediately after, people descended from the helicopters!

“Fck me! Those are armed soldiers!” “Special guards!” Everyone was completely blown away and stopped dead in their tracks! Everything that happened today totally refreshed their understanding of the world. 18 people descended from the three helicopters. They were fully armed in green camouflage, bulletproof vests, explosion-proof boots, green helmets, tactical goggles, guns, and ammunition! Such an appearance made people weak at the knees! It was the exact scene from the movie ‘Wolf Warriors’! Too intense, too awesome! At this time, all the men from Green Dragon Court brought by Sean stared at the scene dumbfounded. Bang! These special combat guards kept their weapons the moment they landed before they rushed at the thugs who still held daggers in their hands. There was no need for fancy moves. In just three minutes, dozens of armed thugs in black suits were subdued! 15 special guards rushed into the flock of sheep like an ambush of ferocious tigers and started to shred them into pieces! Bam! Argh! The anguished screams were endless! They were all the special armed forces of Riverdale. They were highly combative and highly trained! Three of them, as soon as they landed, formed a triangle facing outward. They were guarding Philip in the middle while staring at the restless crowd warily. Any odd movements and a trigger would follow! They were armed with real ammunition! “Team one, under control!” “Team two, under control!” “Team three, under control!” “Captain, report! Danger removed, everything is under control!” Sounds of the reports thundered across the area! At this moment, within 20 meters radius of Philip, apart from Sean, who was already scared shtless, Sandy, and Jared, as well as the special guards and the subdued thugs on the ground, there was no one else! Within three minutes, everything had changed! Now, everyone realized that these people were called by that man. With a breath of cold air, everyone knew that the

Green Dragon Court and the Logan family were in for it today! At this time, they also recalled what that man had mentioned. He said that he wanted to destroy the Logan family. It was not a joke! How much power did it take to mobilize battle tanks and special armed forces! Sean Logan was completely dumbstruck. He was the head of Green Dragon Court, one of the four major forces in Capital City and the favorite adopted son of Old Master Logan!

Over the years, what storms had he not weathered before? What sort of people had he not met before? Now, he was flustered and flabbergasted. His legs would not stop shaking! Even those with political connections would not have such terrifying powers! Such a person could hardly be fathomed by ordinary means. This was the sort of power that could only be deployed by very few senior ranking characters! It was horrifying! The young man in front of him exceeded Sean’s expectations. He could not afford to offend him. The Green Dragon Court could not offend him. The Logan family could not offend him! Doomed! Who was he exactly?

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Sean desperately searched through his memory for this person, but to no avail. The Wallis family, the Sommerset family, the Zach family... They were all such super invincible families. He had met most of the family members, but there was no such person as the young man in front of him.

No one had ever employed such methods before, and no one ever dared to fool around like this! Nevertheless, things had already come to this point now. With the reality staring at him in his face, Sean was terrified to his very core. He attempted to take a step forward before the barrel on his forehead moved. Then, he heard the sound of a gun being loaded. Ka-chak!

Sean turned pale with fright and immediately knelt on the ground. Sandy and Jared quickly followed suit. It was not because they wanted to, but they simply could not remain standing. Their legs had turned into jelly. There was a vague stench of urine in the air. After looking around, it turned out that the husband and wife duo were so scared that they had peed in their

pants. Sandy's previous uppity arrogance had all but disappeared, leaving behind a miserable woman who was cowering limply on the ground while trembling all over with a pale face. "Fck! That's simply too amazing!" "Who the heck is that guy? These are special forces that can't be mobilized by ordinary people!" "Dmn it! I'm so hyped up now! It's exactly like an American blockbuster!" Everyone held their breaths as they watched the brilliant reversal of the scenes. However, the next scene was even more shocking! "Special Combat Guards of Riverdale, the quarter team with 18

members have received orders from the family and have all arrived. All members are awaiting instructions from Young Master." Thump! 18 armed guards stood at attention at this moment, and in everyone's full view, saluted Philip! Everyone at the scene fell into a pin-drop silence! Everyone was numb with shock. The Green Dragon Court, an impressive force, had been subdued just like that. Even Sean Logan was reduced to kneeling on the floor. It was simply unbelievable. This was like a barrage to the soul! This young man was the most invincible and terrifying existence. Was he an offspring from a hidden top family? Philip watched everything in silence while holding Wynn tightly in his arms. Wynn was breathing weakly at this moment, her whole body shaking. She burrowed deeply into Philip's arms, basking in that sense of security. She opened her eyes strenuously and looked at Philip with tears in her eyes. Philip lowered his head and whispered with a gentle smile on his lips, "Don't worry, no one will bully you again. I'll bring you home right now." Without any further instructions from Philip, there were no other actions from the guards. Subsequently, in plain view, Philip carried Wynn and walked toward Sandy step by step. All the special guards gave way, but of course, they protected Philip every step of the way too. Philip carried Wynn and approached Sandy who was already scared stiff. Facing this ordinary-looking man in front of her, Sandy was shaking all over. "Is the Logan family great?" Philip glared at her, his voice grim and his gaze sharp. He took the phone from the guard standing behind him and threw it at Sandy, saying coldly, "Look." Sandy dared not refuse.

With trembling hands, she picked up the phone from the ground.

Immediately after that, she watched the video playing on the screen. The police force had surrounded

the Logan family grounds, and even the special troops from Capital City were dispatched. The scene was in utter chaos! In the video, Old Master Logan was being taken away by the Supervisory Commission! The entire Logan family had been seized in an instant! At the scene, many citizens had surrounded the area and were busily taking pictures. There were reporters from TV stations there competing to broadcast the scene as well. The Logan family, one of the eight great families in Capital City, had collapsed! This matter was causing an uproar in Capital City, and everyone was shocked. That was the Logan family and Old Master Logan! Unexpectedly, they were seized within a day! The remaining great families were on tenterhooks and quickly sent people to inquire about the circumstances surrounding the Logan family's situation.

However, the replies they received were all the same. Whoever inquired would end up like the Logan family. At this moment, Sandy slumped on the ground, eyes full of tears. With loud wails, she held on to Philip's thighs and kowtowed to him, begging for mercy! However, Philip merely turned around, walked toward Sean, and said, "Do you know what to do?" Sean's face was grey as death. He gritted his teeth and picked up a sharp blade from the ground. A swish of the blade! Plop! One severed arm fell, dripping with blood. Self-mutilation! "From today, the Green Dragon Court is no more. I, Sean Logan, will retire and never resurface again!" With that sentence, the entire crowd went silent. Philip did not say another word. He turned around and left with Wynn in his arms. Everyone kept quiet with bated breaths. It was too overwhelming. At this time, Wynn, who was still leaning in Philip's arms, opened her eyes slightly and mumbled, "Phil, Philip... Tell me, is this the real you?"

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Philip lowered his head and said tenderly, "We'll go home first. After you've recovered, I'll tell you everything, okay?" "My pitiful wife, I shouldn't have kept it from you. 'From this moment on, I want to tell the whole world that you're the wife of Philip Clarke, the Young Madam of the Clarke family! 'No one can ever bully you!' Wynn nodded and leaned back into his arms like an injured kitten. Philip carried Wynn and arrived at the gates. Theo and his men were already waiting for him. He saw everything that happened just now. Sean Logan of the Green Dragon Court was maimed! The powerful Sean Logan of Green Dragon Court, the very existence he once looked up to, lasted no more than three minutes at the hands of Philip Clarke! Green Dragon Court was disbanded! The Logan family had collapsed! At this point, Theo's respect for Philip reached its peak! Mr. Clarke's identity and status were unfathomable. Even the Logan family of Capital City was taken down so easily with the mobilization of the special guards! Theo and his entourage escorted Philip and Wynn all the way to First Palace at Longford Park. It was the most luxurious and comfortable of all the villa suites. The best medical team in Riverdale was also there. It was all arranged by George. Philip waited outside at the white-gold Western Europe-designed corridor while Theo and a few of his henchmen accompanied him. Mr. Clarke did not sit, so they stood as well, waiting with bated breaths. If something else happened to Mr. Clarke and Miss Johnston, even ten heads would not be enough to make up for it.

Riverdale was under Theo's territory, but Miss Johnston had met with such an incident. Theo was upset

and blamed himself for it. "Mr. Clarke, I'm sorry. It's my responsibility and I didn't guard her well!" Tiger stood out at this moment. He was quite impetuous. Although he had been secretly protecting Wynn during the past few days, there were places he could not enter, so sometimes, he could not help it if he was unable to fulfill his duties.

Blunders were unavoidable. Theo also bowed and respectfully apologized,

"Mr. Clarke, it's all because of my negligence too. Please punish me." Philip glanced at them calmly and said, "It has nothing to do with you." Theo felt

relieved when he heard this, but he was still uneasy. At this time, Philip stared at Theo seriously and asked, "Do you wish to follow me?" Theo was dumbfounded at first, but he reacted instantly and bowed while saying excitedly, "I'm at Mr. Clarke's disposal!" It was an opportunity! It was a chance encounter and the turning point that Theo would never find again in this lifetime! He was already the underground king of Riverdale. Although he had a good reputation, he was still tied down by certain restrictions and could not do things as he pleased all the time. All of this was because Theo did not have strong support and background. George? He was just financial support. In most cases, George was not involved in Theo's affairs. Now, with Mr. Clarke taking the lead, Theo was certain that his status and influence would reach an immeasurable peak! "Bring your men and take over the Green Dragon Court. From now on, Theo Zander is Philip Clarke's man. You will not betray me. Otherwise, you'll end up a hundred times worse than Sean Logan. Can you do it?" Philip said mildly, his expression impassive. Without any hesitation, Theo nodded immediately, bowed, and said respectfully, "Mr. Clarke, you're my boss from now on! My life and my whole family's lives will be given to Mr. Clarke!" "And me!" Tiger said too. "And us!" The few henchmen followed suit. Philip smiled, patted Theo on the shoulder, and said, "Go on, make a good show out of it." Theo left excitedly with his men. At this moment, he felt as if he had returned to the era more than ten years ago when he worked his fingers to the bone!

Everything was for Mr. Clarke! Staring at Theo's retreating back, Philip did not know if he had made the right decision. Did he have no power of his own? Obviously impossible. However, Philip did not mind developing another one and keeping it as a backup. In the First Palace at the southernmost area of the floating gardens, two people were seated at the crystal tea table. There was a young man with a slender figure wearing a clean undershirt. An old man in his 60s or 70s who was dressed in a suit was making tea for the young man. He looked humble and knowledgeable. More than tens of millions was spent building the floating gardens. Hundreds of

flowers bloomed there, and all kinds of birds were singing and chirping.

"What did Giada say?" The young man was Philip. Sitting across from him was the ever respectful George. "Young Master, please don't ever use the Displacement Order again. Although we've only used the lowest-level order this time, it has caused much mayhem. The few elders in the family have already expressed their dissatisfaction with you." George said lightly with no trace of worry in his expression.

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“There should be more of them,” Philip said leisurely as he tasted the tea.

“Yes, there are also some veterans from other countries who had some criticisms, saying that you’re too reckless. A small Logan family is not worthy of such fanfare,” George said forlornly. This young master had taken things a little too far this time. To be precise, it was the first time in seven years. The young master of the past had done more absurd things. George kind of missed the young master of that time. He was fearless and domineering, but it was also a strategy to hide his true self. “Let them complain, then. I don’t intend to look at their faces anyway,” Philip said calmly, not concerned in the slightest. George closed the distance between them and held back for a long time before asking, “Young Master, do you really intend to strike back at Madam Wallis?” Philip did not give an affirmation but said instead, “It’s not the right timing. I don’t quite get this woman yet, and I don’t have enough chips on hand. If we go head to head now, we’ll both end up losing. She has underestimated me for six years and left me alone for another seven. It won’t be that easy.” George merely nodded before he took out an envelope and passed it to Philip, saying,

“Young Master, the Old Master asked me to give you this. He said, if you ever encounter a difficulty that can’t be solved, you’ll know what to do after reading the letter. The letter must be burned after reading.” Philip took the dark brown envelope and held it in his hands. It still smelled faintly of sandalwood. “My father... Is he alright?” After a brief hesitation, Philip

asked. George shook his head and said with a trace of sadness, “Old Master has been waiting for your return. Young Master, why don’t you just go back? The Old Master has been rueful about the matter back then, he...”

“That’s enough, let’s not dwell on this topic. Just tell my father that he has a granddaughter now and a beautiful daughter-in-law as well.” Philip stood up while saying, and then, with his hands in his pockets, he left the floating gardens under the sunshine. George stared at Philip’s back and sighed helplessly. He took out his phone and dialed the old master’s number. On the other end of the line, a low throaty voice sounded weakly, “Phil... What did he say?” “Old Master, Young Master... Will not go home yet.” George was upset and wiped his tears. Cough, cough! A bout of rapid coughs. “Ah, okay... I understand. Let him play around... for a few more days.” “Old Master, Young Master wants me to tell you, you have a beautiful granddaughter and daughter-in-law.” George teared up and choked. He had been waiting for this moment for too long but never dared to tell the old master. Intermittent panting could be heard over the phone. “Real... Really?”

I... I have a... Granddaughter? Phil is married?” Roger was not aware that Philip had gotten married. This was because Giada had replaced everyone around him with her own people. Roger now had no other choice but to get his news from Giada. After Roger got to know that Philip was married with kids, his special care nurse, a woman with a frosty face, took the phone away from Roger’s ear and said lightly, “Old Master, you should rest now.” After saying that, she put Roger to bed before walking out of the huge luxurious room. She took out her phone and dialed the madam’s number. “Madam, the old master has found out. The young master told Mr. Thomas to inform him.” With curly hair like a waterfall, an

alluring figure stood beside the window. With an arm across the chest and a hand holding a wine glass, she took a sip of it while staring at the scenery outside the window. "Philip Clarke, are you trying to test my limits?" Giada mumbled to herself grimly.

... Back at the First Palace. Wynn was awake. She opened her eyes slowly, and what caught her gaze was a huge crystal chandelier and a lavishly

decorated room. The overall style was luxurious yet low-key. It was extremely clean and cozy. The pure white and flawless bedding was imprinted with the logo of a golden crown, and the bed was soft and comfortable. Even the bedside cabinets were customized by Chanel. Wynn looked at everything around her in surprise and nervousness. Where was this? What was she doing here? Philip? "Philip!" Wynn called out. Philip rushed in and heaved a sigh of relief when he saw Wynn on the bed. Wynn jumped down from the bed. With her pale slender legs, she took a few steps and dashed toward Philip, grabbing him in a tight hug. Then, she started crying. "Okay, everything's fine now. It's all over." Philip carried Wynn by her waist and put her down on the bed, wiping her teary face. It took about ten minutes before Wynn finally calmed her emotions. She was full of questions as she stared at Philip. "Philip, where is this? The hospital? It looks expensive. Let's not stay here anymore." Philip grinned, bopped Wynn on her exquisite nose, and said, "Do you still remember the incident at Hillside Villa? I told you and Mom that I've already bought a house."

"You really bought one? Then where is this place?" Wynn wiped her tears, widened her eyes, and asked Philip in surprise. Philip said playfully, "Do you know Longford Park?"

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Longford Park? The most luxurious, heavily guarded villa area... The gathering place of the topmost affluent people in Riverdale! The villas here would cost more than tens of millions a unit! Even the unit at the borders would start from 30 million and onward! As for Longford Park, the most expensive villa would naturally be the First Palace at the center. The unique geographical location was very majestic. Plus, it was surrounded by a group of guarded heroes. Speaking of Longford Park, it would be natural to mention the boss behind the scenes—Longford Group, owned by the Longford family. The Longford family was a local entrepreneur of Riverdale that had stood undefeated for 40 years. The power and influence

behind them were terrifying. Even the underground king of Riverdale, Theo Zander, had to work by their rules. He could not afford to offend them. They were the true force! The strength of Longford Group had penetrated almost every corner of Riverdale. The connections behind them were so complicated that most people could not imagine it. Wynn was caught by surprise and asked Philip dubiously, "Of course, I do. What about it?" Philip grinned, took Wynn's hands, and said gently, "Here, come out with me. I have a gift for you." Wynn was pulled along by Philip's broad hands. She walked barefooted on the goose down carpet and passed through hundreds of meters of corridors in white-gold Western European design before they arrived at a courtyard measuring more than 1,000 square meters. The magnificent

atmosphere, in particular the southernmost floating gardens, immediately attracted Wynn's attention. In the courtyard, there were fountains, rockeries, and pools. They were surrounded by blooming flowers.

There were also tea pavilions, miniature golf courses, and children's amusement parks. Wynn walked forward and stepped on the soft lawn, taking in the long table that was filled with white and red roses, sumptuous food, and wine. It was a cozy candlelight dinner. Eight maids in black and white uniforms stood on either side of the long table, bowing and greeting Wynn, "Young Madam." Wynn covered her mouth excitedly, her eyes filling with tears. She turned to Philip who was behind her and asked,

"This... This is?" Philip walked right up to her, knelt on one knee, and took out a small box from his person. The customized Swarovski diamond ring sparkled brightly. "Wynn, this will be our new home from now on. You've suffered for so many years, so let me make it up to you once and for all,"

Philip said softly and personally replaced the shabby silver ring on Wynn's hand. Back then when they first got married, Philip could not even afford a decent diamond ring. At this moment, Wynn was undoubtedly touched and in bliss. With tears gleaming in her eyes, she pounced on Philip and printed her warm red lips on his mouth. As she hugged Philip, all her frustrations were vented all at once as tears started falling like a broken dam. "Being

with you is the greatest happiness of my life. No matter what you give me, I'll like it." The candlelight dinner. Wynn put the silver ring away very carefully. Philip was puzzled and asked, "Why are you still keeping it?"

Wynn glared at him and said, "This is the first ring you've given me, so of course I have to keep it. It has a different meaning." Philip shrugged but did not say anymore. "By the way, this place here... You really bought it? How much does it cost? Where did you get so much money?" Wynn looked around curiously. This place was simply too grand. Everything was customized by international brand names. The brightly lit villa behind her alone was enough to frighten Wynn out of her wits. It was too opulent. She had never seen such a villa in her life. Philip smiled faintly and said, "Well, I bought it with my parent's money." Actually, this villa was bought by George. It was reserved as the newlywed home for Philip and Wynn. Only, it was never used until now. "How much?" Wynn asked again. "Well, not much. Tens of millions maybe," Philip replied. He did not tell Wynn the exact number as he was afraid that she could not handle it. Wynn was very nervous. When she heard that it cost tens of millions, her heart almost failed.

She quickly drank a few mouthfuls of water. "That's too much! Why did you buy such an expensive place? A house more than 100 square meters is more than enough." Wynn was a little angry. Philip was being too wasteful.

Did he not have a fallout with his family? How could he still have tens of millions to buy a house? Philip smiled faintly and said, "It's nothing. Didn't I tell you that I speculated in the stock market? I made quite a bit there."

Wynn swallowed her drink and asked coyly, "Philip, tell me, is your family really just managing the Northern Sky Western Restaurant?" Philip put down his knife and fork, passed the cut steak to Wynn,

and said with a smile,

“Not really, they have other businesses too.” “Doing what?” Wynn’s eyes widened, especially when she recalled the scenes at the Hutten Pharmaceutical Factory. Her heart still trembled in fear now. Her husband’s identity was not that simple. Why was a man like him willing to be a useless son-in-law of the Johnston family for the past three years?

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Philip knew exactly what Wynn was thinking, so he said, “What you saw was arranged by a friend of my dad’s whom I’ve contacted. He happened to be working in the special forces in Riverdale. I don’t know why he made such a big commotion, but don’t worry, it’ll be fine.” Wynn was relieved now. Initially, she thought Philip’s family was part of that circle, or maybe he was the offspring of the sort of family with a special background that could only be seen on TV. It seemed that she had been overthinking it.

Nevertheless, Wynn was even more curious about Philip’s family now.

Wynn asked many questions in the duration of their candlelight dinner.

Philip cleverly avoided the crucial questions and gave Wynn a satisfactory explanation each time.

“Wynn, trust me. There are some things that I can’t tell you yet, but I promise you that one day, I’ll tell you everything.” Philip sat in the garden with Wynn in his arms, enjoying the warmth. Wynn nodded. At this moment, she had full faith in Philip. At least, Philip had told her part of the truth. For example, Philip planned to take Wynn and Mila home for a visit. Wynn was agitated, excited, but nervous at the same time.

Would her parents-in-law accept her and Mila? “Wynn, how should we handle Dad and Mom? Should we tell them we’ve bought a villa at Longford Park?” Philip suddenly asked. Wynn thought for a moment before she replied, “For Mom’s side, let’s wait for a while. I’m afraid there’ll be trouble again.” Philip nodded, hugged Wynn tenderly, and basked in the moonlight.

Two days later, the wounds on Wynn’s face had healed. During this time, Philip went to and fro between the hospital and Longford Park. Wynn had applied for leave, but she needed to return to work today. Hutten Pharmaceutical Factory had released a press announcement on their bankruptcy and liquidation, so there were many things that Wynn had to handle back in the company. After the press release, Jared Hutt was also taken away by the prosecutor and was convicted on multiple charges. The well-established Hutten Pharmaceutical collapsed overnight and made

headlines in Riverdale. Many people were talking about it. This incident naturally caused an uproar in Riverdale. Many people in the upper circle were speculating if Hutten Pharmaceutical had offended someone. Even the Logan family of Capital City that stood behind them was seized. With the two incidents happening at the same time, everyone knew that the Logan family had offended a powerful person who should not have been provoked.

Otherwise, how could a great family of Capital City collapse overnight?

Even Old Master Logan was not spared and had to go through the internal disciplinary process. Everyone was discussing who exactly Hutten Pharmaceutical and the Logan family had offended. Wynn's company was no exception. As soon as she returned to the company, she heard all sorts of discussions. "Hey, did you hear, Hutten Pharmaceutical is being investigated after they offended some big shot." "I know, my uncle was there that day," one girl said excitedly. "Really? What did he say? What did he see?" "Ah, say it already, I'm so anxious! Who did Hutten Pharmaceutical offend?" The group of employees chatted endlessly and made the girl feel very important. "He happened to be doing a delivery that day, and he saw four battle tanks and some special guards escorting a man and a woman into a car." The girl could hardly contain the excitement on her face as she continued, "Hey, do you know, they got into the car that belonged to the underground king of Riverdale, Theo Zander! My uncle saw it with his own eyes. Theo treated that man with the utmost respect!" The group of people was stunned when they heard it. "Stop bragging already."

Battle tanks and special guards? Do you think it's a movie?" "That's right.

How could there be such a formidable person in this world? Isn't that a power that only comes with a special background?" The group of people discussed endlessly. "Oh, VP Johnston, were you at Hutten Pharmaceutical on that day? Do you know anything?" When Mindy noticed Wynn coming through the door, she trotted up to her, face full of curiosity. Wynn merely chuckled, flicked her on the forehead, and mock-glared at the gossiping colleagues. "Get back to work. What are you gossiping about? Do you want

to get your salary deducted?" They knew Wynn was joking, so they grinned broadly before returning to work. Wynn did not say anything else but turned around and entered the office. As she sat on the swivel chair, she pulled out a business card with gold characters that wrote 'Wallis' from the drawer.

She held it in her hand, lost in thoughts. Very soon, she put the card back into the drawer again. Would she be able to find the woman from that night in any shops with the name 'Wallis' in Riverdale? Did she know everything about Philip? Wynn abandoned the idea of finding out information about Philip because if she really did it, it meant that she placed no trust in him.

Back to Philip. He just stepped out of First Palace and was carrying the food prepared by the maid in his hand. He was about to head to the hospital to visit Mila. Suddenly, he heard a shout from behind. "Hey, Philip, what are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be at the hospital?" Philip turned around quickly and saw Martha with another two elegantly-dressed middle-aged women approaching him. Martha looked confused and bewildered.

She took a second look at the huge and luxurious villa behind Philip. What was this wimp doing at Longford Park? Philip was also taken aback. He did not expect to see Martha here. What should he do?

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Philip turned around and saw his mother-in-law approaching him with a confused expression on her face.

Her eyebrows were twisted into a deep frown, and she looked extremely unhappy. At this moment, Martha simply could not hide her contempt for Philip. The two ladies next to her were elegantly and luxuriously dressed. One of them was Martha's sister, Paula.

Philip did not recognize the other person as it was the first time he met her, but from her looks and appearance, she was from no ordinary family. Since both Martha and Paula were trying their best to please the other party, it was conceivable that her identity was quite special. "What are you doing here?"

Martha was quite surprised to run into Philip here, but she was even more upset to see him. She had finally begged Paula to introduce her to a distant

branch relative of the Longford family to bring them for a look at the villas in Longford Park. However, they ran into this useless son-in-law of hers. If the other party found out about it, would that not be embarrassing? "I..."

Philip initially wanted to say that he was about to head to the hospital. He was also carrying food in his hands. Paula beat him to it and said instead,

"Martha, can't you see? He's doing a delivery. Look at what he's carrying in his hands." Paula ridiculed Philip whenever she had the chance. This way, Martha would be embarrassed too. Martha took a second look when she heard that, and sudden anger welled up in her. This useless son-in-law of hers was really good at putting her in a tight spot. Why did he choose to make a delivery in front of her? On top of that, it was in front of Madam Sears too. Where was she going to put her dignity? Sure enough, the graceful and luxuriously-dressed woman with a shawl over her shoulders raised her hand and placed it under her nose. She frowned and pretended to cough a few times before saying, "What is that smell? It stinks. Martha, is this poor fellow your useless son-in-law?" This woman was Barb Sears, the younger sister of Nancy Sears who was wife to Stephan Longford, son of the sixth wife. Stephan was a member of the third generation of the Longford family. Relying on the power of the Longford family, Barb had been acting all high and mighty all these years and even managed to marry into a well to do family. Looking at Martha's son-in-law now, his clothes were clean but ordinary. It turned out that he was nothing but a poor delivery boy. No wonder Paula mentioned before they came over that Martha had a useless son-in-law. If a man like this was seen with a food delivery package in his hands, what else could it be? Of course, he was here to deliver food. He obviously would not be living here! This villa area was built by her sister's husband and was a property of the Longford family. Barb frowned as she scrutinized Philip. As expected, he was a low-class member of society and looked the part too. No wonder he could only deliver food. Poor boy. Martha was furious now. She stared at Philip and kept winking her eyes, signaling for him to get lost. Why did this wimp not possess any foresight? Did he not

notice the contempt in their eyes? Why did such a good daughter of hers marry such a worthless wretch? The three middle-aged women did not say anything but simply stood there with Philip. Philip wanted to leave too, especially since Theo's Maybach was parked at the side and Tiger was waiting for him by the car. If not for Philip's signal, Tiger would have approached them already. "Okay, hurry up with your delivery, then."

Martha could not stand it any longer and motioned for Philip to get lost. To be honest, if not for Barb's presence, Martha would have slapped Philip on the face already. When she recalled the last time at home when Philip had bragged to Paula about buying a house, her headache returned. If not for that matter, she would never have begged for Paula's help to contact some people for some discounts on a villa purchase. Philip was also vexed and suddenly said, "Mom, about the villa, I've really bought it. Look, this is..."

When Martha heard Philip addressing her as his mother, she felt uncomfortable all over and said coldly, "That's enough already! Stop talking. When are you going to stop bragging? Do you want to say that you bought a villa in Longford Park? Do you know how expensive the villas here are?" This Philip was really too dense. Why did he mention this matter now? It was so embarrassing. Barb was puzzled when she heard this. She turned to Martha and sneered. "What's going on here?" Martha was just an ordinary woman, but she had a vicious mouth. She was a little mean and money-minded, yet cowardly too. When she heard the change in Barb's tone, she immediately explained in a humble manner, "Madam Sears, don't listen to him. He's not right in the head." However, Paula taunted. "Martha, this is your fault. When I was at your house last time, Philip did mention that he had bought a villa. Listening to him now, did he buy one at Longford Park?" Mockery and sarcasm. It was too obvious.

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Martha hurried to explain. "No way, don't listen to his nonsense. If he can buy a villa here, I'd serve him tea and wait on him every day." Hmph! Barb

sneered and said, "Do you think that Longford Park is a vegetable market where just anybody can buy as they please?" Martha quickly acquiesced.

"Yes, you're right." After that, she glared at Philip and walked up to him angrily. She raised her hand and slapped him while shouting, "Get the hell out of here! Do you still want to stay here and embarrass me further?" Philip did not expect that he would be slapped. The expression on his face hardened as his eyes turned cold. It was not only a day or two that he had tolerated Martha Yates. Unfortunately, the vindictive woman standing in front of him was Wynn's mother. Philip shook his head helplessly. He turned around and walked toward Tiger and the Maybach. Barb and Paula were full of contempt at Philip's actions. Had that guy gone mad? That was a Maybach! Did he deliver food in that car? Martha was also furious and immediately ran over to grab Philip by his shoulders. She yelled at him,

"Philip, are you stupid? Where are you going? That's such a good car, are you blind? Can you afford to pay for the damages if you bump into it? Do you want your mother-in-law to pay up for you? Get lost. Get the hell away right now. I get upset whenever I see you." Philip frowned as he stared at the screaming Martha, feeling very upset. He flicked a glance at Tiger, who was about to approach him, and wisely chose to walk toward the gate of Longford Park. Why tell Martha that he can sit in a Maybach and live in First Palace? Since she had always thought of him as a useless person, then let her think that forever. Philip could not be bothered to explain anymore.

However, before he left, Philip suddenly turned around and asked Martha,

“Mom, if I’ve really bought a villa, will you stay in it?” Hahaha! Before Martha could react, Paula and Barb had already started to laugh out loud.

This good-for-nothing was really not right in the head. Martha nearly fainted from anger. She put her hands on her waist and cursed, “No way! A wastrel like you can never afford to buy a villa! Now, hurry up and get lost! You’re an eyesore! Why do I have such a useless son-in-law?” Philip nodded without saying anything else and turned around to leave. After Philip left, Paula twisted her huge bum and sneered. “Martha, your son-in-law is such

a big talker. You’ve done a poor job in teaching him.” Martha gritted her teeth in anger as she mumbled, “I’ll take care of him when I get home.”

Then, she turned around and said to Barb with a smiling face, “Madam Sears, if I want to buy a villa here, what’s the minimum price?” Barb looked at her newly manicured hands and said arrogantly, “Martha, stop daydreaming already. Although Longford Park is the property of my sister’s family, I can’t make the decision. Just look at this unit in front of you. It’s the most expensive and luxurious villa around here, and it costs 100 million!

If including the furnishings inside, at least 200 million! Besides, even the cheapest unit we saw when we first entered the gate just now, do you know how much that costs? 35 million!” Martha was flabbergasted at the prices!

She raised her head and stared at the villa that was guarded by seven or eight security guards at the electronic gate. That was the most expensive villa in Longford Park. It was worth 200 million! What kind of wealthy people could actually live here? Martha was full of envy and jealousy. It would be nice if she could live here too. If not to stay, it would be good to visit too.

Just look at the gate, look at the walls of the courtyard and the trees and flowers planted outside... It was all so lavish! The tall and majestic stone arches were carved with Western European mythical figures. The stone masonry of the porch was elegant and distinguished, and the planted vines added some contrast to the appearance. It was classic yet trendy. Just looking at it from the outer gates, the vintage yet cheerful architectural design complemented each other. There was also another small tower with a steeple-shaped roof, just like a palace castle. Paula glanced at Martha with contempt before standing close to Barb. She said, “Madam Sears, can you let us in for a visit? It’s not easy for us to get in here after all. We can’t just leave like this.” When Barb heard this, she turned around and stared at the gilded characters that spelled out ‘First Palace’ and all the security guards outside and inside the area. She was nothing more than a braggart herself.

She had not visited this place either, and her heart itched when she heard that suggestion. The First Palace! A villa that deserved to be named a palace,

what could it look like? Barb was also very curious. She raised her chin and said very confidently, “Wait for a moment. I’ll call my sister and ask her to find out if the owner of this villa can let us in.” Paula and

Martha immediately became excited. Barb took out her phone and called her sister.

After begging and pleading, she finally got the number of the owner. "This is the number. Should I call now?" Barb asked. Paula and Martha nodded and said, "Make the call. Your sister should have given them the heads-up already." Barb dialed the number. The three women were full of curiosity toward the owner of the villa. On the other side, as soon as Philip stepped out of Longford Park, Tiger followed closely behind him in the car. Ring, ring! Suddenly, Philip's phone rang...

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Philip looked at the phone display with a frown and connected the call. On the other end of the line, the sounds of crying and angry shouts came through. "Philip, come and save me. I... I got into an accident with your car, and the other party wants me to pay 20 million..." "Accident? What kind of damages cost 20 million?" Philip got a shock. Lynn was just too unreliable, getting into an accident just like that. That was a Ferrari! She got into an accident and the other party was demanding 20 million in compensation?

Was it possible that the other party drove a luxury car too? Was this the day for luxury bumper cars? Lynn could not explain clearly over the phone. She was just crying and shouting. "Philip, come here quickly! There are so many of them. If I don't pay up, they said they'll take me away and go to my house to look for my parents!" Philip caved in and hurriedly said, "Wait for me, I'll be there soon." Philip hung up the phone, got into Tiger's car, and rushed to the scene of Lynn's accident. On the other hand, Barb had gotten in touch with the owner of the villa and received a reply. She could visit, but she was not allowed to touch anything inside. "Madam Sears, you're great. Just a call and you can solve it easily." Paula flattered her immediately. Barb waved her hands arrogantly and said, "It's just a small matter. The owner

has to give us some leeway for the sake of my sister's family too. It's the Longford family after all. In Riverdale, who doesn't respect them?" Barb was exhilarated and felt as if she was walking on cloud nine. Initially, she wondered if the other party would refuse, but she did not expect them to agree so readily. All of a sudden, her status was lifted in front of the Yates sisters. Martha also fawned over her. "Madam Sears is simply too capable.

I hope to get your help in the future as well." Barb's sister was so fortunate to marry Stephan Longford. She had really risen to the occasion and hit the jackpot. Barb Sears had also risen with the tide with a total reversal to her status. In the past, Barb Sears was just an ordinary girl from the village, poor and penniless. That was what Paula told Martha. Now, her clothes and handbag were all branded goods. Martha was envious, very envious. When she was still with the Yates, it was not like this. It was only when she married Charles Johnston and after her daughter Wynn married that good-for-nothing Philip that her status underwent tremendous changes and plummeted. That had also made Martha unreasonable and money-minded over the years. It was simply the vanity and arrogance hidden deep within her subconsciousness. "By the way, who is the owner of this villa?" Martha suddenly asked. She really wanted to find out. Barb glanced at Martha contemptuously. She was an ordinary woman indeed.

It was really disgusting to look at her simpering face. She said, "Do you know who the richest person in Riverdale is?" Paula quickly jumped in. "I know. The chairman of Apex Group, George Thomas." Barb nodded and continued,

"That's right. This villa belongs to him. I didn't expect this old man to be so easy to talk to. Let's go in and have a look. We only have one hour."

With that said, Barb led Paula and Martha into the place, and like Alice walking around and exploring Wonderland, they looked here and there with utmost curiosity. It was like they had embarked on a trip. This villa was simply too grand. At the same time, at the corner of Saville Street, a crowd had gathered. It was difficult not to attract attention when a collision between two luxury cars happened. Lynn stood next to the red Ferrari with

her arms crossed over her chest. She yelled arrogantly at the few young people across from her, "Why should I pay? How much is your broken car worth? Open your eyes and look at this clearly, it's a Ferrari! You are the ones who should pay up. You don't have to pay much, just one million will do." At this moment, Lynn was totally unlike the crying and wailing person on the phone, but exactly like Martha when she was younger—fiery and arrogant. Lynn was not stupid. The other car looked quite nice as well.

Could it be a luxury car too? Despite that, even if it was, how could it be compared to a Ferrari? In Lynn's knowledge, a Ferrari was the top sports car! The other four or five young men were led by a clean-cut handsome man in a white shirt and floral-patterned pants. His hair was styled in a center-parting, and he looked like an offspring from a wealthy family. He sat on the hood of his car with an expression of disdain. He glanced at the Ferrari and said, "Beauty, is this car yours?" Lynn immediately spat like an angry kitten with her chin yanked up. With a flushed face, she said, "Why is it not mine? If the car I'm driving is not mine, could it be yours then?"

The few young men across the road laughed at her words. Lynn immediately flustered. After looking around, she cursed angrily, "What are you laughing at? Can you afford to drive this car? And you, pay up quickly!" However, the handsome guy in the white shirt chuckled and said, "Beauty, please take a good look at my car. This is a Ferrari Enzo. You don't even recognize my car and you are still so shameless to say that the car belongs to you?" Lynn was taken aback, her mind full of suspicions. She had only heard of Ferrari.

What the heck was a Ferrari Enzo? "F*ck! You're driving a fake Ferrari and still dare to demand 20 million from me! Are you kidding me?" Lynn retorted immediately. It must be a fake! What Ferrari Enzo... There was no such thing!

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As soon as Lynn finished her sentence, the crowd burst into laughter. "The fck! She doesn't even recognize a Ferrari Enzo." "So embarrassing. That's an Enzo, a top-notch sports car! It's a Ferrari royalty, a super sports car that's no longer in production!" "But of course. Only a few hundred vehicles were

produced in the world, and in this country, only six or seven are here!” Listening to the crowd’s discussion, Lynn began to realize that the situation was not quite right. There were only six or seven in the country? A Ferrari royalty, a super sports car that was no longer in production? Oh no! Lynn panicked all of a sudden, and her eyes started drifting. She still said stiffly, “I don’t believe you. My cousin-in-law will be here soon.” Lynn stomped her foot bitterly. The discussions of the onlookers had deflated her bubble a little. Across from her, the few young men simply chuckled. The owner of the Ferrari Enzo, the young man in the white shirt, said, “Okay, we’ll wait for him then. However, let’s get one thing straight, you can’t run away from the 20 million.” Lynn got a fright, and her knees began to weaken. She said awkwardly, “What broken car would cost 20 million? Are you kidding me?” “Kidding?” Another young man stood up at this time and said disdainfully, “Beauty, listen up. This Ferrari Enzo is a sacred, out-of-production car. The domestic price for one unit is 40 million, and that’s only the paper price. Do you understand?” 40 million for one unit? Lynn almost staggered and hurried to say, “I... I don’t believe you! You guys are ganging up and trying to cheat me!” Haha... Everyone shook their heads helplessly and laughed. “This chick is probably shocked. I heard that the Ferrari Enzo can’t be bought by ordinary people. There are special conditions.” In the crowd, someone said. “I know. To buy a Ferrari Enzo, you must be a celebrity with high morals and can’t have any criminal records. You must also be a Ferrari member, own more than three Ferraris, and one of it must be more than ten years. Furthermore, they must also own the F40 and F50 models. It’s difficult enough to get hold of these two collection cars alone.” “Yeah, but of course, there are other special people who get the priority to buy it, such as the racing champion, Schumacher.” Facing everyone’s discussion, Lynn was so frightened that she could not stand still. This... This Ferrari Enzo could only be bought if the person owned more than three Ferraris? The young man across from her owned that many Ferraris? What was she going to do? She was in big trouble! Lynn finally realized the implications of this matter and was like a cat on hot bricks. Even if Philip knew Theo, he may not be able to fork out 20 million at once. At this time, the guy in the white shirt approached Lynn who was anxiously biting her nails. He looked at the Ferrari next to her and said, “This Ferrari 488 of yours only costs four million. Little missy, how do you plan to pay me the 20 million?” “I... I,” Lynn stammered. She took a few steps back in fright and cried, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it. This car is not mine, I borrowed it. Don’t force me anymore. My cousin-in-law will be here soon, he’ll pay you!” Instantly, everyone understood the situation and started to criticize Lynn. “Just look at that. Young girls these days are just too vain. After taking a luxury car out for a ride, they get themselves into a careless accident.” “Hehe, from what I can see, she probably slept her way to get this car.” “Just look at her knees. I guess she does it quite often, then. So cheap!” When Lynn heard these comments, she cried and retorted, “No, I didn’t! I’m not the kind of person you’re talking about!” However, no one believed her at all. The more they talked about it, the more vigorous they became. They condemned her thoroughly. It was just short of holding a banner over her head with the words ‘btch’ and ‘sl*t’. The few young men saw Lynn’s pitiful state and teased. “Beauty, why don’t you just accompany Logan for a few drinks.”

“Logan is a very easy-going person. Let’s go.” “This chick has got the looks.

Logan, it’s not too bad. Those long legs are enough for you to play for a year.” When Lynn heard those words, she took a few steps back and cried,

“No, I won’t!” However, the guys ignored her and tried to pull her into the car. Lynn was so frightened that she cried out for help from the onlookers.

However, the crowd only stared at the scene solemnly. Who would dare to get involved? Ferrari Enzo! 40 million a unit! They would die miserably if they provoked such a person. They were ordinary citizens and could not afford to offend such people. Suddenly! An angry shout sounded from the near distance. “Stop!” Chapter 301

Philip came running from a distance and rushed into the crowd. He grabbed hold of Lynn and asked in concern, “Lynn, are you alright?” Lynn wept bitterly and threw herself into Philip’s arms, crying, “Philip, they... They want me to accompany them to sing and dance. They said if I don’t sleep with them, I have to pay 20 million!” Boohoo! Lynn sobbed piteously.

Philip comforted her and said, “Okay, okay. Just leave everything to me.

It’s going to be fine.” Lynn rubbed her teary red eyes and asked cautiously,

“Really? It’s 20 million. Philip, do you have so much money?” Philip shrugged, turned toward the few arrogant young men, and said, “Isn’t it just 20 million? Why are you pulling her into the car?” The leading guy in the white shirt chuckled. He scrutinized Philip from top to bottom before pointing at his nose. “Fck! Where did a beggar like you come from? Are you trying to stick your nose in here?” “What the hell? Open your blind eyes and see clearly. This is the Ferrari Enzo that Logan just bought and it was scraped by your sister-in-law!” The few young people started acting up and pointed at Philip while cursing wildly. It was not only them, but the onlookers also started to discuss too. “That’s the girl’s cousin-in-law? What’s he wearing?” “They are in trouble now! If I remember correctly, this morning when I was watching TikTok, Logan Fisher, the famous rich second-generation of the Fisher family in our city, did indeed buy a second-hand Enzo for 45 million!” Everyone’s eyes widened, and their gazes fell upon the guy in the white shirt. “Damn, he’s the rich second-generation Logan Fisher? Then those two are doomed.” “Yeah, I remember last time there was another rich second-generation who offended Logan. He was beaten into a cripple, and the family went bankrupt.” Everyone muttered. Philip glanced at the damaged Ferrari Enzo, and his brows twisted into a deep frown. It was really an Enzo! What was more insulting was that it was the very Enzo he had sold! If he remembered correctly, this car was specially customized by Ferrari. There was a part of the car that was engraved with his name. It seemed that all the Ferrari Enzos in the country were bought by him. Some were given away, and some had changed hands after being destroyed under his hands. Philip felt a little helpless, but he already had a rough estimation of the situation. Lynn had long hidden behind Philip like a frightened rabbit. She could only place her hopes on Philip now. After all, he knew Theo. “How do you want to handle this?” Philip knew Lynn was at fault, so he had no choice but to be humble. Logan snorted and walked right up to Philip. He grabbed Philip by the collar brazenly and said viciously, “Who gave you the fcking right to speak up here? It was the chick who hit my car. Who the hell are you? Get out of here!” Logan’s followers cursed menacingly at Philip too. After that, they chose to ignore Philip but walked up to Lynn instead and said laughingly, “Let’s go, beauty.

I’m afraid you can’t escape if you don’t accompany Logan for drinks and serve him well in bed. Could it

be that you want your brother-in-law to pay up the 20 million on your behalf? Just look at him. Does he even look like someone who has that kind of money?" Lynn looked at Philip in fear and stomped her foot with a shout, "Don't you know Theo Zander? Tell him to come here quickly!" What was wrong with Philip? He was just dilly-dallying! Was he trying to embarrass her on purpose? Lynn grumbled internally because Philip had turned up alone. What was he doing? She already said this was a big matter but he still came here alone. He did not even bother to bring someone who could pretend to hold the fort. "What did you say? A fool like him actually knows Theo Zander?" Few people laughed at that. Logan shook his head dismissively too. A guy like this knew Theo Zander? She must be joking. "That's right, my cousin-in-law knows Theo!

Are you scared now? Then let go of me! If you want money, tell him to compensate you. This car is not mine anyway. He lent it to me." At this time, Lynn really could not care less about what was going to happen. She was already scared out of her wits, so she pushed all the blame to Philip instead. If they really looked for her parents for that 20 million, she would be beaten to death for sure! Philip was taken aback. He did not expect Lynn

to double-cross him. She had even turned her face to the side and was ignoring him. Instantly, Logan and his followers laughed uproariously.

"Bro, did you hear that? That chick sold you out!" "Fck! This is even worse than wearing a green hat! He rushed here to save the day but was abandoned by the cousin-in-law in a twist! I'll be dmned!" Facing the cynicism of the onlookers, Philip could only shake his head helplessly. Initially, he wanted to help Lynn, but now, Philip had changed his mind. Standing on one side, Philip also became a spectator. Lynn started to get anxious now. With swaying hips, she trotted over on her red high heels and said unpleasantly,

"What are you doing? I called you over to help me solve this problem. Don't you know Theo? Hurry up and call him to get here. Otherwise, I'll tell Wynn everything!" Philip gave up. Lynn was such a brainless girl. If she knew he was here to help, why was her attitude toward him not any better? "Excuse me, but I don't know Theo Zander. What you saw last time was just a coincidence." Philip shrugged. "What? You don't know him?" Lynn immediately blew her top. Her mouth dropped open and her eyes were full of confusion, but all the more, she was angry! Could it be that Philip had lied to her for such a long time? He did not know Theo at all? Where did this Ferrari come from, then? "You're lying to me? Where did this Ferrari come from, then?" Lynn almost went crazy with rage. If Philip did not know Theo, then she would be forced to accompany them for drinks and sleep with them! Oh no! This baby was so fragile... How could she handle so many guys...

Chapter 302

"I'm telling you, this car is not mine, but you don't believe me. Now, not only do you want me to pay 20 million, but you also want me to pay over one million for the car repair fees," Philip put out his hands and said helplessly. It was time to teach his cousin-in-law a lesson. If not, she would not remember her

place. She was so arrogant and bossy. How would she survive when she stepped foot into society? “Ah!” Lynn was stunned. She

stomped her feet in frustration. “Why didn’t you tell me earlier? What should I do? It’s more than 20 million! Sob, sob, sob...” Lynn was horrified.

She squatted down on the street and started crying without caring about her image. Philip waited for her while she cried and sighed. Then, he was about to walk over and negotiate with the few youngsters. Lynn stood up suddenly and ran. While she was running, she shouted, “It’s his car! Go ask for money from him!” Everyone was completely shocked. A second later, Lynn had vanished from their sight. Damn it! What the fck? Philip cursed inside his heart. Then, he saw Logan Fisher, the leader of the youngsters, clenching his fists. He was walking toward him with malice on his face. “Bro, your cousin-in-law is gone. Are you gonna pay the 20 million?” Logan said angrily. Philip backed away and smiled timidly. “Um... Let’s talk about this like civilized members of society. There’s no need to be violent. We can solve this problem rationally...” “Fck your rationality! Fck him up, boys! Fck!” Logan yelled, and a few of his men charged toward Philip! Bang, bang! Ah! In less than three minutes... “Ouch! Bro, go easy on me, I was wrong...” Logan and his men were all lying on the ground after being defeated by Philip. The latter held onto Logan’s arm and pressed him down on the ground. Then, he took out Logan’s phone from his pocket and asked curiously, “Is Chase Fisher your father?” “Yes! Get your f*cking hands off me! Kneel and apologize to me and my boys. If not, I’ll kill you!” Logan yelled furiously. He was not well-behaved. Philip exerted some force and Logan yelled, “Ouch, ouch, ouch! Bro, softer!” Philip did not want to pay attention to him. He dialed Chase’s number, and on the other end of the phone came a furious voice, “You stupid kid, are you causing trouble for me again?” “It’s me, Philip Clarke,” Philip said awkwardly. “M-Mr.

Clarke?” Over here at the Dragonstone Mountain Race Course, Chase stood up immediately in his office on the second floor. He said excitedly, “How can I help you, Mr. Clarke?” Now, Chase was sure that Philip was the world-class racer who vanished without a trace seven years ago. He had been asking around these few days but only received some information. This

mysterious racer was from one of the powerful families! Plus, this family was phenomenal! “I crashed into your son’s car. Do you want to come here to take care of this matter?” Philip said. “Alright, I’ll come over right now.”

Chase hung up the phone quickly and drove to the scene. At the same time at First Palace of Longford Park. Martha and the other two had been touring around First Palace for half the day now. They were gasping and screaming in astonishment during the entire trip. They were like country bumpkins who came to the city for the first time. This was a mansion with an inner court built according to a standard ancient Rome architecture style. It was surrounded by a portico with columns. The white marble from Greece constituted an elegant courtyard. In the middle of the courtyard, there was a small fountain with a bronze statue. The crystal clear water sprinkled on the roses surrounding it and was reflecting a dazzling light under the sun.

Romance and extravagance filled the air of the entire courtyard. All of the riches in the world could be

found in this splendorous and majestic castle.

One would have the illusion that they were in a palace. The floor was covered with black marble, and the tiles were as shiny as a mirror. There was a gorgeous crystal chandelier, a glass Gabon ebony table, branded cushioned chairs from overseas, a delicately carved bookshelf, and all kinds of custom-made luxury goods from all around the world. Even a rich woman like Barb Sears was making sounds of awe when she saw the inside of First Palace. She wanted so badly to be the person who lived here. "Hey, I'm going to the restroom." Martha clutched her stomach suddenly and asked the maid who had been following them the entire trip. Barb scrunched up her nose. "A lazy person will find many excuses to delay anything." Then, she and Paula continued their tour while holding hands. Martha finally relieved herself. After she came out of the restroom, she got lost. The house was too big, and she could not remember where she had come from. She wandered to the door of a room on the second floor. Martha pushed open the door that was slightly ajar and was shocked by the extravagant decorations in the room. Only a concubine in ancient times would be able

to get a room like this. Martha was intrigued. She looked around and saw the luxurious custom-made Chanel queen-sized bed. On top of it, there was a wedding photo. The man was handsome, and the woman was beautiful.

They looked like they were hopelessly in love with each other. Clank!

Martha's heart skipped a beat! W-Why was Philip and Wynn's wedding photo hanging here?

Comments (1)

Jervine Villano

Great plot. Love it

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Chapter 303

Martha started to panic. She rubbed her eyes furiously. She wanted to go and take a closer look. Her eyesight was not that good, so she was scared that she might just be seeing things. "Hey, why are you running around on your own? You can't see this! Get out now!" Suddenly, a tall and slender maid stormed in and stood in front of Martha. She brought her out and shut the door of the room. This was the master bedroom. How could she barge in on her own? This woman was so full of herself. How dare she wander around on her own. She told Martha she could only visit the first floor. The second floor was forbidden! Martha did not have the chance to give the wedding photo another glance before she was pushed out. She was being kept on tenterhooks. "I'm sorry, I was lost." Martha explained timidly. The maid peered at her coldly and mumbled, "Go downstairs now. Your friends are waiting for you

downstairs.” Martha could not do anything more, so she went downstairs. She ran into Barb and Paula in the living room. “Martha, where did you go? We’ve been looking for you for a long time,” Paula said in dissatisfaction. Barb chimed in, “This is not my house. You can’t wander around on your own. You didn’t break anything, did you?” Martha did not

have the time to explain before the maid scoffed behind her. “Alright, your tour is over. I’ll walk you out.” Martha was agitated. She kept thinking about the wedding photo in the room that looked like it was fit for a concubine.

How was it possible? Was it really just an illusion? Martha did not say anything. Her face was glum as well. “What’s wrong, Martha? You look like you’ve lost your soul. Are you thinking about the First Palace?” Paula sneered as she walked. “Stop thinking about it. People like us can’t afford to fantasize about this place. It cost 200 million. Who can afford this? Plus, Philip is such a good-for-nothing bum. He won’t be able to live in a place like this in his entire lifetime!” Paula saw an opportunity, so she just had to say something. However, Martha was abnormally quiet today. She did not want to argue with Paula after she got out of the mansion. Paula was displeased about this. “Hey, what’s going on with you? If you don’t want to talk to me, whatever. I’m leaving.” Paula stomped her foot and twisted her bottom before leaving the Old Johnston Manor. She did not even go in. How would Martha have the mood to argue with her sister now? She opened the door and entered the house. She sat in the living room lifelessly. After a while, Charles came back. Martha grabbed him and told him what had happened today. “Charlie, don’t you think it’s weird? That photo is exactly the same as the one Wynn and Philip took.” There was a knot in Martha’s heart. Charles sat on the sofa and read today’s newspaper. He said, “You’re just overthinking. Aren’t all youngsters’ wedding photos the same? Plus, you said that mansion is 200 million bucks. Didn’t Madam Sears say that place belongs to that billionaire in Riverdale, George Thomas? Why are you spending so much time and effort thinking about this? If you’re really worried, you can just call Philip and ask him about it.” Charles did not want to talk to Martha right now. He wondered what this old woman was planning now. “Right, I’ll just call Philip. He said he bought a house last time. I want to ask this good-for-nothing bum where his house is.” Martha made up her mind and took out her phone to call Philip. Philip had just finished talking to Chase. It was settled, and of course, he did not need to pay for the car.

“Excuse me, I need to take a call.” Philip smiled at Chase. “Please, Mr.

Clarke. I’ll go back first, then. Please come visit us sometime.” Chase smiled politely and glared at his stupid son. Then, they left together. Philip looked at the caller ID and saw that it was from Martha. “Hello, Mom, what’s wrong?” Philip asked. “Philip, let me ask you, where did you buy your house?” Martha was straightforward. She did not beat around the bush.

Philip shuddered. What was Martha doing? Why was she interested in this all of a sudden? “Didn’t I tell you that I bought one at Longford Park? Do you want to go take a look?” Philip asked. He could not hide this anymore.

Plus, Philip did not plan to do so either. They would move in there sooner or later. When Martha heard him, she was stunned. Then, she said in annoyance, “Alright, stop lying. Do you know how much a

mansion in Longford Park costs? It's at least 35 million. Do you have that much money?" Initially, Martha was focused on the wedding photo, but now, she was sure that Philip was just a great liar.

Chapter 304

"Mom, I really..." "Enough! Shut up, why are you still lying?" Martha was mad. This useless guy was still lying about this? "Right, come back for a while. There's going to be a guest in the house. Come back and act as the supporting role." After she said that, Martha hung up the phone. She slammed the phone down on the coffee table with her cheeks puffed in anger. "What's wrong? Did Philip make you upset again?" Charles asked after noticing the changes in Martha's expression. "That wretched bum is still lying to me. He said he bought a house at Longford Park. You have no idea, the mansions over there cost at least 35 million! Is he crazy? How can he say something like this?" Martha gritted her teeth in anger. Charles shook his head helplessly. He sighed and asked all of a sudden, "Will you move there if he has really bought a house at Longford Park?" Martha was taken aback. She frowned and pointed at the door after getting up. She shouted,

"He's just a worthless piece of trash. How can he afford a house at Longford

Park? Let's not talk about that place anymore. I'll cook and clean for him every day even if he buys a villa in the hills for me. I'll serve him tea and wait on him!" When Charles heard this, he shook his head even more. He did not say anything else. His wife was like this. "Right, I forgot to tell you, Charlie. Joel Harris is coming over in a bit. Go buy some ingredients, I'll cook for him later." Martha sat down suddenly as a huge grin appeared on her face. "Joel Harris? Old Man Harris' boy? Isn't he studying overseas?

He's back?" Charles was shocked. He removed his presbyopic glasses. "Of course! That kid is just amazing. He did his Ph.D. overseas, and now he's the CEO of a listed company. Wynnie is one of the reasons why he came back this time." When Martha talked about Joel, her face was glowing. She was absolutely beaming. It was as if she was bragging about how great her own son was. "Do you remember how we disagreed when they dated each other in senior high? I think that idiot boy wants to come back and continue his relationship with Wynnie." "Wynnie is already married. Why are you still trying to do this?" Charles was taken aback. He did not understand what Martha meant. "Say, are you stupid? So what if she's married? Is that piece of trash Philip better than Joel? Plus, you can get a divorce after you're married. As long as Joel still has feelings for Wynnie, we'll just give him a hand." Martha smiled and said. Her eyes were twinkling with joy. "Aren't you separating the love birds this way? Why are you always doing something so immoral?" Charles could not take this anymore. When Martha heard this, she was unhappy. She said, "Me? Immoral? Do you want our daughter to spend the rest of her life with that piece of trash?" Charles did not say anything. He got up and left to buy the ingredients. What an unreasonable woman. Philip stayed with Mila for a while before calling a cab to go back to the Old

Johnston Manor. When he was at the door, he saw a brand new Porsche. This guest was pretty wealthy. Philip walked into the house and saw Martha chatting with a young man with a huge smile on her face. There were all kinds of sliced fruits in front of them. "Joel, I've already given Wynnie a call. She'll come back in a bit. I heard you're working in

Hodgson Pharmaceutical and that you're also the CEO." Martha looked very passionate. Joel Harris was the CEO of the listed company, Hodgson Pharmaceutical. He studied overseas for six years and had just returned to the country. Plus, his family was rich. He was the young master of Harris Enterprise. He and Wynn were the golden couple when they were in senior high. They had a short period of romance, but in the end, their relationship failed. Martha was still brooding about this until now. She had been blind back then. That was why she did not agree to their relationship. At the same time, Philip came back. "Aunt Martha, who is this?" Joel was shocked when he saw a man coming in through the door. Martha glared at Philip in agitation and changed the subject. "It's fine, just ignore him. Let's talk about you. Uncle Charlie is out to buy some ingredients. He'll be back in a bit.

You should just stay for dinner. We haven't seen you in so long. Wynnie must have missed you so much." Wynn? Miss him? Philip felt awkward. He stood at the door and did not know what to say. He could tell that his mother-in-law was purposely hiding his identity. Philip did not say anything. When he was about to go into the bedroom, Martha scolded, "Why are you standing there? Hurry up and get a glass of water for Joel." Philip grunted a reply and poured a new glass of water before handing it to Joel politely. Joel also accepted the glass courteously and thanked him. Then, he asked curiously, "Aunt Martha, did you hire a male housekeeper?" Housekeeper?

Damn it! Philip was enraged. Martha chuckled and did not explain. If she knew that this would have happened, she would not have asked Philip to come back. Coincidentally, Wynn came back too. "Mom, why did you ask me to come back in such a hurry?" Wynn was wearing a black pantsuit. She was tall and slender. Her temperament as an office lady was alluring. When Joel saw Wynn, his eyes were filled with love. He got up and said, "Wynnie, you're back." Wynn was shocked. She looked at Joel, and her face bloomed like a flower. She said excitedly, "Joel, when did you come back?" After she said that, Joel walked over and hugged Wynn in front of Philip. He said softly, "I just got back. I've been thinking about you every day for the past

few years. It's great to see you." F*cking hell! Philip's face fell immediately.

Chapter 305

At first glance, one would think that they were newlyweds who had not seen each other for a long time. Wynn was shocked. She patted Joel gently and said, "Alright, Joel." After that, the two of them separated. Joel was still looking at Wynn amorously. Wynn was blushing. She looked like a submissive little woman. Philip got even more angered when he saw this.

What the hell was that? His wife was acting like a submissive little woman in front of another man?

“Philip, you’re here too?” Wynn was startled when she saw Philip standing in the kitchen. She kept a distance from Joel and lowered her head. She was embarrassed. Oh no! What should she do now?

Was Philip mad at her for being like this? Oh no! Wynn was so ashamed right now. Joel was taken aback. Eventually, he understood that Philip was not a male housekeeper. He asked, “Wynn, who is he?” Wynn placed a strand of her hair behind her ears and walked toward Philip. She smiled and introduced, “Joel, this is my husband, Philip Clarke.” Husband? Joel was shocked. Wynn was married? How was it possible? Wynn married a man who was not on her level at all! Joel was mad. He was mad at Philip. It was clear that this man was a useless bum. How could he marry Wynn? He had been waiting for six years. He had come back to marry Wynn. However, he did not expect this to happen. Joel was livid! Wynn smiled and pulled Philip into the bedroom. When they got inside the bedroom, Philip swung Wynn’s hand away angrily and asked weirdly, “What a passionate hug.” Wynn was super ashamed. She began to explain. “Philip, it’s not what you think. He...

He’s...” “He’s what?” Philip crossed his arms and looked at Wynn coldly.

He did not expect Wynn to hug another man. She was even so passionate about it. Wynn gritted her teeth and explained. “His name is Joel Harris. He was my boyfriend back in senior high, but don’t misunderstand. There’s nothing between us. You should know this.” “Then what was that? Was I

blind?” Philip was jealous. He was feeling angry, so he swung his hand and left the bedroom. Wynn did not even have the chance to explain herself. She followed him out while feeling frustrated. In the living room, Martha watched as Philip and Wynn came out respectively. She could clearly sense Philip’s anger. She was feeling extremely proud of herself. It would be great if this misunderstanding could become bigger and bigger. The best scenario would be the two of them divorcing each other. “Hey, Wynn, where are you going?” When Martha saw Wynn following Philip, she got up and stopped her immediately. “Come back! Joel is still here. Talk to him!” Wynn watched as Philip left the house. She was feeling agitated, so she said,

“Mom, I’m going out with Philip for a while. We’ll come back soon.”

Martha was mad. How could she miss out on such a good chance? She pulled Wynn to sit down on the sofa immediately and yelled at Philip, “You should just go! At least you won’t embarrass yourself here.” When Philip heard this, he was even angrier. He had been enduring Martha’s abuse for three years. Today, he refused to do so. “Why are you not leaving? Why are you standing there? We’re not planning to cook your share of dinner tonight.” Martha was agitated when she saw Philip standing his ground. Her face looked unhappy. While she said that, she glared at Philip in detest.

Philip did not say anything. He was used to this. This was not the first day his mother-in-law looked down on him. When she saw her mother berating Philip in front of an outsider, Wynn was starting to feel unhappy as well.

She got up and pulled Philip away. “Mom, we’re going to buy some things.

We’ll be back soon.” After she said that, Wynn looked at Philip and hinted at him to follow her. However,

Philip did not move. He stood there motionless. Martha was ecstatic as she watched them argue with each other.

Suddenly, she said to Wynn, "Wynn, didn't you say that there's a problem with your company over the phone just now? Coincidentally, Joel is the CEO of Hodgson Pharmaceutical. Why don't you ask him if he can help you?" When Joel heard that Wynn was in trouble, he asked with concern in his voice, "Wynn, where are you working at? Let me see if I can help."

"Beacon Pharmaceutical," Martha answered quickly. "I know about Beacon Pharmaceutical. I know the chairman. I'll help you take care of this minor matter." Joel smiled and looked confident. "That's wonderful! Thank you, Joel. You're so young and promising." Martha was gleeful. She was extremely fond of Joel. "Hmph, not like somebody who's of no help at all.

He only knows how to send deliveries." Martha looked at Philip in detest.

She was very unsatisfied with him.

Chapter 306

Philip frowned and looked at Wynn. He asked, "Why didn't you tell me your company is in trouble?" Wynn was feeling frustrated today too. She was especially mad at Philip's attitude toward her just now. She said coldly,

"You can't do anything about it anyway." Philip frowned. He knew Wynn was mad at him. The two of them continued to stand like this, and the icy vibe started to spread across the room. No one wanted to give in. "Don't worry, I'll help you," Philip pondered for a while and said after surrendering. After all, she was his wife. However, when he said that, Martha jeered while guffawing. "Can't you just shut up? Why are you still lying? Can you even help Wynn with the problem in her company? Who do you think you are?" Joel shook his head and smiled helplessly. He finally understood what kind of man Wynn's husband was. He was a liar, and Aunt Martha did not like him. How did this piece of trash marry Wynn? At that moment, Joel swore that he would steal Wynn away from Philip. He would then give her a bright future. Wynn Johnston could only belong to him, Joel Harris! "Aunt Martha, Philip's just worried about Wynn. Stop scolding him.

Why don't we do this? Didn't you say he's working as a delivery guy? My company is hiring now, so why don't I find a position for him?" Joel smiled and said in a magnanimous way. "That'll be great, Joel! Thank you for your trouble." When Martha heard that, she was shocked. Then, she felt surprised. She was the joke of the neighborhood because Philip was a delivery guy. It would be amazing if he could get a new job. Wynn was

shocked. She did not expect Joel to offer to help Philip. "Alright, I'll call the manager of the human resources department now," Joel said and went out the door with his phone. He had a plan to completely humiliate Philip.

He would let him know that they were both in completely different leagues.

He would make that piece of trash leave Wynn obediently. After a while, Joel entered the house and said with a smile, "Alright, I've told them about this. You can go over and take a look at the company. Philip, what do you say? We can go now if you want to?" "Yes, of course!" Martha answered quickly before Philip could. "I'm sorry, I'm quite satisfied with being a delivery guy. Plus, I don't think the job you're offering me will be better than what I have now." Philip said calmly. Did he even need to work? Who could afford to hire him? Martha's face fell as she said in anger, "Joel is helping you out of kindness. What are you saying?" "I don't need his help."

"You... You're going to kill me with anger! Are you going to be a delivery guy your entire life? You're worthless! Get lost! Don't ever step foot in my house again!" Martha was acting out violently as she glared at Philip. Philip was feeling helpless. He looked at Wynn and saw her ignoring him with her head turned. Was he the one at fault here? Were all women so unreasonable?

'You're the one at fault, Wynn. Why are you making it like it's my fault?'

Wynn knew that Philip did not need to work. First Palace at Longford Park would be enough for him. However, Martha did not know this. She ordered,

"Philip, if you don't get out now, you can just divorce Wynn!" After she said that, Martha crossed her arms and sat down on the sofa. The atmosphere in the room was suffocating. Joel did not want to say anything. He sat diagonally across Martha and sipped his tea. He was very relaxed. "Wynn, we haven't seen each other in six years and you've found yourself a piece of trash." 'Wynn, you've changed. How could you marry a piece of trash like him? Where is the pride that you used to have?' Wynn frowned. She did not like it when someone berated Philip in front of her. She looked at Philip and advised him. "Go. Just treat it as a way to ease my mom's mind."

Philip was feeling helpless. He looked at Martha and decided to show all his

cards. He said, "Mom, what if I tell you that I've bought that delivery company for more than ten million bucks?"

Chapter 307

The living room plunged into silence. Joel was the first to burst out laughing.

He shook his head helplessly. He was looking down on Wynn's husband even more now. How hilarious! This good-for-nothing had bought a company for ten million bucks? If that was the case, with Aunt Martha's snobby attitude and feisty temper, she would be treating him like he was her own son! Martha was taken aback. Her face fell immediately. She picked up a book on the table and threw it at him. She pointed at the door and yelled,

"Get out! You shameful thing! You never do anything properly and only know how to lie! Aren't you

ashamed of yourself? I feel ashamed for you even if you're not." Philip did not want to explain anymore. His mother-in-law would never believe him. Martha pulled Joel out the door and insisted he took Philip to the interview. With no choice, the four of them sat in Joel's Porsche and drove to Hodgson Pharmaceutical. "Joel, your car must be pretty expensive, right?" Martha got into the car and sat happily on the passenger's seat. She kept adjusting the seat while enjoying the comfort of a luxury car. "It's not expensive. It's just a little over a million bucks. If you like this, I'll give it to you. I have a Koenigsegg and Lamborghini at my mansion." Joel smiled and said. He was unintentionally revealing his wealth. When Martha heard that, she was smiling like a flower in bloom.

Joel was so rich. He even had three luxury cars and a mansion! No! Martha could feel her breath getting heavier. This amazing man must become her son-in-law! That piece of trash Philip could not even begin to compare with Joel. "Joel, are you really giving me the car?" Martha was excited. Her elder sister's daughter, Samantha, drove a car that cost over one million as well.

She was so arrogant, even her bottom was sticking up to the sky. "Joel, don't listen to my mother." Wynn reminded him from the back seat. Her mother was really something else. She was so thick-skinned. Joel smiled and said,

"It's nothing. It's just a little more than a million. I came out urgently today.

If I knew, I would have driven the other car. That one is more comfortable.

Right, Philip, do you have a car?" Suddenly, Joel changed the topic and asked with a fake smile. The inside of the car felt awkward immediately.

Martha wanted to kick Philip out of the car so badly. Philip smiled and said,

"I do, but I don't drive it often." "Oh? I didn't think you'd be able to afford a car. Did you get a loan with Wynn for it?" Joel smiled and said. His face was filled with sarcasm. Wynn and Martha stared at Philip. "You have a car? When? Why do I not know about this?" Martha was the first to yell. It was as if she had heard a huge piece of news. The inside of the car got even more awkward after she said that. Joel shook his head and said, "You don't know, Aunt Martha? Is your car still at the car dealership?" He was obviously lying. When Martha heard that, she understood immediately. She glared at Philip while feeling unhappy. Philip was so used to lying. It was such a shame to be in the same car as him. Philip did not want to explain any further. Wynn pinched him on the waist and asked quietly, "Did you really buy it?" Philip nodded and did not say anything. It was just a car. It did not bother him that much. Only an entire mountain would be enough to be the parking lot for the number of luxury cars his family owned. Joel chuckled lightly. He had maintained his dignity after showing off his wealth in front of Wynn's husband. After a while, the car stopped in front of Hodgson Pharmaceutical. This was an international building. It was the headquarters for Hodgson Pharmaceutical. It was a listed company with more than 1,000 employees. It could be said that Hodgson Pharmaceutical was the second-largest pharmaceutical company aside from Hutten Pharmaceutical Factory. Now, Hodgson Pharmaceutical was flourishing because Hutten Pharmaceutical went bankrupt. When Philip and the rest of the group went into the building, a beautiful woman with a glamorous body approached them. When she saw Philip, her face

went pale. She did not even have time to greet Joel and the gang. She just quickly ran to the chairman's office. "Sir, he's here! The person you told me to ask about is downstairs!"

The beautiful woman with the glamorous body was the personal assistant of the chairman of Hodgson Pharmaceutical, Vernon Payne. Her name was Eliza Gomez. "Really?" Vernon was surprised and shocked. He stood up immediately. Hutten Pharmaceutical's crisis had been abuzz for the last few days. He hired a few people to investigate this and finally got some information about what happened that day. He spent a lot of money to buy that photo...

Chapter 308

This young man in the photo was the one who caused the bankruptcy of Hutten Pharmaceutical Factory and the downfall of the Logans. When Vernon found out about the truth, he was beyond shocked! He must get to know this powerful person. If he could destroy one pharmaceutical factory, he could destroy another. Vernon was scared of his future. "Where is he?"

"I think Mr. Harris brought them to the human resources department."

"Hurry, come with me!" Vernon knew the importance of this. The two of them ran to the human resources department. Back in the office of the HR

manager. "Boris, help me out. This is my Aunt Martha's son-in-law. He wants to see if there are any vacancies in our company. Please arrange something for him." Joel sat on the sofa with a cup of tea. A man with a pointy face and puffed cheeks was standing in front of him respectfully. He was the manager of the human resources department, Boris Bauer. Boris respected Joel a lot. The company spent a lot of money to hire him as their CEO. Plus, he was also the young master of Harris Enterprise. He could not afford to offend him. He could only wait on him respectfully. "Um, Mr.

Harris, what position do you plan to give him?" Boris asked with a courteous smile. "What does the company need?" "We're at full capacity. If we have to hire someone... Well, we still need a security guard. However, a security guard will be exposed to the sun and rain. Plus, they're at one's disposal.

Can he do it?" Boris smiled and asked. Before he came here, Joel had messaged Boris. He told him to humiliate this piece of trash Philip.

However, this good-for-nothing's wife was pretty hot. She was an outstanding beauty. No wonder Mr. Harris was interested in her. Joel knitted his eyebrows together and looked at Martha. He asked, "Aunt Martha, how unfortunate. We only need a watchdog, no, I mean a security guard. What about it? If it's okay, I'll give Philip a salary of 7,000 bucks for the position."

Joel purposely made a mistake, and the atmosphere in the room changed instantly. 7,000 bucks? It was a lot! Martha was intrigued. She was not the one watching the door anyway. It was Philip. She looked at him and said angrily, "What are you looking at? Hurry up and thank Joel. What a log!"

Wynn frowned. This was the first time she felt that Joel was not the person she used to know. He had changed. He became hypocritical. He was obviously targeting Philip. He wanted to humiliate him. "No need. Philip, let's go back." Wynn was mad. She wanted to leave after grabbing Philip's arm. "Why? Watching the door is way better than sending deliveries every day, right?" Martha was enraged. She looked at Philip impatiently. Philip was mad. He said coldly, "Martha, you should be the watchdog if you want it so badly." "What did you say? I'm so mad!" Martha was infuriated. Philip did not respect her at all! "Hehe, dude, don't bite off more than you can chew. Not everyone has the chance to get into Hodgson. Mr. Harris is giving you a chance and you're not appreciating it? Look at you. You're just a good-for-nothing who depends on your woman, right? How dare you still act so pretentious." Boris was mocking him. Even his nose hairs were being dramatic. Joel peered at him and said, "Philip, I don't want to say anything, but you should have some self-realization as a good-for-nothing. You only know how to depend on your woman. Don't you think you're embarrassing your own kind?" "You're so right, Mr. Harris. A good-for-nothing should have some self-realization. How about I give you a salary of 7,500 bucks?"

You can start work tomorrow. I'm doing this for the sake of Mr. Harris, what do you say?" Boris looked at Philip with contempt. "You should thank Mr. Harris properly after you go back. He won't help just anyone. Watching the door as a job is a blessing for someone like you. You should know what's good for you." Suddenly! A roar came from the door, "Boris, what are you saying? Who exactly doesn't know what's good for them?" The deep voice of an angry middle-aged man came from the door. Boris jumped up instantly from terror. Then, everyone looked over and saw a man and a woman at the door. "S-Sir... Why are you here?" When Boris saw Vernon standing at the door angrily, cold sweat started to form on his forehead. He approached him hurriedly and lowered his head.

Chapter 309

Vernon glared at Boris the moment he entered the room. The latter was scared as a sinner in church. He did not even dare to breathe too loudly. "Sir, is there anything I can help you with? You can just tell me. You didn't have to come here on your own." Boris had a smile on his face as he bowed even lower. "Why? Do I have to report my every move to you?" Vernon's face was dark as he looked at Boris. "Ah, no, no. You've misunderstood me, Sir.

I mean..." Boris was so scared that he wanted to kneel on the ground. What was wrong with the chairman today? He was so angry! "Stop talking nonsense! I'm asking how did you treat this man over here? Did you offer this man a job as a watchdog?" Vernon interrogated Boris sternly. Was this guy dumb? How dare he ask a young master from a prestigious family to become a watchdog for their company? Was he asking for death? He would not be able to compensate Philip even if he owned a few

Hodgson Pharmaceuticals. As he was yelling, Vernon looked at Philip and smiled flatteringly. This was the young man who destroyed Hutten and the Logans single-handedly. He was so powerful, but why was he pretending to be weak? Was it because of that beauty and that unreasonable woman? Vernon made some guesses in his heart, but he still could not understand. However, he understood if a man like him destroyed the Logans in secret, it meant that he did not want anyone to know. "I'm sorry, Sir. I was wrong..." Boris did not dare to breathe loudly. His forehead was already covered in cold sweat.

Vernon glared at Boris angrily. He wanted so badly to kick this worthless

bum out the door. If he offended this VIP, he would not even know how he died. Vernon let out a sigh of relief when he saw Philip's confused face.

"Sir, I'm so sorry. I was incompetent in educating my employees, that's why he offended you." Vernon looked like a slave who was fawning over his master right now. He was bowing and lowering himself. He looked very respectful. Everyone was shocked. Vernon Payne was the chairman of Hodgson Pharmaceutical! Now, he was talking humbly and respectfully to a good-for-nothing like Philip. What was going on? Martha's eyes were wide. She was very confused. Philip was also confused. He did not know Vernon. When he saw Philip frowning, Vernon's heart sank. He turned his head and yelled at Boris, "Come over here and apologize to him." What the fck? Apologize to that piece of trash? Boris was stunned. He was beyond reluctant. He was the manager of the human resources department. It would be so embarrassing to apologize to that worthless bum. "Mr. Payne, look, I'm the manager of the human resources department. Plus, I didn't do anything wrong. He's only qualified to watch the door." Boris explained while gritting his teeth. Slap! Vernon slapped Boris on the face angrily. The slap caused that meathead to widen his eyes. He did not dare to say anything else. "Are you not going to apologize? Fine, you're fired!" Vernon was livid. Was Boris so stupid? Did he not know how to read someone's expression? This time, Boris surrendered completely. He ran over to Philip and bowed before apologizing. "I'm sorry, Mr. Clarke. I was wrong. I shouldn't have humiliated you." Philip did not even want to look at Boris. He knew this man was colluding with Joel. Boris was just a human shield. However, he was intrigued by Vernon now. This man might already know something. Vernon noticed Philip looking at him, and his heart sank. He panicked immediately. 'What does this mean? 'He won't accept the apology? 'Alright!' "Boris Bauer, you're fired. From now on, you're no longer the manager of the human resources department in Hodgson Pharmaceutical. Get lost." Vernon said coldly. He waved his hand while telling Boris he could pack his things and leave. Boris started to panic. He knelt on the floor with a loud thud and grabbed Vernon's pants. He begged, "Mr. Payne, I was wrong. Please forgive me." However, Vernon just looked at Boris coldly. He quickly asked the security to drag him out. Boris was bawling. He despised Joel so much. Who the fck had he crossed? He was just a scapegoat. Over here, Joel frowned. He looked at Philip from head to toe. This guy was not as simple as he seemed. However, he could not tell what was so different about Philip. Was he imagining things? "Mr. Clarke, are you happy with my decision?" Vernon asked with a charmingly naive smile on his face. "It's alright," Philip said and nodded. Vernon let out a sigh of relief. He frowned and looked at Joel. Then, he said to Philip, "Mr.

Clarke, if you're free, can we talk over there?" Philip did not think much before he followed Vernon to

one side.

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Chapter 310

“Hello Mr. Clarke, this is my name card. I’ve heard some things about Hutten Pharmaceutical.” Vernon said frankly. He did not plan to hide. When Philip heard that, he finally understood. He nodded and asked, “What do you want from me?” Vernon almost screamed out in excitement. He said,

“You’re misunderstanding me, Mr. Clarke. I just want to get to know you.”

Philip smiled and said, “Alright, I’ll take your name card. I’ll look for you when I need anything. Of course, you can look for me too if anything arises.

You’re not too bad.” When he heard Philip praising him, Vernon felt like he had just eaten a spoonful of honey. He nodded his head and bowed. After a while, the group of them left Hodgson Tower. After they got out, Wynn grabbed Philip and asked curiously, “Do you know the chairman of Hodgson?” Philip shook his head. “No,” he said. Wynn wanted to ask something else, but Martha started to urge them impatiently. “What are you doing? Get into the car.” Wynn stopped asking any more questions and got into the car. When Philip was about to get inside, Joel hinted at Philip. The latter then said to Wynn, “Wynn, please wait for me. I’m going to smoke for a bit.” Wynn nodded. Martha muttered angrily, “It’ll be the best if you

die from smoking!” Philip did not say anything. He followed Joel to a small garden nearby. Joel was still pretending to be amiable in front of Wynn.

However, when there was no one around them, his face fell as he said rudely to Philip, “Philip, I hope you leave Wynn. This is my advice to you.” Philip frowned. Then, he could not help but laugh out loud. “Joel, who are you to say this to me? Wynn is my wife.” “So what? I’m telling you honestly, I love Wynn. I came back to take Wynn overseas. You’re with her because you crave what you’re not worthy of,” Joel said slowly. Philip placed his hands into his pockets and said coldly, “Wynn told me that it was all in the past. You still don’t want to forget about it? A man should be more magnanimous, and we should all look forward. Oh, let me remind you too.

Don’t cross me, or else you’ll die a horrible death.” Joel laughed sarcastically and said, “You’re so confident. I wonder how Wynn fell in love with a good-for-nothing like you. However, let me warn you that you should just leave Wynn. You can’t give her anything! Only I, Joel Harris, can give her anything she wants.” “Anything she wants?” Philip was puzzled. Joel nodded. “Anything! Luxury cars, mansions, money, branded bags, and watches! Plus, a bright future! Can you give any of those to her?” While he said that, he lifted his arm. He had the latest Cartier watch on his wrist. It cost more than 40 million bucks. Then, Joel continued, “You’re not a match for her. Only a person with my wealth and connections can give her a bright future. Do you understand?” “Yeah.” Philip nodded, then smiled.

“However, I’m sorry, I can’t do it.” “Don’t you ignore what’s good for you!”

Joel was enraged. He was talking nicely to him. Did he not understand the human language? However, Philip did not pay attention to him. He turned around and walked away. Joel gritted his teeth and mumbled, “Alright, I have all the time in the world to play with you.” When they got home, Wynn went back into her bedroom. Martha berated Philip in the living room furiously. Then, she turned around and returned to her bedroom. Philip tiptoed to the room and opened the door quietly. When he saw Wynn lying on her side in bed, he asked, “What’s wrong?” Wynn grunted softly. “It’s

fine. I’m just a little tired.” Philip was feeling heartbroken. He walked over to her and helped her remove her high heels. He said slowly, “Um, Wynnie, I was wrong just now. I shouldn’t have lost my temper toward you. I should’ve believed you...” Before he could finish, Wynn sat upright and held Philip tightly. She sobbed, “Philip, I love you. I really do. Please don’t do this again, okay? There’s nothing between me and Joel.” There was a smile on Philip’s face. He hugged Wynn softly and said, “Okay, I promise.”

The two of them held each other for a while and smiled after looking at each other. Philip touched Wynn’s nose and wiped her face for her. Suddenly, he asked, “Right, what’s going on with your company? I’ll see if I can help.”

Wynn sighed. She looked anxious when she said, “You might not be able to help me. Our collaboration with Turner’s has begun, but none of the pharmaceutical factories in the city wants to work with us. I’m so frustrated.

I don’t know why, but even our old clients all stopped working with us.

“Now, we have a lot of orders, but we’ve lost about 200 million.” Wynn looked anxious. “Do you need money?” Philip asked. Wynn shook her head before nodding. She said, “We have to pay the penalty, and it’s about 600

million! We didn’t have any outlines with the collaboration with Turner’s branch, and Mr. Hall is worried sick!” Philip frowned. 600 million was not a small amount. “Don’t worry, Wynnie. I’ll help you,” Philip grabbed Wynn’s hands and said calmly. “Really?” Wynn’s eyes glistened with tears.

She was excited and hopeful. However, after she thought about it, she said,

“Alright, thank you, Philip. I know you’re worried about me. However, you can’t do anything about this.” Wynn smiled bitterly. Even if Philip was rich, could he help her with the penalty of 600 million? Apparently not. Philip knew what Wynn was worried about, so he did not say anything. After chatting with Wynn, he made up an excuse to visit Mila in the hospital and went out. After he got out of the house, he called George. “Old Man George.” The call went through. “What do you need, Young Master?”

George was still as respectful as always. “Buy Beacon Pharmaceutical for me. Also, tell our pharmaceutical companies to work with Beacon.”

Chapter 311

George quickly replied, "Alright, Young Master. I'll take care of this matter now." After he said that, he hung up. George then started to busy himself with contacting people. However, after ten minutes, Philip still did not receive George's phone call. He started to complain in his heart. George was never this slow before. When he was about to call him and ask about this, George beat him to it. His tone sounded helpless as he said, "Young Master, I can't purchase Beacon Pharmaceutical." Philip was shocked. He frowned and scolded, "What happened? Can't you take down Beacon?" "Young Master, Beacon changed their chairperson half a month ago. Now, it belongs to Miss Chloe Sommerset." George said. His tone sounded anxious. He really could not handle his young master's debt in love. "Chloe? Why did she buy Beacon?" Philip was shocked. His eyebrows were knitted together tightly. Then, he understood. Was Chloe the culprit behind Beacon's troubles? Was it because of Wynn? "Alright, I got it." Philip replied flatly.

Then, he hung up the phone. After hesitating for a while, he decided to call Chloe. Before he could say anything, a lazy yet seductive voice sounded from the other side of the phone, "Philip, you're finally calling me." "Chloe, what are you trying to do? Are you the one behind Beacon's crisis?" Philip was unhappy. He was remorseful toward Chloe, but if this was about Wynn, he would rather be the f*ckboy in this situation. "Yes." Chloe replied straightforwardly. Then, she chuckled lightly and said, "George called me just now. You want to buy Beacon to help Wynn, don't you? Then, let me tell you that you're being delusional." Yes, Chloe had used her family's power to cause the current crisis in Beacon. None of the pharmaceutical companies in the city would work with Beacon anymore. Anyone who worked with Beacon would be faced with the wrath of the Sommersets.

Chloe would not care about a small company like Beacon. The reason she bought it was to torture Wynn. She was just having fun. This was how the rich entertained themselves. Philip's eyes turned cold as he sighed. He said,

"Where are you? Let's meet." "Alright, see you at Gentleman Tea Shop."

After she said that, she hung up the phone. One second, her face was icy, but in the next second, she was as excited as a little girl. She skipped to her closet and rummaged through her expensive and stylish clothes. She tried all of them on in front of her mirror. She kept comparing which outfit would be better. She wanted one that would accentuate her body in an alluring manner. Any man would fall for Chloe Sommerset! It was evident that Chloe was ecstatic. She was brimming with happiness like a chirping bird.

"Hehe, let me see. How do I look in this?" Chloe looked at her perfect self in front of the mirror. She was dressed like a refined little princess. Her personal assistant was giving her suggestions on one side. She smiled and said "Miss, this one is perfect. Young Master Philip will like it for sure."

Chloe had not been this happy in a long time. "Really? Will he like it?"

Chloe pouted. She could not hide the slight hint of sadness on her face. She looked at the perfect beauty in the mirror. If there was someone else in the room, their jaws would drop at her beauty. This woman

was so beautiful!

She looked like a fairy! After half an hour, Chloe walked out of the hotel stylishly in a sky blue dress. She had her sunglasses on and was holding an LV purse. Then, she got into the white Bentley that was waiting at the entrance.

Comments (1)

Brandon McClung

There are to many spelling mistakes. In which it makes it hard to follow a long VIEW ALL COMMENTS

Chapter 312

Gentleman Tea Shop. Philip arrived early. He waited for about 20 minutes before a stylish woman walked in through the door. When Chloe saw Philip, her heart started racing. However, she forced herself to remain calm. She sashayed into the shop and approached Philip slowly. She sat down quietly and removed her sunglasses. Then, she looked at him calmly. "Have you waited long?" Chloe asked. Her voice was calm. "Not too long," Philip replied. He looked at Chloe and saw that she was still as refined as ever.

Even though Chloe looked calm on the surface, her heart was beating extremely fast. Her delicate hands under the table were grasping on her skirt tightly. She had not sat in front of Philip like this for a very long time. He was still so charming. An air of arrogance was coursing through his body.

Other people could not detect this air around him, but Chloe could. They used to be the golden couple that everyone was jealous of. However, that was old news. "Tell me, how will you sell Beacon to me?" Philip said. He did not have much time. "Divorce Wynn and I'll sell it to you," said Chloe.

She did not beat around the bush either. "Impossible," replied Philip. He knew by asking Chloe out, he would not be able to escape from this.

However, he would not agree to divorce Wynn. "So there's nothing to talk about, then. Beacon is what I'm using to torment Wynn. If you don't want her to suffer, just divorce her. Philip, I'll tell you honestly. Anything Chloe Somerset wants, she gets, and that includes you." Chloe was frank. She turned cold all of a sudden. Wynn Johnston. Chloe despised this woman who intruded into the life of the man who belonged to her. Philip raised his eyebrow and said calmly, "Chloe, don't try to challenge my limits. If I want Beacon, no one can stop me. Even the Somerset family in Capital City is merely my accessory. I'm going to ask you one last time, on what conditions will you sell Beacon to me?" Philip was starting to get impatient. His expression went cold as well. Chloe fell silent. She took a step back and said, "My birthday is next week. I want you to accompany me. This is the one and only condition." Philip's heart skipped a beat as his eyes went wide.

After being silent for a while, he nodded and said, "Okay." After he said that, he got up and left Gentleman Tea Shop. Chloe was left alone inside the quiet and meticulously decorated shop. Tears started rolling down her cheeks. After a while, Chloe got up and left. The next day, Wynn left the house. After she arrived at the office, she noticed that the mood in the office was not right. When she stepped foot into the office, everyone stood at the entrance respectfully. They all bowed and smiled while greeting,

"Chairwoman Johnston." Wynn was shocked. Chairwoman? "What are you guys doing?" Wynn was confused. She did not sleep well last night as she was troubled by what was happening in the office. Derrick walked over with a grin on his face. He said, "Wynn, from this day on, you're the chairwoman of our company. I've resigned." What a huge piece of news! Wynn was completely stunned. Derrick had resigned and she was the chairwoman of the company? "M-Mr. Hall, please stop joking, um..." Wynn was puzzled.

What was going on? Derrick dismissed everyone and brought Wynn into the meeting room. At this moment, there were seven to eight people inside

the room. They were the board members of the company. When they saw Wynn, they got up and applauded, "Congratulations, Chairwoman Johnston.

You're so young and full of potential." Wynn was terrified. She kept nodding and greeting everyone while bowing. She had met these people before. They were all the investors of the company and big bosses who had a net worth of over hundreds of millions. Derrick took out a document and handed it to Wynn. He said, "We had a meeting last night and decided it would be best to hand the company to you. This is the document for the stock rights. Chairwoman Johnston, you have over 60% of the company's stocks now, so you're the biggest shareholder." Last night, Derrick got Miss Sommerset's order to transfer the company shares. She asked him to transfer the stocks to Wynn's name. In a blink of an eye, Wynn became the chairwoman of Beacon Pharmaceutical. Derrick did not dare to ask questions. He only did what he was told because after he sold his shares, he earned 400 million bucks! Now that Beacon was facing such a huge crisis, it would be nice to use this opportunity to sell some shares and earn a little bit of money. Wynn was shocked when she saw the signature of every board member on the document. This company belonged to her now? "Mr. Hall, what is going on? Are you joking?" Wynn was not an idiot. There were no free meals in this world. Derrick coughed a few times and explained.

"Madam Johnston, I'll be frank with you. The company is facing a huge crisis right now, so I've sold the company. This was a unanimous decision from all of the members of the board. You'll be the chairwoman now. As for the stock rights, don't you worry. If Beacon makes it, your net worth will increase 1,000 or even 10,000 times. If not, you won't suffer any losses." After Derrick explained everything, Wynn was still in a state of shock. The company's assets were worth at least a few hundred million!

Wynn still had not completely digested what happened in the morning until it was lunchtime. Wynn was extremely puzzled, especially when she was sitting in the huge chairperson's office. Should she tell Philip and her family about this? Was this Philip's way of helping her? Possibly not. After all, the

company was in such a difficult crisis now The overdue orders and penalty were worth over 600 million bucks! Philip might not be so powerful. After she thought about this, Wynn called Philip. She lowered her voice and spoke as if she was a thief, "Philip, let me tell you something. When I got to the office this morning, the member of the board decided that I should be the chairwoman. I also have 60% of the shares. I don't understand what's going on..." Philip was on his way to the hospital. When he heard Wynn speaking softly, he chuckled and said, "Do you want to know?"

Comments (1)

This is Valenti

He should pick this girl

[VIEW ALL COMMENTS](#)

Chapter 313

Wynn was shocked. She asked curiously, "You know?" Philip chuckled and said, "Yeah, I did it. I bought your company. You're the chairwoman now, are you happy?" When Wynn heard this, she was taken aback. Then, she lifted her perfectly plucked eyebrows and said in a flirty tone, "Alright, thank you." Wynn knew Philip liked to joke around. Her company was in a crisis and they needed 600 million in funds. How could Philip have helped

her willy-nilly? "Never mind, I'm going back to work now. Did you visit Mila today?" Wynn asked. "Yeah, I'm on my way," replied Philip. He was already in the hospital. He knew Wynn did not believe him. Whatever, then.

He had more time to explain to her next time. Wynn grunted a reply and hung up after saying something. She sat in the chairperson's office. She thought for a long while, but she still could not make sense of this. Was it really Philip? At this moment, she got a phone call from Joel. He said with a warm smile, "Wynn, how's your company? Is it solved?" Wynn was shocked. She smiled and asked, "Did you help me?" Joel smiled and said,

"Yeah, I asked for help from my father. The crisis your company is facing right now is not one that can be easily taken care of. Why don't we meet up and talk about this?" Wynn thought about this and crossed her arms across her chest. She replied, "Alright, where should I meet you?" Joel was joyful.

He said, "I'm downstairs. Look down." Wynn's heart skipped a beat. She approached the large french window with her long and slender legs, highlighting her perfect curves. When she got to the window, she looked down. At the plaza downstairs, the rich and handsome Joel stood next to a white Maserati convertible. The backseat of the car was filled with red roses.

He lifted his head and waved at her with a smile. After hesitating for a while, Wynn went downstairs. "Wynn, you're here." At the plaza, Joel was wearing a white Armani low neck shirt and a pair of black casual flax pants.

He looked handsome and trendy. The golden Rolex watch on his wrist was a symbol of his status and wealth. He was radiating the air of a noble young master. He even managed to attract the attention of a few girls. They were looking at him with starry eyes and infatuation. Some of them were even taking pictures of him. "Wow, this man is so handsome! Those are all roses, and he's driving a convertible sports car!" "I'm going to pass out! He's so handsome! Is this a proposal? Hurry up and record this!" "Ah! He's my Prince Charming. I can't do this! I... I can't!" A group of women was shrieking and yelling like crazy. They were acting as if they had just seen a celebrity. Wynn came downstairs and walked over to Joel. She did not like

him doing this. It was too flashy. "Joel, what are you doing?" Wynn was frowning. Joel walked over to her after picking up a bouquet of roses. He said, "This is for you. I hope you'll be as pretty and charming as these flowers every day." After he said that, he moved his body and leaned down to plant a kiss on Wynn's cheek. Thankfully, Wynn moved away fast enough. She said while frowning, "This is not appropriate. I'm married."

Joel stopped abruptly but did not say anything. He smiled and said, "Let's go, I've made a reservation." Wynn wanted to reject him, but she knew this was impolite. Joel opened the car door for her, and Wynn got in. A nice car and a beautiful woman... This scene caused quite a stir online.

Coincidentally, Yolanda saw this when she was passing by. She was shocked. Was that not Wynn? She was in another man's car! Plus, it was also a tall, rich, and handsome man! Immediately, Yolanda's imagination started running wild. Her eyes were filled with detest as her lips upturned into a smirk. She said sarcastically inside her heart, "Hmph! Wynn Johnston, I didn't expect you to be a wanton woman. You'd go as far as to do this kind of thing behind Philip's back." Philip was accompanying Mila in the hospital. Then, he received a video from Yolanda. When Philip saw what had been sent to him, his face fell immediately. Joel Harris! At the same time, his phone rang. It was from Yolanda. "Philip, your wife is on a date with another man. Aren't you going to do something, you coward? Haha!"

Yolanda's voice was dripping with sarcasm, and she was cackling uncontrollably. Philip was such a spineless bum. His wife was dating another man behind his back. It seemed like they were going to get a divorce soon. "Yolanda, this has nothing to do with you. I'm warning you not to spread this nonsense around. If not, I'll never forgive you." Philip replied angrily before he hung up the phone. He knew about Yolanda's personality.

She would definitely announce this everywhere. Just as he expected, after Philip hung up the phone,

Yolanda scolded angrily, "The more you don't want me to tell anyone, the more I want to do it!" After thinking about this, Yolanda sent the video to the group chat with all of her old classmates. She

even added the caption, 'Look at this! Philip, the spineless bum, is being cuckolded by his wife! Hahaha!' Instantly, the group chat became livelier.

Everyone was waiting for the drama to happen.

Chapter 314

'Is that Wynn Johnston? The previous beauty queen of the school has become such a gold digger.' 'Hehe, she has the appearance of an angel but a filthy heart. You're calling her a beauty queen? How disgusting!' 'Yeah, women like Wynn will only lie to you all. She did a lot of disgusting things when she was in school. She loved stealing her best friend's boyfriend. I think she has her eyes on a rich man now.' 'Poor Philip. Not only is he a spineless coward, but he's being cuckolded now.' The mood of the group chat changed instantly. They were starting to criticize and denounce Wynn.

They dug out all kinds of dark history and rumors about her. They were all made up by the women who were jealous of Wynn. At the same time, Philip gave Wynn a call. "Where are you?" Wynn and Joel had just arrived at Lover's Themed Restaurant. She purposely lowered her voice and said, "I'm in the office. I'm a bit busy. I'll tell you everything when I get home." After she said this, Wynn hung up the phone. Joel turned around and saw that Wynn's face was red. He asked, "What happened?" "It's nothing. It's my office." Wynn smiled, then followed Joel to the second floor. After Wynn ended Philip's call, he felt extremely unwell. Wynn was lying! Fck! His wife was on a date with Joel. How could he endure this? After all, Wynn and Joel used to be lovers back in senior high. Everyone said married people loved reminiscing about the romance they once had back in high school. Damn it, he was really going to get cuckolded! He did not have time to think. Philip called Tiger and asked coldly, "Where is your sister-in-law?" Tiger was at the masonry border in front of the first floor of Lover's Themed Restaurant. He was wearing a pair of sunglasses and a cap. He was watching every movement inside the restaurant. When he saw Mr. Clarke's call, he immediately picked up and said, "Mr. Clarke, she's in Lover's Themed Restaurant. There's also a strange man with her. Do you need me to cripple him?" "No need. I'll be there in a bit." Philip hung up the phone coldly and got out of the hospital. In a blink of an eye, Philip arrived at Lover's Themed Restaurant. He spotted Tiger who was crouching at the entrance with his bottom lifted high. He walked over and kicked him on his bottom before asking coldly, "Where is she?" Tiger turned around quickly. When he was about to start yelling, he saw Mr. Clarke. He immediately softened into a little kitten. "She went upstairs." There were not a lot of people in the restaurant. The normal tables were on the first floor. Philip went in and looked around. He did not see Wynn. He spotted the stairs, and when he was about to go up, the restaurant manager saw him and stopped him. He said, "Hey, wait. Who allowed you to go up? Do you know the rules?" Philip lifted his eyebrow and asked, "Why can't I? I'm looking for someone." Philip did not want to waste any time talking to him. He pushed the fat manager aside to walk upstairs. The fat manager was enraged. He pushed Philip and yelled, "Stop! Are you insane? Don't you see that the second floor is booked by a VIP guest? Get out

now! You stink! Where did this beggar come from?" The fat manager shouted and ordered his people to kick Philip out of the restaurant. Philip did not have time to stoop down to the level of this snobbish manager. He was worried that Joel would do something inappropriate to Wynn, so he ran upstairs immediately. The fat manager was livid. He grabbed Philip and pushed him out the door. "Get away from me! I'm looking for Joel Harris!" Philip said angrily. "You're looking for Mr. Harris? Hehe, how hilarious. Why don't you take a look at who you are first?" The fat manager pressed his lips together and looked at Philip coldly. He looked so wretched. What a country bumpkin! "I'm telling you one last time, get out of my way!" Philip was enraged. "F*ck! You want to be a poser with me, huh? Why don't you take a look at where you are?"

Guys, come and throw him out!" The fat manager was furious. He called over the servers in the restaurant. Four servers ran over and grabbed Philip's arms to throw him out. "F*ck you! You country bumpkin, do you think a

smelly beggar can come in a place like this? Mr. Harris booked the entire place for himself today. Open your eyes and look closely. If one more smelly beggar steps foot into this place, break their legs and throw them out!" The fat manager glanced at the servers and strutted around while yelling. Now, Philip was livid because he had caught sight of Wynn sitting with Joel on the second floor. They were chatting happily. At the same time, Joel noticed what was going on and walked downstairs. "Philip, I didn't expect you to come here." Joel placed his hands in his pockets and walked down the stairs while smirking. His face was filled with disdain and contempt.

Chapter 315

When Joel saw that Philip was being stopped by the servers, he felt extremely pleased with himself. He was still a useless bum at the end of the day. Joel did not need to take action against him. Philip was not worth it.

Alright, then. He would just let Wynn see how much of a worthless bum her husband was. The fat manager smiled flatteringly and said, "Mr. Harris, I'm sorry. I'll kick this smelly beggar out now. I won't disturb your meal." After he said that, the fat manager shouted to the servers, "Why are you still standing here? Throw him out! If he dares to step foot inside, cripple him before throwing him out again. I'll take responsibility if anything happens!"

Joel looked at Philip who had been captured by the servers. He walked in front of him and scoffed. "Philip, do you know the difference between you and me now? I'm warning you to leave Wynn immediately. If not, I have a lot of ways to screw with you." "Throw him out!" The fat manager knew his place. After Joel finished talking, he yelled coldly. Suddenly! "Stop it!"

Wynn ran downstairs quickly. To be honest, she only came out with Joel because of her company. However, she started to regret her decision after she arrived. Joel had some ulterior motives. He did not talk to her about her company at all. He was just reminiscing about their times in senior high.

Plus, Wynn was agitated after seeing him targeting Philip like this. How

should she put this? Philip was her husband. Even if she once shared a past with Joel, he was not allowed to humiliate Philip like this! "Joel, Philip is my husband. He might not know the rules, but can you just let this go for my sake?" Wynn said anxiously. Joel was the young master of Harris Enterprise. That was a well-known enterprise in Riverdale. Their assets were worth more than a billion bucks! Plus, Joel knew a lot of people. She heard that he had connections with people on the dark side. Philip would not be able to win against him. Joel snorted and said, "Wynn, I'm just teaching this piece of trash how to behave like a human. We're on a date today, and I don't want to be interrupted by a spineless bum, do you understand?" After he said that, Joel approached Philip and warned him in a low voice, "Philip, you're just a worthless bum. You'll never be able to win against me." "Joel Harris, you're too confident. Don't think you're all that. I won't even need to lift a finger if I want to take you down!" Philip retorted. Mr. Harris? Hehe.

In Philip's eyes, Harris Enterprise was nothing! He did not do anything to Joel yet because his limits had not yet been crossed. However, when Joel heard that, he guffawed brashly. "What did you say? Did you say you want to take me down? Where did you get the courage to say something like this?"

I'm going to die laughing! "Do you know what my family does? I can take you down with just a phone call. If it was not for Wynn's sake, I would have destroyed a piece of trash like you!" Joel was laughing arrogantly. He looked at the fat manager and the servers before saying to them in disdain,

"Do you know who he is?" The fat manager and the servers looked at Philip with cold smirks on their faces. They shook their heads. "No." "He's just a good-for-nothing bum who depends on his woman. I wonder where he gets the courage to say that he wants to take me down." Joel laughed while making fun of Philip. There was a twisted smile on his face, and his eyebrows were lifted. "Holy sht, he's a worthless piece of trash who depends on his woman!" "Fck me! I'll say, this country bumpkin is really something else." "What a loser. He has arms and legs, but he's still doing this kind of thing. He's embarrassing all men. Kick him out of here now. I

get so angry looking at him." The fat manager said. Then, he ordered his servers to kick Philip out. He would do anything as long as it pleased Mr.

Harris. "Stop! Don't do this!" Wynn started to panic as she stood in front of Philip. "Don't worry, Wynn. Let's continue our meal. We'll just let them take care of this." Joel did not want to care about this anymore. He grabbed Wynn before going upstairs. Philip flew into a state of rage. He escaped from the grips of the servers. He kicked Joel and roared, "Fck you! I dare you to pull her again!" Joel did not have the chance to dodge. His face planted onto the ground after getting kicked. His handsome face came into contact with the ground, and his nose started bleeding profusely. "Fck! Kill him!" Joel had never been so battered before. He flew into a state of rage as he yelled furiously. "Mr. Harris? Fck! Kill him!" The fat manager was horrified. He helped Joel up immediately and rolled up his sleeves to attack Philip. However, before he could punch Philip, he saw a mountain of a man barging in from the door. Then, the man charged over and punched him in the face. Bam! The fat manager flew backward in a perfect parabola. He landed on the floor heavily before crashing into a few tables. The entire restaurant fell

silent. No one dared to breathe too heavily. "Who dared to touch Mr. Clarke?" Tiger had barged in and was now roaring. The entire restaurant buzzed from his voice. The fat manager climbed up to his feet and limped while enduring the pain. He pointed at Tiger and yelled, "Are you fcking asking to die, you blind..." However, before he could finish his sentence, he started to stammer. Holy moly! Was that not Tiger Zander?

Why was he here?

Comments (1)

Join Telegram Group For chit Chat and Fast update

Stephanie Paris

Wynn is stupid he just gave her a high paying position he and thanks pointed at the ppl that did her wrong yet she still have thinks he cant do shit VIEW ALL COMMENTS

Chapter 316

Oh no! This entire street belonged to Tiger and that included this restaurant.

Theo Zander's properties were behind this shop as well. The fat manager was beyond terrified. In a blink of an eye, he turned into a turtle. He cowered in fear and stopped what he was doing. Theo scowled at the fat manager and yelled, "Get the f*ck over here!" The fat manager was trembling all over.

He walked over to him. Slap, slap, slap! He slapped him four times continuously on the left and right sides of his cheeks. The fat manager started bleeding inside his mouth, and three of his teeth fell out! "You're trying to throw Mr. Clarke out?" Tiger shouted and asked. "T-Tiger, no, it's him... He's disturbing the customers in the shop." The fat manager looked at Philip and was puzzled. This man knew Tiger? What was going on? Plus, Tiger looked furious! "Shut up! Kneel!" Tiger flipped out and roared. Thud!

The fat manager could not stand the fierce aura Tiger was radiating. He knelt almost immediately. He acted so fast that it was astonishing. "Kowtow and apologize to him!" Tiger lifted his foot and kicked the fat manager on the chest. This fatso was trembling all over in terror. He was even being beaten so badly, so how would he dare to hesitate? He kowtowed bitterly and said,

"M-Mr. Clarke, I'm so sorry. I was too ignorant that I didn't know of your importance. Please forgive me..." Oh no! Oh no! He crossed Tiger. This meant that he could never make a living here again. Who was Mr. Clarke?

Why was Tiger treating him so respectfully like this? Philip looked at the fat manager who was kneeling and kowtowing before him continuously. He did not want to bother about him anymore. He was just a snobbish little bug.

At this moment, Joel's face fell. He looked at Philip with confusion. He knew Tiger. Tiger was Theo's

most beloved man and the bravest individual.

“Hehe, I didn’t expect you to know Tiger as well.” Joel snorted. He was not afraid of Tiger nor Theo. Even if Theo was here, he would be able to handle him as well. After he said that, Joel turned around and left before Philip could say anything. He could not continue this meal anymore. He had

embarrassed himself and needed to go take care of his nose. Philip did not chase after him. He looked at Wynn who was red in the face and feeling aggrieved. He said coldly, “Let’s go home.” Wynn was acting like a kid who made a mistake. She nodded her head and was led outside by Philip. She did not dare to ask anything. However, she looked at Philip’s back and felt warmth surging in her heart. There was a pleased smile on her face. He did care about her after all. After they got into the car, Wynn looked at Philip who was obviously angry. There were a few times she wanted to hold his hand, but he rejected her. Then, she used her fists coquettishly and started punching on Philip’s shoulder lightly. She said like a kitten that had been extremely wronged, “Gee, I know my mistakes. Your humble servant didn’t tell you the truth. Can’t I just apologize to you?” Philip could not endure this anymore. He burst out laughing before pretending to be ice cold again.

He said, “Tell me, what happened?” Wynn held Philip’s arm and leaned on his shoulder. She told him about Joel asking her out and said, “I was scared you’d misunderstand, so I didn’t tell you. Okay now, don’t be mad anymore.

‘I’ll take good care of you tonight, okay?’ Philip was intrigued. He looked at Wynn who was seducing him with her big eyes and took in her sweet scent. He swallowed his saliva and said, “Alright, I’ll let you know how strong I can be!” Wynn rolled her eyes at him shyly, and then, the two of them went to the hospital. When they were in the hospital, Wynn started retching. She covered her mouth and ran into the restroom. Philip was terrified. He ran behind her and peeked into the toilet. He did not dare to go in. He asked anxiously, “Wynn, what’s wrong? Did you eat something spoiled?”

Comments (4)

This is Valenti

What a lil pussy

Stephanie Paris

hope shes pregnant. I mean theres no way he didnt put his seed in her. I guess we can thank Eric for that.

Stephanie Paris

hahaha what do you mean

[VIEW ALL COMMENTS](#)

Chapter 317

After Wynn vomited in the restroom and washed her face, she walked out while feeling terrible. She forced out a smile and said, "It's fine. I think the food I had for lunch is making me nauseous." Philip nodded and grunted in acknowledgment. Then, he went into the room with her. Today, Mila was happy because her mommy and daddy were both here. Wynn was with Mila as she talked about her work with Philip. "Let's treat Joel a meal to thank him someday." "Why?" Philip asked in confusion. "He was the one who

asked someone for help. He told me about it. Plus, there will be other pharmaceutical companies coming to work with us," Wynn said. Even though she was reluctant, she did not have a choice. After all, he did help her. When Philip heard that, his face fell. Joel helped her? This idiot would really claim any credit he could. What did this have to do with him? "Do you really think he's the one who helped you?" Philip asked. Wynn was taken aback. She said, "Who else could it be if not him? We were lacking 600 million bucks for our capital chain and so many pharmaceutical companies stopped working with us. I just got a notice that Hodgson Pharmaceutical, where Joel is at, is ready to collaborate with us." Philip frowned. He was the one who arranged for Hodgson Pharmaceutical to work with them. The rest of the pharmaceutical companies were owned by his family. "It's me, actually. I'm the one who helped you," said Philip. Wynn was shocked. She looked at Philip in confusion. Her expression changed when she said, "That's enough, Philip. I know you want to help me, but there's no way you could've helped me with this." Philip's face changed.

Wynn said instantly, "Never mind. Let's not talk about this anymore." How could Philip explain now? He could only say helplessly, "Alright." Wynn nodded. To be honest, she really did not want to compare Philip to Joel.

Even though Philip had changed a lot these few days, he was still defeated when she put him next to Joel. Plus, Philip was obviously not mature enough. Was it that important if Joel was the one who helped her? Even though Philip could not help her, Wynn would not blame him. With this, Wynn started to have some opinions toward Philip. She said, "Philip, I know you have some money now, but sometimes, you can't help me with everything. I'm not blaming you, but I hope you'll be more honest with me next time. I know you're biased against Joel about this, but he did help me at the end of the day. Can you be more magnanimous?" Philip was annoyed.

He could feel that Wynn was trying to stand up for Joel. Philip scoffed and stood up. "Why? Are you worried about your boyfriend from senior high?"

If you really want to reminisce about your good times with him, I don't

mind. Go to him then, since you're so sure that he's the one who helped you." "Philip, what do you mean?" Wynn's face fell, and her beautiful eyebrows were scrunched together. It was obvious that she

was mad. How dare he not trust her? Was this really so important? “What do I mean?”

Philip scoffed and said, “Your mother is waiting for us to get a divorce, and now Joel appears. Look at how happy your mother is. She wants him to be her son-in-law so badly. How wonderful it is now that he’s here for you. Go on, then. How amazing it’ll be! He’s Master Harris, and your mom loves him. He can even help you with your company. Isn’t Philip Clarke just a piece of trash to all of you?” After he said that, he exited the room angrily.

Wynn was furious too, so she did not want to chase after him. At night, Philip and Wynn went back to the Old Johnston Manor respectively. They had been eating here for the past few days. When they were eating, everyone could clearly sense that Wynn and Philip were feuding. Martha was ecstatic.

She dragged Wynn into the bedroom and mumbled, “Wynn, did you have a fight with Philip?” Wynn was frustrated. She said, “No, Mom. Stop meddling in our affairs.” How would Martha not know what her daughter was thinking? She definitely knew her own daughter. She added fuel to the fire and said, “My love, listen to me. Philip and you are not made for each other. You’ve been married for three years. Look at him now, he’s still acting like a bum. I think Joel is wonderful. He came back for you this time.

You have to take this opportunity. The Harrises is a powerful family and has a reputable enterprise. If you marry him, you’ll be Mrs. Harris. Your father and I will have a better future too.” Wynn’s head was hurting. She said, “Mom, can you stop trying to make that happen? I will not divorce Philip. There’s nothing between me and Joel too. Stop worrying, okay?”

“Sigh, how can you be so disobedient? What’s so good about Philip? He’s just a worthless fool! Can you even have a good life with him? Look at Joel.

He has a mansion and so many luxury cars. Aren’t you taking a rock and throwing away a diamond? Listen to Mommy, find a time to divorce Philip.

Don’t be scared. I’m here. I’ll definitely make him leave this marriage

penniless!” This guy definitely had a secret stash somewhere. “I won’t divorce him. Stop worrying about this.” After Wynn said that, she walked out of the bedroom. In the living room, Philip was chatting with Charles.

They were talking about antiques and enjoying themselves. Philip’s father-in-law was having second thoughts about him. When Martha saw this, she slapped Charles a few times and scolded, “Why are you having such a heated conversation with this bum? Go to bed!” “Right Mom, I have to tell you guys something,” Wynn said suddenly. She looked at Philip and continued, “I’m the chairwoman of a company now. I also own 60% of the shares.” Immediately, the room plunged into silence.

Comments (1)

This is Valenti

He seriously needs to leave her

[VIEW ALL COMMENTS](#)

Chapter 318

Martha could not believe her ears. Her face was glowing with excitement as she asked hurriedly, “What chairwoman? Wynnie, are you joking? Your company costs a few hundred million!” Wynn nodded and told them about what happened in the office. After she said that, Charles fell silent. Then, he

said, “I understand now. Your company was met with a crisis, so they appointed you as the chairwoman. Even though 60% of the stock rights is very high, it means nothing. You have to think about this clearly. A lot of my friends told me that if anything happens to the company, you have to be responsible for it.” Wynn nodded and said, “I know, but it’s still an opportunity. If the company can get through this successfully, I’ll be the biggest shareholder. I’ll also have some solid power. I want to continue doing this,” Wynn said and looked at Philip. It was obvious she was asking for his opinion. Philip did not say anything. He was still mad about what happened in the morning. Martha did not care about anything else. When she heard the word ‘chairwoman’, she felt like she was on cloud nine. She said excitedly, “Wynnie, you mean that the company belongs to you now?”

Wynn smiled and nodded. Martha was so excited that she felt like she was floating. She grabbed her phone and said, “No, I have to tell your Aunt Paula now. This b*tch is always showing off her daughter and son-in-law. Now, the tables have turned. My daughter has her own company now. Hahaha!”

“Hello, Paula, let me tell you something. My Wynn has her own company now. Haha! Beacon Pharmaceutical, you know that, right? Wynnie is the chairwoman now, and she also has 60% of the stock rights. It’s nothing, just a few hundred million...” Martha was smiling widely. She could not stop flaunting. She could finally hold her head high. After this call, Martha made another one. She continued to make phone calls the entire night. She called almost all of her friends and family. She even made the initiative to invite everyone to have dinner at the house. She said it was to celebrate. Wynn was troubled. If she knew that this would happen, she would not have told her family. In the next few days, Wynn was busy with work. Hodgson Pharmaceutical was the first to work with Beacon Pharmaceutical. Then, a few top pharmaceutical companies in the country all expressed their wishes to collaborate with Beacon. Wynn was shocked. These top ten pharmaceutical companies in the country had unimaginable wealth and power. Plus, they were all owned by the same financial group, which was

Clarke Group in Capital City. It could be said that Beacon would definitely make it through this crisis if they worked with them. Plus, Clarke Group in Capital City announced that they would invest one billion into Beacon. It caused a huge stir in Riverdale. This piece of news caused quite a commotion in Riverdale, especially when a lot of people witnessed one luxury car after another stopping in front of Beacon Pharmaceutical. The people who got out of the cars were leaders of the pharmaceutical industry.

They were able to shake the entire country with just a stomp of their feet!

How shocking! Plus, the news about the new chairwoman in Beacon was also dug out. Wynn Johnston was pushed into the spotlight, and she became a successful career woman in everyone's eyes. Plus, she was also crowned as the number one woman in the business world of Riverdale who could bring in a lot of money! Her name blew up! In an instant, everyone's eyes were on Beacon. They were able to work with Clarke Group of Capital City, so their future would be extremely bright. A lot of pharmaceutical companies in the city were all breaking their heads to try to get a chance to work with these leaders of the pharmaceutical industry. Wynn was extremely busy these days. She did not expect her luck to change so suddenly. She did not expect so many leaders of the pharmaceutical industry to appear and propose to work with her in person. Any one of these people would have a net worth of over ten billion bucks! Clarke Group from Capital City? Wynn had just sent off one of the bosses. She let out a sigh of relief.

She sat down in the chairman's office and complained internally. Why did all of this happen so suddenly? Why did so many pharmaceutical companies want to work with Beacon? Was Clarke Group related to Philip? Highly unlikely. If it was true, would Philip lower his head and endure all the abuse in the Johnston family for three whole years? Wynn almost broke her head thinking about this. However, she could not figure out the answer. Clarke Group of Capital City was the biggest family business in the country! They had an abundance of fundings and the power to control the economy of a small country! Why did a huge company like that invest in Beacon? Wynn

was puzzled. At the same time, her phone rang. Chloe Sommerset! Why was she calling? "Miss Johnston, are you confused why Clarke Group of Capital City is investing in a tiny company like Beacon?" Chloe's voice sounded from the other end of the call. "What do you mean?" Wynn frowned. She did not like this woman. Chloe snorted and said, "I can tell you that Clarke Group in Capital City is actually..."

Chapter 319

"Madam Johnston, the chairman from Shine Pharmaceutical is here. He said he wants to talk to us about the collaboration." Coincidentally, Mindy knocked on the door and entered the chairperson's office. She walked in with a stack of documents in her hands. She was beaming. The company had been talking with the top pharmaceutical companies in the country for the past two days. Wynn was so amazing! She had such huge connections!

Wynn did not hear what Chloe said, so she replied, "I'm sorry, Miss Sommerset. I have something to take care of. However, if you want to look for me, I'll entertain you anytime." Wynn hung up the phone with a cold expression on her face. Over here, Chloe was seething. How dare that b*tch hang up on her! No, she had to teach her a lesson. If not, she would not know the difference between them. Wynn pondered for a while and tidied herself up. Then, she followed Mindy into the meeting room. In the afternoon, Philip was feeling bored in the hospital. Soon after, he got Geroge's call.

“Young Master, there’s a party in Virtuous Court tonight. It’s hosted by the few chairmen involved in the family’s pharmaceutical businesses. They know that you’re in Riverdale and begged me to tell you to meet them. What do you think?” George said. “Alright,” Philip replied. He knew he would not be able to decline this. After all, he was the one who asked them to help Beacon. Since they were here, it would be inappropriate to reject them. He would just meet them, then. “I’ll tell them to wait for you in Virtuous Court now. Do you need me to pick you up?” George asked. “No need. I’ll go over myself,” replied Philip. After he hung up, Philip stayed with Mila until about

six to seven o’clock. Then, he called a cab and headed to Virtuous Court.

When he got into the hall, he sat down on the sofa. He wanted to prepare himself before going in. He was feeling bored, so he flipped through the magazine on the table. Then, he overheard two waitresses talking about him at the door. “Look, that man is dressed in such shabby clothes. Why is he here?” “I don’t know, but it’s so gross. There are a lot of people who want to cadge a meal here.” “Yeah, I heard that some people purposely come to hotels to beg for money from the rich.” Philip pressed his lips together. He was not bothered by them. Was his outfit that bad, though? He felt helpless as he walked over to the lift. Then, he attracted weird gazes from the waiters.

Their gazes felt like a cat’s scratches. He felt very uncomfortable.

Eventually, before he could get any further, he heard someone calling his name. “Philip, why are you here?” Joel entered the building while following behind his father. The moment he walked in, he saw a familiar figure. ‘Isn’t that the useless bum, Philip? Why is he in such a luxurious place as Virtuous Court?” Philip turned his head and saw Joel walking over to him bossily.

He smiled. “Isn’t this Mr. Harris? What a coincidence.” Joel scoffed and said sarcastically, “Alright, Philip. It seems that even you can afford to come to Virtuous Court now. Do you know where you are?” Joel felt agitated when he saw Philip. How did this piece of trash marry Wynn? “This is Virtuous Court. What’s wrong?” Philip replied while feeling helpless.

“You’re still asking me what’s wrong? How dare a useless bum like you come in here!” Joel sneered. Philip frowned and looked at him. Then, he replied with a simple ‘oh’. Joel’s rich man’s temper rose in his chest.

“Waiter, what’s wrong with Virtuous Court now? How can you let someone like him come in?” Joel pointed at Philip while shouting. He would not feel at ease if he did not do something to Philip. Then, a hall manager ran over.

He apologized immediately, “I’m sorry, Mr. Harris Jr. It’s our mistake.

Please head inside first. I’ll take care of this now.” After that, his face fell.

The hall manager said to Philip coldly, “Um... Sir, please leave now.” Philip looked at Joel who had a pleased look on his face. He felt a slight blush

creeping up his face as he asked coldly, "I'm here for dinner. Does Virtuous Court have a policy to not allow guests to come in?" "You're just a piece of trash and you still dare to come here to eat? Why don't you look at yourself in the mirror first? I have no idea why Wynn likes someone like you." Joel said with agitation on his face. Then, he explained briefly to his father. His father had a square face. His body size was average, and he had a beer belly.

He glanced at Philip in disgust. This was the guy who stole his son's girlfriend? He was just a nobody. He could end him just with a snap of a finger.

Chapter 320

"Philip, this is the last time I'm warning you to leave Wynn. If not, I'll let you spend the rest of your life in a bed!" Joel walked in front of Philip and threatened him. His eyes were icy. Philip was suppressing the fire in his heart. He glared at Joel's back. He would teach him a lesson sooner or later!

The hall manager looked at Philip up and down. There was contempt in his eyes. He asked coldly, "Are you really here to eat?" Philip did not explain himself. He took out his phone and called Javier Morris. Then, the hall manager became as timid as a mouse after Javier talked to him through the phone. He led Philip to the elevator respectfully. "Mr. Clarke, I'm sorry. I was acting like a snob. Please don't take this to heart." The hall manager apologized profusely. Philip ignored him and took the elevator upstairs.

After the door of the elevator was closed, the hall manager let out a heavy sigh of relief. He had almost gotten himself in trouble. That man even knew his boss. He almost got himself into a huge mess! When he was on the top floor, Philip felt a urinary urgency, so he ran to the male restroom. In the end, he ran straight into a beautiful woman who was coming out of the female restroom. She smelled amazing. The woman with the gorgeous body almost flew backward after Philip crashed into her. That woman staggered for a while and started yelling, "Who are you? Do you not have eyes?" After she finished yelling, she lifted her head to glare at Philip. She pushed him

away and walked away with her high heels clicking on the floor. Philip was astonished. That woman was extremely good-looking. She had nicely defined features, and her eyes were huge. She only had a little makeup on.

She looked about 24 or 25 years old. Her skin was amazing, and she was radiating a feminine charm all over her body. "Where did he come from?"

"Why is he in the toilet of Virtuous Court?" the woman muttered unhappily.

She turned around and saw Philip who looked like an ordinary man. He was also staring brazenly at her chest. He must be a pervert and a rascal! Philip was looking at her, memorizing that scent before going into the restroom.

The woman quickly walked back to the private room. She opened the door and seven to eight middle-

aged men were already sitting inside. They were in a heated discussion about something. When the woman walked in, one of the middle-aged men with glasses smiled and said, "Miss Miller, you're late." When the woman entered the room, everyone's eyes were on her.

Their eyes were glued on her long legs and heavy bosoms. The woman sat down and placed down her bag. She apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Sims. I was caught in a traffic jam. That young master is not here yet, right?" "No, I just talked to Mr. Thomas. He said Mr. Clarke is almost here." Mr. Sims looked at his watch and announced to everyone, "When the young master gets here later, please be more passionate. We can't be sloppy about this." "Got it, Mr. Sims. You've told us a million times already." The rest of them nodded.

They knew what this dinner meant. They had invited the young master of Clarke Group from Capital City tonight! Almost all of them here depended on Clarke Group for a living. Of course, Kate Miller did not. She only had the chance to sneak into this dinner because of her connections. She was doing this for the future of her company. Kate wanted to get the admiration and funding from Mr. Clarke during this dinner. Everyone wanted to have a connection with a prestigious and powerful company like Clarke Group of Capital City. At this moment, Philip arrived at the door of the private room after following the directions from a waiter. Then, he pushed the door open.

Mr. Sims got up and welcomed Philip at the door. The rest of them stood up

out of respect. "Young Master, please." Mr. Sims recognized Philip instantly. He bowed and greeted him. He had the honor to meet Philip at a party eight years ago. The memory of that day was still fresh in his mind.

Everyone stood and bowed respectfully. Philip felt quite uneasy when he saw that. "Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Sims, I trust you have all been well since we last met," Philip said. When they heard Philip addressing them by name, they felt extremely proud and honored. They smiled and said,

"Young Master, you still remember us! What an honor." At the same time, Kate was feeling excited. She had a smile on her face. However, when she finally saw the face of the person who came in... "It's you?" she exclaimed.

She was in disbelief.

Chapter 321

Kate exclaimed. She could not believe her eyes. Was this not the pervert who had crashed into her outside the restroom? "Hello, we meet again."

Philip was courteous. He smiled and waved. Marco Sims was an experienced man, so he knew immediately what was happening. He smiled and said, "Do you know Miss Miller from Rocker Pharmaceutical, Young Master?" Philip scratched his head in embarrassment. He said, "I ran into her

outside the restroom just now. I didn't think that it'd be such a coincidence." Everyone sat down, and Marco purposely arranged for Kate to sit next to Philip. Philip's heart started to beat faster because of this. He was unable to focus. Kate's body was too glamorous. He could not avert his eyes from her. During dinner, Marco and the group reported to Philip about the collaboration with Beacon Pharmaceutical. Philip was listening closely.

It was related to Wynn after all. Then, he waved his hand and said, "You should just do this accordingly. Invest one billion into Beacon and do it fast.

I don't want to drag this one out, understand?" "Understood." All of the leaders of the pharmaceutical industry in the country nodded at the same time. If an outsider saw this, they would be terrified. They were all the best of the best, and each of their net worth was more than ten billion bucks.

Now, they were acting like school kids in front of Philip. They were treating him with the utmost respect. Kate was shocked. She kept encouraging herself in her heart. She told herself she had to get on Philip's good side. At the end of the dinner, Kate finally found a chance. "M-Mr. Clarke, can you give me your phone number?" Philip turned his head and saw Kate who was feeling uneasy. He replied, "Sure." She was ecstatic that she managed to get Philip's number successfully. "Thank you, Mr. Clarke." Before leaving, Philip went to the restroom. When he went back to the hall, he saw something interesting. Inside the hall, Joel was greeting all of the chairmen of the pharmaceutical industries with a smile on his face. He was being extremely respectful. "Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Sims, Mr. Matthews, I didn't expect to run into you here. What an honor." Joel greeted the chairmen modestly.

All of the chairmen here were phenomenal leaders of the pharmaceutical industry. They were able to shake up the entire industry of the country. They were also the entrepreneurs who came to Riverdale to talk to Beacon these past few days. Joel was excited. If he could get to know them, then his future would be extremely bright. His family business would go up another level too. At that time, Wynn would definitely run back to him. The chairmen smiled and nodded. However, they were looking around as if they were looking for something. "Where is the young master? Why isn't he out here yet?" Marco asked in a low voice. "I don't know. I think he's in the restroom. Let's just wait for a bit more," Mr. Jenkins replied. When Joel heard that, his heart sank. These chairmen were not paying attention to him at all. Who was this young master? If he was able to make these leaders of the industry wait for him, then he must be someone extraordinary. Could it be the young master of Clarke Group from Capital City? Holy moly! Joel pondered for a while. He knew what he had to do. He had to get to know Master Clarke. It would be enough if he could make Master Clarke remember his face. "Mr. Sims, do you mean Master Clarke from Clarke Group of Capital City?" Joel smiled and asked probingly. Marco smiled.

Then, he turned his face and saw a man walking toward him. He beamed.

"Young Master, where did you go?" Marco and the other chairmen approached him quickly. When Joel heard that, he turned his head in that direction. Then, he was beyond shocked. Philip? No way! Impossible!

However, this was indeed happening in front of his eyes. Marco and the other leaders of the industry

were gathering around him respectfully. They smiled and greeted humbly, "Young Master." Philip only nodded calmly.

He turned his head and spotted Joel. "Mr. Harris, I trust you have been well since we last met." Philip smiled calmly. There was a hint of silence in his smile. Joel was completely stunned. He could not believe what he was seeing. There were so many leaders around him, and they each had a net worth of over ten billion bucks. They were being so respectful to this useless bum? Was this a joke? "Mr. Sims, do you have the wrong person? He's a well-known useless bum!" Joel could not believe this. He was glaring at Philip. Marco's face fell. He turned his head and was angry at Joel. He said coldly, "Joel Harris, what are you talking about? Are you even qualified to insult Young Master Clarke? Shut up now!" Clank! Joel started to panic. He lowered his head and bowed immediately. He apologized, "M-Mr. Sims, you've misunderstood me. I didn't mean that. This man... His name is Philip Clarke, and he's not a young master. He's just a piece of trash who depends on women. Are you all being fooled by him?" It must be! He did not think that Philip would know how to swindle. He must be pretending to be Master Clarke to help Wynn. He must have lied to Mr. Sims and the rest of the chairmen. How shameless! "Philip, tell us the truth. Why are you pretending to be Master Clarke? Do you think a piece of trash like you are qualified to pretend to be Master Clarke?" Joel was enraged. He reached out his finger and pointed at Philip angrily.

Chapter 322

Slap! In the end, Mr. Sims slapped Joel across the face. "You presumptuous fool! How dare you talk to the young master like that?" Marco was furious.

Joel's family only owned a small medical company, and he dared to talk to

the young master in such an unbridled way. Did he want to die? Even if his father Ronald Harris were there, it still would not be an exception for him to be so rude to the young master! "Mr. Sims, you're being fooled by this useless bum! He's just an idiot!" Joel was insistent on putting up a fight.

However, Philip calmly looked at him and said, "Joel, I told you not to think too highly of yourself. There are many more people who are much better than you in this world. You're just a bug in my eyes. The only reason why I'm not taking action against you is because of Wynn." Joel's heart skipped a beat when he heard this. He shook his head furiously and roared with anger, "Impossible! There is no way!" Nevertheless, the truth had been placed right in front of him. For instance, Joel had seen the leaders of the pharmaceutical industry respectfully walk Philip out. After Joel saw Philip enter a Bentley, Joel had a complete emotional breakdown as the last shred of hesitation in his heart disappeared. How was it possible? Philip was Master Clarke from the Clarke Group of Capital City? Fck! He was only a piece of trash! How? Joel was livid. He kicked his subordinates who were standing next to him and yelled, "So what if he is the young master of the Clarke Group? Riverdale is my territory! I will end him!" Joel was enraged! Additionally, he lost all sense of rationality. Joel had been pampered and spoiled ever since he was a kid. He had always been treated as if he was the son of the heavens. Now, a piece of trash had

transformed into the young master of the Clarke Group that everyone had been talking about. How could he not be mad? What was he then? Wait, was Wynn aware of it? All of a sudden, Joel shuddered. If Wynn was aware of it, what would happen to him? As Joel thought about it, he called Wynn and asked probingly, "Wynnie, I want to ask you something. Do you know what Philip works as?" Wynn had just exited the company and was heading to the hospital when she received Joel's phone call. Consequently, she was shocked and replied in confusion, "Why are you asking me that?" When Joel heard the tone of her voice, he instantly understood the situation. Wynn did not know who Philip was. Hence, he replied, "Nothing. Oh, I just remembered I have something to take care of. I'll hang up now." After hanging up the phone, Joel left Virtuous Court with an icy expression on his face. Over at the hospital, Philip bumped into Wynn after arriving. They were still fighting. Naturally, both of them were giving the other a cold shoulder. Nevertheless, Wynn decided to give in that day and said to Philip, "Philip, I was wrong, okay?" Philip did not want to keep up his argument with Wynn anymore. Thus, he folded his arms in front of his chest and asked coldly, "Do you know what you did wrong?" Wynn hooked her arms with Philip's and said aggrievedly, "I should trust my husband completely and discuss everything with him first. I shouldn't have met Joel behind your back. Additionally, I shouldn't have lied to you." Philip smiled gently and said softly, "Tell me. What were you thinking?" When Wynn heard Philip's tone, she knew that he had already forgiven her. Therefore, she beamed and said, "Honey, I had selfish motives when Joel asked me out that day. I wanted to use his connections and funds to help the company weather the crisis. Nonetheless, you have to believe that nothing happened between us. I only love you. You're my best hubby." Philip rolled his eyes at her and touched her nose. He said, "I know you're stressed but please talk to me before you do anything. I can help you, okay?" Wynn nodded and tightly held on to Philip's arm. She leaned against his arm and closed her eyes. There was a sweet smile on her lips as she said, "I'm so glad to have you by my side, Philip." The two did not say anything after that and only stayed by each other's sides quietly. Their lives were simple yet lovely. However, all of a sudden, Wynn got up and ran to the restroom while covering her mouth. Shortly after, she could be heard retching again. Philip worriedly knitted his eyebrows together. He followed her from behind and patted her back. He asked, "Wynnie, are you alright? Why have you been retching so much recently?" Wynn shook her head and washed her face with cold water. She said, "It's fine. I think I'm just stressed and haven't been eating well." "Really?" Philip was worried about Wynn's health. He knew that she had been staying up late the past few days. Wynn wanted to say something but a thought flashed across her brain. She widened her eyes and said in shock, "P-Philip, am I... pregnant?" Fck! Philip was stunned. He froze and stared at Wynn. The next moment, without saying anything, he carried Wynn like a bride and ran to the emergency unit. "Doctor, hurry! Hurry up and take a look at my wife!" Gynecology. Wynn sat nervously as a doctor opposite her, who seemed somewhat old, read her pulse. In stark contrast to Wynn, the doctor has a calm expression on his face. Philip stood next to Wynn anxiously with his hands placed on her shoulders. He was extremely nervous. It was very late at the moment and there was no one else at the hospital. There were only a few doctors on shift. "How is it, doctor? Is my wife pregnant?" Philip asked nervously.

The doctor removed his hand and smiled at Wynn benevolently.

“Congratulations, you’re pregnant.” Pregnant! Wynn was pregnant! Wynn and Philip looked at each other. Wynn started to cry tears of joy as she hugged Philip. She said, “Philip, we have another baby. You’re going to be a father again!” Philip was stunned. Nonetheless, he came back to his senses and lovingly returned Wynn’s hug. He smiled, “We’re going to have another child. Mila has either a brother or a sister now!” “Thank you so much, doctor.” Philip let go of Wynn and grabbed the doctor’s hands. There was a huge smile on Philip’s face as he thanked the latter profusely. The old doctor had seen the same scene too many times. He merely smiled and said benevolently, “Kid, take good care of your wife. I noticed that your wife is a little weak. From now on, don’t let her get too tired.” Philip quickly nodded in response and then helped Wynn back to the hospital room like a eunuch serving his empress. The two of them watched as Mila slept soundly on her bed. Philip held Wynn’s hand tightly; all of his previous suspicions that had been placed on her vanished instantly. Wynn was pregnant! He was so happy. “Philip, do you think it’s a little brother or a little sister?” Wynn was happy too. She leaned against Philip and looked at him as she lifted her

head. “I don’t care whether it turns out to be a little brother or a little sister.

At the end of the day, the child is still mine,” Philip said gently. Philip and Wynn felt ecstatic throughout that night. Early the next morning, Philip took Wynn to have an ultrasound done in the hospital. Finally, it was confirmed that she was indeed pregnant. Then, they told Martha and Charles the news.

“Mom, I’m pregnant,” Wynn smiled and said. On the other end of the phone, Martha was at home. She was still trying to get her daughter to be with Joel.

When Martha heard Wynn was pregnant, she was shocked. She jumped up from the sofa and yelled, “What? Wynn, you’re pregnant?” Charles was playing with his birds on the balcony. When he heard his wife yell in surprise, he ran over with a huge grin on his face and asked, “Wynn is pregnant?” Martha’s face was glum as she glared at Charles; she had hung up the phone after hearing the news from Wynn. She asked, “Why? Are you happy that Wynn is pregnant?” “Why shouldn’t I be? Is it a boy or a girl?”

Charles was confused. He did not know what Martha meant. Martha sat down in anger and folded her arms in front of her chest. It was clear that she was upset. She said, “Say, Charlie, now that Wynn is pregnant, she can’t divorce Philip the useless bum. Am I right?” Why was she suddenly pregnant? What would happen then? Did it mean that there was no longer any chance for her to be with Joel? Martha was frantic. That wretched Philip was always doing foolish things. Charles was shocked. He said helplessly,

“What do you want to do now? Isn’t it good? Don’t try to pull anything now that Wynn is pregnant.” Martha glared at Charles angrily and said, “No!

They can’t make up! That useless piece of trash is no match for our Wynn.

I think Joel is great. I’m going to ask the hospital myself. What if they’re lying to me?” After saying that,

Martha took her bag and headed to the hospital. Over there, on Philip and Wynn's side. "How is it? What did mom say?" Philip asked after Wynn hung up the phone. "Nothing special. She doesn't sound too happy." Wynn felt helpless. Her mother was really something else. Philip chuckled but did not say anything. Then, he brought Wynn back to the hospital room. At the same time, a man was watched coldly as Philip and Wynn left. The man was wearing a black tracksuit and a large black cap. After watching them leave, he exited the hospital and found a secluded corner. Then, he took out his phone and dialed a number.

He said respectfully, "Madam, I have something to tell you." After hanging up the phone, he drove his car over Scarlet Bridge and arrived at Cirrus Villa.

Chapter 324

Giada was tending to her plants inside the heavily-guarded Cirrus Villa. The man, standing five meters away from her, said humbly, "Madam, Miss Wynn is pregnant." Giada stopped what she was doing and became extremely cold. She turned around and looked at the man. With an icy tone, she said, "Pregnant? When?" Giada frowned and the air around her became chilly as if she were an ice queen. She began to give out an aura of intimidation that could not be seen toward the people around her. "This morning," the man answered with his head lowered. Giada folded her arms in front of her chest. Subsequently, she began pacing back and forth the reception pavilion anxiously. "Tell your people to bring that good-for-nothing back to me!" Giada said in an icy tone. Angry flames could be seen burning in her eyes. How dare she be pregnant with the flesh and blood of a Clarke. The audacity! Mila had been Giada's last straw for Philip. There was no way she would let Philip off a second time. "Yes, Madam." That man nodded respectfully and dismissed himself from the reception pavilion.

Alone, Giada stood in the reception pavilion as she looked at the building that was made entirely out of glass. Additionally, the place was filled with expensive flowers from all over the world. After a while, Giada made a phone call and said, "Father, I've decided to take action early." On the other end of the phone, a peaceful, old voice was heard, "Gigi, what happened?"

"Why do you want to move things forward?" "Philip's wife, Wynn, is pregnant," Giada said. Her tone of voice was humble and respectful. Giada was very submissive to her father. "Be careful." After that short statement,

the man hung up the phone. Back at the hospital, Philip was about to send Wynn to work when he was stopped by Martha who had rushed there without a second to lose. "Get lost!" Martha was furious. She pushed Philip away and dragged Wynn to one side. Wynn felt helpless as she waved at Philip and followed Martha to the waiting area. "Mom, what are you doing?"

"What's wrong?" Wynn was disgusted by how her mother treated Philip.

Martha looked at Philip who had not followed them and asked Wynn hurriedly, "Wynn, tell me the

truth. Are you really pregnant?" Wynn grinned. "Yes." After saying that, Wynn took out the results she had gotten from the ultrasound. Martha snatched them over urgently. When she saw the report, she was stunned. Wynn really was pregnant! How was it possible? How could her dream of letting her daughter marry into a wealthy family just crumble like that? "Wynn, listen to me. Abort the baby. You can't have this child." Martha was frantic. She sat Wynn down and tried to persuade her patiently with well-meaning advice. When Wynn heard Martha's words, her eyes widened. She could not believe that her own mother was saying such things to her. "Mom, what are you talking about?"

Wynn was furious as she glared at Martha. She was at a complete loss. How had her mother become like this? Martha did not care about any of it as she said, "Are you out of your mind? You can't even afford Mila with that piece of trash, and you're now having another one. How are you going to get the money to raise this second child? What if the baby is born with an illness again? Plus, you're very busy with work now. Where will you find the time to take care of the child? Are you going to give up your position as the chairman? I won't agree to you keeping it!" Martha said one thing after another before eventually coming to a stop as she told Wynn, "I'm going to give you a death order today. You have to abort the child! You can't give birth to it!" Wynn almost began to cry out of frustration. She stood up and stomped her foot on the ground angrily. She said, "Mom, can you stop being so unreasonable? This kid belongs to me and Philip. I have the right to decide such a thing myself!" Martha jumped up and slapped Wynn across

the face. She screamed, "Shut up! You can't have this child! If you dare give birth to this child, I'll disown you! I'm telling you now. I raised you, so you have to listen to me! "I'm going to tell you the truth now. I am fond of Joel and he's the only one who's qualified to be my son-in-law. Either you abort the child and divorce Philip, or get out!" Martha said angrily. She was fuming. Why couldn't her stupid daughter get the point? "Mom, why do you always look down on Philip? What's so bad about him? Plus, there's nothing between me and Joel! Stop forcing me!" Wynn covered her face as she yelled. Her eyes were red, and tears had begun welling up in her eyes.

"Hehe, tell me then. What's so good about Philip? Is he richer or more prestigious than Joel? Joel is the young master of the Harris Group and has a net worth of a few billion bucks! How could that piece of trash compare with him?" Martha snorted before saying stubbornly, "I'm going to say it today. You must abort that child!" Having said that, Martha turned around and left. On the other hand, Wynn covered her face with her hands and started to cry. She looked very weak and fragile as she sat in the waiting area. At that time, Philip was playing with Mila in the hospital room. When he noticed that Wynn had been gone for a long time, he decided to look for her. That was when he spotted Wynn crying alone. "Wynn, what's wrong?" Philip was heartbroken. Wynn wiped away her tears and forced a smile. She said, "It's fine. I'm going to work." After saying that, Wynn got up and left. Philip watched Wynn's back and frowned. What had Martha done to Wynn this time? Meanwhile, after Martha left the hospital, she went back home to grab a pair of sunglasses and a face mask before heading out once again. At an alley, in a shop that sold traditional Chinese medicine.

Martha entered the shop and looked around before saying to the shopkeeper,

“Do you have anything that can be used to abort a baby?”

Chapter 325

The shopkeeper was a fat middle-aged man. He watched as the woman who was covered from head to toe entered his shop. Something to abort a baby?

Such a thing was illegal! “No. No. We don’t have things like that,” the fat shopkeeper said immediately and resumed tending to the dried herbs that were on the table. Smack! Martha took out ten thousand bucks in cash from her bag and slammed it on the table. She asked coldly, “Do you have it or not?” The fat shopkeeper glanced at the money and frowned. He looked at the woman in front of him and insisted, “No, we haven’t had such a thing for a long time. Take back your money.” Martha did not believe him. Thus, she took out another twenty thousand from her bag and slammed it down on the table. She asked, “Something to abort a baby. Do you have it or not?”

To be honest, Martha felt something poke at her heart when she took out the extra stack of cash. Nevertheless, in order to make Wynn become Madam Harris, and in order to make sure that she had a nice life in the future, she was prepared to go to such lengths. If her stupid daughter refused to listen to her, she would take matters into her own hands. Now, the shopkeeper was stunned. He looked at the bright red bills and started to have bad thoughts.

Subsequently, the shopkeeper walked away from the counter, closed the door, and drew the curtains. Then, he took the money and smiled flatteringly as he said, “Madam, please wait for a moment.” After saying that, the shopkeeper went to the courtyard and dilly-dallied for a while before taking out a set of medicine and putting it on the table. He asked, “Who is it for, madam?” Martha looked at the fat shopkeeper coldly and said, “It’s none of your business. How should one consume this? It won’t hurt the mother, right?” The fat shopkeeper said, “Madam, to be honest with you, abortion medicine isn’t good, and it’ll definitely harm the mother’s body in a few ways. However, you can buy some medicine to nurse the mother’s body back to health. I’ll go get them for you right now.” Once the fat shopkeeper had finished speaking, he went to get some medicine that was used to nurse one’s body and soothe his or her nerves. Martha spent about forty thousand bucks before she left the shop happily. To someone who loved money like Martha, forty thousand bucks was the equivalent of her own flesh and blood.

When Martha got home, she immediately started getting busy and began to

brew the medicine. Shortly after, the house and courtyard were filled with the smell of traditional Chinese medicine. Charles returned home and asked curiously, “What are you doing? Who’s sick?” Martha felt rather guilty.

After all, there was no doubt that she would go to hell for doing something like this. Nevertheless, she said, “Wynn is pregnant, right? I’m brewing some medicine for the baby.” Charles smiled and said, “How wonderful.

You were saying you didn't want the child this morning and you're doing this now? Oh, you must have a sharp tongue but mean well. I think Philip and Wynn are great together. Stop berating our son-in-law in the future.

He's family after all." At this point, Martha felt very guilty. Nonetheless, she was not bothered to say anything and merely chuckled in reply. "Yeah, yeah. Go do your own thing. I'll send the medicine over to Wynn once it's done." Charles did not say anything else and merely hummed a song as he went back to his room. At the same time, in the chairman's office in Apex Group, Philip could be heard talking to George. "Old Man George, great news, Wynn is pregnant." Philip was extremely happy. He sat with one leg over the other as he beamed happily. When George heard that, he became so excited that he started sobbing. He said, "Young Master, is the young madam really pregnant?" Philip nodded and grunted a reply before saying, "Yeah, we confirmed it this morning." "Alright! That's wonderful.

If the old master hears about it, he'll be very happy. There are now two children." George wiped his teary eyes. He felt genuinely happy for his young master. There was now another addition to the Clarkes. His or her birth would definitely astonish the world. "Young master, what are you planning to do?" George asked. Philip thought for a while before saying,

"After Wynn gives birth to this child, I'll take them home. Maybe it's time I tell them my true identity." Philip had pondered about it for a very long time. What happened that morning touched him greatly. His mother-in-law had always looked down on him. Hence, he would use his identity to tell her who the son-in-law she had been calling a piece of trash throughout the past three years really was. "Right, how's my father?" Philip asked. George

shook his head and sighed. "Young master, do you really not want to come back now? The old master misses you a lot. Plus, a lot of things have happened at home. You really need to go back and take charge of the situation. The old master can't hold on any longer." George was anxious.

The old master was getting weaker and weaker. Philip had to return and inherit the family's estates and abundant wealth. The Clarkes could not fall into Giada's hands. Philip's eyes darkened, and he nodded. He said, "I understand. Soon." Philip wanted to go back as well. However, he still had to wait because of the contract he had with Giada. He had to be patient for the next few days. If not, he would lose everything. "Alright, I'll be going if there's nothing else," said Philip. Just as Philip was about to leave, George asked anxiously, "Young master, what are you planning to do with Miss Sommerset? Her birthday is coming, and she's planning to host a party here.

She has invited a few rich and famous people. Some of them have even come all the way from Capital City." Philip's face fell. Did Chloe want to make such a scene for her birthday? What about the thing he had promised her? What was she planning to do?

Chapter 326

"I'll find a way to settle it. Prepare a present for me." Philip said before walking out of the chairman's

office. The moment he left Apex Group, he bumped into Yolanda at its underground entrance. She was dressed like a vixen with the low cut top she had on. Additionally, her scent was very strong as she was wearing strong perfume. While she walked, her bottom that was perky swayed from one side to another. "Hey, are you blind?"

Yolanda crashed headfirst into Philip, and she yelled angrily. "Philip, why are you here, you cuckold?" Yolanda lifted her head. Just as she was about to yell some more, she saw that it was Philip who was standing in front of her. Instantly, an evil smirk appeared on her face. Philip frowned, and he said coldly, "Do you not know how to speak properly?" Hehe. Yolanda played with her hair in a teasing manner as she scoffed. "What's wrong?"

Your wife Wynn is doing immoral things, and you're still playing dumb?"

Philip was such a worthless fool. His wife was cheating on him, and he still had the guts to visit the place? Did he not know where he was? Apex Group!

The tower of the number one company in the city! "Yolanda, watch your mouth." Philip had been in a good mood, however, he was now beginning to feel annoyed. Yolanda always loved to make something out of nothing.

Nevertheless, Yolanda was taken aback as she had not expected a stupid idiot like Philip to respond to her in such a manner. Slap! Yolanda angrily slapped Philip across the face without any explanation. Then, she pointed at his nose and yelled, "Philip, who do you think you are? How dare you talk to me like that! Do you believe that I'll find someone to kill you?" Philip was stunned. He had not expected Yolanda to slap him. It all happened too suddenly. "Yolanda Lee, you're digging your own grave!" Philip was mad.

He could endure Martha slapping him. However, who did Yolanda think she was? He was the one who had previously helped her pay the bill of six million bucks in the restaurant! This btch! Thud! Yolanda saw that Philip was starting to become angry, so she kicked him. She yelled angrily, "Damn you! Why are you getting so worked up? I don't even want to pay attention to you! Go back to your wife, you cuckold!" After she said that, Yolanda left as her heels clicked on the ground. Her bottom swayed as she quickly ran away. Philip felt a stinging pain on his face, and he clutched his stomach. Yolanda was so fcking vicious. On the other end, Martha had finished brewing the medicine. Thus, she hurriedly called Wynn. "Wynnie, where are you?" Martha chuckled and asked. Wynn had just gotten off work and was about to swing by the hospital. She was still angry about what had happened that morning. Hence, she replied with an agitated tone of voice,

"I'm going to the hospital. What is it, mom? If it's about what happened this morning, I don't want to talk about it." How could Martha let that happen?

Martha chuckled and immediately said, "No, I'm going to the hospital too.

Wait for me." Wynn seemed clueless and innocent after hanging up the phone. She did not know what her mother was trying to pull again. Wynn

got to the hospital and stayed with Mila for a while. Shortly after, Martha arrived with a thermos in her hands. Martha fawned over Wynn as she said with a grin on her face, "Wynn, here. I know I said a few wrong things this morning. So, I brewed some traditional Chinese medicine for you and the baby. I made this especially for you. Drink it now." After saying that, Martha removed the lid of the thermos. The smell of the black liquid inside it was very strong. Wynn had never liked drinking such things even when she was small. Thus, she pinched her nose and said, "Mom, take it away. I don't want it. It stinks." How could Martha let her opportunity slip away?

Hence, she said earnestly, "What do you know? Drink it. I made it with my heart and soul. What's wrong? Are you still mad at me?" Martha was obviously mad now. She placed the bowl on one side and pretended to cry.

"Wynn, I'm just doing it for your own good. Why can't you understand my good intentions?" Wynn saw Martha sobbing uncontrollably and quickly said, "Alright, mom. I'll drink it, happy?" After saying that, Wynn looked at Martha and picked up the bowl of medicine. It looked as if she had to force herself with all her might just to do so. The medicine smelled so bitter. "Drink up." Martha anxiously looked at her from the sideChapter 327

Wynn was almost about to start drinking the medicine, and Martha felt anxious and frantic as she watched on. After all, she was her own daughter.

'Wynn, I am so sorry, but I don't have a choice. You won't have a good future with that worthless bum, Philip. Since you won't abort the child, I'll be the bad guy then!' Marta said callously in her heart. Still holding the bowl, Wynn was about to drink the medicine. However, just then, her phone rang. Wynn hesitated for a moment before placing the bowl down. Then, she looked at the caller ID and saw that it was from her company. "Mom, I'll drink it later. I need to take this." Wynn got up and walked out of the room to answer her phone. Martha was extremely anxious. She yelled,

"Hey, Wynn, drink this before you take the call." Nevertheless, Wynn had

already left. Martha was livid. She was so close. The next moment, Wynn came back. However, she merely grabbed her bag in a rush and kissed Mila before heading out once more. "Hey, Wynn, drink the medicine." Martha was frantic. Wynn turned around to look at Martha before saying with a contradicting look on her face, "No need, mom. Next time. I have something to take care of. I need to go now." Having said that, Wynn quickly walked out of the hospital. Meanwhile, Martha began stomping her foot in anger.

She had wasted an entire afternoon brewing the medicine, and it had gone to waste. "Grandma, don't be mad at mummy. Mummy is very busy and tired at work..." Mila said childishly. She was playing with her doll on the bed; she looked naive and lovable. Martha turned her head around to look at Mila before walking over. Forcefully, she poked Mila's forehead and began to yell through gritted teeth, "You bastard child! It's all your fault!

Your daddy is a worthless bum, and you're a little bastard! Your mom is pregnant now. Once your

mommy gives birth to the new baby, your daddy and mommy won't want you anymore. They'll throw you into a garbage bin, and you'll starve to death!" When Mila heard this, tears started to fall from her eyes onto her face like raindrops. She bawled, "Mommy, mom...

Daddy, dad..." Martha was still mad as she grabbed Mila's hair and yelled,

"Cry more! If you ever cry again, I'll kill you. You little bastard child!" Mila started sobbing loudly out of fear before finally biting her lip. At the moment, she looked extremely wronged and pitiful. Having heard her, the female nurse who was on shift quickly ran over. When she saw Martha treating Mila so rudely and boorishly, she became enraged. "Who are you?

Who gave you permission to bully the child?" The nurse was a tall and slender woman. She held Mila in her arms as her heart crumbled into pieces.

She comforted Mila repeatedly as she said, "Don't cry, Mila. Don't cry."

Mila buried her head in the nurse's shoulder. She was bawling heavily and was inconsolable. Martha was already mad. Hence, when she saw the nurse act so aggressively toward her, she pointed at her and yelled angrily, "Who are you? Do you even have the right to speak? You're just the child's nurse.

How dare you talk to me like that?" When the nurse saw that Martha was fighting back, she retorted fiercely, "You yelled at the child, so you're at fault! Who are you? If you don't leave now, I'll call security!" Martha scoffed. "You're using a chicken feather as an excuse to order me around now, huh? You're just a nurse that my daughter hired. How dare you speak to me like that. Do you believe me when I say I'll ask her to fire you? When the nurse heard that, she was shocked. Her daughter? "You are..." the nurse asked probingly. "Hehe, I'm her grandmother. Why? Scared? Apologize to me now. If not, I'll tell my daughter to fire you!" Martha crossed her arms in front of her chest and lifted her chin up high. Her head began bobbing left and right, and she looked extremely arrogant and unreasonable. The nurse was obviously a child from a poor family, yet she had the guts to order her around? She was asking to die! However, the nurse became even more furious. The mean, irrational, troublemaking, middle-aged woman in front of her was Mila's grandmother? What a joke! How could there be such an evil grandmother? No wonder she had never seen her visit the child before, and was always Mr. Philip and Miss Wynn who visited alternately. Now, Anne Foster knew why. How would Mr. Philip and Miss Wynn live nice lives with a mother and mother-in-law like this? "Excuse you, but I won't apologize! On the other hand, you should be the one apologizing to the child! Since you're Mila's grandmother and have said such horrible things, you've hurt Mila tremendously!" Anne refused to give in. She was insistent on standing her ground. She was not afraid of Martha!

Comments (1)

Paul Davis

Wow!! Who talks to a 3 year old like that?

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Chapter 328

Naturally, their argument attracted the attention of many patients in the hospital and visiting families. They all gathered around to watch what was going on. Everyone could be seen pointing fingers and discussing loudly.

“Oh, that must be the child’s grandmother. How devious!” “My heart is in pieces. How could that woman scold the child like that? I heard what she said just now. It was horrible!” “I recall the little girl’s parents to be nice people who are very friendly. How is it possible that they have such an evil mother?” Instantly, Martha felt as if she had been insulted. She was furious because everyone was pointing fingers and faulting her. Consequently, Martha walked up to the nurse and slapped her across the face. She yelled,

“Who do you think you are? Are you even qualified to meddle in our family affairs? You’re just a nurse who my daughter and son-in-law hired. Don’t start feeling too proud of yourself, and don’t meddle in other people’s business. If not, I’ll slap you to death, understand?” Anne was stunned. Her face had begun turning red from the slap. Martha was beyond evil.

Nevertheless, Anne endured it because Mila was in her arms. “I did take your son-in-law and daughter’s money, but it has nothing to do with you.

You have to apologize to Mila today. If not, you won’t be allowed to leave this place!” Anne was a nice and kind woman. Undoubtedly, she could not stand a woman like Martha. Martha was a woman that had a heart made of snakes and scorpions! It was the first time Anne had seen someone treat their own granddaughter in such a manner. Being criticized by everyone, Martha was enraged. She glared at Anne and slapped her once more. She shrieked, “You stupid btch, say that again. Do you believe me that I’ll rip your mouth off your face? You’re just a penniless fool, and you’re taking our money. You’re just a nurse and should know your place. My daughter is the chairwoman of Beacon Pharmaceutical. Who are you? How dare you talk to me like that?” Anne’s face was bright red after being slapped twice. However, because of her unbending personality, she continued to lift her head and say, “Yes, I do work for your money. However, I can stop taking it as well. You can’t insult me like this. I’m going to call Mr. Philip and tell him I quit!” When Martha heard this, she began to panic. What if Philip found out about what happened? Hence, Martha reached out her hand and smacked Anne’s phone away when she saw the latter taking it out. Consequently, the phone landed on the floor, and its screen became cracked. “How dare you call him! I’m going to kill you!” Right after, Martha began to pull at Anne’s hair. She pulled at it with all of her might as she shrieked loudly, “You btch! Don’t you know the rules? That useless bum’s money is my money. My daughter’s money is my money. If you dare fight against me, I’ll kill you!” The crowd that was watching did not dare to help Anne when they saw this scene. They only wanted to watch the drama. If they jumped in and helped, they were unsure of what would happen to them.

With her arms, Anne tightly held on to Mila who was crying loudly. At the same time, she endured Martha's punches and kicks. In the end, Martha pressed Anne against the bed and began slapping her repeatedly. By this point, Anne had placed Mila aside. Anne's ace was red, and it was covered with handprints. Additionally, her uniform had been ripped open, exposing her skin. Anne gritted her teeth; her eyes were filled with tears and grievances. "You're an insufferable bully!" Anne wailed and ran out while covering her mouth. On the other hand, Martha pointed at the crowd that was at the door and yelled proudly as if she were a rooster that had won a cockfight, "What are you looking at? Get lost!" A lot of them were infuriated, but they did not dare to do anything. After yelling at the onlookers, Martha looked at Mila who was sobbing in the corner. She pointed at Mila and said fiercely, "I'll take care of you next time." After that, Martha turned around and left. Meanwhile, Anne ran out of the hospital and came to the garden. She covered her face and bawled as she squatted on the ground. She felt extremely wronged. She had never been humiliated like this before. She was poor but had integrity. How dare Martha humiliate her like that! "What's wrong, Annie?" All of a sudden, Philip walked over to her; he was holding a lunchbox and a bag of fruits. When Anne heard Philip's voice, she turned around and quickly wiped away her tears. "I-I'm

fine." Anne forced a smile. Her eyes were red like someone who had just cried. Philip frowned and said, "You're fine? You were crying so heavily just now. Tell me, who bullied you? I'll stand up for you." "Who else? It was your horrible mother-in-law!" A nurse walked over and glared at Philip furiously before saying to him, "She attacked Annie and made her look like this in front of everyone just now." "Oh, Sheila, please stop saying such things. Mr. Philip, don't listen to her. Nothing happened." Anne clutched the other nurse's skirt and hinted at her with her eyes. Martha? "What the hell happened?" Philip asked with furrowed brows. The other nurse could not take it anymore. "The more you don't want me to tell him, the more I want to. Philip, I'm telling you, your mother-in-law is a monster. She just..." When Philip heard what the other nurse said, he felt rage well up in his body. Additionally, his entire body turned cold. He grabbed Anne and said icily, "Let's go. I'll stand up for you!"

Comments (1)

Michael Moore

To the author U have a good story here but the u use the genders wrong a lot hers when it supposed to his and he instead she and other ways around [VIEW ALL COMMENTS](#)

Chapter 329

Anne was nervous. Hence, she said while she was being dragged by Philip,

"Mr. Philip, it's okay. I'm fine. She's your mother-in-law after all. If you guys fight because of me, I'll feel bad." Despite feeling aggrieved, Anne knew her place. Martha was Mr. Philip's mother-in-law after all. If they fought because of her, she would feel bad. She was just a child from a poor family. Her parents had

told her that she had to endure every hardship thrown to her, and she could not fight with other people. Not to mention, Mr. Philip had always been good to her. She could not bear cause him any trouble. "It's fine. Just listen to me. Even though she's my mother-in-law, she can't be allowed to be so unreasonable." Philip comforted Anne. Even though he had managed to endure Martha for the past three years because of Wynn, he could not let the current matter go just like that. Martha had involved other people in her unreasonableness. How could Philip just let her be like that, showing her temper and cruelty? Not long after, Philip ran into Martha who was about to exit the hospital. Astonishingly, she had a huge smile plastered on her face as she held her bag and yelled at the people around her. It was as if she owned this hospital. "What are you penniless bums looking at? Why? My daughter is the chairwoman of Beacon Pharmaceutical. You can't touch me!" Martha pointed at the family members of the patients and yelled rudely. It was as if her actions were justified because she was the one yelling the loudest. After Martha finished shouting, she turned around to leave. However, she then saw Philip and Anne walking toward her. In the blink of an eye, Martha became even more enraged. She ran over, pointed at Anne who was behind Philip, and yelled,

"You little bitch! How dare you have the cheek to come back? I'm going to kill you!" Having said that, Martha lifted her hand in an attempt to slap Annie. Nevertheless, Anne hid behind Philip out of fear. Her eyes were teary as she lowered her head and yelled, "Who are you to slap me?" "Oh? You have a temper now, huh? Do you think I won't hit you because you have this useless bum with you? He's just good-for-nothing in my household. He has to listen to me as well!" Martha pointed at Philip's nose and yelled bossily. She did not respect her son-in-law at all. Philip, who was standing in front of Anne, caught Martha's slap and said with a solemn face, "Martha Yates, shut the fuck up!" "Philip, are you insane? Is that how you talk to me? Get lost!" Martha screeched. How dare Philip call her by her name? He was being truant! Who did he think he was? He was merely the useless son-in-law of the Johnston family! "Apologize to Anne. She's a nurse I hired."

Philip said coldly. "Philip, are you confused about your status? What do you mean the nurse you hired? I am the matriarch of the house. You're just a son-in-law. Are you even qualified to speak to me? Are you looking for a beating?" Martha said rudely as she lifted her hand to slap him. It was too sudden! Her useless, good-for-nothing son-in-law was rebelling against her!

She would slap him in front of everyone to let him know who was the boss!

Slap! When Philip saw that Martha was about to slap him, he did not dodge.

On the other hand, Anne ran out from behind Philip and took the slap for him. Consequently, a loud thud was heard as it reverberated throughout the corridor of the hospital. Anne clutched her face and cheeks that were red.

Her eyes were filled with tears as she said aggrievedly, "Mr. Philip, let's go." Philip's face fell as anger welled up in his heart. Martha was so unreasonable! He was very unfortunate to have a mother-in-law like her. It was as if he had accumulated eight generations of misfortune and was suffering the consequences. Philip had to make Martha apologize to Anne about what had happened that day. Internally, Martha was laughing. She furrowed her brows and started to mutter. Did Philip and Anne

have an illicit relationship? No, she had to tell Wynn about it. The two had to be cahooting behind their backs. At this moment, the crowd started to berate Martha loudly. "That woman is so overbearing! If I were him, I would kill her!"

"Fck! I'm so mad watching this!" "Kid, don't be scared. You have our full support. Your mother-in-law is so evil!" When Martha heard everyone talking about her, her expression changed, and she had the urge to leave. "Get lost! Do you not understand human language?" Martha lifted her hand once again. However, just as her hand was about to make contact with Philip's face, the latter caught hold of her wrist. "Philip, what are you doing?" Martha said in an icy tone. Philip's face was as cold as ice water, yet flames could be seen burning in his eyes. He said, "Martha Yates, I'm warning you. Don't you dare think that you can do whatever you want just because you're Wynn's mother! Apologize to Anne now!" "Apologize to a stupid btch like her? Are you insane? Not to mention, you're only a piece of trash in my eye, Philip. Who are you to talk to me in that tone? Let go!"

Martha was gritting her teeth in anger. The useless bum was being disrespectful to her! She had to tell Wynn about it when she got home. She had to ask Wynn to divorce him! 'If he continues to stay in the family, I'll leave!'

Chapter 330

Philip threw Martha's hand aside and said coldly, "You're indeed the one at fault this time. Anne is the nurse I hired, and you hit her for no reason.

There's no question that you have to take responsibility! It's fine if you don't want to. You can leave now. I'll call the cops and let them handle this." When Martha heard Philip say that he would call the cops, she was terrified. "You... You're going to be the end of me! You spineless coward, how dare you threaten me!" Martha pointed at Philip angrily. She thought that a useless bum like him would not dare do anything. She had not expected him to be so unyielding. If he called the cops, she would be at a loss too. Apologize? Impossible! Martha started to throw a tantrum as she screeched unreasonably, "Why should I apologize? Why don't you ask her why she got hit? I'm going to kill that little btch!" "Tell me then." Philip looked at Martha coldly. He was ready to listen to her made-up stories. "She... She disrespected me in the hospital room. She called me an old hag. Plus, I saw her hitting Mila and pulling her hair. She was abusing Mila! Don't you think I should have taught her a lesson?" Martha was infuriated. She started making up stories on the spot as she blamed everything she had done on Anne. Additionally, she pointed at Annie and yelled loudly, "This nurse you hired is a devious woman! How can I face my daughter if I don't kill her? How would I face my granddaughter?" After that, Martha sat on the ground and started to make a scene. On the other hand, Anne had begun sweating profusely out of panic. She shook her head and tried to explain with her eyes were filled with tears of grievance, "I didn't! I did not, Mr. Philip! She's lying! It was her..." "What about me?" Martha jumped to her feet and pointed at Anne. She threatened, "It was you, and you still dare to quibble and spout nonsense. I'll kill you!" Philip stopped Martha and roared, "Shut up!" Martha's heart began to pound in fear when she heard that. For a moment, she felt that Philip was very terrifying. Thus, while feeling guilty, Martha stood at

one side. Philip frowned. He did not say anything and merely entered the hospital room. There, he saw Mila on the bed with another nurse. "Daddy..." When poor little Mila saw that Philip was there, she spread her arms to ask for a hug from her father. She felt extremely wronged. "Mila, it's fine now. Let me ask you, did Annie or grandma hit you just now?" Philip held Mila and asked in a soft voice. Mila's huge eyes glimmered as tears filled them. She was terrified. She was scared that her father would fight with her grandma, so she stammered, "Daddy, Annie and grandma did not hit me. I accidentally knocked into something..." She knocked into something? Philip looked at the red handprint on Mila's face and felt the fire of rage slowly beginning to engulf him. Mila was the one who had been slapped, but Philip was the one in pain. 'Martha Yates, you should not have hit Mila!' After putting Mila down, Philip asked the nurse to look after her. Then, he turned around and strode out of the hospital room with anger and coldness. At this point, Philip was no longer the spineless coward who used to let anyone bully and walk all over him. His eyes were bloodshot and filled with inexhaustible rage. Three years. He had endured Martha's temper and evil behavior for three years! On the other hand, she had never exercised restraint and had now become even worse! After exiting the room, Philip walked over to the crowd. There were already a few nurses trying to get the people to leave. Nevertheless, Martha was still yelling at the other party, "You little btch, who allowed you to spew nonsense? Do you believe me that I'll kill you?" Aggrievedly, Anne held her head high.

There were tears in her eyes, however, she refused to give in. "What did you do? What does Mila know? This little b*tch was the one who hit her!"

Martha was firm and insistent. Nonetheless, she felt somewhat guilty.

Especially when she saw Philip walking toward her with a murderous aura.

She took a few steps backward subconsciously and asked in terror, "W-What are you doing?" Instantly, the entire corridor was filled with Philip's murderous aura. Consequently, everyone trembled in fear. "You shouldn't have hit Mila!" Philip clenched his teeth. His eyes were red as he clenched his fists and lifted his hand...

Chapter 331

Slap! The sound of a slap reverberated across the entire corridor! Philip swung his hand down and forcefully slapped Martha across the face! The mistreatment and grievance he had endured throughout the past three years were all compressed into this one slap. It was enough to send Martha flying to the floor! "Ah!" Martha shrieked loudly as she clutched her face. She looked at Philip in disbelief and yelled in anger, "Y-Y-You! How dare you slap me? Philip Clarke, you're insane! How dare a piece of trash like you slap me! I am your mother-in-law!" Martha was going to explode from anger! How dare a spineless good-for-nothing hit her? He was rebelling against her! Did Philip want to die? Did he want to get out of her family?

Martha was gritting her teeth in anger. Additionally, her face was in excruciating pain after being

slapped. Martha got up from the floor and pointed at Philip before she started yelling and shoving him furiously,

“Philip! I want my daughter to divorce you! I will never forgive you for what happened today!” Slap! In the end, Philip slapped her once more! He hit her with the same amount of force so both sides of her face would balance

out. The slap stunned Martha completely. She widened her eyes and looked at the useless bum in front of her in disbelief. He had been weak and submissive for the past three years. He had to have gone crazy! Philip had to be crazy! Anne was so scared that her heart had begun pounding in her chest. She covered her mouth and watched in disbelief. Mr. Philip was too manly! It was his mother-in-law! Would he be alright? The crowd watching from the side erupted in cheers for Philip. Their cheers echoed throughout the room. “That’s it! What a relieving slap!” “That evil and old woman deserves to be slapped in the mouth!” “Ah! I was so mad just now! I’m starting to sweat cold sweat for that kid.” Martha clutched her face in pain and stomped her foot. She yelled, “Philip, are you crazy? Don’t think about coming to my house ever again! I don’t have a son-in-law like you! Just you wait!” After she finished yelling, Martha clutched her face and ran out of the hospital in shame and anger. She did not dare to stay there any longer.

So many people were criticizing her. They could drown her with their saliva.

It has to be said that even after leaving the hospital, Martha could be seen clutching her face in pain. At the entrance of the hospital, Martha stomped her foot and turned around. She glared at the building as she said, “Philip Clarke, we’re on totally opposite standpoints now. I will separate you and Wynnie!” Over on the other side, Philip brought Anne to the hospital room.

The young woman was still sobbing and looked extremely aggrieved. She said, “Mr. Philip, will you be fine after slapping Madam Yates like that?”

“Will you get into any trouble because of me?” As Anne spoke, she got up and quickly apologized with her head lowered, “Mr. Philip, I didn’t do it on purpose. I-I’ll apologize to Madam Yates now. I’ll beg her to forgive you.”

After saying that, Anne wanted to exit the room, but Philip stopped her. He admired Anne’s personality. Not to mention, she was pretty. However, she was normally very quiet. Philip had heard that Anne lived in poverty and had a younger brother in the hospital as well. Thus, she needed a lot of money for him. “It’s fine. It has nothing to do with you. Don’t take it to heart.” Philip said before taking out his phone. He then transferred four

thousand bucks to Anne and told her, “This is your salary for the month.”

Anne took out her phone and saw the amount Philip had transferred to her account. She exclaimed in surprise, “Four thousand bucks? Mr. Philip, have you made a mistake?” A nurse’s salary was only three thousand bucks, but he had transferred four thousand to her. “It’s fine. The extra one thousand is me apologizing to you on behalf of my mother-in-law.” Philip smiled like a big brother. Anne shook her head.

She wanted to transfer it back to him.

Thus, she said, “No, three thousand bucks is three thousand bucks. Plus, you already stood up for me. I can’t accept the extra money.”

Chapter 332

No, she could not allow it. Anne knew Mr. Philip was not from a wealthy family. Additionally, from what she had observed that day, he did not have a high status in his family. She could not accept the money. Nevertheless, Philip stopped her. He chuckled and said, “Why are you being so courteous with me? If you don’t accept the money, I’ll fire you.” Fire her? Anne was shocked. She could not lose her job. Pressing her lips together, Anne bit them and bowed as she thanked Philip repeatedly, “Thank you, Mr. Philip.”

Philip did not say anything. In the evening, Philip went out looking for Anne and found her in the garden on a phone call. The latter was crying. “What’s wrong, Anne?” Philip walked over to her and asked in concern. Anne hung up the phone and wiped away her tears. She said, “I’m fine.” Philip knew that the young woman was very stubborn. After all, she refused to tell him anything. Hence, Philip sat down and glanced at her phone. On her lock screen, he saw a cute, little boy that was smiling brightly. However, the boy was sick and had a breathing tube in him; he was forcing himself to smile at the camera. Philip was emotionally stirred. He asked, “Is that your brother?”

Anne pressed her lips together and looked at the photo. She smiled softly.

“Yeah, he’s cute, right?” Philip nodded. “Your brother is like a little man.

He’s very strong.” Anne nodded. She caressed her phone screen and said,

“He’s only eight but he’s so smart. He’s always number one in his class.”

As Anne talked about her brother, love and proudness filled her eyes. Philip nodded and said, “I heard people say that you’re always working hard. You work three jobs a day. In the morning, you’re a nurse at the hospital.

Meanwhile, at night, you work at a part-time job and study at the same time.

You get a scholarship every year. To be honest, I’m impressed by you. Are you doing this to save up money for your brother’s medical fees?” Anne was not expecting Philip to be so concerned about her life. She smiled and said, “Yeah, my brother is still young. My parents are not around anymore.

He’s my only family member now. If I don’t take care of him, no one will.”

Philip smiled and reminisced about his past. He said, “You’re stronger than your brother. Actually, I lost my mother when I was 12. I wasn’t so strong back then. I locked myself in my room for more than a month.” Anne was surprised. She comforted in a small voice, “Mr. Philip, your mother must have been a

very beautiful woman, right?" Philip folded his arms behind his head and looked at the blue sky. He said, "Yeah, she was the kindest and gentlest woman on earth. That day, it felt as if the sky had fallen. However, I then met another woman. A woman who changed me." Philip smiled sweetly as he talked about it. "It must be Miss Wynn." Anne pressed her lips together and clenched her canine teeth together. She smiled and said with tears in the corner of her eyes. She was envious of the love Mr. Philip and Miss Wynn had between them. Philip touched his nose and asked out of the blue, "Right, what does your brother have?" Anne turned her head.

There was a sad expression on her face as she said, "Leukemia." Philip inhaled deeply and felt helpless. He said, "It's hard to treat leukemia. Not only does he need a compatible bone marrow, but he also needs a huge sum of money to pay for the medical fees. Can you handle it alone?" Anne chuckled bitterly and did not answer Philip. Instead, she glued her eyes to the optimistic little boy on her lock screen. Philip looked at Annie and got up. He asked, "Do you trust me?" Anne did not understand Philip. She blinked and merely looked at him curiously. She said, "Mr. Philip, what are you talking about?" "I can help you. I can find a way for you to pay for the

medical bills," Philip said. Philip was genuinely fond of Anne. However, he only viewed her as his little sister. The reason was that he saw a young woman he used to know in Anne. That very young woman was someone who had given up everything for him. She was who would be locked in the deepest part of Philip's memory forever. It was Philip's biological sister, Hannah Clarke. She gave up everything including her life to save him. Anne was stunned. Philip smiled and said, "Don't thank me yet. If you want to thank me, just treat me as your big brother, or you can even offer your body to me. However, I think Miss Wynn won't agree to the latter, so you can only be my sister." Anne did not say anything. Philip continued, "I know what you're thinking. I can only tell you that I'm not the person you think I am. I'm not a spineless coward, okay? Let me tell you the truth, I'm loaded.

It's only between you and me. You can't tell Miss Wynn." Anne was silent for a long while. However, out of the blue, she grinned and said, "Thank you, Mr. Philip." Philip knew that Anne did not believe him, so he took her to the ATM machine in the hospital. He inserted his card and showed her his account's balance. When Anne saw the amount displayed on the screen, she was taken aback. H-He was so rich! How many zeros were there? More than 90 billion bucks! Mr. Philip was rich! Then, why had he always been so submissive and weak in front of his mother-in-law? ... At the same time, Martha, who was still angry, reached home. When she got to the door, she took out her keys. Suddenly, two muscular men in sunglasses and suits appeared behind her. They did not say anything. Instead, they grabbed Martha and threw her into a black, commercial, seven-seater car. It has to be said that the way they carried her was similar to how one would carry a sow. "Ah! Who are you people? Let me go! Help! I'm being kidnapped!"

Martha kicked and screamed, but it was no use. Slam! The car door was slammed shut, and the car sped away...

Martha was roughly being pushed into a cafe. She was enraged. She pointed at the mountainous men in black at the entrance and yelled, "Who are you people? Let me out now! If not, I'll call the cops! This is kidnapping, and it's illegal!" Martha felt extremely guilty, and her hands were shaking uncontrollably. Nevertheless, she knew she could not show any signs of weakness. She had to be strong. On the other hand, the two men in black who were blocking the door pretended to not hear her as they stood still in silence. They did not budge no matter how much Martha pushed them.

Martha began to panic. She did not know where she was nor who they were.

Where was she? At this moment, a graceful and sumptuous woman walked into the cafe. There were seven to eight bodyguards behind her. One could instantly tell that she was someone powerful after seeing this. Additionally, her presence caused the temperature of the cafe to fall by a few degrees. It became terrifyingly cold. Martha felt ashamed after seeing her temperament and appearance. The woman was so beautiful and at the same time so sharp at the edges. She had an aura to her, and Martha did not dare look at her.

She could only tremble at one side. Martha was terrified. She was in a strange place with a strange woman. Not to mention, that woman was walking toward her. "Are you Martha Yates?" The woman opened her mouth. Her tone was icy and unquestionable. "Ah... Yeah, that's me. Who are you?" Slap! The other woman slapped Martha without warning. The slap was loud, and Martha was immediately taken aback after being slapped. Did she just slap her? "Why did you hit me? Who are you? Do I even know you?" Martha was mad, but for some reason, she felt like an ant in the ocean after seeing the woman. So, she could only grind her teeth together.

"Remember, my name is Giada Wallis." Giada said coldly. In her eyes, Martha was just an ant. If she wanted to, she could crush her with one finger.

How could this evil woman be Philip's mother-in-law? Philip was the bloodline of the Clarkes. Giada could not stand such a thing. Aside from the Clarkes themselves, no one else was allowed to berate another Clarke!

"Martha, I'm warning you. From this day onward, be humble. If you dare

be irrational and arrogant once more, I'll be sure to teach you a lesson on how to be a proper human being," Giada said in an icy tone. Philip could endure such humiliation, but Giada could not. Insulting Philip was equivalent to insulting the entire Clarke Family. Additionally, Giada wanted to give Philip a warning. Undoubtedly, teaching his mother-in-law a lesson would be the best move. "I... Who the hell are you?" Martha clutched her face. Her eyes were filled with confusion and terror. Slap! In the end, Giada merely slapped her across the face once more. She said, "Who I am is none of your business. Just remember that as long as I, Giada Wallis is here, a cheap woman like you has to live your life with your head down, understand?" "I-I understand." At this moment, how could Martha dare fight back? She was so shocked by Giada's presence that she did not dare to utter a single word. The big thieves hang the little ones. It was an accurate statement to describe the situation. Martha had always been mean and unreasonable, now, she was met with an opponent. At that, it was an opponent that she was no match

for. Under Giada's cold aura, Martha was like an unreasonable country bumpkin that had come face-to-face with a VIP from the city. Martha did not even dare to lift her head to look at her.

Martha finally let out a breath of relief when Giada was gone. However, before she could inhale, the two huge men in black walked over to her with their hands clenched in fists. Bam! A punch landed directly on Martha's eye! They began to hit her for as long as five minutes! When they were done, Martha was seen lifelessly lying on the floor. She was groaning uncontrollably, and her face was bruised and swollen. "Stop hitting me, stop it. Please have mercy on me. I won't do it again..." Martha begged for mercy. Half an hour later, Martha was sent back to the old Johnston Manor like a dead dog. The men threw her onto the front door.

Chapter 334

When Charles returned and saw Martha, he was horrified. "Honey, what happened? Who beat you up?" Charles helped Martha into the house. He

was heartbroken after seeing the state she was in. Thus, Charles immediately busied himself with fetching Martha ice packs and rolling hard-boiled eggs on her bruises. Martha was fuming as she sat on the sofa. The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. She did not even know any Giada Wallis. Why had the latter beaten her up? "What happened? Who made your face like this?" Charles was heartbroken. After all, this was the wife he had shared the same bed with for the past 20 years. "Who else? It was your wonderful son-in-law, Philip! Why? Do you dare call him here and teach him a lesson?" Martha was seething. She was now talking without thinking.

At the end of the day, she despised Philip after what had happened. When Charles heard that, he exploded from anger. He had changed his outlook on Philip. However, he was not expecting that useless scum to beat his own mother-in-law. He had even gone as far as to beat her until her face was all swollen like a balloon. He was digging his own grave! "What a revolting fool! Just you wait, I'll call him to come back right now with Wynn. They have to get a divorce!" Charles was quite terrifying whenever he became angry. He took out his phone and called Wynn. He said in a low voice, "Get back here now! Your mom is in trouble!" After calling Wynn, he called Philip. He was furious, and he yelled, "Philip, get back here right now!"

When Philip and Wynn got home, the atmosphere in the living room was extremely icy. It was especially true when Wynn and Philip saw Martha sitting on the sofa, covered in bruises. They were both stunned. Charles was livid. When he saw Philip, he ran over to him and slapped him across the face with all of his might. "Philip, how dare you! How dare you beat up your own mother-in-law! Get out of my house now! And, get a divorce with Wynn! I don't have a heartless son-in-law like you!" Charles yelled angrily.

Philip was being accused of an absurd allegation. He explained helplessly,

"Dad, have you come to a misunderstanding? I didn't do it." Martha had not expected Charles to be so manly that day. The latter even hit Philip for her.

She felt very pleased as she sat on the sofa with her ice pack. She squinted her eyes and smirked coldly. "You're the one who hit me in the hospital

today! You're still trying to argue? So many people saw you do it!" Martha said deviously. She was waiting for Charles to explode. Her man was finally standing up for her. If he could separate Philip and Wynn, it would be the best outcome. Charles glared at Philip angrily and shoved him aside. Then, he pointed at the door and yelled, "Get out now! You don't have a position in this house anymore, Philip!" Philip no longer had any excuse. He looked at Martha who was sitting on the sofa; the latter had a pleased look on her face. Immediately, he understood what had happened. She was shifting the blame on him. 'Alright, Martha, do you really need to do this?' When Wynn saw her mother's bruises on one side, she began to frown. Martha was badly hurt, and her face was swollen. Even if Martha had been unreasonable, there was no reason to be so vicious to her. Had Philip found out about what happened earlier that morning? Nevertheless, he had no right to do such a thing. After all, she was his mother-in-law. To have done such a thing, he was too vicious. "Philip, why did you beat mom up? Apologize now!" Wynn was beginning to have a headache. She had a lot of work at the office, and there was so much trouble at home. When Martha saw that Wynn was mad, she immediately added fuel to the fire by saying, "It's him! I don't want a son-in-law like him! Wynn, you have to divorce him. This is domestic abuse! Domestic abuse! How are you going to live like this? What about your unborn child?" Philip's face darkened as he said, "Wynn, I didn't. It wasn't me." Martha was not happy when she heard that. Thus, she got up and threw her blanket onto the floor. She pointed at Philip and yelled, "You did it, yet you're still trying to deny it!" Philip's face was extremely dark now. "Martha, I'm warning you. If you dare attack me maliciously again, I'll definitely teach you a lesson!" In the blink of an eye, the room fell silent.

The reason for that was Philip's face was filled with anger when he said that sentence. Out of nowhere, Martha felt scared and was reminded of that woman. She exploded in anger! "Philip, what did you call me? Well, well, you learned how to threaten me, huh?" Martha was extremely angry. She pointed at Philip angrily and looked at Wynn as she said, "Wynn, listen to

him. Listen to what Philip just said!" Wynn looked at Philip's face. It was her first time feeling so scared of him. He was so terrifying moments ago.

Wynn knew that Philip was mad. Thus, she pulled Philip out of the manor and said hurriedly, "Philip, tell me, what's going on right now? How did mom get her bruises?" Philip's face was stone cold as he asked, "Do you not trust me?" Wynn was shocked. She did not have time to react. "If I told you that I slapped mom today for a good reason, what would you do?" Philip asked. Wynn frowned and asked, "So you really did hit her?" Philip nodded and admitted to it before continuing, "Mom beat Anne up unreasonably in the hospital, so I taught her a lesson. However, I did not cause the bruises on her face." Philip did not tell her about Mila. He was worried that Wynn would have a fallout with Martha out of anger. Wynn sighed helplessly and grabbed Philip's hand. She said, "Philip, apologize to mom for my sake, okay?" Philip knew that Martha would definitely keep a grudge if he did not sort it out. Hence, he nodded and said, "Alright." Then, the two returned to the house. Instantly, Martha pointed at Philip bossily and said, "Why? What else do you want to say? Get out now, I don't want to see you!" Wynn

approached Martha and took her hand before saying, "Mom, Philip knows he's at fault. He's going to apologize to you now, okay?" When Martha heard this, her heart bloomed. However, her face still looked arrogant as she said, "Apologize? Alright, tell him to kneel and kowtow to me!" In the blink of an eye! The room plunged into dead silence. Philip clenched his fists in anger, and he stared at Martha coldly as he said in a deep voice, "Martha Yates, don't be dissatisfied with small gains!"

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Martha's face fell. She pointed at Philip and yelled, "Look! This is how he apologizes! If he doesn't kneel today, I will never accept his apology!"

Martha sat on the sofa coldly, turning a deaf ear to everything. Evidently, her attitude was horrible. She had thought it through anyway. She was planning on releasing all of her pent up anger on Philip that day. How dare

that spineless coward slap her at the hospital? Charles was livid. He pointed at Philip and shouted, "Listen to your mother! Kneel and apologize! You're such a rebel!" Wynn's head was beginning to hurt. She had not expected Martha to be so unreasonable. "Mom, can you stop being so irrational? You know what happened. Do you want me to say it out loud?" When Martha heard that, she was terrified. Had Philip told Wynn everything? "What do you mean, Wynn? Are you going to side with an outsider now? I'm your mother! How can you speak to me like that?" Martha did not care anymore as she continued being irrational and started throwing a tantrum. She sat on the ground, slapped her thigh, and wailed, "I can't live like this anymore.

My daughter is taking sides with an outsider, and a mother-in-law was beaten by her son-in-law. I should just die! Charles, if you're a man, you have to kick that piece of trash out today!" Charles felt helpless. His face fell as he watched his wife throw a tantrum. Subsequently, he pointed at the door and said, "Philip, get out. From this day onward, we won't be welcoming you." Philip's expression changed. He knew that the ordeal would not be resolved if he refused to back down. Philip felt bad for making Wynn sad. Hence, after pondering for a while, Philip lowered his head and said without a choice, "I'm sorry, mom. I shouldn't..." However, just as Philip was about to apologize, someone barged into the room. The person was panting heavily. Anne! She was breathing rapidly, and her hair was in a mess because of all the running she had done. Her chest was heaving up and down. "Annie, why are you here?" Wynn was shocked. She turned around to look at her. Anne took a breather and walked into the room. She bowed at Martha and apologized, "Auntie, I'm sorry. I was at fault this morning, so I'm apologizing to you now. It has nothing to do with Mr.

Philip, please forgive him." Anne had pondered about what to do for a very long time when she saw Philip being summoned back home with a phone call. She felt extremely worried. So, she cycled all the way there. Thankfully she managed to make it in time. "You little b*tch, get lost! This is my house!

You have no right to speak!" When Martha saw Anne, she was infuriated.

She walked over and forcefully swung her hand at her. However, Martha's slap did not land. Philip who was standing in front of Anne caught Martha's hand mid-air. He said, "Martha, don't be dissatisfied with small gains."

Wynn was startled. She had not expected her mother to be so unreasonable.

She was always slapping people whenever she wished. Nevertheless, she did not have a choice. Martha was her biological mother. "Mom, what are you doing? Annie is the nurse that Philip and I hired. Philip told me about what happened in the hospital. It's indeed your fault. Why did you hit Annie?" Wynn stood up and pulled Annie behind her. She said, "Mom, if you apologize to Annie now, I'll ask Philip to apologize to you. If not, we'll just leave this at it is." Charles had been taken over by anger just now. Now, he realized that the whole ordeal was not as simple as it seemed. Even if Philip were brave, he would not dare to do anything to Martha. Unless, of course, she had done something to infuriate him. "Martha, tell us the truth.

What happened? Why would Philip attack you for no reason?" Charles asked and looked at Anne. The young woman was not bad, and she did not look like the kind who was unreasonable. "I don't want to live anymore!

You people would rather believe an outsider than believe me?" Martha started to make a scene while looking bold and confident.

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Wynn could no longer stand it. Hence, she grabbed Anne and asked, "Annie, tell me the truth, what happened in the hospital? Why did my mother hit you, and why did Philip hit my mother?" Anne lowered her head, and Martha glared at her deviously. Anne then saw Philip hinting at her with his eyes. Nevertheless, she could not hold it in anymore. Thus, she clenched her fists and pointed at Martha as she said, "It was her. She beat Mila. I couldn't stand it so I went over and argued with her. Then, she started attacking me.

Mr. Philip slapped her twice because he wanted to stand up for me." Twice?

Wynn was puzzled. She looked at the bruises on her mother's face. Had they all been caused by two slaps? There had to be something more behind it.

Nonetheless, Wynn did not care anymore. That was because Anne said that her mother had beaten Mila! It infuriated her. "Mom, why did you beat Mila? Isn't Mila your granddaughter?" Wynn started to cry out of anger.

Her mother had never liked Mila. However, this time, she had become so aggravated as to start beating Mila. When Charles heard this, he felt helpless. The truth had finally come out. His wife had done something stupid again. When Martha heard Anne's words, she could no longer hold it in.

Immediately, she started yelling and making an unreasonable scene, "What do you know? This little whore is Philip's mistress! I caught them in the act, so she has begun spewing nonsense. Well, well, you adulterous swine, you two have been colluding with one another ever since the beginning, huh?" Martha refused to admit her fault and thus started to frame them by hurling all kinds of nasty things. Anne started to cry out of anger the moment she heard that. How could she endure being insulted by the evil Martha who was pointing at her and calling her a bitch and a cheap whore? Anne started to break down and began sobbing on the spot. Then, out of the blue, Anne took out the one thousand bucks she had previously received from her pocket. Looking extremely wronged, Anne, whose eyes were red, stuffed it into Philip's hand. She said, "Mr. Philip, Miss Wynn, I'm leaving. I'm here to resign. Here's one thousand bucks. Thank you for having taken care of me, Mr. Philip, Miss Wynn." After saying that, Anne covered her face and ran out of the house. "Annie?" Wynn shouted anxiously and then glared at Martha angrily. Martha was still shrieking and shouting angrily, "Look at that immoral couple. Philip, how dare you! How dare you give money to that little whore! Tell us, how much money did you give her behind our backs?" Philip felt extremely helpless toward Martha's unreasonableness and irrationality. "Shut up! Do you want me to play the security footage of the hospital's surveillance camera to show everyone what you did? How old are you? You're so unreasonable. If you weren't my mother-in-law, I would have hit you sooner!" Philip said in an icy tone before leaving the house. On the other hand, Wynn looked at Martha coldly. She was still unmoved.

"Mom, I regret having you as my mother." Wynn stomped her foot and left the old Johnston Manor. This time, Martha was beyond furious. She sat on the ground and started throwing a tantrum. Consequently, she kicked Charles who was standing next to her and said, "Johnston, they're your wonderful son-in-law and great daughter! How dare you not stand up for me? Look at how that piece of trash was behaving just now! He even wanted to hit me! Look at the bruises on my face! He was the one who caused them!"

He was!" "You're... impervious to reason!" Charles was so mad that his scalp felt numb. He had not expected Martha to be so irrational. Meanwhile, Philip chased Anne out of the house and grabbed hold of her hand. He kept on apologizing to her as he said, "I'm sorry, Annie. My mother-in-law is like that, so please don't take it to heart. Also, please take the money back."

I don't accept your resignation because Mila likes you. I promise you that my mother-in-law will never bully you again." Wynn had chased Anne out of the house as well. She grabbed Anne's hand and said something that finally convinced her. After settling the matter at hand, Philip and Wynn came to a garden. Wynn followed Philip from behind and hesitated for a long while before finally grabbing him and apologizing, "Philip, I'm sorry."

I apologize on my mother's behalf." Philip was still mad as he said, "Your mother really is something else. She did beat Mila. However, even if she doesn't like Mila, Mila is still my daughter. I won't let anyone bully her."

Wynn understood what Philip meant. She held him tightly and said, "I understand. I will handle the matter properly. Don't worry." The two of them did not say anything else that night. The next day, after

Wynn went to work, Philip returned to the old Johnston Manor. The moment he stepped foot in the house, Martha became enraged. She threw something at him and yelled, "What are you doing here? Get out!" Philip did not want to entertain her. He asked coldly, "Tell me, who attacked you?" Martha was startled.

Nevertheless, she furrowed her brows in confusion and said, "Why? Do you want to show what you're capable of? Look at yourself. Are you even

capable of doing anything?" Philip was only a piece of trash. What could he do? It would be great if he could keep himself out of trouble.

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"It's up to you whether you want to tell me or not. You're the one who was beaten up anyway. I'm fine if you're fine with this." Philip guessed that Martha's temper was still manageable. Nevertheless, she was a mean woman who could bear suffer any ill-treatment. Martha pondered for a while before saying, "It was a woman who's pretty good looking. She said her name was Giada Wallis. Can you avenge me in any way?" Martha had been miserable throughout the entire night. She did not even know Giada, but she did not dare be aggressive toward her. Her aura was too strong. Martha knew she could not offend her. Giada! When he heard her name, Philip was stunned. Immediately, his face was filled with dark clouds. Philip had warned her before not to do anything to the people around him, but she refused to listen. Was this a warning for him? "Philip, as long as you can avenge me, I won't look into the matter of you hitting me anymore. Plus, I will treat you like my biological son, what do you think?" Martha said. As long as Philip could teach that woman a lesson, Martha did not mind treating him better in the future. "You should stay home these few days. If you get jumped again, I won't be able to help you. Even the Longfords that you fawned over last time won't be able to help you if that woman is involved."

Philip's face was icy as he turned around and left. Then, he asked Tiger for a car and drove to Cirrus Villa. The entire villa had security guards stationed all over the place. It was easy to enter but difficult to exit. After entering the villa, Philip got out of the car and was stopped by the security guards. "Get out of the way," Philip said flatly. "Young master, madam said she won't see anyone. Please go back," one of the security guards told Philip. Philip's eyes were cold. His gaze was piercing as he said, "Are you going to stop me?" The security guards looked at each other. However, they did not dare disobey an order. Hence, they braced themselves and explained, "Young

master, madam said she won't see anyone today. Please go back." Philip did not want to talk to them anymore. Hence, he walked a few steps forward, and the security guards backed away. When they had nowhere else to go, they said, "Young master, if you continue doing this, we'll take action against you." "You guys dare to touch me? Who gave you the courage to do so?" Philip shouted in an icy tone. The security guards looked at each other.

While they were in a state of mutual hostility, Giada slowly sashayed over from a distance. She smiled

genially and said, "Philip, why do you want to stoop down to the level of the subordinates?" Giada was wearing a long, white dress, and there was a light, blue shawl on her shoulder. Her long hair was wavy, and she had an amazing physique. It could be said that she was the perfect woman. The woman had an almost ethereal body and appearance. However, her heart was beyond evil. "Dismissed," Giada said flatly. Her arms were folded in front of her chest. On the other hand, her fingers were adorned with jade rings, diamond rings, and rings that had expensive gems embedded in them. The security guards dismissed themselves after respectfully bowing to her. Nonetheless, they stayed and kept watch more than ten meters away from her. Behind Giada was a female personal assistant. Philip only glanced at her briefly and could tell that she was not as simple as she looked. The woman was radiating an air of coldness and had murderous intent. "Why did you attack Martha Yates?" Philip asked coldly in a straightforward manner. "She was looking down on the Clarkes.

She deserves to die a hundred times just for that alone." Giada smiled softly.

Her smile looked gentle and kind, however, her kindness could kill. "She's my mother-in-law, and she's also Wynn's mother. You don't have the right to do such a thing on my behalf," Philip said coldly. Nonetheless, Giada replied, "I was just giving her a tiny lesson, so she knows how to behave. Is that wrong? When Charlotte passed, she asked me to take care of you.

Technically, you're my stepson. If you talk to me like that, I'll feel sad."

Giada had a smirk on her face as she said this. Philip's face fell, and he said,

"Shut up! You don't have the right to say the name Charlotte! I'm here to

warn you today. Don't touch the people around me. If not, I won't go easy on you!" After Philip said that, a red dot appeared on Giada's voluptuous chest; it was aimed at her heart! "Madam!" All of a sudden, the sirens in the villa started to blare. "Hurry! Protect the madam and the young master!"

The security guards in suits drew their pistols from their holsters and stood guard. Then, more security guards rushed out from all over the place. They all shielded Giada and Philip behind them. The woman behind Giada was wearing a pair of skinny jeans, a white shirt, and a pair of high heels. She took out the pistol from her holster in panic and pointed the muzzle of the gun at the center of Philip's forehead. Philip only glanced at her coldly, and his piercing eyes became glued to the woman. "You unbridled fool!" Giada yelled and slapped her personal assistant in the face. "Who told you to point your gun at him?" "Yes, madam." The personal assistant with an icy demeanor put away her pistol and stood behind Giada silently. Nevertheless, her eyes were locked on Philip. If the other party dared to act blindly without thinking, she would pull the trigger. So what if he was Master Clarke? She was only protecting Madam Wallis. She was raised by the Wallises. "I wasn't expecting you to have an expert with you. No ordinary person is capable of sneaking into Cirrus Villa." The red dot on was still on Giada's chest. However, she looked nonchalant. A light smile could still be seen on her face. Philip said coldly, "Giada, this is my warning to you. Don't test my limits!" Having said that, Philip turned around and walked toward the boot of the black Benz that was approaching them. He opened it and dragged out a man who had been beaten up badly. Philip threw the person to the ground and kicked him. "Your man was

sloppy. You should know what to do," Philip said coldly. Giada looked at the man who was kneeling on the ground. It was the thug that she had hired to bring Martha back before. This time, there was a hint of shock and panic on Giada's nonchalant face. Her neatly-plucked eyebrows knitted together. She had not done anything before her personal assistant walked over to the man.

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Bang bang! After two loud shots were heard, blood began to pour out. That man was shot in his arm and leg. Consequently, he let out a shrill scream of pain. "Happy?" Giada smiled and said. Philip did not say anything. Instead, he merely lifted his hand and made a gesture before the red dot on Giada's chest disappeared. At the same time, in the forest nearby the villa, a black figure flashed by. "Over there! Get him!" In an instant, more than half of the security guards in the villa ran over in an attempt to catch the intruder.

As for Philip, he began to calmly drive away from the villa. When he got to the foot of the mountain, he stopped the car. Then, a man who was wearing a black hoodie, a cap, and a face mask jumped out from a bush by the road and entered the car. Subsequently, the car started once again and sped away.

Inside the car, the man in the passenger seat removed his cap and face mask before letting out a sigh of relief. He said, "That place is really something else. There are so many security guards. Next time you want me to do such a thing again, you'll have to pay me more. But, Giada is so hot. She's about 40 years old, right? She took care of herself well. She looks like a young woman in her 20s." It was obvious that this man was a chatterbox. He began rattling away the moment he got into the car. "What happened to the thing I asked you to look into?" Philip asked as he drove. The man grunted a reply and took out a few photos and documents. It was clear that he had taken them inside the villa. The angles were tricky, and the photos were scandalous! They were photos of Giada kissing and making out with a strange man! Philip glanced at them briefly and said, "Thirty million. Ask Old Man George for it." "Alright! Master Clarke is such a loyal man. I didn't come here for nothing." The man chuckled. After he finished talking, he opened the car door and said, "I'll see you next time then." After that, he jumped out of the car while it was still speeding on the highway. What an expert! Unbeknownst to Philip, after the man jumped out of the car, he was forced to limp to the hospital. He complained, "Damn it, I shouldn't have

put on an act." It ended up backfiring. ... On the other side, Martha had not left home for two days. She felt extremely uneasy. She pondered for a while before grabbing her bag, wrapping her face with a headscarf, and going out with a pair of sunglasses. She wanted to take a look at Philip and Wynn's new house. She wanted to see if she could sell their house to an agent.

Martha wanted to buy a mansion and would not just give up on the idea. If they could not afford Longford Park, a hillside villa would suffice. When Martha arrived at Philip and Wynn's new house that was about 70 to 80

square feet wide, she opened the door and snuck inside like a thief. Looking at the simple furniture, Martha felt heartbroken. How could her daughter marry a useless bum like Philip? It was torture! "The certificate of property ownership!" Martha took action the moment she thought about it as she started

to rummage through the drawers and cabinets for the certificate of property ownership. As long as she had the certificate of property ownership, they would have to listen to her. After looking for it for a very long time, she finally found it in one of the drawers in the bedroom. Martha lifted the certificate of property ownership and kissed it happily. Wonderful!

She had found it! Thus, she quickly stuffed the certificate of property ownership into her bag. Then, just as she was about to leave, she saw a small box in the corner of the drawer. She had caught sight of it from the corner of her eyes. Martha picked up the box, opened it, and was stunned. What a beautiful jade bangle! From just one glance, Martha could tell that it was not any ordinary jade bangle. It was so beautiful! If outsiders were there, they would know that the bangle was made of top quality jade; a glassy species called green jadeite. It was translucent and looked stunning. There was no doubt it was the best of the best. However, there was a name carved on the glassy jade bangle. Charlotte Larson. Martha did not care as she picked it up and happily put it on her wrist. She was so in love with it. She muttered,

“Well, well, you have such an exquisite thing and you’re hiding it. Who were you going to give it to if not for me? It’s mine now!”

Comments (1)

Paul Davis

Ooh! How i want Martha to die.

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Chapter 339

That day, Philip was ready to find Anne at the hospital. He had promised to take a look at her brother’s condition. On the way, Philip pondered about it before buying some fruits. It would be rude to visit empty-handed. When he arrived at the hospital, it was about three in the afternoon. Seeing Philip, Anne was a little bashful as she said, “Mr. Philip, you really don’t have to.

I feel bad for you having to come all the way.” Philip smiled and said, “It’s nothing. However, it’s a secret between you and me. Don’t tell Miss Wynn.

Let’s go. Take me to see your brother.” Anne was a whole head shorter than Philip. Even though the young woman was pretty, her face was a little waxy.

She had most probably overworked herself. Such a young woman like that often made people feel sorry for her. Anne led Philip to the sixth floor of the inpatient department. The floor was exclusively reserved for patients with leukemia. There were both adults and children. Philip looked around and saw a lot of

family members who looked miserable. Some of them were even sobbing into their phones in the corners of their respective wards. Sigh, what a harsh reality. When the two arrived at the ward that belonged to Anne's brother, they were unable to find him even after looking around.

Consequently, Anne started to panic. She asked a few nurses but it was to no avail as none of them had seen him. Upon hearing this, Anne's expression changed, and she hurriedly ran toward a corner. On the other hand, Philip chased after her. In front of a bald little boy who was hiding behind a pillar, Anne squatted down and asked frantically, "Why did you run out on your own again? Didn't I tell you to wait for me before I get here?" It was obvious that the little boy had been crying moments ago.

However, he smiled staunchly and said, "Anne, I don't want to stay here anymore. I'm cured. I want to go home now." Anne took a deep breath, and tears started to well up in her eyes. She held the little boy tightly and shook her head. She said, "Trust me. We can cure you, okay?" The little boy caressed Anne's face and shook his head. He replied, "Anne, I really don't want to undergo any more treatment. We no longer have any money. I don't want to see you working day and night just for me. You must be exhausted.

I want to go back. I don't want to stay here anymore." The little boy was Anne's brother, and his words were heartbreaking. He was so young yet so sensible. "Little guy, don't worry about the money. Just undergo the treatment, your sister will find a way." Philip walked over and said while shaking the fruits and presents in his hands. The little boy looked at Philip and then back at Anne in confusion; he was clueless as to who Philip was.

Philip grinned. "I am a good friend of your sister." The little boy was smart.

He pulled Anne to one side and lowered his voice as he whispered in Anne's ear, "Anne, is he your boyfriend? He looks a bit too old." Anne blushed and turned around to look at Philip. She said, "No, stop spouting nonsense. He's Mr. Philip, the guy I've been telling you is always extremely good to me."

When the little boy heard this, he was disappointed. "I thought you finally found a boyfriend, Anne. So someone would be there to take care of you when I'm not here." Anne shook her head. Her eyes were red as she held the little boy in her arms. She said, "You idiot. I'll never find a boyfriend.

I'll stay with you forever." The little boy smiled and then ran over to Philip before bowing to him. "Thank you, sir. My sister told me that you're always treating her very well. When I get better, I'll definitely repay you." Philip was not expecting the little boy to be so sensible. He chuckled and said,

"Alright, I'll wait for you. However, before that, you have to listen to Anne and the doctors so you can have a faster recovery." The little boy shook his head and looked at the hospital room aggrievedly. Then, he lowered his head, pulled Anne outside, and said, "Anne, let's go home. I want to go home." Right then, a loud, aggravated voice was heard from one side, "Just

go home and be done with it! Stop being a dog in the manger. You don't have enough money, and you still want to come to the hospital." When Philip heard this, his expression changed. He turned around and said angrily to the man, "What did you say?" The man looked at Philip from head to toe and said in

frustration, "What I just said is none of your business. Why? Are you trying to chat up the pretty girl? If you don't have the money to treat your illness, get lost. He has already been kicked out of his ward, and he's still squatting here. What a sore sight!" Philip's face became extremely dark.

No wonder the boy had insisted on going home earlier. It seemed like he was being kicked out of the hospital. Was it because they could not afford the hospital bill? Philip recalled that Mila was almost kicked out of the hospital because he did not have any money either. He felt extremely sorry for Anne and Mason. Nevertheless, that was not the reason why Philip was angry. He was mad at the man's humiliation and condemnation. Philip's face turned cold and he snorted. "Do you own this hospital? What does his whereabouts have to do with you? You're an adult. Are you not ashamed for having said such things?" The man sat on his chair with one leg over the other. He looked malicious. Immediately, he started to berate Philip sarcastically, "Why? Are you not satisfied? You're just a penniless fool, yet you still want to come to the hospital. If it's not wasting the resources of the hospital and the efforts of the doctors, what is it? Why should we rich people wait?" F*ck! Who was this man? How dare he argue with him? His brother-in-law was the department head of the hospital!

Chapter 340

Philip burst out laughing from anger. "Just because we don't have money, we can't come to the hospital? Who set that rule? You? Are you the dean?"

Who are you? Say that again and trust me that I'll slap you to next week!"

When the man heard that, he was enraged. He got up and said through gritted teeth, "Well, well, kid. Slap me now if you have the fcking guts. Do you believe me that I'll find someone to end you?" After that, the man continued, "My brother-in-law is the dean of this hospital. Do you believe that I can get that sickly fool out of here with just one phone call?" Philip did not want to surrender. That person had to be taught a lesson! Dean? Hehe. "What are you two fighting about? This is the hospital, not your home!" The nurse who was passing by glared at both of them. Finally, Philip stopped and said to the nurse, "I want to ask what happened to Mason's spot." The nurse looked at Mason and then said in pity and helplessness, "He owes the hospital a lot of money, and it has been a very long time. The hospital gave him an extension of half a month, and he still can't pay up. Hence, we have no other choice. We have a lot of patients, and we can't let him occupy the bed." The man snickered at one side and said, "Don't come to the hospital if you're poor!" Philip was enraged. He kicked the man in the waist, and the latter flew backward. He yelled, "So what if they're fcking poor? Do poor people have no right to get treatment? Go ahead, try spewing more bullshit!" The man was infuriated. He quickly stood up and glared at Philip viciously. He yelled, "Fck! How dare you kick me! Alright, today is the day you die!

Also, that sickly fool has to get out of this hospital immediately!" Philip did not want to entertain the man anymore. He turned around, looked at the nurse, and said, "Do you have any more beds? I need one now, I'll pay for it." The nurse shook her head and said, "I'm sorry, there are none left. Please get out of the way, I need to check on my patients." When the person who had been kicked heard this, he

snickered. "I was right for calling you a penniless fool, right? Who do you think you are? Why are you still trying to be pretentious? How much money do you have? That sickly fool has leukemia! You can't treat him even with one million bucks! You should just go home and wait for your death!" Anne tugged on Philip's shirt. Her eyes were filled with aggrieved tears as she shook her head and said, "It's fine.

Let's go. We'll find another hospital." She had no other choice. She could not do anything if they did not have a spot for her brother. It was her only option. Not to mention, she did not have any money. Even though she knew Mr. Philip was loaded, she did not want to use his money. She had dignity.

Philip turned his head to look at Anne and said, "Don't worry, I have a plan.

Wait for me." After saying that, Philip walked to one side and called George.

On the other hand, that person continued to roll his eyes at poor Mason. He criticized and berated him and Annie for a long time before finally shaking his head and saying, "Poor baby, you're going to die at such a young age."

Anne held Mason who was completely pale in her arms as she glared at the man. There were tears in her eyes. She had gone through too much humiliation. Almost all of the relatives around her had disowned them. It was because of money. No one wanted to lend her money. It was an endless abyss. Who knew that the evil man would become more exhilarated as he laughed and said, "Hey girl, you won't be able to treat your brother even if you continue to stare at me like that. He can only wait for his death." Having said that, the man walked over and handed a card to Anne. He added, "If you need help with your brother's funeral, you can come to me. I can help you. I think you aren't that bad. Why don't you come to my office and be my secretary?" The fat man was shameless and disgusting. At this moment, Philip returned. The man snorted and asked, "Have you found your connections? Are you sad that he can't be cured? Let me tell you, the department head of this hospital is my brother-in-law. Even if you've successfully contacted someone, I won't allow that sickly fool to get treatment here!" Philip was not bothered by him as he looked at Anne and said, "Wait for five minutes." Anne did not know what Philip was going to do. Nevertheless, she could wait for five minutes. The next moment, a group of doctors in white coats hurriedly walked over to them. The leader of the group was an old man with white hair. He looked like he was in a hurry as he left a trail of wind with each step he took. He had been in the dean's office when he received a phone call from the family's butler. The young master was there! It was something major! He could not be sloppy about it!

When the mean man saw the person, he immediately stood up and shouted after approaching him, "Dean Neale, I wasn't expecting you to come here personally. Could you take a look at my wife?" The reason the man had

come to the hospital that day was to ask the dean if he could take a look at his wife. He did not have any other choice as Dean Neale was the best specialist in the country. Even with his brother-in-law as the head of the hospital, it was a difficult task to meet Dean Neale in person. Hence, the man could only wait there. Unfortunately, the moment he walked up to Dean Neale, the other doctors around him pushed him away. On the other hand, Dean Neal quickly walked over to Philip and smiled apologetically.

“I’m sorry for being late, young master.”

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Everyone around them was shocked. The man who had approached Dean Neale to ask him to take a look at his wife became lifeless in the blink of an eye. Dean Neal was being so respectful to that penniless fool? Young master? Philip caressed Mason’s head and smiled. He said, “If I say you’ll get better, you’ll surely get better.” Mason looked at Philip curiously with admiration burning in his eyes. Mr. Philip seemed like a powerful person.

Philip looked at Dean Neale and smiled. “Hello, Dean Neale.” Dean Neale smiled and said, “Young master, Thomas contacted me beforehand. What do you need?” Dean Neale looked at Mason who was standing by Philip’s side and understood immediately. “It’s for this little boy, right?” Philip shook Dean Neale’s hand and said, “Set aside curing him first, Dean Neale.

I don’t like that man in my hospital, do you understand?” Dean Neale’s face became solemn. He turned around and looked at the fat man. The man must have crossed the young master. Dean Neale then turned his head once more asked the nurse next to him. “Who is he?” The nurse answered almost instantaneously, “Dean, he’s Mr. Danish’s brother-in-law. His wife is in the next room.” Dean Neale said coldly, “Does he think that Andy Danish is everything? We won’t accept him and his wife. Blacklist both of them.

Additionally, tell the other hospitals to never accept him and his wife!” If he had offended the young master, it meant that he had offended over 70%

of the hospitals in the world! He was asking to die! Upon hearing that, the

man’s face turned pale. With two loud thuds, he dropped to the floor, knelt down, and grabbed Dean Neale’s legs. He wailed, “Dean Neale, no! I was wrong. I was very wrong! Please don’t do this. If you do, my wife will die!”

Nevertheless, before he could finish speaking, someone dragged him away.

He was forced to face utter despair. The subsidiary hospital was a Grade A primary hospital! Dean Neal was famous in Orienta. If a person like Dean Neal blacklisted him, it would be difficult for him to seek medical care in the future. Additionally, Dean Neal wanted to tell the other hospitals to do the same as well! It would mean that he would be left with no other choice as the other hospitals would most probably not accept him as well! The fat man was now aware of Philip’s identity. Thus, he ran over to Philip and kowtowed as he yelled, “Please give my wife a chance to get out of this predicament! You can do anything you want to me, but please, I can’t leave my wife untreated! She’ll die if she doesn’t get treatment!” Philip’s eyes were icy. “If you knew this would happen, why did you do what you did?”

The man continued to kowtow to Philip until even his forehead was split open. “I was wrong. I’m sorry.

I'm so sorry." At this moment, a tiny hand tugged on Philip's shirt and a soft voice was heard, "Mr. Philip, please forgive him. That aunty is pretty nice to me." Anne turned her head and looked at Mason. Oh, her silly brother! Of course, Anne knew the people her brother knew. There were a few aunties who were often nice to him, but that man's wife was not one of them. Nevertheless, when she saw him like that, she did not have the heart to continue with it anymore. Thus, she said,

"Why don't we just let it go?" Philip smiled when he saw Anne and Mason pleading him to be lenient to the man. "You two are so soft-hearted. Since you're asking me to be lenient on behalf of him, I'll let this one go." The man was ecstatic. He kowtowed repeatedly and said, "Thank you, Master Clarke. Thank you, Master Clarke." Philip shook his head and looked at Dean Neale before saying, "His wife is a patient, so she can stay. However, I don't think this man has the right to seek medical care." Dean Neale asked,

"What do you mean, young master?" Philip said, "Just blacklist him in the

subsidiary hospital. Don't tell the other hospitals to do the same." Dean Neale nodded and said, "I'll do exactly as you've said, young master." The man knelt on the ground and kowtowed to Philip. "Thank you, Master Clarke. Thank you so much, Master Clarke." Philip shook his head and said to Mason, "Sometimes, a bad person is even more respectable than a good person." Mason nodded his head despite not fully understanding what Philip meant. Nevertheless, even though he did not understand what it meant, it sounded quite meaningful. Anne let out a sigh of relief and looked at Philip in gratitude. If Philip had not come along with her, perhaps she would be enduring the grievances by herself. Did Philip have any ulterior motives for helping her? It did not seem like it. For her body? Since he had already done so much for her, why not? However, if she did such a thing, wouldn't she be letting Miss Wynn down?

Chapter 342

Anne was in a dilemma. However, Philip did not think too much. He merely turned around to look at Dean Neale and said, "Dean Neale, this little boy doesn't have a spot..." Dean Neale chuckled lightly and replied, "It's nothing, we have a special ward on the top floor." Philip nodded. "Thank you for the trouble, Dean Neale." Dean Neale smiled. "It's nothing." Then, Dean Neale and the doctors dismissed themselves. Meanwhile, after Philip made another phone call, he over to Anne and said, "The medical team will arrive in Riverdale tomorrow." "Tomorrow?" Anne's hands became frozen.

She pushed her hair back behind her ears and said softly, "Thank you." "You don't have to be so courteous. It's something I should do. If you want to thank me take good care of Mila." Philip chuckled. He was really fond of Anne and wanted to make her his sister. The two of them stayed in the hospital for a bit before parting ways. On the other hand, Martha had stayed awake since the day before and had not slept throughout the entire night.

She was ecstatic. She stayed home for the entire day and admired the jade bangle. It was so pretty. The more she looked at it, the prettier it became.

Charles was wearing his presbyopic glasses. After carefully looking at it, he exclaimed, "Where did you get that bangle? It's something special. It looks like it's made of some type of jade that's glassy. It's very valuable." Charles looked at it once more. It was a glassy jade bangle worth at least a few hundred thousand bucks. When Martha heard that, her face bloomed like a flower. She grabbed Charles and asked, "How much?" Charles pondered for a while before saying, "I'm not sure, I guess at least a few hundred thousand bucks. I remember seeing it on the TV once. There was one that looked exactly like this one and it valued at 200 million bucks!" "200 million?"

Martha covered her mouth in shock, and her eyes widened. That much?

"This one might be a replica. Nevertheless, the glassy jade it's made of should be real. So, I guess maybe at least a few hundred thousand." If it cost 200 million, it would not have appeared on Martha's wrist. Charles asked,

"Right, where did you get it?" Martha felt very pleased with herself. She held her head up high as she said, "I got it from Philip. That piece of trash was hiding such a gem. Thankfully, I went over to their place and had a look. If I hadn't taken it, this bangle would have gone to waste." Martha was so happy. She had found this thing that cost a few hundred thousand bucks.

So what if it belonged to Philip? He had been a spineless bum at her house for the past three years and never gave anything good to her. The bangle would suffice as compensation. "Philip gave it to you?" Charles asked.

"Would he have given it to me? I took it. I took their certificate of property ownership too. I'm going to give it to an agent this afternoon. That way, we can buy a hillside villa." Martha was joyous. She had everything planned.

As long as she could live in a hillside villa, she would be a rich woman.

When Charles heard this, he was shocked. He asked in astonishment, "You took it? Isn't that stealing?" Martha was not happy when she heard the word

'stealing'. Thus, she slapped Charles across the face and said unhappily,

"What are you talking about? Am I not allowed to enter my daughter's house? Am I not allowed to take a few things from my daughter's house? I helped them pay half of their house, so what if I took the bangle?" After

Martha finished yelling, she stood up, took her bag, and said angrily,

"You're just an old codger. I'm going out!" Having said that, Martha turned around and walked away. While shaking her bottom, she walked out of the door. Where was she going? To flaunt, of course! Early in the morning, she made a few calls and invited her sister along with a few of her friends for tea. At that time, Philip arrived at his 70 to 80 square feet home after returning from the hospital. He had come back to take some things and wanted to take a few fresh sets of clothes for Mila. Hence, Philip went into the

bedroom and picked out some clothes for his daughter. However, just as he was about to leave, he noticed that something was amiss. The drawer had been opened by someone. He pondered for a while before thinking, 'Did a burglar come into the house?' Quickly, he ran over and began to rummage through his drawers frantically. The next instant! The house was filled with rage and anger! Philip gritted his teeth so hard that one could hear the sound of his teeth grinding together. Additionally, an uncontrollable rage could be seen in his eyes, and it was as if he was an infuriated lion. The box was still there, but his mother's bangle was gone! It was the only item his mother had left him! "Ah!" Philip roared furiously. His voice was like rumbling thunder as it resonated into the distance. Consequently, the entire building began to shake! Who did this? Do they want to die?

Chapter 343

A few middle-aged women were gathered in Blue Mountain Cafe and could be seen chatting happily. Martha was very happy that day. She could finally show off in front of her sister and friends. A pleased expression could be seen on her face as she shook the jade bangle on her wrist. She said, "It's nothing, my son-in-law gave this to me. I heard that it's made of glassy jade and goes for a few hundred thousand bucks." The middle-aged women around her were extremely envious. Their eyes were glued on the bangle on Martha's wrist. "Martha, isn't your son-in-law a well-known piece of garbage? How could he afford it?" One of the women who had her eyes

glued on the jade bangle on Martha's wrist asked curiously. "Oh, that kid won the lottery a few days ago. He bought this for me out of filial piety."

Martha was blatantly lying, yet she was not ashamed of her behavior at all.

On the other hand, Paula scoffed. The other women were unaware of her personality. However, as Martha's older sister, she understood it very well.

"Why are you so pleased? It's just a stupid jade bangle. I'll ask my son-in-law to buy a pair for me later." Paula sipped on her coffee. She looked malicious as she rolled her eyes and said. "Why are you still pretending?"

What good thing can your useless son-in-law buy? It must be fake!"

Immediately, the air around them changed. Then, the group of friends suddenly began to change the topic; they were all trying to curry favors with Paula now. "Paula, you're going to buy bangles too? I'm sure yours will be better than hers." "Of course, Paula's son-in-law is so much better than Philip. He lives in a hillside villa, right?" "Hey, Martha, didn't I hear that you were going to buy a hillside villa as well? Which one?" This time, someone else brought up the matter. Consequently, the focus went back to Martha as the latter had said that she would be buying a hillside villa. Martha blushed. She felt somewhat annoyed. The reason why she had come out that day was to show off her bangle. However, the other old women were now trying to ambush her because they were jealous of her. "I already bought it."

Martha said and took a sip of her coffee. She was so angry that she had started blurting out nonsense. "Really? Where?" "Tell us, which one did you buy?" "Come, take us to visit your villa." The group of old friends was extremely energetic and excited. They looked extremely nosy with their happy faces. Nevertheless, Paula rained on Martha's parade and said sarcastically, "Yeah, she did. She bought the First Palace in Longford Park.

It cost her 200 million!" As Paula said this, she could not help but burst out laughing. As a result, laughter rippled across the room. When Martha heard Paula's words, she became enraged. She could tell that her sister had said it on purpose to humiliate her. When Martha's friends heard Paula's remark, their excited faces instantly gloomed. Nonsense! Could Martha even afford

Longford Park? They could tell that Paula had said it to get a kick out of Martha. "Martha, you're at fault now. Just tell us you didn't buy one. Why are you trying to lie to us? We won't laugh at you." Her friends jeered in schadenfreude. They said they would not laugh at her, but their eyes and expressions betrayed what they truly thought. Martha's face turned white from green. Out of anger, she got up and pointed at Paula before yelling,

"Who told you I didn't? I... I bought it! My son-in-law bought it!" To Martha, Paula was very infuriating. The latter had always gone against her ever since she was young. She was so old now, and she was still trying to make life difficult for her. She had a wonderful son-in-law, so what? As Martha thought about it, she began to hate Philip even more. He was the reason why everyone made fun of her whenever she was outside. Damn it!

"Oh, are you mad? Can your useless son-in-law afford a villa? Stop joking.

Can you really believe what this penniless fool is saying?" Paula blew on her freshly done nails. Her face was icy as she made fun of Martha. The last time she was in the old Johnston Manor, Philip said that he had bought a villa. How could Martha believe such a blatant lie? She only had been driven to desperate action. "Shut up! What's wrong with my son-in-law?" Martha was enraged. It was true that Philip was always embarrassing her. However, she only lost her reputation after being exposed publicly like this. Thus, Martha immediately pointed at Paula's nose and yelled, "Why don't you take a look at Samantha? How many men did she sleep with before meeting Frank?" Your daughter is just a wh*re! She sold her body for riches, and you're still so proud of that? Hahaha!" Slap! The next second, something happened without warning!

Chapter 344

Paula got up and forcefully slapped Martha. She yelled, "What's wrong with my daughter? She's still richer than Philip! Philip is just a useless piece of trash, a spineless coward, and a good-for-nothing who depends on women!

He's the scum of all men!" Slap! Martha clutched her face. She was mad

too. Consequently, she lifted her hand and returned the slap. Now, the two sisters were fighting with one another. They were beating up each other in the cafe! The scene was extremely violent! As a result, a lot of people had started gathering around them; some people had even begun taking videos and uploading them onto the internet. Instantly, the two of them became internet sensations. When Martha got home, her entire face was covered with fingernail marks. She looked horrible. Charles felt helpless as he applied the ointment on her face and said, "Say, why were you bickering with your sister? See, you ended up being scratched. You're at a disadvantage now, aren't you?" Martha inhaled sharply and shouted,

"Softer! I'm not at a disadvantage. She was badly scratched too! I even pulled her hair out. You have no idea, but my sister wears a wig. Hahaha! I was about to die from laughter when I found out. Let's see if she dares continue to be such a b*tch and if she dares to show off in front of me. I had to let her know my strength." Charles could only shake his head and sigh helplessly. He said, "You have to control your temper in the future. Don't you remember how you were beaten up last time?" When Charles mentioned this, Martha became scared. She took out her phone and called Philip. She asked, "Philip, how's it? Did you find the person who attacked me?" Philip was livid and was flipping out. However, when he received Martha's phone call, he suppressed his anger and said, "Not yet, I'm still looking for her. Mom, don't go out for the next few days." When Martha heard that he had not found her, she did not want to place her hopes in him anymore. He was indeed a piece of trash. She had thought that he would be able to do at least something for her. "It's alright, don't look for her any longer. I know I can't depend on you." After saying that, Martha hung up the phone. "Aren't you going to tell Philip about the jade bangle?" Charles asked. He was worried. After all, it belonged to Philip; it was inappropriate that his wife had taken it without asking. Martha's face fell, and she glared at him before snorting. "What's there to say? I already took it. Would he ask me to give it back?" Charles felt helpless as he shook his head and put away

the first aid kit. He did not say anything more. Looking at the jade bangle on her wrist, Martha remembered that she still had not brewed the other pack of abortion medicine yet. Hence, after thinking about it, she ran to the courtyard and started to brew the medicine. This time, she would make Wynn drink it no matter what. Back on Philip's end, he was in George's office. His entire body was coursing with anger and murderous intent.

George was timid as he stood in front of Philip. The former only bent his waist and lowered his head, undaring to speak. The young master was on the edge of flipping out. It had been seven years, and he had never seen the young master that angry. Had something happened to the young madam?"

"Young master, what happened? What do you need me to do?" Despite feeling timid, George held his breath and asked respectfully. Sweat could not stop dripping down George's temples. Even though the young master was only standing by the french window and had his back toward him, his icy aura was able to lower the temperature of the entire chairman's office to freezing point. Philip was like an unsheathed sword, waiting to kill! It was so terrifying! "Look for it! Look for it throughout the entire city! The remnant my mother gave me was stolen! I want to know who took it!" Philip said coldly. His eyes reflected the lights of the entire city. Nevertheless, at the same time, a flame could be seen burning in

his eyes. At the moment, Philip was like a male lion that had been awakened. There was only anger in his heart. "What? Madam's..." George was shocked. He started to panic.

It was something seriously huge! Madam was a taboo that could not be spoken of for the young master. Who had done it? Who had the audacity to steal madam's remnant? They were looking for death! "Young master, I'll arrange it right away." George began to panic. He had to find madam's remnant before the young master became livid. If not, the consequences would be unthinkable. Having spoken to Philip, George made a few phone calls and arranged everything in a stern voice. Immediately, all of the Clarke Family's forces in Riverdale were deployed.

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It has to be said that the forces were capable of destroying an entire city's economy. Even the eight great families of Capital City would crumble under the force Giada was in Cirrus Villa when she got wind of this. "Madam, the young master has deployed all of the Clarkes' forces in Riverdale," Giada's tall, slender, and sexy personal assistant said humbly. Giada got out of the bathtub that was over a hundred square feet and was covered in rose petals.

She put on her bathrobe, frowned, and asked, "Why?" "I heard that he lost something." Giada's personal assistant replied with her gaze lowered.

She did not dare to look at Giada directly. A lowly peasant like her was not qualified to look at the madam's body. "What is it?" Giada walked over to the wine rack and poured herself a glass of Whiskey. She folded her arms in front of her chest and asked in interest. "It's something Madam Charlotte left for the young master," replied the personal assistant. Giada's expression changed and a smirk appeared on her face. She took a sip of her Whiskey, lifted an eyebrow, and asked, "Did he manage to find it?" The personal assistant shook her head. At the same time, in the chairman's office of Apex Group, Philip stood in front of the window coldly as he looked down at the skyline of the city. Then, George hurriedly walked into the office. Holding his cane, he said, "Young master, we found it!" Found it! Philip let out a sigh of relief. Nevertheless, his anger did not vanish. "Where are they?"

Philip turned around, his eyes filled with rage. When George saw Philip in such a state, his heart trembled. After stammering for a long while, he said,

"Young master, I'm afraid that the matter can't be resolved so easily." Philip lifted an eyebrow and snorted. "Are there even things that I can't take care of?" George was anxious as he said slowly, "Young Master, the person who took Madam Charlotte's thing is your mother-in-law, Martha Yates."

Boom! Martha? When Philip heard her name, his soul left his body. Why did it have to be her? Nonetheless, after a while, even more anger began to well up in Philip's chest. Even Martha was not allowed to touch that jade

bangle! A mean mother-in-law like her did not have the right to do so! She was tarnishing his mother's good name! Seeing Philip's coldness, George asked nervously, "Young Master, how are you going to handle this? Are you going to reveal your identity to her?" Philip shook his head and said coldly, "No

need. I'll take care of it myself." Upon saying that, Philip left the chairman's office in a hurry. Then, he called a car and went to the old Johnston Manor. He had pretended to be a coward in that house for the past three years and had let himself be spittled on throughout that duration. Philip could endure that. However, he could no longer suppress his anger after finding out that Martha was the one that had taken his mother's jade bangle.

His unreasonable and irrational mother-in-law was still trying to test his limits again and again. She was asking to die infinitely. Alright then, he would let her see what he could do so that she would stop for a period of time. When Philip got to the old Johnston Manor, he did not do anything unnecessary like knocking on the door. Instead, he immediately kicked it open. At this time, Martha was in the living room, examining the jade bangle on the table with a thin man. "How much?" Martha was ecstatic and nervous at the same time. Charles had said that the thing was worthless, and she was thinking about selling it. The man with her was the boss of a jade shop Martha had found on the street. He looked at the bangle closely, and an ominous and hopeful glint flashed across his eyes. It was an item of the highest quality! It was a glassy jadeite bangle of the highest quality! It was the bangle that had shocked the entire country ten years ago! There was only one pair of them. One of them was put up for auction, while the other one never surfaced on the market. Why was a glassy jadeite bangle of the highest quality there?

Chapter 346

The boss was confused but a thought soon flashed across his head.

Consequently, he nodded and then shook his head. "Madam, it is something good, but it's not worth much. It's a fake. Why don't I take this for one

hundred thousand dollars?" The boss knew that the bangle would sell for at least 100 million in the market. "What? Only a hundred thousand?" When Martha heard him, she snatched the bangle back and shook her head. "I'm not selling it anymore. My husband told me that it's worth at least a few hundred thousand. You're lying to me!" The boss hurriedly explained after hearing her words, "Madam, I came all the way here. There's no reasoning for me to lie to you. It is indeed a fake and only cost a hundred thousand bucks. If you don't believe me, you can ask other people. If anyone offers you a higher price, I, Mo Dunbar, will pay you twice the price they offer you!" Having said that, Mo pretended to get up and leave. He was the head of the industry. Therefore, he only needed to let the word out and no one would offer her a price higher than his. That way, he would only make a profit and not suffer any loss. When Martha saw that he was about to leave, she started to panic. Thus, she grabbed him and said, "Go higher. A hundred thousand is too little." Mo smirked with a pleased look on his face and sat back down. Taking the bangle and looking at it again, he said, "Madam, I think you're an honest woman. So, I'll give you 150 thousand for this. If you say yes, I'll go get the cash for you right now." Martha initially wanted to turn down his offer after hearing the amount. However, after figuring that the bangle indeed only cost that much, she was hesitant to do so. Mo was not in a hurry and merely took a sip of his tea. "What's it going to be, madam? You only have one chance." Mo tried to entice Martha. Martha gritted

her teeth and said after bracing herself, "Alright, 150 thousand!" Mo was ecstatic. He was able to buy a glassy jade bangle worth 100 million with just 150 thousand. He was going to be rich! All of a sudden! Bang! The door was kicked open violently. As a result, the two of them in the room were taken aback and immediately began to feel extremely nervous. Martha snatched the bangle back from Mo's hand. She was worried that it was a robber! However, when Martha saw who it was, she became enraged. She pointed at Philip who was walking over toward her coldly and shrieked, "Do you want to die? Who asked you to kick the door? Why are you back, you

sniveling good-for-nothing? Didn't I tell you that you're not allowed to be in the house? Get out now!" Philip was becoming gutsier and gutsier. He was at the point where he dared to kick the door open! Did he want to die?

Mo jumped up out of shock. Seeing the man approaching them, he complained silently inside his heart and asked Martha, "Madam, who is this? Do you want me to kick him out?" Martha said viciously, "He's my son-in-law. He's just a good-for-nothing. Ignore him." Mo came to a realization, and a smirk appeared on his face. He said, "Oh, it's just a good-for-nothing. I thought it was someone else." Having finished speaking, the two were about to go out. However, Philip blocked the door as coldness radiated from his body. His eyes were red and flames of anger could be seen flickering in his eyes. He stared at the jade bangle on Martha's wrist and said in a deep voice, "Take that thing off!" An uncontrollable flame could be seen in Philip's eyes. He looked like a ferocious beast. Martha was shocked by Philip's voice. It was so deep that it sounded like the growl of a beast. "Do you want to die? What thing? I don't know. Get out of my way!"

Martha knew what Philip was talking about, but she hid her arm behind her back and used her other hand to push Philip away. She shouted, "Get lost!"

"Don't interrupt me when I'm going about my business!" Mo jeered before heading toward the door. However. Bang! Philip raised his leg and kicked Mo in the stomach. Consequently, Mo flew back into the house and landed on the floor with a thud. He did not get up even after a long while. When Martha saw this, she screeched loudly in terror and quickly ran over to help him. "Oh no, Mr. Dunbar, are you alright?" "Philip, what are you doing?"

"Are you insane? Why are you always causing trouble for me?" Martha turned her head and glared at Philip angrily. Then, she got up, walked over to him, and lifted her arm to slap him. Slap! To her surprise, Philip's slap landed on her first. His slap landed heavily on Martha's old face. As a result, a sound was heard similar to that of an exploding firecracker! "Ouch! He's hitting me! The son-in-law is hitting the mother-in-law! Come quick!"

"Help!" Martha fell to the ground after the slap. She clutched her face and

found blood on the corner of her lips. Subsequently, she began wailing and howling uncontrollably. After that, she stared at Philip furiously and yelled unreasonably, "Philip, you're insane! You must be insane! I am your mother-in-law, and you're hitting me! I must let Wynn see how you're treating me right now! I want you two to get a divorce! I will expose you on the internet! I will call the cops on you!" After

Martha said that, she took out her phone and called Wynn. Then, she slapped her thigh and bawled, “Wynn, come home quick! Philip is going to kill me!” Wynn was busy working overtime in her office when she received Martha’s call. Thus, she felt extremely annoyed. There was trouble once more. “Alright, I’ll come home now.” Wynn felt helpless as she grabbed her coat and rushed home.

On the other hand, Philip looked nonchalant. His eyes were glued on Martha who was making a scene while sitting on the floor. He said coldly, “I’ll say it again, take it off!” Afterward, he began to approach Martha slowly as coldness enveloped his body. The fire in his eyes was burning even brighter than the fire in a furnace. Martha was beyond petrified. She only bullied naive and well-behaved people. Hence, she had not expected this piece of trash to be so out of the ordinary that day, taking it as far as to slap her! How arrogant! He was undisciplined and out of control! If she did not teach him a lesson, how would she continue to be his mother-in-law? How would she manipulate this good-for-nothing? In the midst of her anger, Martha removed the bangle. She had the urge to throw it toward the wall but suddenly had an idea as she yelled, “Take it off, take it off, take it off! Don’t you want this? I’ll smash it so no one can have it!”

Chapter 347

Martha was completely insane! She was overwhelmed with anger! She was livid! The piece of trash had slapped her. If she did not teach him a lesson, how would she maintain her position in the family? After she finished yelling, Martha lifted her hand to smash the bangle against the wall! In the blink of an eye! A roar filled the living room like a raging fire! “Don’t you

f*cking dare! You’re asking to die!” Philip’s eyes were red, and he was clenching his fists tightly. Not only had wrinkles began to form at the corner of his eyes due to anger, but the veins on his neck and forehead were now twisted like the image of a dragon! “Ah!” Martha was shocked. She was going to have a heart attack from fear. Nevertheless, before she could understand what was happening, Philip walked up to her with his eyes filled with the flames of wrath. Philip glared at Martha the same way he would at a dead body! Crack! Philip reached out his hand, strangled Martha’s neck, and lifted her off the floor! “Martha Yates! I’ve endured you for the past three years. However, you’re just asking to die by testing my limits today!”

Philip was livid. His tone of voice was ice cold. The air around him was like that of an icy village. Additionally, the entire room was enveloped in it in just a split second. Martha began kicking her feet frantically and hitting Philip’s arms. She rolled her eyes backward and made choking sounds with the back of her throat. She begged, “L-Let me go, I.... I can’t breathe...”

She was terrified! She was genuinely terrified! Martha had finally gotten a taste of death. Philip only glared at her and yelled angrily, “Give the bangle to me, now!” At this moment, Martha quickly removed the bangle from her wrist like a coward and handed it to Philip. She said, “I-I gave it to you...

Let go, I’m going to die.” Philip took the bangle from her coldly and let go of his grip. Consequently,

Martha fell to the floor lifelessly like a dead dog.

She wheezed as she took in huge gulps of air. Her eyes were now twitching.

Moments ago, she felt the threat of the grim reaper in her useless son-in-law. It was horrifying! Was he still Philip, the good-for-nothing who had let her abuse him throughout the past three years? Martha was finally able to take a breather. Nevertheless, she was now terror-stricken and furious! She had been utterly humiliated by her good-for-nothing son-in-law. Everyone would definitely laugh at her if word got out! How would she continue to live her life? The more Martha thought about it, the more furious she became. Martha got up from the floor and slapped Philip while he was taking the time to look at the bangle and composing himself. The slap landed

on his face with a large thud, and she pointed at his nose before saying, "I'm returning your slap to you! I am your mother-in-law, yet you have the audacity to slap me! When Wynn comes back today, I will ask her to divorce you! I want to kick you out of the Johnston family! I also want to call the cops on you!" She had to separate Wynn and Philip. Things were getting out of hand! The kid was getting more and more unbridled. He even dared to step on her head and ride roughshod over her. If things were to continue, how would she control him in the future? Philip stood there as he held the bangle in his hand. His eyes were red as he stared at Martha. She was such an evil woman that she was not afraid of death! Additionally, she did not want to reflect on her mistakes! Bam! A punch! Philip threw a punch that was composed of all his anger accumulated. The punch landed directly on Martha's face. "Ah! Og!" Martha collapsed on the floor, and her nose started to bleed profusely. Martha clutched her face and curled her body into a ball in front of the sofa. Then, she began to bawl and yell for help. "Blood! I'm bleeding! Help! He's going to kill me!" Nonetheless, Philip merely stood in front of her quietly. He watched as Martha howled and wailed on the floor.

He said coldly, "I'm warning you. Even though I'm just a piece of trash to you, I have my limits as well. If you test my limits again, I don't mind killing you!" Kill? Martha was now shaking in fear. She could tell that Philip was serious. Why was he being so aggressive? He even dared to kill her. "You...

Get out! We don't have a son-in-law like you!" Martha was horror-struck as she clutched her nose and pointed at the door. She was beyond petrified now. She was scared that Philip would do something serious at the spur of the moment. At this time, Wynn appeared at the door.

Chapter 348

Wynn was horrified when she saw what had happened in the house. She ran in and helped Martha up before exclaiming, "Mom, what happened? I'm going to take you to the hospital." When Martha saw that Wynn had arrived, she was relieved. She started throwing a tantrum as she yelled, "Why should I go to the hospital? Just let me die here! Look who attacked me! It's Philip!"

When Wynn heard that, she turned around and looked at Philip in anger and disbelief. She asked, "Philip,

what did you do? She's my mother!" Philip knew that such a thing was going to happen. As long as Martha was there, things would settle down so easily. He said coldly, "Yes, she's your mother.

However, ask her what immoral things she has done." "Y-You're spewing nonsense! What did I do? It was just a stupid bangle! Did you have to go as far as to hit me? You even hit me until I became like this. I am your mother-in-law! You'll be struck by lightning and thunder! I don't care! Wynn, you have to divorce him today! If you don't, I'll run my head into the wall and die here!" Martha was throwing a tantrum and had begun being unreasonable and irrational. She would not stop until she had released her anger. Wynn did not know what was going on. She wanted to help Martha to stop the bleeding, but the latter refused and yelled, "Don't touch me. Let the neighbors see! Let them see how amazing our son-in-law is! He even dares to hit his mother-in-law. I want to see if he dares go out in public."

Wynn knew her mother's temper. Hence, she got up and pulled Philip to one side. She asked coldly, "Philip, what happened? Why did you hit mom until she has become like this?" Philip took out the bangle and replied in an icy tone, "Your mother stole this from us, and she wanted to sell it." Philip lowered her head to look at the bangle in Philip's hand. She knew about it.

Philip had told her that it belonged to his mother and thus treated it like a piece of treasure. However, it would still be too far-fetched to hit someone just because of a bangle. Philip noticed the confusion on Wynn's face. Thus, after being quiet for a long while, he said, "It's my mother's remnant."

Clank! Wynn's heart trembled. If it was Philip's mother's remnant, it would mean that her mother-in-law had already passed away... In an instant, Wynn understood why Philip was so angry. Her mother had done something extremely stupid this time. This time, she would support her husband unconditionally. Hence, after turning around, Wynn looked at Martha who was still sitting on the floor and said in annoyance, "Mom, you crossed the

line. Do you know what that bangle means to Philip?" Wynn was aware of Martha's personality and wondered how the latter was a lecturer in a university. How did she educate her students? "Mom, the bangle is Philip's mother's remnant. It's something that belongs to my mother-in-law. You stole it and even wanted to sell it? You went overboard!" Wynn said coldly.

This was the first time she truly felt helpless and disappointed in her mother.

She was now in a state of despair as well. When Martha heard Wynn's words, she was shocked. Philip's mother's remnant? Her in-law was dead?

Damn it! "What? A dead person's thing? What bad luck! I'll go burn some incense and pray to Buddha to get rid of the bad luck tomorrow!" Martha jumped up immediately. Her entire body felt so uncomfortable it was as if she had thorns all over it. At that time, Philip had already calmed down.

However, when Martha gave her remarks, he exploded in anger once more.

"Say that again!" How could Martha say something so brainless? At that moment, Martha was horrified by Philip's aura. She was scared that he would punch her again and muttered some curses to herself. On

the other hand, Wynn was troubled. She pulled Philip to leave and then turned around to glare at Martha. She said, "Mom, don't do such a thing again. I feel so ashamed for you." Ashamed? Martha became enraged when she heard this.

She pointed at Wynn and yelled, "Well, well, well, you've grown and have wings now. You're taking an outsider's side instead of your own mother's, huh? Get out! Get out with that piece of trash! I don't have a heartless daughter like you!" Wynn was startled. She looked at Philip who was standing next to her and then said after a while, "Alright. I'll never come back to this home ever again!" With that, their relationship crumbled. Wynn decided that Philip was her everything, and her mother was indeed at fault for what had happened that day. If they had to sever their relationship, then so be it! Martha was so angry that she started smashing things. She pointed at Philip and yelled unreasonably, "You! You useless bum! Don't come back ever again! You're not my son-in-law. Get out! Both of you, get out!"

Martha was beyond livid! Her daughter had totally changed! It was all

because of that useless, good-for-nothing man! Philip turned around and looked at Martha who was flipping out. He said, "To be honest, I couldn't care less whether I'm your son-in-law or not. You took our certificate of property ownership, so just treat it as a gift from me to you. I don't want that house anymore. Wynn and I will move into the new house in a few days. I hope you beg to move in with us when that happens." Upon hearing Philip's words, Martha scoffed. "You're just a worthless bum, and you're telling me you can afford a big house? Go sleep on the streets!" Philip shook his head and his eyes turned cold. He continued, "Martha, I'm warning you again. If you dare bully Mila again, don't blame me if I don't go easy on you." Having said that, Philip and Wynn left the old Johnston Manor. In the end, Martha was the only one left in the house. She was so angry that her liver began to hurt. Consequently, she did not think twice before smashing everything in the house. The boss of the jade shop had already run away by then. "Alright, you're all thankless wretches!" Martha was livid. Her hair was a mess as she ran into the kitchen. Looking at the medicine that she had finished brewing, Martha felt a malicious thought surface in her heart. She had to be siding with him just because she was pregnant. The next day, she would watch Wynn drink the medicine with her very own two eyes. She would force her to drink it if she had to! 'I can't let my daughter stay with that piece of trash! She has to marry into a rich family!' The following day, Martha called Wynn and told her to come home. She said that there was something urgent. Wynn was still mad about what had happened the night before. However, her mother had humbled and lowered herself on the phone and said she needed to find an opportunity to apologize to Philip. Wynn was kind-hearted, so she believed in her mother's intentions. Thus, she went back to the old Johnston Manor that afternoon. "Mom, why did you call me to come back?" Wynn entered the house without removing her shoes.

Martha took out the medicine from the kitchen and smiled. She said,

"Wynn, this is the medicine I made for you and your baby. You didn't

drink it last time, so you have to drink it this time no matter what. Don't waste my effort and good intentions."

Comments (1)

Mario Jr. Fetalver

shit wynn timer

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Chapter 349

Half an hour ago, Philip received a call from George who said that there was an emergency. Subsequently, after exiting the hospital, Philip saw George standing in front of its entrance with a cane in his hand next to his Rolls Royce. George was wearing a suit with a hat. Evidently, he looked polite and refined. However, when Philip approached George, he could see that George's forehead was drenched in sweat, and the latter's eyes looked frantic. Something was wrong! He had to tell the young master immediately.

"What happened, Old Man George? Why are you in such a hurry to find me?" Philip asked as he walked out of the hospital's entrance. "Young master, I was wrong." George respectfully bowed and lowered his head.

There was a hint of self-blame in his tone of voice. Philip frowned. It was his first time seeing George acting like this. He smiled and asked, "What happened?" George did not dare conceal the matter from him and replied,

"Young Master, the young madam and the unborn child might be in danger."

All of a sudden! Philip's eyes turned cold. Nevertheless, Philip did not understand what George meant and thus asked hurriedly, "What do you mean?" George wiped away the sweat on his forehead and said, "Young Master, while we were looking for the bangle yesterday, one of our men found out that your mother-in-law, Martha, had visited a traditional Chinese medicine shop. She bought some medicine there as well." George observed Philip's expression as he spoke. He was hesitant until he saw that the latter

was calm. "Continue," Philip said coldly. He could sense a hint of danger.

"When our men asked the owner about it, they found out that among the medicine Martha had bought, included..." George was sweating profusely and did not dare to continue. Someone would die because of it! "Tell me!"

Philip's face had become cold, and his tone of voice was now icy as well.

He was like a sharp knife that was glinting. "One for abortion!" After finishing his sentence, George

lowered his head even more and began apologizing repeatedly, "Young Master, it's all my fault!" Nevertheless, Philip did not say anything to him. Instead, Philip let his entire body become enveloped with rage as his pupils constricted. Then, he clenched his fists and growled lowly as a piercing gaze shot out of his eyes, "She's asking to die!" Subsequently, Philip took out his phone and called Wynn. However, no one answered the call. Philip was frantic and beginning to feel anxious!

He was lost, so he called Mindy and asked, "Mindy, where did Wynn go?"

"She went back home. I saw her take a call. She told me it was from your mother-in-law," replied Mindy. Slam! Philip hung up the phone and hurriedly got into the car. Afterward, he asked Geroge to speed over to the old Johnston Manor. He would not let anything happen! That wretched Martha. He had let her off the hook the night before, and she was still trying to cause trouble! She had completely crossed the line this time! She was digging her own grave by touching Wynn. At this time, Martha was inside the old Johnston Manor, asking Wynn to sit down. She could be heard saying earnestly, "Wynn, I was wrong, alright? I'll find a chance to apologize to Philip tomorrow, okay? Drink this medicine now. It's good for you and your baby. I've been brewing it from this morning." Wynn sat on the sofa and watched as her mother fawned over her. She felt helpless.

However, the smell of dark medicine on the coffee table was really strong.

"Mom, can I not drink it? It stinks," said Wynn while pouting. Ever since she was young, Wynn had never liked taking medicine. This was especially true when it came to traditional Chinese medicine. How could Martha give up? Thus, she put on an aggrieved face and said, "Wynn, are you still mad

at me? Then, I don't want to live anymore. I brewed this medicine for you out of good intentions, and you don't even want it. Why should I continue living?" Whenever Martha behaved like that, Wynn felt bad and helpless.

She could only comply. "Fine, I'll drink it, okay?" Wynn looked at Martha like a spoiled, little girl and smiled. Her mother still loved her after all.

Martha smiled knowingly. She placed the bowl in front of Wynn and said,

"Good girl. You're my best daughter. Who else would I be good to if not you?" Wynn did not hesitate. She picked up the bowl and took a sip.

However, the moment she drank it, she started reacting to it. Almost immediately, Wynn began having morning sickness and was forced to cover her mouth and run to the toilet. Martha looked at the bowl. Wynn had only taken a sip, how could she not feel anxious? Nevertheless, Martha still went to the toilet and patted Wynn's back. She asked in a concerned voice, "Why are you vomiting so much? That kid must be tormenting you a lot. I can tell that it's going to be a menace." Wynn was upset. She could not recover because of the smell of medicine. Hence, after vomiting for a while, she went back to the living room. Martha could not wait. She picked up the bowl and said, "Drink it now. Look at how you're vomiting. The doctor told me you have to drink this if your morning sickness is severe." "Really?" Wynn was hesitant but still took the bowl of medicine. Martha nodded and said,

“Why would I lie to you? Drink up now.” Wynn grabbed the bowl.

However, just as she was about to drink it, she stopped and chuckled. “Mom, it’s cold.” When Martha heard her words, she became frantic. She touched it and said, “It’s not. Fine, I’ll warm it up for you.” Quickly, Martha ran to the kitchen, warmed it up, and brought it to Wynn once again. This time, she had to make Wynn finish it no matter what! Wynn did not hesitate as she took the bowl from Martha. She was just about to down it.

Chapter 350

All of a sudden! Bang! The door was kicked open violently from outside.

Wynn turned around, looked at the door, and saw a figure standing tall at

the entrance. It has to be said that the figure’s back was facing the light. The person then barged inside, took Wynn’s bowl, and smashed it on the floor!

Smash! The bowl was smashed into pieces. When Martha saw that the bowl had been smashed, she felt anger well up in her chest. She stood up and pointed at Philip before shrieking, “Philip, you rascal, what are you doing?”

Are you still going to respect your mother-in-law or not?” Slap! Philip’s response to her was a slap in the face. Martha fell to the ground after being slapped and did not get up even after a long while. She began fuming.

“Philip, what are you doing?” Wynn was horrified. She had noted expect Philip to barge in, smash the bowl, and slap Martha in front of her.

Nevertheless, Philip was furious. He turned around and glared at Martha who was on the floor. Then, he pointed at the smashed bowl of medicine on the floor and roared, “Martha Yates! You’re testing my limits! If anything happens to Wynnie and her unborn child, I, Philip Clarke, will never forgive you!” Having said that, Philip turned around and carried the confused Wynn like a bride as he walked out of the Johnston Manor. The two then got into the Rolls Royce that was waiting at the entrance. To be honest, Wynn was stunned when she saw the Rolls Royce. However, she saw even more shocked when she saw George in the passenger seat. The billionaire of Riverdale, George Thomas, was sitting in the passenger seat of the vehicle.

Furthermore, he had reserved the backseat for both of them. W-What was going on? Throughout the journey, Philip held Wynn tightly in his arms. On a side note, Wynn did not dare move or speak. When they arrived at the hospital, Wynn noticed that the entrance was filled with both young and old doctors. Additionally, there were a lot of scholars at the door. Even the dean of the hospital could be seen respectfully standing at the door. On top of that, a lot of people had begun gathering around to watch what was going on. Which VIP was coming to the hospital? There were so many scholars and even the

dean was waiting at the entrance. At first glance, a field of white coats could be seen. Shortly after Wynn was placed on a bed, a group of people surrounded her. Then, Wynn remembered something before she

was pushed into the intensive care unit. "Philip!" Wynn grabbed Philip's hand as tears rolled down her eyes. She said, "She's my mother." Philip watched as Wynn was pushed into the intensive care unit. His eyes were icy, and he did not say anything. Half an hour later, the dean walked out with seven to eight scholars. They respectfully stood in front of Philip and said,

"Young Master, the young madam is fine. We've already pumped her stomach. The baby is fine as well. However, they need to stay in the hospital for a few days." Philip nodded, pushed open the door, and walked in. Wynn looked pale on the bed. Her lips were white, and her eyes were red. It was obvious that she had been crying. When Wynn saw Philip walking toward her, she sat up quickly. Nevertheless, she was stopped by him. "Philip, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. She's my mom. Please, don't blame her. The baby and I are fine." Wynn grabbed Philip's hand tightly as tears rolled down her cheeks like pearls on a broken string. Wynn did not know why, but she had a feeling that Philip was livid. Moreover, it was the kind of anger that Martha would not be able to handle. Wynn was petrified. "Wynn, don't you hate your mother for doing such a thing?" Philip asked. Wynn bit her lip. She had not expected her mother to do something like that. It was their child. Why? "Rest well, I'll be back in a bit," Philip said as he got up, leaving his foreign shadow behind for Wynn. Wynn clutched her face and sobbed. At this moment, she was conflicted. However, Martha's actions had overstepped all of her limits. "Mom, you're so cruel! I'm your daughter!"

Wynn bawled inside the room. Philip walked out of the hospital and lit a cigarette for himself. At the door, Theo and Tiger were waiting for him.

"Mr. Clarke, we're ready," Theo bowed and said respectfully. "Let's go."

Philip said before extinguishing his cigarette. Then, with an icy aura surrounding him, he got into the black Maybach 62S.

CHAPTER LIST

The Maybach 42S stopped in front of the old Johnston Manor. Behind it was five black Benzes. It was a motorcade! The sight attracted the attention of many passersby and neighbors around the manor. "Oh, there are so many luxury cars. Which VIP is this?" "Holy moly! Maybach 62S! It's Theo Zander's ride! Why is he here?" When the neighbors heard that it was Theo's car, they backed away in fear and only

dared to watch from a distance. He was the Underground King of Riverdale. There was a time when his name was the cause of the normal residents' nightmares. Who could afford to offend him? Why was a VIP like him there? "Hey, they're getting out of their vehicles. Who's that? The young man looks so familiar!"

"Look! That's Theo, and that's his number one right-hand man, Tiger!"

"Who's that young man? Theo is being so respectful to him." The crowd watched from a distance as they gossiped among one another. They caused a huge scene, and it was difficult for them not to attract the attention of onlookers. "They're moving! They're heading toward the old Johnston Manor!" someone yelled. Immediately, everyone looked in the direction of the old Johnston Manor. They watched as the young man walked toward the building with his crew. Theo waved his hand in the old compound of the old Johnston Manor and seven to eight of his men barged in. Then, they stood in a single line in the living room. Martha and Charles were dragged out from the master bedroom. The two of them were in pajamas and had been napping. At this moment, they were thrown to the ground. "Who are you people? Who allowed you to barge in? I'm calling the cops!" Martha stood up bossily and pointed at the few men who were in suits. She started yelling and screaming at them. Was she not afraid? Of course, she was! However, it would be of no use to her to be scared. Thus, she pretended to be bold.

"Hmph! Do you think you're all that because you're in suits? I'm going to call the police and ask them to arrest all of you!" Martha was not very confident. Nevertheless, she ran over to the coffee table to make the call with the house phone. The next moment! Tiger walked in and forcefully slapped Martha across the face. Consequently, Martha fell to the ground.

Then, Tiger took the phone in her hand and smashed it into pieces. Martha was woken up by the slap as she fell to the ground and clung onto Charles.

There was now blood on the corner of her lips. It has to be said that two of her teeth ended up falling out due to that slap. "Y-Y-You... Who the hell are you people? You're trespassing, and it's against the law! If you don't leave now, I'll really call the cops!" Martha was truly petrified. There were eight men in the house, and their leader was a muscular guy that had a fierce expression on his face. To top it off, the guy was staring at her and her partner. Was he going to eat them? Charles was horrified. He hid behind Martha and mumbled, "Did you cause trouble again? Why are they in our house? Are they the ones who beat you up last time?" Upon hearing Charles'

words, Martha's heart trembled. She shook her head violently and stammered, "I-I don't know. I didn't go out much these past two days. I didn't cross anybody." "You didn't?" At this moment, Theo walked in. His steps were brisk, and his face was icy. "Theo!" When Theo entered the room, all the men inside the house addressed him respectfully at the same time. Martha's heart crumbled when she heard them call him that. It looked exactly like a scene straight out of a Hong Kong movie. It was terrifying.

They were like gangsters! Who had she offended? "Y-You're Theo Zander?" At this moment, Charles and Martha recognized him. Wasn't he the man that had attended Old Master Yate's party? Why was he in

their house? She had not offended him. After entering the room, Theo gave Martha and Charles a cold glare. He said, "You don't know what stupid things you've done? You still have the nerve to say you didn't offend anybody?" Upon hearing his words, Martha began racking her brain. She really had not offended anybody. Was Philip somebody? Of course not! He

was just a piece of trash! Why? He had the audacity to call so many people to teach her a lesson? Martha knew that he would not dare do anything to her. That was why she could still take an afternoon nap. Of course, Martha did not tell Charles that Philip had hit her. After all, if Charles found out that something was wrong with the medicine, she would be in hot water as well.

"I-I don't know. Theo, can you let us go for the sake of the old master? How much money do you want? I'll give it to you." Martha was terror-stricken.

Everyone had said that Theo would not hesitate to kill. Hence, she ran to her bedroom and took out her bank cards and deposit book. She timidly placed them on the coffee table and said, "H-Here's two million bucks. Please accept it, Theo. Let me and my husband go." Martha was scared. Thus, she wanted to bribe Theo with money. Nevertheless, Theo only smirked coldly and did not even look at the bank cards and deposit book. He said, "I'm sorry. You offended someone you shouldn't have today. I'm here to teach you a lesson that you'll never forget." Having said that, Theo waved his hand. Immediately, the eight men approached the couple. Two of them held Charles back while the remaining six took turns to attack Martha.

Chapter 352

Slap! Slap! Slap! The sound of slapping filled the room. Martha's face had been smacked swollen with patches of her skin blooming in shades of black and blue while blood trickled down the corner of her mouth. All Charles could do was watch from the sidelines. He could scream his lungs out, but there was nothing he could do to stop them. In the end, Tiger came forth with a bottle of medication at the snap of Theo's fingers. He walked menacingly toward Martha who had long lost her bearings from the slaps.

Setting her eyes on the concoction, Martha felt fear creep up within her.

Tears streamed down her face while she shook her head as if her life depended on it. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Please don't, Theo. Please don't make me drink the poison, no, please..." Her begging fell on deaf ears. After clamping a hand over Martha's throat while others forced her mouth open,

Tiger then poured the concoction into her throat. Karma was a btch! With her head tilted up as she was force-fed the concoction, Matha gargled at the intrusive liquid before she finally swallowed half of it. Only after that did Tiger let go of her, causing Martha to flop lifelessly onto the floor. "Listen up! If I'm you, I'll be more careful with the things I do and say from now on. It'll do you good to be a nice person!" Theo warned coldly before he led his gang out the doors. Scared soulless, Martha dashed to the bathroom and forced a finger down her throat to puke. However, her efforts were to no avail. Lying on the floor, she began to whine and cry, "I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die. This is murder! Oh, Charlie, send

me to the hospital!" After leaving the Old Johnston Manor, Theo and his gang met up with Philip. They then got into their cars. Fetching another bottle of the concoction from his pockets, Tiger began to chug it. "This actually tastes pretty good for a medicinal concoction. Sigh, you're too kind, Mr. Clarke." The cars drove away from the Old Johnston Manor. The crowd around immediately began to speculate and comment. "Holy sht! Isn't that the Johnston's good-for-nothing son-in-law?" "Good lord! I must be going blind, he's acquainted with people like Theo Zander?" Everyone was confused. The Johnstons had found a big benefactor this time. Around ten minutes later, both Charles and Martha quickly left the manor. Martha had a scarf over her face and sunglasses on. Back to Philip. He had found himself in a small alleyway.

There was a Chinese medicinal pharmacy there. Entering the doors, a small gang of seven to eight people rushed in behind him and began to smash things! Bang! Bang! Clatter! Smash! Stunned, the middle-aged chubby shopkeeper began to shout, "Hey! Hey! What are you doing? Who are you?

I'm going to call the cops!" All he got in return was a kick from Philip! A kick that sent him falling to the floor. Afraid, the middle-aged chubby man could tell that this man had hostile intentions. He stayed on the ground as he asked, petrified, "Who... Who are you?" Staring unfeelingly at the middle-aged chubby man, Philip asked, "Two days ago, did you sell anything for abortions?" The middle-aged chubby man could connect the

dots after hearing the question. He was screwed! "N-No! What are you talking about? This is a lawful Chinese medicinal pharmacy, we don't do that illegal business here." The chubby shopkeeper explained though it was evident that he had something to hide. "I've found it, Mr. Clarke!" Right then, Tiger appeared from the back of the shop with a large case of medicinal herbs. Then, behind Philip walked out an old man with a headful of white hair. Glancing at the case, he confirmed, "Indeed, Young Master. Strychnine tree, Jack-in-the-pulpit Tuber, Aconite root..." The middle-aged chubby shopkeeper could not defend himself. Immediately on his knees, he crawled toward Philip's legs as he begged for mercy, "I'm sorry, Sir! I'm sorry! A woman came to buy it from me last time. She didn't say anything, so I didn't know it was for your wife! I'm sorry, please don't kill me!" It was evident that this man standing before him was no ordinary young man. This was a man who brought a gang over to crash his shop and an old Chinese doctor too. He was screwed! In the end, all Philip did was kick him away before he instructed Tiger, "Break his limbs and throw him out. I don't want him opening any sort of Chinese medicinal pharmacy from now on. Crash every new one he opens." "Understood, Mr. Clarke," Tiger replied courteously.

Then, Philip turned to leave. At that moment, the gravity of what he had done finally crashed onto the middle-aged chubby shopkeeper. Seeing Tiger walking toward him, the shopkeeper screamed for his life before he was finally thrown limply at the doors of his pharmacy and left there to fend for himself. After Philip left, someone emerged from the alley to call for paramedics. When he returned to the hospital, Philip recollected his emotions and entered the hospital room. Right as he entered, he was met with the sight of a woman who had no business there. Giada Wallis! Sitting by the hospital bed, she was chatting with Wynn. The moment Wynn fixed her eyes on Philip, she asked calmly, "How long more were you planning to hide it from me, Philip? Aunt Giada has already told me everything."

Chapter 353

The atmosphere in the hospital room seemed different. Giada smiled a smile that encompassed the warmth of a spring breeze, one that Philip knew there was more than met the eye. It was a smile that removed herself from the narrative while she mocked and threatened at the same time. Standing from her seat, she walked toward Philip who looked as if his entire world had crashed. She spoke gently, "Take your time as you explain to Wynn, would you? We'll meet again, very soon." With that, Giada waved to bid Wynn farewell. "I'll be leaving first then, Wynn. I'm sure Philip has his reasons to hide from you, so I do hope you'll keep an open mind and hear him out."

Wynn was about to stand and send her out only to be held back by Philip.

With no other choice, she smiled politely. "You can come over next time then, Aunt Giada." "Oh?" There was a new hint of shock in Giada's expression at the invitation. Her brows curved into a smile. "Very well then, I'll visit when I have time. I'll get going now, wouldn't want to intrude on you two any longer after all." Only after Wynn respectfully bode Giada farewell did Giada leave the room. This left Wynn and Philip alone in the hospital room. "Close the door," Wynn instructed indifferently. Like a child who had been caught red-handed, Philip hummed a sound of acknowledgment and went to close the door. Anxiety stewed in his chest for he felt a fear he had never before. What did Giada tell Wynn? Was it his identity? Was it something else? "Sit." Arms crossed, Wynn wore an expression of detached composure. Earnestly, not unlike an elementary school student, Philip sat as he was told. "Good job, Philip Clarke. For how long have you been hiding this from me?" Wynn inquired, though the coldness of her tone seemed to carry hints of reproach. After sneaking a glance at Wynn, Philip got a slap at his shoulder before he muttered, "S-Seven years..." 'What?' Wynn's eyebrows furrowed, unease written on her face as she pressed on. "Why'd you hide it from me? I'm your wife, am I not?" Philip, too, felt disheartened. Tugging on Wynn's hand, he played the guilty card. "Wynn, I didn't mean to... I had my reasons, I..." Watching Philip crestfallen before her, Wynn reached out a pale arm and flicked

Philip's forehead with a slender finger. "You're my husband, Philip. You have to tell me about these things, okay? Sure, Aunt Giada's your stepmom, but there's nothing wrong with that. Why didn't you tell me?" 'Stepmom?'

Philip was confused. In a rush, he asked, "What else did Giada tell you?"

Wynn blinked. "Yeah! She told me she got married to your father after the death of your mother, and that the actual reason why she's here in Riverdale is to check on how you're doing. She also said that she hopes I can persuade you to go home, something about how your family needs you and how your dad's side of the family wants you back too. Why didn't you say yes?"

You're father and son, what resentment can there possibly be between a father and his son? Find a time and clear your schedule. Go back and take a look, okay?" Despite understanding what was happening, Philip still felt uneasy and pressed on. "Did she say anything about what my family does?"

Or who I am?" "Just what is Giada Wallis planning?" "Isn't your family in the restaurant business? You told me last time right?" Wynn asked suspiciously. Was Philip hiding something from her again? "Yeah, yeah.

"We're in the restaurant business." Philip's hand came up to scratch at the back of his head while he continued to contemplate what exactly Giada was plotting. 'Holy sh*t! I almost sold myself out!' "Oh, and Philip? Aunt Giada said something about how Dad isn't feeling very well these days. Are you really not going to visit?" Wynn asked. The hand holding the fruit knife froze at the question before Philip smiled and passed Wynn the apple he had cut. "Don't worry about it so much. I'll bring both you and Mila to visit after you get better, okay?" Wynn accepted the apple. "I know there's some sort of misunderstanding between you and Aunt Giada, but I don't think she's a bad person... She's pretty well versed in a variety of topics. I think it'll do both of you some good to sit down and chat sometime." Despite not knowing what the misunderstanding Philip had with Giada, Wynn could tell that Philip was reluctant to let her know of Giada's true identity from how he hid it from her the last time. However, Giada was still Philip's stepmother. "It can't be, right, Philip? That the reason why you hate her is

'cause she hit you when you were a child?" Shocked, Wynn's hand covered her petite mouth. Her eyes were blown wide as she recalled stereotypical rich household scenes from Korean dramas. 'Does Philip have such a heart-wrenching childhood?'

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"Nope. Whatever you think it is, it's not." Philip huffed helplessly as he stuffed a slice of apple into Wynn's mouth. "Enough about Giada, okay?"

"I've got it covered. Oh, and tell me if she comes to look for you again, okay?" Stunned, Wynn hummed a tone of acknowledgment. After finishing the apple, Wynn asked, "Philip... About my mother, what did you do?"

Wynn was afraid that Philip's anger would have driven him to do the unthinkable. It was only natural for her to worry as it was her mother and Philip's mother-in-law after all. Philip responded serenely, "Nothing much, so don't worry about it. If she learns anything from this, she'll start thinking twice before she acts." Wynn nodded. Her mother was indeed at fault this time, so there was nothing worth arguing with Philip about. Moreover, Wynn had already made her own decision. Two to three days later, Wynn was discharged from the hospital. Martha stayed conscientiously at home.

She had spent the last few days living in fear, not even daring to leave the house for groceries in case she got hit again. Even at home, she made sure that all windows and doors were closed tightly... In case someone crashed in to beat her up again. The fear of getting beat up had turned into psychological trauma. There was nothing Charles could do as his wife was unwilling to talk about this mistake she had made. She was also unable to identify who exactly she had offended. Martha was reluctant to call the police as well for she was afraid they would take revenge. After all, the man behind the operation was

no other than the underground king—Theo Zander! To do so was equivalent to suicide. “Charlie, I think Philip’s behind all this. Don’t you remember? Philip and Theo Zander were even happily chatting during the feast.” Seated on the couch, Martha’s articulation was

sloppy due to her still-swollen face and the newly filled tooth in her mouth.

“Hold on. You keep saying it’s Philip, but why would he send people to hit you, though?” Charles would not make the same mistake of simply calling Philip over without concrete evidence. He had to at least know why. Martha found herself between a rock and a hard place. There was no way she would tell him about how she dosed Wynn with an abortion medication, so she opted to lie. “The bangle. Philip took it back, saying something along the lines of it belonging to his late mother. All I did was wear it for a day or two. I’m sure that doesn’t warrant me getting beat up for it, right?” “His late mother’s belongings?” Charles froze. Sadness permeated his chest at the unexpected knowledge of Philip’s mother’s passing. Martha sent a kick his way when she saw the expression Charles wore. She shouted at him, “Hey!

What’s wrong with you? Why are you sighing over a dead woman? The current issue is that Philip sent people over to beat me up! I’m not just going to sit here and let him off for this! If you’re not going to help me, get out!

Sleep somewhere else tonight!” That was Martha’s temperament. She never hesitated to make you pay if she felt that you had wronged her. Got beaten up? Then, she would take revenge. It did not matter who was the actual culprit for she had locked her eyes on Philip Clarke. Knowing there was nothing he could do, Charles sighed. “Can you not? You don’t even have any evidence that it was Philip. I swear, this family will end up broken one day because of you. There’s no peace, no peace at all.” With that, Charles got up and left for the study, banging the door close behind him. Martha continued to stew in her own anger in the living room before Joel Harris came to her mind. She dialed for him. “Hey, Joel? This is Aunt Martha, are you free? Let’s meet up.” This was a calculated move from Martha to get Joel on her side, one she easily did with a smile. Hanging up the phone, Martha gathered her things and left the house with a mask and sunglasses on. Reaching the restaurant, Martha proudly proclaimed to the usher, “Mr.

Harris’ private room.” The female usher bowed before she politely led Martha into the most extravagant private room on the second floor. “Aunt

Martha.” Having already arrived, Joel stood up and greeted politely. “Oh, Joel. You don’t have to be so polite. Eating here can’t be cheap, right?”

Seating herself, Martha removed her mask and sunglasses before taking a good look around. It was a nice place. Everything seemed to glitter, and the staff was polite. Joel smiled brightly. “It’s nothing much, Aunt Martha. It’s not too bad since a meal here only costs around 10,000 to 20,000 yuan. Not that anything’s too expensive if it’s a meal with you, Aunt Martha. Take a look and order what you want. I hear their shark fin and Australian lobster are quite good. Oh, and how would you like a bottle of Lafite?”

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Martha glossed over the dishes on the menu only to find that the shark fin cost six thousand 6,000 yuan! The Australian lobster cost 2,000 per entree!

Flipping to the page of the Lafite '82... 10,000?! "This... Joel, this is too expensive." Martha began to fret. Smiling, Joel snapped his fingers to call upon a waiter and instructed, "This here is my Aunt Martha. Serve us all your recommendations and a bottle of Lafite, please. Oh, and start up a new VIP membership account as well." Hearing him, Martha was beyond elated.

Joel was better than that good-for-nothing Philip Clarke in every way. Not too long later, all the dishes were served. The waiter approached to courteously hand Joel the new VIP card. "Aunt Martha, this here is actually my classmate's restaurant. With this membership card, everything is 40%

off." After handing the card to Martha, Joel added, "But of course, everything will be on my tab." Martha's eyes shone with mirth and satisfaction as she accepted the VIP card. "Thank you so much. What a promising young fellow you are, Joel. God knows how blessed a life Wynnne would be having if she married you." Speaking of that, Joel smiled.

"So, Aunt Martha, when is Wynnne divorcing Philip?" Martha's eyes turned into crescent moons at how interested Joel was in her daughter. She had her eyes set on this golden goose, and she was not going to let it go. "Calm down, Joel. Why do you think your Aunt Martha came to find you today?"

The corners of Martha's lips turned upward to a smile. Then, Martha pointed at her own cheek. Joel had realized long ago the bruises on Martha's face.

'Did she get beaten up?' "Your face... Aunt Martha, who beat you up?" Joel asked. Enraged, Martha answered, "Who else can it be? Philip Clarke, that worthless piece of trash! He even got someone to do it for him!" "What?"

Joel burst in fury, rage coating his entire expression as he ground his knuckles in a fist. "The audacity! How can Philip call someone to beat you up? Has he no respect for you? Why didn't Wynn say anything?" Keeping her facade of the wronged and weak, Martha replied, "Exactly. That piece of trash is getting worse, even going as far as to beat me up. Wynnne doesn't know about it, but even if she does, what can she possibly do? She's part of his family now. Your Aunt Martha here almost has no say in the family, so you have to help me, Joel. Philip, that piece of scum, has no right to be my son-in-law at all." Tears and snot were everywhere. Immediately, Joel began to console her. "Don't worry, Aunt Martha. How dare that useless piece of trash do such a thing. I promise I'll make him pay. "Joel, you know quite a few people from the upper classes right? Can't you find me some people to teach Philip a lesson he'll

never forget?" Martha pleaded pitifully at Joel.

She could not wait any longer. She had to find someone to teach Philip a lesson today or she would never forgive herself. Joel would love nothing more than to comply, but after the incident in Virtuous Court, he could not help but feel wary. 'How can Martha be unaware of the fact that Philip is part of Capital City's Clarke Group?' "I don't think it's that easy, Aunt Martha. Perhaps you're unaware of Philip's true identity?" Joel prodded gently. Feeling amiss, Martha scoffed. "What true identity can this good-for-nothing have? He's just a delivery boy." "Really just a delivery boy?"

Skeptical, Joel retold the incident in Virtuous Court. Martha was shocked, to say the least, when she heard the tale. Her face paled as she muttered,

"You can't scare me like this, Joel. You're telling me Philip is the young master of this Capital City's Clarke Group?" Joel was reluctant to believe so as well. "No way. That's impossible!" Martha shook her head vigorously

like a child would a pellet drum. "You've got to be mistaken. Philip's just some useless piece of trash, and that's all he'll ever be. How can he be this Capital City's Clarke Group's young master that you speak of?" 'Him?

'Hah. 'No way!' Over the three years he had lived as the Johnston's son-in-law, he was a puss who never stood up for anything, nor had there been any sudden changes in him. If anything, Philip had only become crueler these past few days. Not that Martha gave it any thought. Perhaps the bastard had nothing better to do with his life anymore and decided to threaten her position in the family. Hearing Martha, Joel only got more suspicious and pressed on. "Could Philip be hiding something from you guys, Aunt Martha? This is really important, so please give it a little more thought. I have to know who he is before I can think of a plan to deal with him." Martha found herself deep in thought and responded only after mulling over it for a while, "Nope, no way! How can I not know who Philip Clarke is? You must've fallen for some sort of lie the little sht told you. From what you've told me, he probably took the identity of the Clarke's young master to pretend to be some sort of bigshot. He has done it before, so I don't see why he wouldn't do something so shameless again." Joel let out a sigh of relief. 'Ah... If that's the case. 'Damn you, Philip Clarke. You almost had me scared half to death. 'And here I thought you had some special identity.

All you are is a poser and a pretentious b*stard.'

Chapter 356

"Now that we know, Aunt Martha, he's easy to deal with. Just a piece of trash, right? I'll call someone to get rid of him." Seating himself back on the chair, Joel pulled out his cell phone and dialed, "Hello? Wolf? Where're you now? I need your help with something. Can you help me teach this guy a lesson? I don't care, you can break his legs..." Saying so, he turned to lock eyes with Martha who showed no hints of opposition. Martha seemed to hate Philip to the bone. Ah well, clashes between the mother and son-in-

law meant it would be sooner or later before Wynn divorced Philip. By then, it

would not take him too much effort before Wynn became his. After the call, Martha happily ate at the meal as she discussed with Joel Harris how best to pursue Wynn. "Listen to your Aunt Martha, Joel. Come over tomorrow. I'll make sure to call Wynnie over too. Then, you bring her out to play. Nurture your feelings and I'm sure it'll only be a matter of time before you get together again. The two of you were close in high school, right? I'm sure it won't take too long this time." Martha said knowingly just before she took her leave. Joel was thrilled to say the least, for he had not expected Martha to help him so much along the way. However, how Philip survived these three years with such a materialistic mother-in-law, Joel had no idea. "I understand, Aunt Martha. I'll book tickets for the Maldives today, and I'll go over to your house tomorrow. Please put in a good word for me." Joel smiled as he sent Martha back to the Old Johnston Manor contentedly.

Setting foot home, Martha began to plot. She dialed repeatedly until Wynn answered the phone. "Quickly come home, Wynnie, I have things to ask you." She was in a good mood, especially so when Joel told her of the one billion yuan investment made by the Capital City's Clarke Group to Wynn's company. Delighted was an understatement to the euphoric rush she felt.

'One billion! All to my daughter's company. That means my daughter has a net worth of over a billion yuan, right? I've become part of the nouveau riche! Oh, but who is this Capital City Group's young master? It can't be, right? That this rich man has his eyes on my daughter?' Naturally, Martha shared her speculations with Charles. Her hands shook in anticipation as she droned on and on, "Charlie, do you think this Clarke Group's young master fancies our little Wynnie? Why else would he invest in her company, right?"

According to Joel, this Clarke Group is one of Capital City's monopolists!

They're worth hundreds of billions!" Entertained by his pet bird, Charles paid Martha no heed. "You can't possibly have your eyes on this young master from the Clarke Group now, can you? Give it up, or do you want to get beaten up again?" Furious, Martha berated, "What do you know? Who do you think I'm doing this for? Myself? All I want is for my daughter to

marry into a good home so she can enjoy the rest of her life in peace."

Charles could only shake his head dejectedly and did not respond. Wynn arrived not too long later with Philip in tow. Mainly because Philip could not find it in him to let down his weariness, for he feared that Martha might have another trick up her sleeve. Martha began to feel guilty and afraid when she saw Philip. Too afraid to make direct eye contact, she instead murmured condemnations under her breath. Despite not being able to hear her, Philip could vaguely tell that Martha was criticizing him. Philip huffed weakly.

'Martha really needed to be beaten up first before she would change her attitude.' "Hey, Mom. What's up?" Wynn did not want to stay in this house any longer than necessary. "Wynnie, did your company receive a one billion yuan investment from a young master of Capital City's Clarke Group?"

Martha asked as she tugged on Wynn's hand. "Yeah. How did you know?"

Wynn asked curiously. "How I know doesn't matter, but do you know this Clarke Group's young master?" In an envious tone, Martha sounded more excited the more she pressed on. "What's your relationship with this Young Master Clarke? He likes you, doesn't he? Are you hiding something from your mother? Bring him home for dinner, if that's the case. Introduce us."

Martha stared expectantly. "Mom, what are you talking about? I don't know this Mr. Clarke at all. Stop meddling, it's just a business relationship." Wynn had enough with how her own mother was more of a busybody than gossipy young maidens. Standing beside Wynn, Philip seemed to have grasped a hold of the situation. Martha must have her eyes on this Young Master Clarke the moment she knew of the investment made by Capital City's Clarke Group. How would she react if she found out that this mysterious Young Master Clarke was standing here right before her? "What are you laughing goofily about? Get out!" Taking notice of Philip chuckling coldly by the side, Martha felt a surge of unease as she rolled her eyes. Shaking his head hopelessly, Philip stood out and proclaimed, "I can tell you who this Young Master of the Clarke Group from Capital City is." Enough hiding. It was time to come clean!

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The family stared at Philip. He knew who this young master was? Wynn's eyes lit up as she stared at Philip while the latter spoke as if it was an act of generosity to share the knowledge he had. "The young master of the Clarke Group is actually..." "You?" Martha interrupted abruptly. She said it in a tone of ruthless taunting before Philip could finish his sentence. Snorting twice for good measure, Martha wore an expression of pure sarcasm. "Were you going to tell us you're the young master? I've never realized you're so prone to lying, Philip Clarke, but I suppose it's better late than never.

Wynn marrying you is a tragedy!" "Mom, can you not talk to Philip like that? Why are you so opinionated about him when all he has been doing these few years is take your complaints and chides in stride?" Wynn sighed and shook her head dejectedly. It was as if her mother and Philip were mortal enemies or something. She just had to berate or hit him a few times before she would move on. "Are you out of your mind, Wynn? Why are you so adamant about defending this useless piece of trash?" Martha was furious as she glared at Wynn. Pointing a finger at Philip, she told her, "You can ask him! Was he about to tell us he's the young master of the Clarke Group?" Wynn turned her head to face Philip and asked, "Is my mother correct?" Initially planning to come clean, Philip realized the situation was not one where he would be believed. Helplessly, he smiled faintly and shook his head. "Haha." Martha hugged a bolster and sighed purposefully. "Some people just have to pretend that they're some big shot. I wonder how they have the shame to think that they belong in this family. We're talking about a young master from Capital City, not someone any piece of trash can pose as. You're both Clarkes and yet this Young Master Clarke has skills, vigor, and billions of yuan at his disposal for investment while someone else is a mere delivery boy!" Martha's anger only seemed to flare the more she complained. She ended her rant with an intense glower at Philip. "Alright, Mom. Let's leave it at that and move on." Wynn turned to leave after saying

so. What on earth was up with her mother, calling her over for such a trivial matter? "Hey, Wynn. I'm

not done yet, what's the rush?" Martha began to feel anxious and tried to tug Wynn back. "You should find a time to meet up with this Young Master Clarke to thank him or something. It's only right after the investment he has funded your company." It would be such a waste not to make this rich young master her son-in-law. This was Martha's greedy attempt at reeling in the bigger fish. "You don't have to worry about that, Mom. I know what should be done in accordance," Wynn replied.

Martha laughed schemingly and spared Philip one last glance before she pulled Wynn into the bedroom and closed the doors. Recognizing the telltale signs of her mother's secretive behavior, Wynn grew agitated at the knowledge that Martha had another trick up her sleeve. "Is there something you can't tell me outside, Mother?" Wynn asked, slightly annoyed. "Tell your mother the truth, Wynn. Do you really not plan to get a divorce from Philip Clarke?" Martha asked impatiently as she sat next to Wynn, tugging her daughter's wrist. She would just have to step up her efforts to break them apart if they had no plans to get divorced. Wynn had the rest of her life ahead of her, and Martha was not going to watch her daughter suffer as she would by staying with Philip. Wynn might not understand now, but perhaps she would understand when she was older. It was always better to marry someone rich. That way, she would be guaranteed good food and lavish clothes. She would be free of worries that only commoners would have.

Wynn's eyebrows scrunched in distaste as she stood to leave. "Will you stop asking me this again, Mom? Philip and I are not getting a divorce, not to mention that I'm pregnant with his child. It's not going to happen, so stop thinking about it. You're my mother, for heaven's sake. Why can't you think with my benefit in mind for once?" "Think with your benefit in mind?"

What's there to think about?" Martha was enraged upon hearing the context of Wynn's words and prodded her finger at her forehead as she berated,

"You're just stubborn! What's so good about Philip Clarke? What can he give you? Forget about the young master of the Clarke Group, even Joel

Harris is better than him. Joel's family has a private villa and numerous luxury cars, not to mention great connections with important people all around. Who better to marry than him? I'm your mother, everything I do is for your own good! Do you think I'm doing all this for me?" This daughter of hers knew nothing at all! "There's nothing between Joel and me anymore, Mom, so stop plotting, please. As for who you're doing this for, I think you know the answer better than anyone. You go through all of this just to make yourself look better in the eyes of others, even if it's at the cost of your own daughter!" Wynn shot up in anger. "Wow! Even if I'm doing all of this for myself, aren't you benefiting from it as well? Isn't Mila? Tell me, how are you going to pay for baby formula and school fees for both Mila and the child in your tummy? Oh, you think you're some bad*ss now that you're the chairman? What if he cashes out his investment? I've done my homework on this, I know that Beacon's as good as gone the moment he cashes out. You'll have a court case to deal with as well. You'll end up with a debt of over tens and hundreds of thousands of yuan!" Martha continued coldly, "What will you do, then? You'll need another partner, so search now when you still have the time." Bang! The bedroom door flew open with a kick from the outside to reveal Philip standing rigidly as he smirked coldly.

"I would never have expected you to go so low, Martha Yates." He had heard everything Martha said previously. Philip could be more forbearing or have the best temper, but there was still no way he would stay silent in the face of a materialistic mother-in-law who was willing to sell her daughter for a higher status. Martha's heart shook when Philip kicked the door open. She scolded him to cover up the guilt in her heart. "You're getting more and more out of hand, Philip Clarke. First, you kick down the main entrance. Now, you kick down my bedroom door. What, are you going to kick me next?" "With the things you've said, so what if I kick you next?"

Philip asked with a frosty undertone as he walked toward Martha.

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"Stop! Stay away!" Martha shivered down to her bones in fear, still traumatized by the choking incident that night. She darted to hide behind Wynn as she scolded, "Look, Wynn. This is Philip Clarke! I can't believe he wants to hit me. Who's the head of the family here? He's going too far!"

"Haha." Philip scoffed, too lazy to argue with Martha. Philip had always been a sore sight to her, coupled with his attitude the past few days, Martha could not help the anger that began to boil. No, she had to throw this piece of trash out the Johnston family tree! She had to get Wynn to divorce him!

Otherwise, that would be the end of Martha's peaceful days. "Listen to your mother, okay Wynn? I've already set it up for you with Joel. He's bringing you out on vacation for a few days. Make good use of this chance, okay?"

Joel's family is rich, and he's the CEO of Hodgson Pharmaceutical too.

Don't let such a great opportunity slip by, it'll be good for both you and your company." Martha persuaded Wynn further. Meanwhile, Philip was smoking outside. Dinner was served at home that night. They had no choice but to follow, for it was part of Martha's plan to convince Wynn into going on a date with Joel. Wynn found herself mind-boggled by the turn of events as she shuffled about in the kitchen. "I don't want anything to do with Joel Harris, Mom. Please stop. I swear I'll leave right now if you continue."

"Okay, okay. We'll ease into it slowly, okay? We have time." Martha knew there was no point in being pushy, but she had already plotted a plan on how she was going to make Wynn have some time alone with Joel. All she had to do was make Philip watch things unfold before his eyes and she would have the best of both worlds. He would have no other choice but to sign the divorce papers. Right at that moment, a few people entered through the doors. It was Wynn and Aunt Paula's side of the family. "Please come in, Aunt Paula." Wynn invited Paula into the house. They were all relatives, after all. "Oh, Wynn, you're home! Where's your mother?" Paula asked arrogantly as her eyes scanned the surroundings before she plopped on the sofa as if this was her own house. She was followed by Samantha and her husband. Hearing noises outside, Martha left her bedroom only to be met

with the sight of her sister. Her expression immediately darkened. After giving her greetings, Samantha reverted to her 'the old manor disgusts me'

attitude and begrudgingly introduced, "Aunt Martha, this is my husband, Frank McDonald. He's Rocker Pharmaceutical's general manager."

Samantha looked nothing but proud as she introduced her husband, even going as far as to cuddle up to him as well. Frank McDonald had 'rich man'

written all over him, from the seriousness of his tailored suit to his slicked-back hair. He was a handsome man. It made sense that Samantha would marry such a man. Frank politely greeted Wynn as Samantha introduced him. The sight of a talented man such as Frank McDonald only further infuriated Martha. Her sister liked to brag about how her son-in-law would buy her gold and jewelry, so meeting him today only proved to solidify her claim. Coincidentally, Philip decided to enter the doors at the same time.

Martha sent him an angry gaze, for he paled in comparison to Frank McDonald. "Oh, Philip's back?" Paula purposefully shouted as she saw Philip walk in. She began to introduce him to her son-in-law. "You've probably never met Philip Clarke before, Frank. This here is Wynn's husband. There's nothing much to talk about him but that he sends food deliveries. Maybe you can bring him out to learn more about the world if you have the chance? We're all family, after all."

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Orlando

What happen to the characters name?

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Chapter 359

Paula's tone was laced heavily with the intent to make fun. It was one that caused Martha to flush in anxiety as the words cut like knives. Wynn could tell as well that her Aunt Paula was making things difficult for Philip.

However, she was in no position to say anything as Aunt Paula was her elder. "Oh? So this is Wynn's husband. He looks fine to me, though. Yup, all limbs intact." Frank had not made any motion to stand at all. Instead, he sat on the sofa and sipped peacefully on his tea as he crudely commented.

“Haha. Honey, you’re so funny. Didn’t you say he’s a simplistic man?”

Comprehending the implications of his words, Samantha hid a smile behind her hand. Philip was confused. ‘What the heck?’ All he did was go out for a smoke, how did he end up being the center of everyone’s jokes when he returned? ‘Frank McDonald and Samantha Benson? ‘You are nothing to me!’ Philip’s expression darkened. “What are you doing just standing there?”

Come say hello. Meet Samantha’s husband, Frank McDonald.” Martha barked out. There was not much Philip could do but walk. Smiling, he

reached out his hand and said, “Oh, my brother-in-law! Hello, I’m Philip Clarke.” Frank gazed at Philip’s hand aloofly before frowning and speaking in a cold tone, “My pleasure.” His tone was diffident and extremely belittling, considering he did not shake Philip’s outstretched hand. It was an act of condescendence right in Philip’s face. Frank was completely looking down on Philip by ignoring his presence. Embarrassing, a disgrace. Philip stared blankly before smiling politely anyway and retrieving his hand.

Inconspicuously, he gave the man standing in front of him a once-over.

While he found the man looking the part, he had dark eyebags that were most probably due to overworking and stress. He also had a pair of frivolous eyes that glanced indecently at Wynn who sat adjacently. ‘Haha. ‘Nothing too good, after all.’ Philip was pissed. Who was Frank McDonald to eye his wife like that? He walked over and sat beside Wynn, covering her smooth and slim thighs with a blanket. He spoke in a gentle voice, “Keep warm, it’s getting cold.” Frank chuckled but did not comment on anything. Martha, on the other hand, was irked. Frank’s condescending behavior must have been taught by Paula that btch. Glaring intensely at Philip, irritation spiked in Martha. Trash would always be trash, never to be respected by anybody! Feeling the need to fill in the awkward silence, Martha asked out of the blue, “Sister, I thought Frank was working in real estate along with your husband? Why did he suddenly switch jobs to work at Rocket Pharmaceutical? What enterprise is this? Is the pay high?” “Haha, Martha, I suppose this is where I fill you in. Frank, unlike Philip, is aiming for all-round development, after all. He is more outstanding than a delivery boy. He had only started a few months ago, and as for his salary, he earns around 400,000 yuan a year. Though it may not be as much as he used to earn, this new job allows much room for further development.” Paula’s expression shone with one of pride and arrogance, fully showcasing her admiration of Frank. Admiration of which, hinted at a different kind of love. One that Philip caught on with one look. Sparks seemed to fly the moment Paula and Frank locked gazes. ‘What the fck? ‘These two... ‘Does Samantha know?’ “Wow! Your husband sure

is talented! What a promising fellow, such high pay he has!” Martha was envious. That piece of trash named Philip Clarke could only count monthly salaries. “By the way, what kind of company is Rocker Pharmaceutical?”

Martha asked. “It’s a public listed company from Capital City. It’s on the Fortune Global 500, owned by a

subsidiary company under Capital City's Clarke Group." Samantha added proudly, "You've heard of Capital City's Clarke Group these few days, right? They have more than hundreds of billions worth of assets within the country itself! My husband over here has gotten into Rocket Pharmaceutical with his own skills. I'm sure he'll have a bright future in front of him." Samantha made sure to glance at Wynn as she showed her husband off. Naturally, Samantha's prideful gaze did not go unnoticed by Wynn. Not that Wynn Johnston found it in her to care, though.

Philip was the best in her eyes, even if everyone in the world was better than him. So what if he was a piece of trash? He was still the Philip Clarke she had grown to love.

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donation For Fast upload Thanx

Debra

It is an Asian author who only knows how to repeat themselves over & over & over & over & over & over...it's not enough for me to put money on. The slapping & the mother-in-law is ridiculous. I'm bored...

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Chapter 360

Philip, on the other hand, was close to bursting in laughter at Samatha's claim. Rocket Pharmaceutical, owned by Clarke Group from Capital City.

After all that fuss, it turned out that it was his family's enterprise. What the heck was Frank so smug about? He wanted nothing more than to tell them this Rocket Pharmaceutical they built their arrogance on, was his. "Aunt Martha sure is envious of you, Sammy. Your days must be spent in comfort with such a great husband, right? Unlike my Wynn over here, what a tragic life she's living..." Martha made sure to send a few glares at Philip as she spoke, frustration bubbling within her chest. It was all because of that useless piece of trash! "Relax, Martha. An opportunity has arisen itself, no?"

I heard Clarke Group from Capital City invested in Wynn's company, right? That's a billion yuan into the, what's the name again? Ah yes, Beacon Pharmaceutical! That's a lot of money." Paula beamed brightly. "Wynn, your mother told me you've become the chairman at Beacon Pharmaceutical? That means you have the authority to decide which pharmaceutical company to form a partnership with, right?" Then, everybody understood. Wynn shared a knowing look with Philip. This was precisely the reason behind the family's visit today. "What are you talking about, Sister? We're family, it's only right to help each other in times of need. I believe our family owes Young Master Clarke of the Clarke Group our appreciation for his terrific judgment in choosing companies to invest in." "Aunt Martha, apparently

Clarke Group has notified every large pharmaceutical under their name to come to discuss a partnership with Beacon Pharmaceutical. In fact, Frank over here just happens to be in charge of the partnership between Beacon and Rocker.” Samantha could not suppress the pride that threatened to show on her expression as she spoke.

Rubbing his nose, Frank smiled. “No, no. It’s not much, really. The partnership will still depend on whether Wynn decides to form a partnership

with us Rocker. Though I can guarantee, it’ll not take two years before Beacon Pharmaceutical will become part of the country’s top ten pharmaceutical companies.” “Thank you.” Wynn smiled. “As for the partnership, it’s not something I can decide on my own. I must seek the opinions of other chairmen as well.” Impatient, Paula blurted, “You must act quick, Wynn. All we have to do is form an alliance with our two families and the one billion yuan will practically be ours.” One billion yuan!

Martha’s eyes widened at the prospect of money. She jumped on the bandwagon. “She’s right, Wynn. You have to get it done. Just sign the contract with Frank’s company, we cannot let this lump sum of money fall into the hands of others.” Wynn’s head throbbed. That was not how partnerships were formed. It would not happen just because one party wished it to. She glanced helplessly at Philip. Immediately, Philip interrupted. “Mom, Aunt Paula, and Frank. I don’t think you should rush things like these. After all, Wynn does not have absolute authority over who the company ends up partnering with. You guys...” “Shut up!” “Quiet!”

“What makes you think you have the right to speak about this?” Paula scolded, displeased by his interruption. Martha reprimanded him as well,

“Go prepare dinner and stop interrupting our serious talk.” That was a billion yuan, there was nothing more serious than that! The Yates sisters, Martha and Paula, finally had something they could bond over and laugh about. Samantha joined the chiding and pointed a finger bossily at Philip.

“Your husband isn’t well versed in these matters, Wynn. This is a serious topic, one that a dumb f*ck like him has no business in.” “Enough, you guys.

Philip is my husband!” Wynn was enraged, glaring at the people sitting before her. She turned to whisper at Philip, “Go cook dinner, I’ll deal with this.” Philip squeezed Wynn’s hand and sent his wife a gaze akin to a warm security blanket. Standing up, he left for the kitchen. Wynn let out a sigh of relief before morphing it into a smile. She turned to speak to Frank. “Frank, I suppose now that you work at Rocker Pharmaceutical, you’ve met this Young Master Clarke from Clarke Group?” Wynn had found herself

intrigued by this young master. After all, this man invested a billion yuan into her company but had yet to reveal his true identity to her. The entirety of Riverdale was bustling with the myths of this man. He was simply too mysterious. Frank felt his desire flare as he stared at Wynn. Not only was this woman miles more beautiful than Samantha, but she also appeared to be a woman of great temperament. What a waste of a gorgeous and intelligent woman on a piece of trash like Philip Clark. To preserve

whatever good impression Wynn had of him, Frank smiled and lied,

“Indeed. We’ve even had dinner together last time. Young Master Clarke is a very polite man with an aura that demands respect...” Hearing him, Martha could not wait any longer to ask, “How does this Young Master Clarke look like? How old is he?” Frank must be a man of substantial skill to share a meal with Young Master Clarke! Indeed, her useless piece of trash of a son-in-law was no match for him. Wynn felt impatient as well. Not for any other reason than the pure curiosity of who exactly this legendary young master was. Philip was the only one who felt hopeless at the interaction as he watched from the kitchen. Rubbing his nose, he stared speechlessly at Frank who continued to lie through his teeth. What a shameless fellow this was. Since when had Frank shared a meal with him? “How about we do it this way, Wynn. I’m meeting Young Master Clarke in a moment anyway, will you care to join me?” Frank’s eyes turned into crescent moons as he stared at Wynn, a tint of perverse flashing through his gaze. Unaware, Wynn answered after giving it some thought, “Sure.” Philip felt frantic. Just what was Frank plotting?

Chapter 361

Philip supposed he understood Frank’s incessant desire to act pretentious.

Frank seemed to feel the most comfortable basked in the envious gazes of Wynn and Martha. Indeed, men with specific advantages were more prone to receiving better resources. With how things were going, perhaps all he needed was a little extra effort and a young woman like Wynn would easily

become his. Stop, stop, stop! Taking in his expression, Philip realized that Frank was a man of high maintenance. “You have to tell Aunt Martha if you ever manage to contact this Young Master Clarke, okay Frank? Aunt Martha here wants to treat this Young Master Clarke to a meal and maybe get to know him a little bit.” Martha gazed at Frank with nothing but anticipation.

“Of course, Aunt Martha. That won’t be too difficult considering how Young Master Clarke and I are rather close.” Frank added shamelessly as if it was the truth. Lifting his wrist to check the time, he told Wynn, “Oh, and Wynn. There’ll be a dinner event tonight with a few other chairmen of pharmaceutical enterprises. Will you care to join us? We might invite Young Master Clarke as well.” Hearing him, Wynn turned to look at Philip. Seeing as the latter made no sign to stop her, she agreed. “Sure. Perhaps my cousin-in-law will be so kind as to introduce me, then?” Wynn was reluctant to attend. After all, the event was at night, and she was pregnant with a child.

It was only natural she would want to avoid any form of socializing if she could. However, this was the young master of Clark Group they were talking about as well as numerous chairmen from different pharmaceutical enterprises who would be there for the sake of settling partnership. It would not bode well for Wynn to avoid such an important event. That was why she wanted to hear Philip’s view on the matter. That was a detail everyone present seemed to have caught on. Martha wore an expression of displeasure, for she did not believe such trash should have the right of any

'view on the matter'. Samantha snorted. Wynn was hilarious. Why did she feel the need to ask for Philip's opinion on such a trivial matter? "Oh? Seems like Philip's the head of the family, huh, Martha?" Paula was hardly an amicable person, and so her tone dripped with unadulterated mocking as she rolled her eyes. She was evidently looking down on them. 'As if a piece of trash like him will be able to hold back a sly wolf such as Wynn Johnston.'

How could Martha just let the comment slip? That was the line she despised hearing the most. 'A useless scum like Philip being the head of the family?'

'Die, damned b*stard!' "Pour us tea, Philip!" Martha barked at Philip. Just

like that, Paula's family sat back and watched the scene unfold with condescension in their eyes. Could Martha possibly order Philip around?

Wynn's expression shifted, but she did not comment on it. Not when she knew her mother was merely doing so to prove her status in the family.

Philip understood as well. Not wanting to have a conflict with Martha today, he followed through and poured everybody a cup of tea. Mainly, he did not want to disgrace Wynn in front of Paula's family. For his wife, he would take it in stride. Martha's mood elevated at Philip's obedience. She could not imagine the humiliation she would feel had he not complied at all. "The floor's dirty. Go mop up the house." Martha began to demand more and ordered Philip around the house. Hearing Martha, Philip went to retrieve the mop and cleaned up the floor that had been trampled dirty. However, Paula proceeded to purposefully knock over a cup of water and littered the floor with sunflower seed shells as she laughed tauntingly. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Philip. I might have accidentally dirtied the spot you just cleaned up. Can I bother you to mop it up again?" 'That was unnecessary!' Anger flared and slightly tinted Philip's expression. Martha was his mother-in-law, and he was fine with cleaning if that was what she ordered. 'Who do you think you are, Paula Yates?' Wynn stood in time before he could rage, tugging at Philip to whisper in his ear, "Don't sulk. Just hold on for a little longer, she's my Aunt Paula." 'Hmph!' Philip huffed a breath of indignance but mopped again anyway. Martha, on the other hand, was as enraged as she was nervous. Her back was drenched in her cold sweat. She was nervous about whether Philip would opt not to listen and beat Paula up. However, she was enraged. Why did Philip not beat Paula up? After seeing Wynn coax Philip out of it, Martha began to grumble internally. 'Why'd you coax him out of it?' Having cleaned the area again, Paula spoke bossily again, "You've done well teaching him, Martha. What an obedient son-in-law you have here."

Martha smiled, pleased with herself. "Of course. I'm the owner of the house, after all." Right then, Frank suddenly suggested. "How about we go for lunch together?" Nobody objected, and Martha was more than grateful to

eat out. Especially when the thought of food cooked by a good-for-nothing like Philip made her sick. With that, everybody got ready to leave. Martha turned around and told Philip, "I don't think you should go. Mila's still at the hospital, right? Go look after her." Were they not welcome of him joining?

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Philip was lost. He did not know what Martha Yates was plotting. Paula, however, was crystal clear. Her sister simply did not want Philip to tag along on the matter of discussing a partnership. The one billion investment was as good as theirs the moment Frank initiated a partnership with Beacon Pharmaceutical. There was no need for inputs from outsiders like Philip, lest he demanded a portion of the money. As a result, Paula immediately backed her sister up, "Yeah, yeah. I don't think you should go." There was not much Philip could do. Seeing the Yates sisters agreeing, Philip found himself understanding the actual goal. The only reason they did not want his involvement meant that they were eyeing the one billion investment. 'Oh well.' He did not want to eat with a materialistic mother-in-law and her relatives either. "Very well, then. I won't go." Philip turned to speak to Wynn. "Don't drink, it's not good for the baby." Both Frank and Samantha were shocked at the words he spoke. "You're pregnant again, Wynnie?"

Wynn nodded mirthfully. Frank's expression soured. She was pregnant again! How could such a perfect woman waste herself by carrying Philip's child again? Although, at the second thought that it made Wynn all the more fun to play with, Frank's sinister smile grew again. Seeing as none of her family wanted Philip to go, she turned to speak as well, "Ah, you guys can go without me, then. I'll go look after Mila in the hospital with Philip."

Frantic, Frank quickly refuted. "Nah. Let's all go. It's just a meal, my bank account can take it." At that, everyone's complaints died away. Everyone found themselves seated in Frank's car the next moment as they made their way to a newly opened seafood restaurant. Entering the restaurant, Frank

spoke extravagantly, "Dragon King Room." As the waiter ushered Frank into the restaurant with a beam, Martha followed behind and looked around the restaurant in awe. Entering the private room and sitting down, she began to praise. "It can't be cheap eating here, Sister." Paula poofed her hairstyle proudly. "Not at all. The private room only costs 2,000." 'How is that cheap?' Martha sat straight, in shock. 'Just the private room itself costs 2,000! 'Sister's family sure is rich!' "Ah well, it's all Frank's. Frank over here is rich if not anything else." Paula laughed joyously, evidently proud of herself. Frank too felt dizzy at the compliments and smiled at the waiter.

"We'll take your Dragon King set meal." "Very well, Sir." The waiter replied politely before exiting the room. Martha could tell just by hearing the name of the set meal that it would be expensive. She whispered, "How much is the Dragon King set meal, Frank?" Nonchalantly, Samantha replied as she touched up her makeup, "Nothing expensive, just 10,000 bucks per person." Martha paled and sighed at her reply before turning to stare daggers at Philip sitting beside Wynn on his phone. 'This piece of trash is too useless!' "We eat for the joy of food, Martha. Don't think too much about money. We have Frank here, you don't have to pay a cent." Paula looked at her son-in-law with fondness in her eyes. Martha only felt more disgruntled at her words. 'Why was such a great son-in-law someone else's?' She stared back at her worthless son-in-law Philip who sat oblivious to the world. Her life would be vastly better had Philip shown even an ounce of excellence in him. "What are you doing, Philip? All you do is play with your phone all day. Will playing with your phone get you a Dragon King Room?" Martha spoke as

she glared at Philip. Philip huffed a breath of laughter. What was he doing? He was querying Old Man George. "Old Man George, is this Dragon King Palace Seafood Restaurant one of our family's establishments?" George quickly replied, "It's not, Young Master. Please give me a moment." Not finding it in himself to care, Philip placed his phone down. Minutes later, he received a text. "I've purchased the Dragon King Palace, Young Master. It's now your establishment. Is there anything more you'd like me to do?" Philip was speechless. Old Man George was indeed reliable when it came down to getting results.

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To that, Philip replied with a 'That's all'. On the other end, George inquired,

'Are you at Dragon King Palace, Young Master? Mr. Cash, the person in charge of Capital City's division of Clarke Group, is here with me and is hoping to meet up with you about the matters of the Beacon investment.

Should I send him over to wait for you at Dragon King Palace?' 'The person in charge of Clarke Group's Capital City division?' Philip wore an expression of suspicion before it morphed into a playful smile as he turned his gaze to Frank who continued to sing high praises of himself. He replied to the text, 'Sure. Have him come over.' Having replied, Philip put his phone down again. The Clarke family had more than just one Clarke Group. The one in Capital City was merely a small group of theirs. Martha was enraged at her useless trash of a son-in-law. After grumbling about it for a while, she gave an apologetic smile. "How can I let you pay so much? How about I pay for it this time?" To treat people to a meal meant spending money. That was something Martha equated to cutting off a piece of her flesh. She had no other choice. Her dignity was on the line. Could she rely on Philip to regain her dignity? Of course not. "Oh no, Aunt Martha. It's just a meal, why are you being so courteous about it? Frank here earns 400,000 a year.

It's not as if he needs all that money. Though what about your son-in-law Philip? Can he pay the cost of the private room? Or even treat us to the Dragon King set meal?" Samantha raised her eyebrows, her expression full of sarcasm and unfiltered taunt. It felt great. It had been too long since she stole the spotlight from Wynn. Had it not been for her useless husband, Samantha might never have the chance to show up this perfect woman.

"Indeed, Aunt Martha. Just enjoy the meal. The money means little to nothing to me." Frank spoke up as well, his wealth backing him up. He was pleased mainly by the fact that he would be showing off his wealth in front

of Wynn. It was all thanks to that good-for-nothing Philip Clarke, or he might not have shone as brightly as he was now. Martha was close to burying herself under the table with how disgraced she felt. She was extremely envious of her sister and felt nothing but pure disdain for Philip.

Look. Philip was just laughing goofily next to Wynn about something he said. "What are you laughing about? Look at Frank, then look at yourself!

If you even have half of Frank's skills, I, Martha Yates, will personally serve you myself!" Martha's head throbbed in infuriation. She grumbled as she glared holes into Philip. Wynn was about to step in and defend Philip only for him to tug her hand under the table. "It's fine," Philip whispered in Wynn's ear. Opposite them, Paula and Samantha merely laughed insultingly. The feeling of looking down at scum from a high position was great. Philip turned to Martha this time and spoke calmly, "I'm actually pretty rich, Mom. If you don't believe me, I can treat you all to this meal."

"What?" Martha's blood boiled in anger! 'What does he mean he can treat us all to this meal? 'Does he even have the money? 'The Dragon King set meal costs 10,000 bucks per person! 'There's six of us here, which makes that 60,000! 'Is he going to call me, his mother-in-law, to come up with the sum from my own pocket?' As a result, Martha began to reprimand Philip,

"You're getting more and more shameless every day! You think you're rich just because you say you are? Where do you think you get your money from? It's all Wynn's! How much can you earn a month with your stupid salary?" "I have money, Mom. My card..." "Money my foot! Shut your mouth!" Further irked, Martha interrupted before Philip could continue.

Philip was speechless. There was no way he could win a verbal fight with Martha, so all he could do was sit quietly. "Don't fight with Philip, Aunt Martha. I'm sure he has his troubles as well. How about I help him get a job later? One that earns over 10,000 a month?" Frank spoke generously.

Martha nodded once. "Thank you." Frank felt a surge of satisfaction in his shallow heart and stood up to walk over. He patted Philip on the shoulder with a smile. "It's not manly to live off Wynn, Philip. You're free to come

to me anytime if you want a job. I'll help you, okay?" Philip arched his eyebrows, his expression calm as he stared at Frank who looked immensely proud of himself. Was this fellow not just looking for a chance to show off in front of Wynn? 'You'll help me? 'I can easily help all your chairmen deal with their problems, what do you mean you'll help me? 'What do you take me for? A man who feeds off his wife?'

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"Thanks, but no thanks, Manager Frank. I quite like the feeling of being taken care of by my wife. Plus, she likes taking care of me." Philip said shamelessly as he smiled at Wynn. "Sure, I'll take care of you," Wynn replied coordinately, her eyes sparkling with stars. Anger flared in Frank at the scene before him. Scoffing, he returned to his seat for there was not much left for him to say. Samantha saw through him

and kicked Frank under the table, mumbling, "What's that all about? You can't possibly have taken a fancy to my cousin now, have you?!" Her piercing gaze demanded answers. Frank smiled, holding Samantha's small hand in his own. "What are you talking about? There's only you." The meal progressed with Paula's family picking on Philip at any chance they got. To which he merely brushed off and paid them no heed. After all, it would not make sense to let such brainless . dampen his mood. Wynn, though, nudged the back of his legs worriedly with her own and whispered, "Are you okay? We can go out if you're not." Philip smiled. "It's okay. I've gotten used to it." Frank only got more frustrated as he watched Philip and Wynn murmur to each other. He was going to humiliate the dumb f*cker in front of everyone!

"What's going on, Manager Stanford? Did I not say to reserve the Dragon King Room?!" From outside the room came the frustrated voice of a middle-aged man. "I'm really sorry, Mr. Wagner. There has been a mistake. How about I move you to the Crown Prince Pavillion instead?" "Move? What's the point of moving us now? I want this private room! Do you have any idea who Mr. Cash is meeting today? Go and tell the people inside to give me

the room. I'll compensate for the price." "This... To tell you the truth, Mr.

Wagner, the one who booked the Dragon King Room is the general manager of Rocker Pharmaceutical. He's not someone I can offend." By general manager of Rocker Pharmaceutical, Manager Stanford was referencing Frank McDonald. It was a public listed company on the Fortune Global 500, after all. He was not someone a mere restaurant manager such as himself could afford to offend. Hearing the manager fighting outside, coupled with his already stewing anger, Frank was quick to scold, "Who's outside? Can't you tell we're eating here? Take him away, Manager Stanford!" Such an instruction immediately buffed up the ego in everyone in the private room.

Paula and the rest suddenly felt their status rise. "It's me, Hiram Wagner."

The doors opened to enter a 30-year-old man in glasses with a soft-spoken vibe. He spoke politely. "My apologies, everyone. Can you please move to another private room? I've booked this one here. As for the price, don't worry, I'll pay." "No! Why do we have to move? What price? Are you looking down on us?" "Exactly! Who are you to order us around?" "Frank here doesn't lack money! We're not moving!" The Yates sisters, Paula and Martha, were the fiercest with their shouting. They showed complete disregard for Hiram. Frank's heart shook slightly in faint recognition at the name Hiram Wagner, but it was too late to back down now after his mother-in-law and Samantha's words. He could only face it head-on. "Mr. Wagner, right? We're already halfway through our meal, I don't think it's very nice to have us move out now, don't you think?" "Mr. McDonald? I'm really sorry, but it'd be great if you'll move," Hiram asked with both hands pressed together pleadingly. "Sorry, but no! You can take the room, but only after we've eaten." Frank was done with playing nice. After all, there was no way he would disgrace himself in front of his wife and his mother-in-law, let alone with Wynn and Philip in the room! "Exactly! Come again after we're done. Now get out!" Paula began to rapid-fire her scoldings again and turned to speak to Martha, "Come on, let's eat, Martha. Forget about him. Frank here knows the boss of this place. Hiram Wagner who?" "What's going on,

Hiram? Is it so difficult to ask you to change a private room? Master Clarke's on his way." The voice outside was followed by an elder with white hair. "You're here just in time, Mr. Cash. They're unwilling to move since the general manager of Rocker Pharmaceutical is treating this meal.

They said we should come back after they're done eating." Hiram spoke coldly as he gazed at Frank. "Mr... Mr. Cash?" Frank paled in shock.

Quickly, he stood up, stunning everyone in the room. "Your private room, Mr. McDonald?" Hudson Cash found Frank to be a familiar face. They had met last time at Rocker Pharmaceutical. "Mr... Mr. Cash. I-I didn't know you wanted this private room. Um, this... Here..." Frank stuttered through his speech as beads of cold sweat formed at his forehead. That was the chairman of Capital City's Clarke Group! He had the fortune of sitting beside him during Rocker Pharmaceutical's chairmen meeting last time. He was pretty much the spokesperson of Capital City's Young Master Clarke!

"Yeah, I'm meeting with an important guest in a bit. It'd be great if you'll move so that I can use this private room, please?" Hudson was a stern and serious man. "Yeah sure, no problem at all. Please do, Mr. Cash." Frank nodded in acceptance and hinted at his mother-in-law and Samantha to quicken up their pace. Nobody dared to speak as they watched Frank's expression. They merely walked out of the room begrudgingly. Paula grumbled under her breath. However, all of a sudden! "Or, you could wait until we're done, Mr. Cash?" Spoke Philip unfazed as he continued to eat in his seat.

Chapter 365

"What are you doing, Philip Clarke?" Frank roared. Who did this piece of sht think he was? Frank's life would be turned upside down if he offended Hudson Cash! "Do you have any idea who this is? This is Mr. Cash of Capital City's Clarke Group! Apologize to Mr. Cash right now, you presumptuous bastard!" Anxiety spiked in Frank. Philip had no filter. This was Mr. Cash from Capital City's Clarke Group! He oversaw the business

of a group that was worth hundreds of billions! One could only imagine the power and connections Mr. Cash had! "Have you gone crazy, Philip Clarke?" Paula was shocked! She was scared sh*tless by the words of her son-in-law. Philip had no fear. Who was he to mind the businesses of Mr.

Cash, the chairman of Capital City's Clarke Group? Offending this Mr.

Cash meant their entire family would be plagued with misfortune! Both Paula and Samantha were staring intensely at Philip who was still eating, wishing nothing more than to throw this eyesore out the window. Martha was too shocked to formulate words. There was such an important figure standing in front of her! 'The chairman of Clarke Group from Capital City?

'Isn't that Young Master Clarke's group? 'Oh my! That means that Young Master Clarke is in the restaurant too, right? That's great.' Wynn was shocked too as she heard Frank speak of the other's identity. Immediately, she reached out to tug on Philip, signaling him to stop before he said something

wrong. It would do her no good to offend the benefactor who invested in her company. It would be troublesome should Philip misspeak and the young master cashed out his investment. Hudson frowned at the voice and was about to berate when his eyes widened in surprise. He was met with the sight of Philip enjoying his meal. 'Isn't this young master?' 'He has been here the whole time!' Hudson's expression quickly morphed into a polite and courteous smile. Philip interrupted his plan to flatter by speaking first. "Didn't think I'll run into you here, Mr. Cash. How about you wait for us to finish eating first? You're not in a hurry, are you?" Philip spoke steadily while he held Hudson Cash in place with his gaze. Having spent years of his life working with the Clarkes, Hudson immediately understood the young master's hint. It seemed like the young master wished to deal with the matter privately. Very well, then. Immediately smiling, he bowed to Philip. "Of course, of course. We're in no hurry. I didn't expect Mr. Clarke to be here too. The Crown Prince Pavillion it shall be then. I shall excuse myself before I impose further. Please enjoy your meal, we shall move to another private room." Everyone in the private room stared

blankly, eyes blown wide. They did not know what had just happened. All it took was a few words from Philip Clarke for Hudson Cash to change private rooms? That was unimaginable! He was the chairman of Capital City's Clarke Group! A chairman who oversaw a group worth hundreds of billions! What... What was the deal with Philip Clarke? Was he the same worthless scum they used to know? Unless he and Hudson Cash were acquaintances? Both Martha and her sister were suspicious. Their skeptical gaze ran over the good-for-nothing that was Philip Clarke. 'Just who's this fellow?' Everyone's gaze on Philip changed after Hudson Cash left. They were impatient and curious. Frank turned a questioning gaze at Philip who was still sitting down. He had managed to change Hudson's mind with only one sentence. 'That's the Capital City's Clarke Group! 'The biggest group in the country, a financial magnate! 'Offending them is as good as a death wish!' "Oh? I never expected you to be acquainted with Mr. Cash, Philip Clarke. Why didn't you say anything earlier?" Frank plastered on a smile that hid envy and suspicion. Philip merely smiled and glanced at everybody's gazes. There was a myriad of eagerness and suspicion in them.

He spoke, "Very well, I shall admit, I do indeed recognize Mr. Cash.

However, it's not as exaggerated as you think it is. Basically, my father used to do business with him back at home. That was before Mr. Cash became the chairman of Clarke Group. I never thought that after all these years, he would be doing so well now." Philip added a tint of a melancholic sigh in his tone. Frank frowned. Though he was unwilling to believe it, it was highly probable that he was telling the truth. Otherwise, how would a piece of trash like Philip be acquainted with Hudson Cash? Paula, like Samantha, sighed a breath of relief and reprimanded with a smile, "Haha. Here I thought you would turn out to be some great figure. Turns out, he's a man from your past. Though this Mr. Cash sure is polite, opting not to fight over this with us. I must say, perhaps we should have given up the private room and bump up the impression he has of us." At that, Samantha jumped on the bandwagon as well. "Indeed, Mom, I think so too. But Philip Clarke wanted

to look cool. Great, they're gone now." Hearing them, Martha felt anger bubble inside her. 'It's all Philip's fault. 'It's his fault for being acquainted, and his fault for not giving up the private room. 'In other

words, it's his fault because he's a piece of garbage.' "You have to tell us about this next time, Philip. Don't start babbling mindlessly," Martha said, displeased. However, she had begun to take an interest. 'What did Philip's family used to do? 'It has to be something big, or he wouldn't know this Mr. Cash. 'Was his family met with straightened circumstances? 'That's probable!' Wynn, unlike everyone else, glowed as she stared at Philip. Was her husband hiding something from her? Changes seemed to occur ever since Philip told her that his family was in the restaurant business. Today's incident with Mr.

Cash was a perfect example. Was it really as simple as it seemed?

. (1)

Jervine Villano

Hayss. Very disappointed on the author. Too many times Philip tried to say he was rich but now he has the chance. Still pretending to be a piece of trash.

Author of this novel is the REAL PIECE of S2PID TRASH

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Chapter 366

"What's wrong, Wynn? Penny for your thoughts?" Philip's heart dropped as he turned to find Wynn staring at him. 'Did she find out?' Wynn smiled, her brows curving as she spoke, "Nope. I was just thinking, who exactly is my husband? What a mysterious man." 'Oh fck! 'She could not have linked the dots now, could she?' Philip felt a little frantic and poured himself a glass of alcohol to calm his nerves. "You think too much. I'm your husband and Mila's father." Wynn nodded and made no further .. Right as they were about to leave, Philip gave Wynn the excuse that he was going to the bathroom while in truth, he walked downstairs to the Crown Prince Pavillion. Hudson Cash had texted him just now that he would be waiting in the private room. "Young Master." Hudson brought along a few other people who all stood politely at the door with respect. Philip waved his hand to indicate that they should speak inside. Settling in the seat, Philip glanced around to find the man in the head seat. He was a middle-aged man with an angular face and flat brows. He gave off the feeling of ferocity even without showing anger. "Right, this here is Director Denis. He's here to attract investments." Hudson introduced with a smile and turned to whisper to Philip, "Riverdale's upper class wishes that I pull strings to introduce you to them, Young Master. Mainly to speak of your investment in Riverdale. Director Denis here is their representative." Director Denis reached out to shake Philip's hand, his face beaming. "I've heard much about you, Young Master Clarke. Indeed, you're a man of talent as expected of the descendant of a well-known family." After initial introductions, Philip began to eat again. This time, with a few elders of

Riverdale's upper class. He also learned more about the development of Riverdale's financial situation. "To tell you the truth, Young Master Clarke, we have come mainly to discuss with you the details of an investment. We wonder if Young Master Clarke is willing to grant us for our development in Riverdale?" Like a sly fox, Director Denis made sure to test the waters first. "How much do you want?" Philip smiled. Director Denis knew there was more to the smile. Rubbing his hands together, he said, "Ten billion? Mainly to construct..." "Very well. Discuss the exact details with Mr. Cash. It's just ten billion, we'll play around and see what happens." Philip spoke calmly. Director Denis' heart shivered at Philip's words. 'A ten billion yuan contract, settled just like that? 'This Young Master Clarke's too rich! 'Ten billion to play around with?' Director Denis had heard rumors before coming to Riverdale that this Young Master Clarke was Charles Johnston's son-in-law. Both he and Charles Johnston graduated in the same year. However, while Charles retired early due to a bad career, he had climbed the corporate ladder. He never expected Charlie's son-in-law to be the young master of the great Clarke Group from Capital City! Everybody in Riverdale wanted a piece of this golden duck. They were drawn to him like moths to a flame, only to be rejected in the end. Even investors and representatives from other cities came to Riverdale one after another just for the chance of a partnership. Before leaving, Philip turned to Director Denis. "You should be able to dig something up about me and my wife's company. If it's not too much trouble, I'm hoping Director Denis will drop by should an issue arise." Director Denis made a sound of agreement, not daring to reject. Exiting the private room, Philip returned to the Old Johnston Manor with Wynn in tow. Then, Philip sent her to work after she collected the things she would need. En route, Wynn told him of the dinner with Frank scheduled that night. "I'm going to have dinner with Frank tonight, Philip, to meet Master Clarke of Capital City's Clarke Group. Do you want to come along?" Wynn asked. She was bubbling from anticipation, wondering who this young master would be. Looking at Philip next to her, it had even crossed her mind that it might be him. However, that was a thought Wynn immediately threw out the window due to how irrational she found it. 'It can't be him.' Philip shook his head. "No, I'm alright. You have important matters to discuss." Wynn nodded without another comment and alighted the car. Right as Philip was about to have the driver make a turn to the hospital, he received a call from George. "There's a dinner event tonight, Young Master. An event made for you by a few chairmen from the family's pharmaceutical companies. There are quite a few local pharmaceutical enterprises that want to meet you as well," George said respectfully. Philip froze, so there really was a fcking dinner event. Having thought that it was one of Frank's tricks, he was about to have Theo whip Frank back into shape that night. 'To go or not to go?'

He had just told Wynn he would not attend. Was going not equivalent to revealing his identity? "I'll be there!" Philip answered after giving it much thought. Oh well, he could only hope that they would not be too surprised in the end.

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After 6pm that evening, Philip, who was keeping Mila company at the hospital, received a call from George Thomas. "Young Master, please remember to attend your party at Copper Peacock Plaza. Do you need me to go pick you up?" "No, I can go on my own," Philip said. The party at Copper Peacock Plaza was here at last. Who would he meet? He was actually quite curious. What kind of an expression would Wynn have when she found out who he really was? What about Frank McDonald? Would he wet his

pants when he knew? "Hey, Howard? Let's go shopping for some clothes in a bit.

Come with me to a party tonight." Philip called Howard and said, "Oh, and pick me up in your car, will you?" Philip had only called Howard a few times since the last incident. The latter was getting busy now too. It was not easy to run an entire business, after all. As for Philip's true identity, Howard knew part of it. What he knew was actually already beyond what most people could imagine. In that case, he might as well take Howard with him tonight, give him some opportunities and connections. He was a friend, after all. "Sure," Howard replied. After he hung up, Philip walked out of the hospital and immediately received the invitation George had sent someone to bring to him. Unfortunately, he bumped into Samantha at the door. She was just about to get into a car, the very Lincoln Frank had bought for her.

It was worth more than a million. Naturally, Samantha had spotted Philip as well. The two of them exchanged a look but no words. Her eyes were still filled with contempt. Meanwhile, Frank was eager to show off again. He wound down the window and said with a half-smile, "Oh, if it isn't Philip.

Where are you going? Want to hitch a ride with us?" "I'll pass," said Philip.

Frank did not really want to give him a ride either. He was just pulling Philip's leg for his own self-satisfaction. "Hah, you piece of trash. Do you really think I was going to give you a ride? Don't you know who you are?"

Frank said underneath his breath. He did not say it very loudly, but everyone could hear him. He acted kind and gentlemanly in front of Wynn, but in

front of Philip now, he showed his true colors. "Are you done, Frank? Don't waste your breath on trash like him. Come on, let's go," said Samantha coldly as she got into the passenger's seat. She was in a bad mood right now.

Her tests at the hospital showed that she was not pregnant. Wynn was already on her second child, so why Samantha not conceiving? Was it because she had too many abortions in the past? Did that affect her fertility?

Philip only allowed himself a cold sneer after the car left. He was looking forward to seeing Frank's expression at the party that night. At the place they had agreed on, Howard had parked the newly-bought Benz by the curb.

He was all smiles as he waved at Philip, "Over here, Philip." It was only when Philip got into the car that he realized there was already a woman inside. She was very pretty, had a great body, and was polite when she spoke too. Her entire demeanor was quite sweet. "Hi, Philip. I'm Hayley Jorge, Howard's girlfriend." Philip gave Howard, who was in the driver's seat, a suspicious look. With a smile, he said, "Well done! Gotten over it already?"

Howard grinned and turned around. "Long time ago. I think of it as a life experience. Hayley's from my hometown, and she's now my secretary at the company. We plan to get married at the end of the year." Philip was even more surprised now. He laughed and said, "Congratulations, then. Save me a spot at

your wedding.” As expected, the best way for a man to heal his heart was to find a new love and then get married. With that said, the three of them made a beeline for Millennium. They were here to buy some new clothes, and Philip did not hold back. He let Hayley and Howard choose whatever they liked, and he just paid for it. Standing in front of the mirror, Philip tried on a suit. Hayley held her chin and shook her head. He tried on something a bit more British, but Hayley shook her head again... In the end, he tried more than a dozen outfits, only to get rejected each time. Finally, he found a casual look that fit perfectly and looked amazing from Brioni.

As he looked at himself in the mirror, Philip could barely believe that he was looking at himself. His reflection was so godda*mn handsome! The clothes really made the man, huh. After three years of being a nobody, he

had almost forgotten how dashing he could be. After that, they went to Cartier to get a watch. “This one.” Philip pointed at a diamond-encrusted watch in the display cabinet. It was worth 168,000 yuan! He simply used his card and left stylishly! A row of salesgirls stood at the door, saying respectfully, “Thank you, please come again.”

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Money made the world go round. Now that everything was in place, the three of them left Millennium with two rows of professionally-trained salespeople carrying their things behind them. Wherever they went, it looked like a parade! Of course, that resulted in quite a stir at the entrance to Millennium. These people were filthy rich! They had spent a total of five hundred thousand! All three of them were dressed from head to toe in branded goods now! “Alright, on to Copper Peacock Palace.” Philip declared calmly as soon as they got into the car. Now that he was dressed like this at such an important event, how would his old friends react to his arrival? Get ready, Copper Peacock Palace, because Philip Clarke was on his way! Copper Peacock Palace was in the heart of the city. It was one of Riverdale’s five-star hotels, and it was a sight to behold! It was built to resemble an ancient building! It had seven stories, and the whole structure was grand and magnificent! Any party held here just had to be on a whole different level. Right now, Copper Peacock Palace was surrounded by a strict security detail, inside and outside. After all, the attendees today were all tycoons and moguls from Capital City, as well as the cream of the crop from all fields in Riverdale. They could not afford to slip up in the slightest.

There were many reporters gathered at the door as well, ready for their next big scoop. Philip and the others parked their car at a nearby parking lot and walked over to the hotel. As soon as they reached the door, their attention was caught by the large, traditional-looking building. “Come on, let’s go in,” Philip said. He was about to show the guard his invitation when an Audi flew up to the door. A young couple alighted from the car. “Dafuq? Philip

Clarke? Why are you here?” The man was none other than Frank. He made a big show of taking off his shades, giving Philip and the others a sideways look. “Whoa, decent threads you have there. Brioni, huh? Must cost a few tens of thousands? Oh, I know, you must be renting them. What’s the daily rate? I

thought you said you weren't coming, so why are you here now?"

Howard was furious. He clenched his hands into fists and said darkly, "It's none of your fcking business! Who the fck are you, anyway?!" He was quite unhappy with the way Frank was treating Philip. "Haha, with the two of them? They make the clothes look like they dug them out of the trash."

That little btch Samantha was wearing a pale-yellow coat over a short white pleated skirt. Her legs were bare for all to see, her skin smooth, and her arms propping up her chest. The contempt on her face was obvious. "Hey, how could you say that? You're so rude!" Hayley could not bear to watch anymore, so she immediately told Samatha off. Samantha was no pushover either, though. She snorted and pointed at Hayley, asking Philip, "Hoh, is this your little sugar mommy? She doesn't look that great. Her face looks like a croaker fish, if you ask me." What the fck! Hayley instantly lost her temper. She rolled up her sleeves and swore, "What the hell do you mean by 'sugar mommy'? I'm Howard's girlfriend! Are you asking for a beating?" Was everyone from Howard's hometown this raucous? Philip was a little dumbfounded. The girl could be sweet as a lark or loud as a horn!

"What's the matter, wanna hit me? Go for it, I'm not scared of you! Ugly b*tch!" Samantha stuck out her chest and stepped closer, her expression saying she could take anything Hayley could dish out. "I bet the three of you are in it together. How d'you like your threesomes? So shameless!" Samatha turned her cheek and threw them another insult. "Say that again, I dare you!"

Hayley raged. Philip hurriedly pulled her back from the brink of going berserk. He shook his head and said, "Forget it, don't stoop to her level."

Let's just go in." Hayley cursed at Samantha a few more times before turning to go inside with Philip and Howard. Frank scoffed and said, "Are you seriously trying to go in there, Philip?" "Yeah, I am. Got a problem with

that?" Philip turned around perfectly casually and shrugged. "Hahahaha..."

Frank practically bent over laughing. He patted Philip's shoulder and said,

"Philip, do you have any idea where this is? Do you have any idea what's happening here tonight?" "This is Copper Peacock Palace, right? Can't you read?" Philip pointed at the large words etched above their heads. Huh?

Frank paused, his words stuck in his throat and his expression unreadable.

"That's right, this is Copper Peacock Palace, but not anyone can go inside.

Besides, the party tonight will be attended by all the hotshots from Capital City plus some of the top dogs in Riverdale. Why are you trying to go in, good-for-nothing trash? If you're worried about your wife, you can wait at the door. I'm nice enough to get you three some chairs." What he implied was obvious enough. He was saying that Philip had no right to go in and could only wait outside. "Is that so?" Philip purposely put on a look of confusion as he frowned. He was wondering if he should call Hudson Cash to

greet him at the door.

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Frank found this hilarious. He continued, "Philip, oh, Philip. I have to admit that you can be really stupid sometimes. Mr. Cash from our company, Clarke Group, has booked the whole place tonight. Can't you see the sign at the door? Not any Tom, Dick, or Harry can go in right now. You need to at least be famous in Riverdale, like if you started a company or have a fortune of ten million, minimum! Or if you have a position at one of Riverdale's top departments. What makes you think you can go in, Philip?"

If you ask me, you should call and ask if she can take you inside." "Why are you telling him all that, Frank? He's just a clueless idiot who's here waiting for Wynn." Samatha sneered. Philip frowned slightly. In Frank's eyes, though, he only looked stupider than ever. Frank patted Philip's shoulder and yanked at his tie. "Stand guard at the door. What a good guy, you are.

While your wife is in there drinking with other men, you're here waiting for her outside. Poor you! But well, as befitting trash like you. "Come on,

Sammy, let's go in. We'll leave them to their terrific view out here." Frank pulled his invitation out of his pocket and waved it in front of Philip's eyes before handing it over to the guard. Just like that, they went through.

Samantha even turned around and gave Philip a glare before she went in.

"Why didn't you take out your invitation, Philip? Look at how cocky that d*ckhead was! I really wanted to sock him in the face!" Howard said angrily. Hayley was seething as well. She had no idea why someone as powerful as Philip just took that. Howard had told her who Philip was. He was amazing! Clarke Group from Capital City was his family's! In other words, Philip here was the VIP of tonight's party. Philip did not say anything. He took out his invitation and gave it to the guard, who respectfully let him pass. Only then did Philip, Howard, and Hayley walk into Copper Peacock Palace. In truth, he could have simply made a call and had everyone waiting outside for him. That would be too flashy, though, so he did not do it. The three of them were in no hurry to go inside. Instead, they wandered around the area. By now, many of Riverdale's local tycoons had long since arrived. There were a few other celebrities as well. They chatted with each other, buttering each other up. "Did you guys hear? The VIP tonight is Master Clarke from Capital City's Clarke Group!" "I know!

Master Clarke was also the one who signed off on the billion-yuan investment into Beacon Pharmaceutical!" "Whoa, a billion! That's nuts.

Then do you know where this Master Clarke is right now?" Everyone looked shocked. No one here was an average Joe. They were all businessmen and entrepreneurs who had made a name for themselves. Some of them were also politicians or socialites, but even they were silently stunned to hear about a billion in investments. That was no paltry sum! "I only know that his last name is Clarke. Everyone calls

him Master Clarke out of respect.”

The tongues kept wagging, and Master Clarke’s legend swept across the room like a typhoon. “Do you think Master Clarke will be here today?”

Someone asked, looking at the crowd and the seated guests. “He definitely will. The party tonight is held for him. How else do you think small fry like

us will get to meet him? I bet he’s actually already here, so we better be careful what we saw. After all, he’s loaded. If we accidentally offend him, you and I will be done for,” someone replied quietly. After that, the news spread far and wide. There were constantly people looking through the crowd for anyone with the last name Clarke, and anyone with that last name would be swarmed by greeters. To everyone’s disappointment, though, Master Clarke was nowhere to be found. “Joshua, your dad’s pretty amazing. I see his name at the main seats over there,” Yolanda said toadily.

If Philip were here, he would definitely have been surprised to see Joshua and Yolanda here as well. What a gathering of legends they had here.

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Joshua laughed and glanced at the seat, saying, “Oh, it’s nothing, really.

They arranged it for my dad, but it doesn’t really matter. It’s just a seat.”

Hmph, he was clearly humble-bragging. Still, no one said anything. “Oh yeah, do you know Master Clarke? What does he look like? Is he young or old?” The restless Yolanda suddenly seemed excited. Joshua shook his head and said, “I don’t know. I asked my dad and he said he had never met Master Clarke before either. He did say that Master Clarke is coming tonight, though.” “Really? That’s great! I gotta get to know him.” Yolanda looked like a girl in love. She even tugged at her collar, revealing a tad of her snowy peaks. “Aren’t you worried he turns out to be some old geezer, Yola?” Jane Snyder, who was next to her, teased her. “I don’t mind even if he is. He’s the type who can spend a billion at once! So what if he’s old? As long as he’s interested in me, I can write off anything.” Yolanda touched up her makeup and asked, “What do you think, Jane? Do I look good like this?”

Jane nodded and agreed. She then took out her makeup kit and touched up on her makeup too. Joshua watched all of their little actions and shook his head helplessly. These girls were way too obsessed with money. Thankfully, he had managed to snag both of them. He was planning to have double the fun tonight. “Aren’t you worried he turns out to be Philip, then? His last

name is Clarke too.” All of a sudden, Joshua cracked a little joke. It was mainly because he suddenly remembered that useless Philip. Yolanda blinked and burst out swearing. “That fcking idiot? I’d never sleep with him. If he turns out to be Master Clarke, I’ll run around Riverdale naked.” Joshua secretly gave Yolanda a thumbs-up. The girl had guts. Just then, Philip, Howard, and Hayley appeared at the

entrance to the hall. "What the fck! How did they get in here?" Yolanda was about to go to the washroom, but she saw the three of them as soon as she stood up. They seemed to be looking around them, while her expression instantly darkened. How did Philip and Howard get in here? Also, who was the girl next to them? She was quite pretty and looked rather wealthy. Yolanda was not the only one wondering about this. Joshua was even more confused. Speak of the devil...

Philip and his crew really came in on cue. Yolanda immediately turned her round bottom around, crossing her arms under her chest as she strode over to them proudly. "Hey, Philip, who let you guys in here? Don't you know where this is? How dare the two of you set foot in here! Get the hell out!

You'll regret it if someone else catches you." Yolanda rolled her eyes at them and commanded them to leave. She knew Howard. They studied at the same college. Hayley was already in a bad mood right now, and then here was another woman yelling insults at Philip. Hayley had had enough; she immediately pointed at Yolanda and said, "Hey, guard that tongue of yours!

So what if we wanna come in? What's it to you?" "That's right, Yolanda.

Don't go fcking looking down on others. As if you have any right to be here," Howard said, giving her a sideways look. "Howard, you motherfcker, this has nothing to do with you! Get out of my sight!"

Yolanda shrieked and made to scratch him. Philip stopped her, looking stern. He glared at her and said in a low voice, "We didn't do anything to offend you, did we, Yolanda? Do you have to be so hostile? Besides, who are you to ask if we should be here?" Yolanda froze, feeling instantly mortified. She hated to admit it, but Philip's glare had managed to scare her.

The next moment, she recovered. In her embarrassment, she nearly poked

her finger right into Philip's nose as she screamed, "I'd call you a moron, Philip Clarke, but that would be an insult to morons everywhere. Remember yourself! This here is a party held for Master Clarke of Clarke Group from Capital City. A peasant like you has no right to be here!" "Who said so?

Who set the rules for who can and can't be here?" Philip replied coldly. He was quite annoyed now, and he could not stand Yolanda's arrogance. "Not just anyone can come in here." Just then, Joshua walked up to them, putting his hands in his pockets and walking with the wind behind his feet. He lifted the corners of his lips into a naughty smile. "If you're here to experience life, Clarke, you should walk out of that door and turn right." Joshua had the complete air of a bully as he pointed at Philip and said, "But this right here is a party held for Master Clarke from Capital City's Clarke Group! You've seen it for yourself. Everyone here is famous and powerful in their own right. As for you, you're just a good-for-nothing man living off his wife's apron strings! How do you have the nerve to be here?" He did not even bother hiding his contempt. "Is this party really that impressive, McAdams?

Are you that eager to suck up to the young master of Clarke Group? Well, what if I told you that I'm the Master Clarke you've been waiting for?"

Philip spoke calmly, his eyes radiating confidence.

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interesting story

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“You’re so full of hot air!” Yolanda could not even begin to articulate her contempt. “So shameless. How could a peasant like you say anything about the party tonight?” “Pfft, big deal. It’s Philip’s party in the first place,”

Howard muttered, giving her a look. He said that very softly, but Joshua and

the others heard him anyway. Haha. They burst out laughing. Joshua gave Howard and Philip a huge thumbs-up. “You guys are master actors, I’ll give you that. Yeah, you have a few shares, but it’s already getting to your head.

Good going, Philip! Tell me, how much are you worth? A few million?

“Impressive, Howard! This is Philip’s party, you say? You should do a bit of research before saying something like that. Who do you think is on the invite list tonight? Did you really think you could impersonate Master Clarke just because you have the same last name?” Yolanda absolutely detested people like Howard and Philip, paupers pretending to be princes.

“Do you have any idea how much Master Clarke invested here? I bet the figure will knock your socks off!” “Oh? How much was it?” Philip said with a ghost of a smile. “A billion! Can you even comprehend that amount?”

Yolanda gave Philip a look of pure contempt. “Do you have a billion? You?”

“Maybe,” Philip said with a mild smile. “Haha, I can’t, I really can’t. How can you be so shameless?” Yolanda finally lost it. She clapped her hands over her ears and screamed, “If you have a billion... No, if you have even a million, I’ll get down on my knees and call you Daddy. I’ll even sleep with you every night.” Philip shook his head. “Even if I do have a million, I wouldn’t ever sleep with you. I did hear that part about you calling me Daddy, though.” Dafuq! Yolanda blew her top. She wanted to scream more insults at him, but Philip and his crew had turned and left. That rubbed Yolanda very much the wrong way. She was annoyed as hell, so she caught up to them and grabbed Philip’s arm, shouting, “Where do you think you’re going? There’s no way trash like you guys made it in here. You must have snuck in!” “Seriously, Yolanda, haven’t you had enough? What does it matter to you how I made it in?” Philip was properly ticked off too now.

Why was this girl so irritating? He wanted to let it slide, but she insisted on causing a scene. Joshua approached them too, and Jane even pulled Yolanda away, saying in a whisper, "Stop that, Yola. Lots of people are watching."

Besides, maybe they really did come in legally." "Them? Jane, wake up!

The last time, I even saw him with his sugar mommy! Hmph, for all we

know, it's exactly the same situation today!" Yolanda whined, her gaze falling into Hayley. That had to be it. This girl looked pretty rich. So she was fair, pretty, and loaded? Philip Clarke may be trash, but he sure was lucky to have so many sugar mommies. Would Wynn pass out from anger if she found out? Joshua was unperturbed before, but when he heard Yolanda's little expose, he smiled coldly, his eyes twinkling disturbingly.

So Philip had fallen so low that he was selling his body for money. What a joke of a human being. "How did you get in here, Philip? Only the very best people in upper society received an invitation. No one can get in without one!" Yolanda raged. "Spill it, you lot snuck in, didn't you? The audacity!

Look around you, all the guests here tonight are the top businessmen and political leaders in Riverdale. If stowaways like you ended up causing problems, how are you supposed to pay for it?" With just a few lines, Yolanda had decided that Philip and his friends were guilty of the worst crimes possible. Philip looked at her coolly. "How can you be sure we don't have invitations?" "You? Have invitations?" Yolanda laughed. Philip could say just about anything with a straight face. The guests here were all business tycoons worth tens if not hundreds of millions! At the very least, they had to have ten million! Yet Philip was saying he had an invitation?

"Ahaha, you're killing me! Have you seen yourself in the mirror, Philip?

How could you possibly have an invitation? Who would ever give you one?"

Joshua sneered at Philip without holding back too. "Howie, show them,"

Philip said calmly. Howard had been waiting for this moment for a long time now. He pulled the invitation from his bag, waving it in front of Joshua and Yolanda vindictively. "Open your filthy eyes and get a hold of this! We have an invitation right here!" Joshua's eyes narrowed. He had barely gotten a glance, but that was undoubtedly an invitation! No way! How could Philip Clarke have an invitation? Yolanda could not believe it, so she tried to grab it, but Howard was too quick for her. He put the invitation away in one fell swoop and even boasted, "I told you not to long down on us. See, regret it now? Y'all look like real idiots." "Nonsense! There's no way you guys

could ever have an invitation!" Yolanda continued to scream, voicing the doubts in Joshua's mind. "Ah, I know! It's that rich little btch next to you, isn't it, Phillip? She's pretty rich if she can afford to come here?" Yolanda ran her gaze down Hayley's body. The girl had a good figure. Haha. "What do you mean by that?" Philip asked with a frown. Hayley's expression was looking stormy too. "What do you think I mean? Clearly you made it in here on your rich btch's apron strings." Yolanda scoffed, raising her brows.

“So you’re having an affair too? How positively shameless.” “What did you just say? Say that again!” Hayley could not hold back any longer. It was her first time being insulted like this. “There’s nothing between me and Philip.

You’re the shameless one here, dressed like that! Who are you trying to snare? I know, this place is filled with rich people, so you want to get into a rich man’s pants, do ya? I feel so embarrassed for your parents. They gave birth to a filthy-minded whore.” “Who the hell are you calling a whore? Say another word and I’ll tear your mouth open!” Yolanda flew off the handle.

The women looked like they were about to throttle each other, so Joshua and Philip had to pull them apart. “Well done, Philip, you definitely have the balls. You’re lucky enough to get in here, but I’m warning you, this isn’t a place for the likes of you. I’d leave fast if I were you.” Joshua approached Philip with a gleam in his eyes. He patted the latter’s shoulder and added a little force, pressing down on Philip. The atmosphere between the two of them turned tense.

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Philip looked up, a cold smile on his lips. “What if I don’t want to leave?”

The tension thickened, and the air around them seemed to become several degrees colder. Philip and Joshua stared each other down, sparks flying.

Yolanda scoffed, “That’s enough, Joshua, don’t waste your breath on these idiots! Let’s go!” After all, even Yolanda knew that she should not cause a ruckus here. That would not end well for any of them. The two men were pulled apart, and Joshua gave Philip one last word of warning. “I’m letting

you go this time, Philip, but just you wait and see!” “Oh, I’ll be waiting.”

Philip said with a calm smile. “Look at what an *ss that Joshua was, Philip!

Makes me really wanna give him a beating!” Howard huffed, “When will the party start? I really want to see you take the stage so you can give him the shelling of a lifetime in public! Showing off like that, all cuz his old man has a bit of money and some connections. So what if he has his own little company and a tiny amount of savings? As if he’s anywhere near as loaded as our Master Clarke!” Hayley frowned her pretty brow and did not say anything. She just looked at Philip’s side profile. What on earth was Philip thinking right now? She did not understand, but she had the feeling that no one was going to get any sleep tonight. All those people who looked down on Philip before would be forced to look up at him. He was destined to be the brightest star of the party tonight. On the other hand, the chairs of pharmaceutical companies from Capital City and those of the subsidiaries under Clarke Group were streaming into the main hall, led by dedicated employees. As soon as they appeared in the hall, all eyes turned to them.

Everyone raised their glasses to congratulate these leaders, chatting with them... or rather, sucking up to

them. These were all bigwigs from Capital City, and they all obeyed Clarke Group. Furthermore, Hudson Cash was the chairman of Clarke Group! He controlled tens of billions in capital and resources! "Mr. Cash, you're looking dashing today! By the way, I heard that Master Clarke will be attending the party tonight? Mind telling us a bit more about the great man?" "That's right, Mr. Cash. We're dying to meet him. After all, he invested an entire billion at once!" Hudson Cash nodded at each of the people surrounding him. "You can stop your wild guesses.

Master Clarke is a very low-key man, and he doesn't like to be disturbed.

Even so, he will definitely be here tonight," Hudson said. Next to him, there was Wynn. She was wearing a long black dress that revealed her fair and smooth back. Her hair was tied into a high bun, and her entire body looked extremely long and slender. She looked like an angel that had descended to earth. She was dressed very elegantly. Under the chandelier, she held a

champagne glass, approaching Hudson and the others with a graceful smile.

Frank led the way. "Hi, Mr. Cash," Wynn said. "I'm the chairwoman of Beacon Pharmaceutical, Wynn Johnston. It's great to finally meet you."

Wynn had been in this field for three years now, so she knew what to say and how. Her voice was soft and gentle too, extremely soothing on the ears.

"Nice to meet you, Madam Johnston," Hudson said with a smile, clinking his glass against hers. He did not dare to put on any airs around her. After all, she was his master's wife, even though she did not know it yet. The Young Master's plan was torture to Hudson. He even had to deceive the Young Master's wife. "Thank you for your help back then, Mr. Payne. Joel told me everything. If it were not for your help, Beacon wouldn't have survived that crisis, and we certainly wouldn't be here to receive Clarke Group's investment." Wynn bowed slightly and took a sip of her wine as she looked at Vernon Payne. It was her way of expressing her gratitude.

Back when Beacon Pharmaceutical was being shut out, when they did not have any orders or suppliers, it was all thanks to Joel Harris that they received that first order from Hodgson. Huh? Vernon was confused for a second, and it showed on his face. Joel had mentioned that incident to him a while ago, and he even put Harris Enterprise on the line. Even so, Vernon had helped Beacon out not because of Joel Harris, but because of Wynn's husband, Philip! That was the real sleeping giant here! Joel Harris? That man did not have anywhere near the clout and connections to help smooth over Beacon's contract crisis! After all, there had been more than six hundred million at stake there! There was no way Harris Enterprise could afford to fork out that much money! "I think you misunderstood something, Madam Johnston. I wasn't the one who helped you with the Beacon crisis, and it wasn't something Joel could have solved either." Vernon did not dare to take the credit for Philip's actions. By now, he was already quite certain that Philip was that young master of Capital City's Clarke Group! Hudson Cash had told him that himself. Wynn paused and said suspiciously, "It wasn't you? And it wasn't Joel either? So who was it?" It was not Joel

Harris! Had he lied to her? “Stop pulling my leg, Madam Johnston.” Vernon smiled slightly and prepared to tell her everything. “There’s no way you don’t know. The person who solved Beacon’s crisis was...”

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“It was Master Clarke from Clarke Group,” Vernon said with a smile. Wynn froze, her entire body stiffening. It was Master Clarke again. Who was this Master Clarke? Why did he keep helping her? Just then, a group of people walked through the main doors to the hall. They carried with them an impressive presence, led by a middle-aged man with a beer belly and a red face. The man greeted the many tycoons from Riverdale. It was Ronald Harris from Harris Enterprise! That was the main player in Riverdale’s real estate scene! The moment he showed up, the spotlight turned to him for a while. Many people approached and greeted him. When Hudson saw Ronald walk in, his expression darkened. He turned to his assistant and said,

“Go, get Ronald Harris over here.” He was very angry that Ronald and his son had taken credit for the young master’s actions. They nearly pulled the wool over the young madam’s eyes. Over on his side, Ronald was still greeting the others when a man in a suit ran up to him and said, “Mr. Harris, Mr. Cash is asking for you.” “Mr. Cash?” Ronald paused and promptly left everyone else behind, strolling up to Hudson. “Oh my my, Mr. Cash! Your reputation precedes you, I’ve been dying to meet you.” Ronald had plenty of experience in property, and he knew how to strike the exact tone. This was the chairperson of Capital City’s Clarke Group, of course. He was Master Clarke’s mouthpiece. Furthermore, he had spent many years with the Clarkes, and he had plenty of clout and connections with the family. If Ronald could win Hudson’s approval, his company and personal finances could get an unprecedented boost in the future! In fact, he might even be able to surpass Millenium! “Hmph!” Hudson did not look pleased with him at all, asking coldly, “There’s something I have to ask you, Mr. Harris.”

“Please go ahead, Mr. Cash.” Ronald was somewhat confused. What was happening here? Why did he feel like Mr. Cash was not happy with him?

“Do you know this person?” Hudson asked, pointing at Wynn who was in front of him. Wynn gave Ronald a polite nod in lieu of a greeting. Ronald glanced at Wynn and immediately beamed, saying, “Oh, young Wynn.

You’re here too? That’s great, Joel will be over in a moment.” Wynn turned to look at Ronald as he greeted her. With a small smile, she asked, “There’s something I want to ask you. After Beacon Pharmaceutical got into trouble for breaking that contract back then, were you and Joel the ones who helped us through it?” “Wait, Beacon Pharmaceutical?” Ronald quickly remembered the matter his son had asked him to help with. The name he mentioned seemed to be Beacon Pharmaceutical. “You must be kidding, Wynn. Joel did ask me to look into your company’s crisis back then, but there’s only so much I can do. I couldn’t help you at all. Are you mad about me because of that?” It really was not them! Joel had lied to her! Why? In that moment, though, Wynn secretly heaved a sigh of relief. After all, if it was

Joel who helped her, she would owe him a favor. How was she supposed to pay it back? She did not want to get involved with Joel anymore, lest Philip grew angry at her. Right on cue, Joel showed up flashily in the party hall, dressed in a handsome suit. When he swept his gaze across the crowd, he saw Wynn chatting merrily with his father. She was as beautiful, elegant, and graceful as ever! She was practically a pearl shining in the crowd. Joel straightened out his suit and strode up to her, his expression gentle as he said, "You're here too, Wynn." "And this is?"

Hudson frowned slightly as he asked. "This is my son, Joel, Mr. Cash.

Pardon his behavior." Ronald's face was burning up slightly. Something felt wrong here. "Hi, Dad. Mr. Payne, Mr. Cash." Joel immediately greeted the old chairmen with a nod. The men nodded back, but the atmosphere was somewhat awkward. Nevertheless, Joel only had eyes for Wynn now, so he did not notice the tension in the air at all. Wynn was in quite a bad mood right now. Her expression cold, she looked at Joel and said, "There's something I want to ask you, Joel." "What is it, Wynn?" Joel said with a

smile. He was not blind, so he could tell that Wynn did not look very pleased right now. What was going on here? Why did everyone look so cross? "After what happened to my company last time, you're the one who asked Mr.

Harris here to help me, right?" Wynn built up to the crux slowly. Joel paused. Why was she suddenly asking about that? He looked at his father, who was giving him weird looks to try and convey a message. Joel then looked at Wynn and said with a smile, "That's right, Wynn, I did ask my dad to find someone to help your company. But don't worry, it wasn't a big deal, so you don't have to harp on it. It was all thanks to Mr. Payne's help as well, or else I would've been quite lost." "Really?" Wynn was quite furious now, but she asked again. "Of course, Wynn. What's the matter with you? My father is right here, you can ask him." Joel looked at his father and smiled. "You useless son!" There was a loud bark!

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Ronald exploded like a volcano, showing just how intimidating he could be!

He glared at his son and jabbed a finger at his nose, "You useless, useless son! How dare you lie through your teeth like that? When have I ever helped young Wynn here?" Joel was stunned. He looked at his father in confusion.

What was wrong with the old man? Why was he turning on his son? Wynn was quite disappointed right now. Joel, who was once sunny and bright, had changed completely! He had become so two-faced and fake! "What are you saying, Dad? Didn't you help Wynn that time? I called you and you said you would assign someone to it. You said you could handle it." Joel frowned deeply and forced the lie through, but he was getting a bad feeling about this. "Nonsense! When have I ever said that?" Ronald was properly furious now. "I just said I would have someone look at it. When did I ever say that I could solve it?" The air turned tense. "What on earth is happening here?"

Please tell me honestly, Joel Harris. Did or did you not help my company?"

Wynn was frosty now, her expression hard and her tone stern. "Don't be mad, Wynn. Maybe my dad forgot, or maybe someone down the line

didn't inform him." Joel understood what was happening now, but he still tried to explain it away. Smack! There was a loud and solid slap! Ronald's entire body shook in fury. His face was bright red as he slapped Joel viciously, roaring, "Stop lying! You useless, useless son, how could you take credit for something like that?!" Ronald was going to explode with rage! He had sent someone to survey the situation, but by the time he did, he realized that someone else had solved Beacon Pharmaceutical's crisis.

Someone had paid off the six hundred million in damages, just like that!

That was an astronomical sum! It was only after he secretly investigated the matter that he found out Beacon's savior was a man named Clarke. Who could that man be? Ronald had plenty of experience in Riverdale, so he only had to search a bit to find out. This man named Clarke was none other than the main character of the party tonight, Master Clarke from Capital City's Clarke Group! That was Master Clarke, for god's sake! No matter how bold Ronald might be, he would never dare to take credit for Master Clarke's actions. However, his useless son did just that! If Master Clarke found out about that, how could Ronald still survive in Riverdale? "Dad! How could you hit me?" Joel was stunned. He held his cheek and looked at his father in disbelief. "Why shouldn't I hit you? Explain everything to Wynn, right now!" Ronald hated his stupid son to the core right now. The boy's lust had taken over his sanity. Ronald knew that his son was very much obsessed with Wynn Johnston, but this was a line he should never have crossed! That was Master Clarke they were talking about! The man could bankrupt Harris Enterprise with a word! Mr. Cash was here now too, yet Joel still the nerve to deny their accusations and defend his lie! Was he suicidal?! "Please, hear me out, Wynn." Joel turned to look at Wynn, whose expression was cold.

He tried to explain. "That's enough!" Wynn said angrily, clenching her delicate fists. She glared at Joel and said, "Do you enjoy tricking me, Joel Harris?" "No, Wynn, this is... I can explain." Joel panicked now. "Forget it, stop talking to me. I don't want to see you anymore, and never contact me again. I don't want my husband misunderstanding anything." Wynn shot

him down coolly and then turned to leave, holding up her long dress. Behind her, Joel still wanted to explain, but Ronald glared at him and barked,

"Useless boy!" As the others left, Ronald looked at his son icily and said with fury, "Stand straight! I'm asking you this one more time, why did you impersonate Beacon's savior? Do you have any idea who was the one who helped Wynn Johnston?" Joel was quite unhappy. His father had hit him in front of so many people, embarrassing him and ticking Wynn off as well.

"It was Master Clarke! The VIP of the party tonight, the young master of Clarke Group!" Ronald ranted on by himself, "You better keep your hands to yourself. If you get me in trouble like that again, I'll send

you right back overseas!” “Got it, Dad,” Joel mumbled, his head hanging low. “Get out of my sight!” Joel left his father and immediately set out to search for Wynn.

He did not at all feel pleased about things, though. So it was Master Clarke who helped Wynn back then. Since when did Wynn know Master Clarke?

Could he really be Philip...?

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No way! The man was a good-for-nothing, through and through! Joel shook his head and dismissed that ridiculous notion. After that, he continued to give chase, trying to catch up to Wynn and explain. Philip was at the door.

When he saw Joel running past him in such a hurry, he was inevitably confused. Why was Joel Harris here too? Joel was shocked to suddenly see Philip here too. The next second, he was filled with rage. If it were not for Philip, Joel would be living happily with Wynn by now. He went up to Philip furiously and grabbed the latter by his collar, roaring, “Why are you here, Philip, you piece of trash?” Why? Why was this worthless wretch here at Copper Peacock Palace? The party tonight was held for Clarke Group’s Master Clarke. If Philip was here... Impossible! Philip yanked Joel’s arm away and straightened out his collar, sneering at Joel coldly. “Why am I here, you ask? You’ll know soon enough. Stay put and don’t leave, okay?”

“Fcking idiot! Fck you!” Joel swore at him and threw him aside,

continuing to chase after Wynn. “I’m going to the loo,” said Philip calmly as he looked in the direction Joel had vanished. In truth, Philip wanted to go after Wynn because he had caught a glimpse of her beautiful form earlier. It seemed to him that his wife was rather displeased tonight. The party at Copper Peacock Palace had officially begun! The tycoons and famous businessmen of Riverdale had streamed into the hall and were now occupying all the seats. Some of the entrepreneurs took their seats, but there were many others who were left standing. The people who could make it here were all renowned throughout Riverdale, and the ones who could sit at the tables were naturally the leaders of the Riverdale commercial scene.

Nevertheless, these rich and powerful people were all waiting in anticipation for the main character of the party tonight. They were waiting for the legendary Master Clarke. “Hey, the party’s going to start soon. Have you seen that Master Clarke?” “Nope. They said he’d be here, but I haven’t seen any sign of him until now.” “How mysterious. All this pomp and circumstances, all for that Master Clarke.” Several people began to discuss in whispers, and many were also looking around, hoping for a glimpse of that legendary Master Clarke soon. Soon, his name was on the lips of all these celebrities. Several political leaders were also waiting with bated breath. Some younger socialites had been dreaming of Master Clarke, their potential Prince Charming. This was the day they had been waiting for.

After all, he was a man who could splash one billion yuan at once! While everyone was waiting nervously, the host of tonight's party and chairman of Capital City's Clarke Group, Hudson Cash, walked into the room from a side hall. He was followed by a group of chairpeople from other corporations, primary and ancillary. All of them were nevertheless on the boards of the top 500 pharmaceutical companies from all across the world.

All of these companies belonged to Clarke Group too. The businessmen in the main hall all stood up and greeted the new arrivals. "Mr. Cash." "Good evening, everyone. Please, sit." As expected of a member of Clarke Group, Hudson Cash emanated his class, manners, and amiability from head to toe.

Just then, Philip walked into the room from outside too. His head was lowered and his expression rather dark because he had not found Wynn.

Coincidentally, Frank walked in through the door as well. The two of them collided into each other. "Get out of my way!" Frank was in a very bad mood right now, and he spat at Philip when he saw him. Wynn had left in a huff earlier, so naturally he gave chase. He helped her shake off Joel Harris before returning to the main hall. After the piece of trash that was Philip, now he had another contender in Joel Harris. That man was the young master of Harris Enterprise. Frank knew that he was no match.

"Where's Wynn?" Philip asked with some hostility. "Hey, Philip Clarke, are you fcking blind? How would I know where your wife is? Can't you find her yourself?" Frank said angrily, "Know your fcking place and get out of my way!" Just then, Samantha approached them. "Frank, the party's gonna start. Why are you still here?" "This idiot made it in," Frank jeered, looking at Philip with full contempt. "Philip? Damn, so you did make it in."

Samatha looked down her nose at him. "Well, well, looks like you have some tricks up your sleeve after all. Did you sneak in here as the cleaner?"

What a waste of your pretty outfit." "That has nothing to do with you,"

Philip said coolly. "Motherfcker, I was talking to you nicely! What's with your fcking attitude! R*tard!" Samantha swore. What was he doing, with his head up his *ss?! As though she really wanted to talk to trash like him!

"Forget it, don't waste breath on that worthless wretch. We should just go in," said Frank. "True. Even the air stinks when we talk to a peasant like him." Samantha even waved her hand in the air and frowned. "You're here too, Sammy? What a coincidence." Just then, a few young men and women approached them. They were all Samantha and Frank's friends who were attending this party with their parents. "Are they your friends too?" one of the girls asked quizically. "Haha, as if. This is Philip Clarke." Samantha pointed at Philip, her contempt clear in her words. "Whoa, the Philip Clarke who lives off his wife?" someone said with a gasp. Samantha raised her chin proudly. "That's the one. He's nothing but a useless waste of space. There's

no way in his life he could ever make it into a party like this. Who knows how he managed to sneak in. Ugh, I really wanna call security to throw him out. How revolting." Philip's expression instantly turned

cold. What did Samantha mean by this? What had he ever done to her? Did she think he was an easy target to bully? Hayley looked quite livid as well. Today, she had finally gotten to know how the women around Philip were like. So all of them looked down on him, huh?Chapter 376

The seven or eight young men and women immediately looked at Philip with contempt. "Have y'all seen enough? Scram off somewhere you're actually welcome." That was when Howard stepped forth and tried to shoo them off impatiently. "Haha, what's the matter? Are you afraid of embarrassing yourselves too? If you are, shouldn't you get the hell out of here?" Samantha crossed her arms in front of her chest, looking down her nose at them. "Shut up! Seriously, Samantha Benson, don't you have anything better to do? I want to stay here, so I'll stay. What the hell does that have to do with you?" Phillip snapped back, clearly angry now. "Hmph!

R*tard!" Samantha scoffed, "You're a turtle who's never left your tiny shell.

Stay here if you like, then you'll see how puny you really are. "Let's go!"

Samantha turned around, sticking up her perky butt. Yolanda, Joshua and the rest happened to witness that scene too. "Haha, look at that. Joshua.

Philip sure is useless. He took all that scolding without even fighting back,"

Yolanda taunted him. Joshua shook his head with a helpless laugh too, feeling completely disappointed with Philip. While they were busy clashing with each other, the Riverdale businessmen on the other end had finished greeting Hudson Cash and were now taking their seats. All of a sudden!

Hudson saw the group gathered at the door, and he saw his young master, Philip, amongst them! It was the Young Master! The Young Master had arrived! He threw his manners to the sails and beamed at the people seated next to him. "Everyone, Master Clarke is here." "Where?" they gasped.

Hudson's eyes were shining with excitement as he stood up and led the crowd to the door. When the Riverdale businessmen saw that Hudson and the other bigwigs were back on their feet and leading away a gaggle of chairpersons toward the door in a hurry, all of them knew that something was up! "It must be Master Clarke! He must be here!" "Come on, let's go!

Keep up! This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!" These businessmen were each craftier than the last. They naturally realized that any guest who could warrant Hudson Cash's personal greeting had to be important indeed!

It had to be Master Clarke, no doubt about it! Ronald Harris was no Average Joe either. The second Hudson stood up, he was already hot on his tail. The group followed behind Hudson and walked toward the door. However, there were only a few young people gathered at the door. Master Clarke was nowhere to be seen. Was he not here yet? "Hey, move aside. Master Clarke is almost here." Someone pointed at Frank, Phillip, and the others, yelling at them to move. If these clueless young kids really got in Master Clarke's way, their parents would be the ones to pay. The young people turned around and immediately froze! Businessmen from the entire hall were surging toward them. They even saw their

own parents in the crowd. "Step aside, Kale! Master Clarke will be here soon, don't block the way." An extravagantly-dressed woman yelled at her child from afar. Frank turned around and jumped in surprise too. Judging from the crowd, Master Clarke was clearly on the way! He turned around and glared at Philip, warning him,

"Just you wait, I'll make you pay later!" Philip just smiled calmly. When Frank saw that Philip had no intention of moving, he laughed. "Why the hell are you still standing there, Philip? Can't you see all these businessmen here to greet Master Clarke?" "Oh, I can see them alright." Philip said mildly.

"Haha, so why aren't you hauling *ss? Good dogs stay out of their master's way, don't you know?" Frank snorted. Samantha had long since stood to the side, and now she was telling her girl friends, "Do you see that? He's truly good-for-nothing. In fact, he's too dense to know what's good for him.

Standing in the way like a retard, let's see how they throw him out now!" "Sammy, how could such an idiot really be your cousin-in-law?" "That's right, I can't believe it! He's just standing there like a statue." "I know, right? I can't believe such a disgusting retard managed to make it in."

Samantha hurled insults at him, making Philip sound like worse than dirt.

"Hey, Philip, why aren't you moving? Don't get in Master Clarke's way later, I want to actually see Master Clarke's glorious visage later." Yolanda yelled out from the crowd, her words dripping with sarcasm. Everyone was already insulting Philip, so of course she had to join the party. Frank laughed as well. "Get your ss to the side if you want to see him, Philip. You should consider it an honor of a lifetime that you get to meet Master Clarke." "Hey, who is that man? Don't stand in the way, move, move!" "Hurry up and move aside, Master Clarke is almost here." Some other people in the crowd began complaining. All because Philip was standing in the way. Philip did not say anything. He just looked at Frank calmly, taking in their taunts and jeers. At the same time, Wynn, who was in the waiting room, received a message from the attendants. Master Clarke was here! She did up her make-up and sent Philip a text, saying, "Come pick me up later, Phil. I'm almost done here, will be meeting Master Clarke soon." Once she sent that text, Wynn stood up and made her way to the main hall, elegantly holding up the hems of her long black evening dress. When she appeared at the hall, she saw Hudson Cash standing up and heading toward the door with everyone else. Master Clarke was here. Wynn took a deep breath and pouted her delicate lips. She patted her chest and clenched her little hands, secretly cheering herself on. 'You can do it, Wynn Johnston! You can!' She had to thank Master Clarke properly! He had already helped her twice, after all. Wynn was very curious right now. Was this Master Clarke really someone she knew? Why else would he help her? Wynn put down her hem and gracefully followed the crowd toward the door. Just then, Hudson and the others were already standing in front of Philip. Respectfully, they said, "Hello, Young Master." Chapter 377 Hudson reached out his hand enthusiastically to shake Philip's. Everyone was stunned! All of them had their jaws drop, their hearts in utter turmoil! Frank, Samantha and the others were even more taken aback. Samantha especially had her mouth open so wide that she could stuff two whole eggs into it! Someone, please tell her what was going on here! Joshua, Yolanda and their group were stunned speechless as well. They stared intently at Philip, who wore a composed smile. No, that could not be! It must be a mistake! They were not the only

ones who thought that. Samantha and her friends were similarly in disbelief! "Did you make a mistake, Mr. Cash? There's no way he's Master Clarke, he's my third aunt's son-in-law who married into the family. He's a good-for-nothing food deliveryman." Frank said snidely, interrupting Hudson's handshake with Philip. "That's right, he can't possibly be Master Clarke. He's just a poser of a peasant! There's no way he's Master Clarke." Samantha shook her head like a bobble. That had to be the joke of the century! If Philip really was Master Clarke, Samantha would probably fall faint to the ground. "I guarantee that he's not Master Clarke, he's just a poor man pretending. I mean, I even saw him flirting with a woman last time. I'm sure he only made it in because of his sugar mommy next to him. He's nothing more than a gigolo!" In the crowd, Yolanda was mad with rage right now, so she shrieked at the top of her voice. How could this be? How could Philip be the Master Clarke she had been dying to meet all day? He did not fit her image of Master Clarke at all! Philip did not say anything. He just looked at Frank, Samantha, and the others calmly. His composure raised a hint of suspicion in their hearts. How could he be so calm? "Philip, get out of the way! Do you really think you could impersonate Master Clarke just because you have the same last name? Don't you know who these people here are? Do you think you can really impersonate him?" Frank rushed forth and tried to shove Philip aside, but Howard stopped him. "Who the fck do you think you're shoving? Open

your filthy-ss eyes and look! Philip Clarke is the very Master Clarke you've been waiting for tonight." Howard declared sternly. "Haha, what a joke!" Frank laughed coldly and said decisively, "If he's Master Clarke, then I'm the richest man in the world!" Ridiculous! How could that peasant Philip possibly be Master Clarke, who invested an entire billion at once? Philip was good-for-nothing trash, through and through!! He was a wretch who had to borrow money to pay his daughter's medical bill! How could a peasant like that have a billion in assets? "Howard Lowe, you're such a liar! If Philip really is Master Clarke, I'll run around Riverdale naked. Care to take me up on that bet?" Yolanda said shrilly. Hahaha! The crowd burst out laughing. The people around them began hurling insults at Philip too, mainly because Philip was just too young. Besides, Frank, Samantha, Yolanda and the others were exposing him without a thought. How could someone like that be Master Clarke? Seriously, how could Hudson Cash get it wrong? Did he even forget how his young master looked like? Hudson looked stormy as he roared, "That's enough!" He stepped forth, pointing at Yolanda and the others as he demanded, "Who are you lot? How dare you treat the Young Master so disrespectfully! Who let you in here? Where's the security? Throw them out!" He took them down in an instant! Everyone immediately held their breaths, staring at him in shock. Frank looked pale. What did Mr. Cash mean by that? Could it be that... No way! While everyone was stunned and confused, Hudson bowed to Philip at a perfect polite ninety-degrees. Like an elementary student who had made a mistake, he said, "I'm so sorry, Young Master. It was my mistake. I'll have the guards throw these disrespectful wretches out immediately." As he said that, he quickly yelled at the security guards, "What are you waiting for? Get these people out of my sight!" That was the Young Master they had insulted! If he offended the Young Master, he might even lose his seat as the chairman of Capital City's Clarke Group. The guards ran up to them in a panic once they received the order. Even an idiot could now see that the so-called good-for-nothing trash was none other than the legendary Master Clarke! Frank was so taken aback that he could not even spell his name right now. He stammered, "A-Are you really Master Clarke?" Philip said with a calm smile, "One and the same." "Ah!" Meanwhile, Samantha screamed and clapped her hand over her mouth. Her pretty eyes were wide as

saucers. "No way, how could this be! You're just a useless bum, how could you possibly be Master Clarke?" Philip was Master Clarke. In that case, why did he stay a useless son-in-law at the Johnston's place for the past three years? Yolanda's eyes had also widened, and her breathing quickened. She could not accept this reality. She had been waiting for Master Clarke for so long, and she was willing to bed him even if he was an old man. Yet, why was he Philip? Philip was clearly a worthless wretch! Yolanda was slightly dizzy. Her feet felt so far away and she nearly lost her balance a few times. What did she just do? This was the Young Master of Capital City's Clarke Group, a rich heir worth billions! Clearly, Yolanda had underestimated Philip's financial worth. As for Joshua, he had long since slipped into the crowd. Today, he found out just how much of a dumbfck he had been! He actually insulted Philip, who could spend a billion like it was nothing. When he remembered how he had taunted Philip for being poor at that reunion that day, how he showed off his company and even offered to give Philip a job, Joshua felt so mortified that he could not possibly stay here. Just how much had Philip been hiding from them? To think he was actually that loaded!

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Philip looked at everyone's expressions of shock. His eyes cold, he stared at Frank and said, "You say you had a meal with me before, Frank?" Smack smack smack! Philip's words were like lightning-quick slaps to Frank's face. Frank suddenly remembered the lie he had told at the Johnstons' place that day. How embarrassing. Samantha was completely red now too. She did not even dare to raise her head, her entire body shaking. The worthless wretch was now emanating a terrifying aura! "N-No... You must be kidding, Master Clarke. How could little old me ever sit at the same table as

you?" Frank lowered his noble head. In front of Philip, he had no qualms bending his back low. The sweat dripped off the corners of his forehead and fell onto the tips of his shoes. He did not dare to raise his head or straighten his spine. After all, Philip had not said anything yet. Behind Frank, Samantha's eyes were lowered too. Her panic and terror showed clearly on her face. Philip did not look at Frank; the latter deserved to take some punishment. Instead, he turned to Yolanda and said with a cold smile playing on his lips, "Do you remember what you just said, Yolanda Lee?"

"I..." Yolanda lowered her head as well, avoiding his gaze. Her fingers tugged and pulled at the hem of her skirt. She looked entirely ill at ease. "I know! This beautiful lady just promised that if Philip turned out to be Master Clarke, she would call Philip 'Daddy' and run around Riverdale naked."

Howard stepped up and boldly declared to everyone listening. Yolanda was stuck between a rock and a hard place now. Her face was flooded with embarrassment. What should she do? "Ph-Phillip... We were classmates once, right? Could you let me go this time?" Yolanda had full mastery of her tear ducts, and she could easily cry at will. She let her large eyes fill with tears, looking utterly pitiful. Her tears then began flowing down her cheeks like pearls off a broken string. Nevertheless... Philip said, "You don't have to run around naked, but I do want to hear you call me Daddy." "You!"

Yolanda clenched her teeth, looking like she wanted to tear Philip to shreds.

What should she do, what should she do? Was she really going to call Philip Daddy in front of all these people? "Say it, Yolanda. Or are you not going to walk your talk?" Howard scoffed. That Yolanda had been nothing more than a dirty sl*t since their college days, and she had not changed at all. To think she even humiliated Philip! She had everything she got coming.

Hudson looked frosty right now as well. Since the Young Master had stated his stance, Hudson had to defend his Young Master's honor. "Guards! If this woman doesn't do as she's told, throw her out of here. Also, tell all the companies in the city not to hire her! Anyone who does will be an enemy of Clarke Group!" Hudson said coldly, his expression hard. This time, Yolanda

burst into tears for real! They were sealing off all her exits here. Philip frowned slightly and glanced at Hudson, but he did not stop the older man.

It was time he gave these people a warning. Yolanda was furious and mortified, but in the end, she bowed to the pressure and said, "Daddy." After that, she shoved the crowd aside, her face scarlet, and ran right out of the hall. Behind her, Philip chuckled and shook his head before turning to the others. "As for my identity, I hope everyone here can keep it a secret for me.

I don't want my peaceful life to be disturbed." With those words, he gave Frank, Samantha, and the others a cold glare. His intention was obvious.

Finally, he walked toward the main seat, led by the crowd around him. When he saw all those businessmen surrounding Philip, Frank looked like he had fallen face-first into excrement. Even now, he still could not believe that Philip, the most useless man he knew, was actually the star of tonight's party! Philip was none other than the young master of Clarke Group! So...

just how wealthy was he, really? Frank did not even dare to imagine! He clenched his fists angrily and glanced at Philip, who was now on the stage.

Frank then turned and left. Tonight, Frank's defeat was certain. He and Samantha had half-heartedly joined the party before leaving. As for Philip's identity, they did not dare to reveal it to anyone, because Philip had made himself quite clear. At the same time, Wynn saw the man in the crowd from a distance. He was standing against the light, so she could not see him very clearly. She just saw his silhouette for a bit before the crowd carried him to the main seat. Was that Master Clarke? Why did he look a little familiar?

Wynn pouted and practiced a few smiles before she took the glass the waiter offered her and walked toward the main seat...

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She was about to step forth when her phone rang at just the wrong moment.

Wynn glanced at the caller ID and saw that it was Joel. She frowned her pretty crescent brows and

simply rejected the call. Immediately, however, she received a text instead. The contents went straight to the point. "Wynn,

I'm waiting for you at the carpark. There's something I have to tell you about Philip." Philip? Did something happen to him? Wynn was worried.

She glanced at Master Clarke, who was surrounded by his admirers, and decided that she could still see him later anyway. That was why she turned around and headed for the carpark outside. She was very worried about Philip. On the other hand, Philip was giving a speech on the stage to a hall full of attentive guests. Yolanda had returned after leaving, and now she was standing amongst the crowd, still feeling lost. Her large eyes stared intently at Philip, in the middle of his speech. So he really was Master Clarke. "That piece of trash! He's clearly loaded and even the young master of a large corporation. So why the hell did he act poor for?!" Yolanda swore inwardly and turned to leave. However, Howard jumped out of the shadows and gave her a half-smile. "If I remember correctly, Yolanda, someone said that she would run around Riverdale naked if Philip turned out to be Master Clarke."

"You!" Yolanda stomped her foot, her face bright red with embarrassment.

"That has nothing to do with you!" She then turned on her kitty heels and began to leave. Halfway out the door, though, she turned around and looked at Philip, who was smiling calmly on stage. No one could tell what she was thinking, but eventually she muttered, "Just you wait, Philip Clarke. You're mine!" After the speech, Philip checked his phone and finally saw that Wynn had sent him a text. She had told him to come pick her up. So where was she? He did not remember seeing her earlier. She said she was coming to meet him, right? Where was she now? Philip stood up and looked around.

He then said a few words with Hudson and the rest before excusing himself in advance. "Yo, Philip! You really showed them tonight. You should have seen Yolanda's face just now, and the others too. They looked like they saw a ghost! Damn, that's therapeutic!" Howard beamed and followed Philip out of Copper Peacock Palace. "Actually, how rich is your family exactly, Philip? Do you have rules in your family like in novels, where you can't reveal your identity until you're a certain age?" Hayley walked out of Copper Peacock Palace and immediately asked Philip. Although she knew

Philip's true identity in advance, she was still stunned by the scene she had just witnessed! "Heh, Hayley, you don't know this but our Philip is the heir to one of the richest families out there!" Howard boasted. Just then, the three of them saw Yolanda, who was standing at the door. "Why are you still here, Yolanda?" Howard said with a scowl. He was so fed up with this woman and her shameless gold-digging ways. "That has nothing to do with you."

Yolanda gave Howard a mean look and then turned to Philip. She looked a little guilty, her face bright red. "Um, Philip, I need to talk to you about something." Philip blinked at Yolanda, who was acting all shy. What was happening there? What could she want to talk to him about? However, Howard taunted her, saying, "Haha, I see what's going on. You know that Master Clarke here is loaded now, so you wanna kiss up to him, huh?" His words made her turn even redder. She looked at him angrily and then told Philip, "It's about Wynn. Up to you if you want to hear me out." With that, Yolanda hastily turned

around and walked to the side. Philip thought it over and actually went with her. "You're actually going there, Philip? You know what that bitch Yolanda is like," advised Howard. "It's fine. You two can go back ahead of me, I'm going to wait here for Wynn anyway." Philip assured them with a smile and then put his hands in his pockets, walking toward Yolanda. "Alright, spit it. What do you wanna say about Wynn?" Philip asked, maintaining a distance from Yolanda. "Aww, Philly Why are you standing so far away from me?" That girl Yolanda whined sweetly and threw herself onto him, perking up her butt and grabbing Philip's arm like a clingy girlfriend. Huh? "Don't, definitely not when we're alone. Let's just get back to the topic at hand." Philip hastily pulled his arm away from Yolanda and took a deep breath to calm himself down. Yolanda glared at him, but then she curved the corners of her cherry lips into a cunning smile. She stood a chance! This was the heir to one of the richest families, the young master of Clarke Group! If Yolanda could make herself his legal wife and kick Wynn out of the picture, she would not have to worry about money ever again as Mrs. Clarke. Chapter 380 "Sorry, Philly~ I was wrong before. I didn't know you were so rich! Please forgive me? After all, we were classmates, right?" Yolanda whinnied, her eyes filling with tears the more she said. Tears, fears, and then a full-out tantrum. That was her modus operandi. Philip hurriedly said, "Stop right there. I remember clearly how you used to humiliate me. Are you saying you guys could shame me however you liked just because I was poor before?" Well, fck! He was not taking the bait! Yolanda panicked. Her playbook never failed her before, but it was not working on Philip. She had no choice but to cry for real! As soon as Philip said that, Yolanda let her tears spill down her face. Wiping her tears, she said, "I know, I was wrong.

Please forgive me, Philly... Soob..." What a headache! Philip had no idea how to handle her, so he could only nod. "Fine, fine, just stop crying! I'll forget about what happened before." Hallelujah! Yolanda immediately beamed at him and grabbed his arm again, kissing Philip on his red cheek.

With a giggle, she said, "Really? I knew it, you really are good to me, Philly." Phew! Philip let out a long breath. His hands were tied here too.

What just happened? She suddenly just kissed him. That was a sin in his books; what if Wynn found out about it later? "Didn't you want to talk to me about Wynn?" Philip asked hastily to distract himself. Yolanda's figure was extremely distracting. "Oh, Wynn's fine. Let's talk about us. What do you think about having me as your girlfriend?" Yolanda said with a smile.

She had long since forgotten about the fact that she saw Wynn get into a man's car at the carpark just now. What the fck?! What a classic two-faced bitch! "So just how much money do you have, Philly?" Yolanda ventured again, her eyes wide. Philip knew there was no avoiding this, so he just shrugged and said, "Not much." "How much is not much?" Yolanda said anxiously. He was still being so pretentious! He already invested a billion away, so how could he say he did not have that much?! "If it were not for that money in your pocket, I would never lower myself to play this role with

you.' "Do you have anything to tell me about Wynn? If not, I'm leaving."

Philip was no idiot. Of course he knew what that bitch Yolanda was thinking, so he never once revealed his true fortune to her. "Don't! Why the rush?" Yolanda resented Philip slightly for not playing along, but judging by his expression, it seemed that he truly was not that invested in her. Finally, she said, "Alright,

alright. I'll take you there, okay?" Might as well. She should just bring Philip there and show him what a loose hussy Wynn actually was! Wynn was flirting with another man during the party! Who knew what they were up to in the car? Having the time of their lives, maybe? Yolanda knew that Wynn had no idea who Philip really was yet. "Where are we going?" Yolanda dragged Philip to the carpark. It was the middle of the night and eerily quiet. Philip grew a tad nervous. Seeing how thirsty this woman was, what if she decided to rape him? How could he face his wife then? The two of them soon arrived at the carpark. Philip saw the car Yolanda was pointing at from the distance. Joel was in the driver's seat and Wynn was seated next to him! To make things worse, Joel's body was bent over Wynn's, so his back obscured her from view. Philip had no idea what they were doing. Dafuq?! Motherfcker! Philip instantly flew into a rage!

He wanted to run to the car, but Yolanda would not let go, shouting, "Look, Philip! Wynn Johnston is a shameless hussy! If I didn't stumble across them tonight, I would never have known that she was cheating on you behind your back!" Yolanda could clearly see how red from rage Philip had turned.

Philip threw her hand aside and glared at her, roaring, "Out of my way!"

After that, he stomped toward the car coldly, his expression layered with his ice. His fists were clenched tightly as he ran toward that Aston Martin!

Slam! The car door swung open! Wynn got out of the car hastily and angrily.

She glared at Joel, who was still in the car, and said coldly, "You've gone too far, Joel Harris!" Joel jumped out of the car as well, walking toward Wynn and grabbing her hand, trying to explain. "I'm sorry, Wynn, but please hear me out..." However, his words were interrupted by a punch!

Philip's fist crashed into Joel's face, and then he slammed his foot into Joel's

stomach! After that, Philip smashed Joel's head into the car hood, creating a dent in the metal. "You asked for it, Joel Harris!" Philip roared furiously!

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Joel's head was pressed down, but he still yelled, "Let go of me, Clarke!"

However, Philip pressed him down harder rather than letting go, his eyes cold as he said, "You asked for it, Harris!" Joel kept wailing and whining,

"How dare trash like you touch me, Clarke! I'll get someone to kill you, believe you me!" This was so embarrassing! In front of Wynn, no less! He was being subjugated by a wimp like Philip, and he could not even fight back. "Kill me? You?" Philip said with a cold laugh. Joel probably did not know what happened in the hall during the party tonight, huh. Otherwise he would never have the guts to say that! Next to them, Wynn was also a little frightened by Philip's act of violence. She was angry at Joel for trying to molest her earlier, but they were still friends in a way. If the two men really got into a fight,

Philip would come out of it worse. As the saying went, the winner went to the station and the loser went to the hospital. That was exactly the situation right now. That was why Wynn was worried that Philip would get carried away. She hurriedly grabbed his arm and said, "Let go, Philip. Don't get yourself in trouble." Philip's gaze turned cold. The fury was still burning in his chest, so he let go but added another vicious kick for good measure, barking, "I'm warning you, Joel Harris! If you try anything with my wife again, I can end you and your career in an instant!" Joel straightened up and rubbed his stomach, wiping the blood that was seeping out from the corner of his mouth. He looked at Philip coldly and laughed.

"You sure think highly of yourself, Philip. How could trash like you threaten me? Do you really think I don't know about your little secret? Your mother-in-law told me everything. Wynn's wasted on trash like you!" Joel did not expect Philip to show up here and get in his way. He nearly had her. "What did she say?" Philip's expression hardened and he looked at Joel coolly.

What nonsense was Martha spewing about him now? "Haha." Joel chuckled

coldly and looked at Wynn, saying, "You don't know this, Wynn, but your husband is an utter embarrassment. He was out there impersonating Master Clarke from Clarke Group, running a con when I bumped into him at it.

Aunt Martha told me that he's always been like that too. Seriously, what's there for you to like about a man like that?" Wynn blinked and turned to look at Philip. He was impersonating Master Clarke? "What does he mean?"

Wynn asked suspiciously. Philip glanced at Joel and then looked at Wynn with full seriousness, saying, "Don't listen to his nonsense, Wynn. I don't have to impersonate anybody, because I am Master Clarke from Clarke Group." At this rate, he might as well just say it. Haha! Joel burst out laughing, irony written all over his face. Pointing at Philip, he jeered, "Still pretending? If you really are Master Clarke, why are you here? You should be inside right now, drinking with the higher-ups. If you really are Master Clarke, why would you be so useless? Stop pretending, Philip. It's embarrassing to look at!" Wynn looked at Philip uncertainly when she heard that. Should she believe him? Philip was exasperated as well. He turned to Yolanda and said, "Tell them who I am, Yolanda." Yolanda sauntered up to them, wagging her hips. Right in front of Wynn, she grabbed Philip's arm and said, "It doesn't matter who Philip is. You should divorce him, Wynn.

After all, you're a loose hussy too, getting into another man's car in the middle of the night and doing those unspeakable things. I saw everything, you know." Well, fck! Yolanda was such a scheming btch. She just refused to say who Philip was. "Lies!" Wynn grew anxious. What if Philip actually began to believe Yolanda's slander? "Lies, you say? I saw you two hugging with my own two eyes!" Yolanda puffed up her cheeks and looked at Philip seriously, saying, "You gotta believe me, Philip, I really saw them.

Wynn is lying to you, she was clearly in this man's arms earlier. I saw them with my own eyes!" Philip was properly frustrated now, the embers of rage in his heart reigniting. He glared at Wynn and asked,

“Is she telling the truth?” The scene he had witnessed earlier was already ticking him off.

Yolanda’s statement only added oil to the flames, and his jealousy

immediately exploded in his chest. Wynn desperately shook her head, saying with a sob, “No, I didn’t do any of that! She’s lying.” She turned to Joel and said anxiously, “Tell him, Joel! Tell him we didn’t do anything just now!” As if Joel would explain anything. This was exactly what he wanted to happen. He simply chuckled and said, “So you really are worthless, Philip. You can’t even keep a hold on your wife! You’ll be a good-for-nothing until the day you die!” Bam! As soon as he said that... Philip lashed out his leg into another kick! This time, Joel was sent flying. He crashed into the Aston Martin’s windshield and shattered the glass! After that, he rolled into the floor and groaned in agony. “You really asked for this, Harris!” Philip was enraged. He shook Yolanda off and strode up to Joel, pulling the latter up by the collar. Smack! Smack! He slapped Joel a few times until the latter’s mouth filled with blood, but Joel still grinned creepily, shouting, “Useless! Cuckold!” “Stop fighting!” Wynn panicked and tried to stop the two of them! However, Philip was furious right now.

He waved her off and sent her falling a few steps back. Yolanda was also smiling coldly. She raised her hand and slapped Wynn across the face, barking, “Hussy! How could Philip have married a slt like you? You two-faced btch, you cheated on him!” Yolanda was extremely pleased right now. The more chaotic things got, the better. “What the hell are you doing?!” When Philip heard that, he turned around furiously and saw Yolanda slapping Wynn. He then leaped to his feet in rage and smacked Yolanda across the cheek, glaring at her viciously! “Are you alright, Wynn?” At the end of the day, Philip was still very concerned about Wynn.

However, Wynn’s eyes were now filled with tears, especially when she saw the red kiss mark on Philip’s cheek. Her heart burst with emotion. “Y-You two...” Wynn turned around and ran away, her face in her hands as she wept. Although Yolanda was holding her cheek and acting sorry for herself, she was actually sniggering away inwardly. It worked, it worked! She managed to dethrone Wynn as Mrs. Clarke! The two of them would be hard-pressed to undo this misunderstanding now.

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Without caring for Yolanda and Joel, Philip hurriedly chased them out. Not long after getting chased out, Yolanda pulled Joel up from the ground and with ardent concern on her face, said, “Mr. Harris, are you alright?” “F*ck!”

Joel stood up from the ground and wiped the blood on the corner of his mouth. He glanced at Yolanda coldly and said, “Who are you? Get out of here!” Yolanda was unhappy, but there was still a faint smile on her face.

Especially when she looked at Joel getting into the Aston Martin. She started to mumble. ‘Joel was also born with a silver spoon.’ Wynn ran away in tears.

After about ten minutes, she composed her emotions and returned to the banquet hall, ready to meet Young Master Clarke. She was a woman who could separate business from pleasure. “Mr. Cash, where’s

Master Clarke?”

Wynn saw Hudson but did not find a trace of Young Master Clarke. “Ah, Madam Johnson, what a shame. Young Master Clarke has already left.

“Didn’t you bump into him?” said Hudson with a smile on his face. It could not be helped. The young master would not let him say, so he really dared not to. When Wynn heard this, disappointment flashed in her eyes. She still had not seen Young Master Clarke. “Oh, then I won’t bother you guys, I’ll go back first.” Wynn smiled faintly, turned around, and left the Copper Peacock Palace alone. Here, Philip ran for a long time before returning to the banquet hall. He immediately found Hudson and asked, “Old Man Cash, have you seen my wife?” Hudson was taken aback. What was going on?

“Young Master, Young Mistress has just left. Oh, right, I didn’t tell her of your identity,” Hudson replied. Philip’s eyes narrowed. He had no time to explain, so he just nodded and ran out of the banquet hall. However, Yolanda blocked Philip’s path at the door. “Brother Philip, you still want to chase after Wynn? She treated you that way but you’re still treating her so well?” Philip twisted his head, his face cold. He looked at Yolanda coldly and berated, “Yolanda, I know what you’re up to and I’m warning you, don’t interfere with matters between Wynn and I. Otherwise, don’t blame me for

not being easy on you!” With that, Philip pushed Yolanda away harshly and was ready to leave. Upon seeing this, Yolanda cruelly gritted her teeth and immediately fell to the floor hard. She knocked her head, bruising it badly.

Then, she wailed, “Boo hoo, it hurts! It’s bleeding...” Philip looked back and was shocked. Helplessly, he frowned, walked over, and asked, “Are you alright?” Yolanda clutched her forehead, her hands full of blood. She assumed a fainted position. Damn it! Philip was scared silly. What was this?

After thinking about it, he thought, ‘I will go back and explain to Wynn’.

Then, he immediately picked up Yolanda, had the waiter call a cab, and rushed to the hospital. Unfortunately, this scene was witnessed by Martha who had gotten off the taxi at the door. Martha was so angry at that time!

“This, this good-for-nothing... With a woman in his arms...” Martha cursed angrily. ‘Sure enough, this spineless coward is really having an affair! I must tell this to Wynn, she must divorce him and leave him with nothing!’

“Mom, why did you come?” Wynn came over and when she saw Martha.

She hesitated for a bit. When Martha saw Wynn, she immediately walked over, grabbed the latter’s hands, and scolded angrily, “Don’t worry about how I got here. Oh Wynn, do you know, Philip that good-for-nothing just left in a car with a vixen in his arms!” ‘A vixen?’ Wynn was taken aback.

She turned her head to look at the street. She felt dejected and said with a cold expression, “Let’s go home.” This misunderstanding had become a big deal. Martha was scolding Philip all the way. When

they arrived at the Old Johnston Manor, she pulled Charles in. "Wynnie, this time you must listen to me. You must divorce Philip Clarke! That useless bum actually dares to have an affair. If I didn't see it with my own eyes, we would've still been kept in the dark! "I've said it before, this Philip Clarke is no good. Now, it's confirmed. "Wynnie, listen to Mom. Divorce Philip tomorrow. He must leave the marriage with nothing." Wynn was already very dejected, but after being told by her parents for so long, she got up and said in a burst of anger,

"Okay!"

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Martha was dumbfounded. Who knew her daughter would actually agree!

She and Charles gazed at each other in consternation. After a moment, Martha shouted in joy, "Charlie, you heard that? Wynnie agreed to divorce Philip!" Charles felt helpless and dejected. He got up and walked into the study room desolately. After all, she was his own daughter and her marriage had failed. As a father, he felt heartbroken too. Martha just sat on the sofa, pleased with herself. She imagined the scene of this home without that good-for-nothing Philip Clarke. 'Things will definitely get better and better! 'My daughter is so excellent, she can definitely find a better man! 'Joel Harris is the best choice at the moment. 'Yes yes, gotta quickly tell Joel to strike while the iron is hot tomorrow and let him take Wynnie out to ease up,'

Martha said to herself before giving Joel a call. "Aunt Martha, what's the matter? I didn't expect you to give me a call so late at night." Joel was now in his own villa, sulking while drinking wine. Wynn must be very disappointed in him. "Joel, Aunt Martha is giving you good news." Martha could not suppress her excitement on the phone. When Joel heard, his eyebrows bunched together as he laughed. "Aunt Martha, only the news of Wynn's divorce is good news for me, nothing else is." "Hahaha, Joel, you actually guessed it?" Martha laughed, then said proudly, "Wynn has agreed to divorce Philip, that good-for-nothing. It was me who persuaded her by the side." This was an obvious show of someone else's credit. "Really?"

When Joel heard this, he immediately sat up from the sofa excitedly. "Is there a need for Aunt Martha to lie to you? How about this, you come to my house tomorrow and take Wynn out. Don't you know, I caught Philip having an affair today." Martha was unable to contain her joy. She got more and more excited as she said, "Right, the Wolf you looked for last time, when is he going to tidy up Philip Clarke? It must be done well, by hook or by crook!

This kid dared to look for a mistress behind my daughter's back. It's best if you let that Wolf catch him and the mistress in the act. This way, Wynnie

has to divorce him no matter what!" 'Haha, Philip Clarke, you useless scum.

I got you this time.' The more Martha thought, the happier she got. After hanging up, she went to Wynn's bedroom in a haste. Seeing Wynn lying sideways on the bed, she woke her up straight away and said, "Wynnie, Mom has something to discuss with you." Wynn had been crying secretly, especially

when thinking of the scene tonight. She could not dare to believe that Philip and Yolanda would... However, the truth was in front of her eyes. There was a lipstick stain on Philip's face. That shade was the same shade as the lipstick on Yolanda's lips! This was the keen observation skills of a woman. "What's the matter, Mom? Can't we talk tomorrow? I'm tired."

Wynn sat up, her eyes red. Martha felt bad seeing her like this, and at the same time, hated Philip Clarke even more. "Wynn, it's not that I'm cruel.

I just want to ask you, after you divorce Philip, who's going to raise Mila?"

Martha asked. Wynn was taken aback and said surely, "Mila is mine, I'll raise her." "No way!" Martha strongly refused and said, "Wynn, are you confused? If you're divorced and have a child, who will you marry in the future? Who will still want to marry you? We don't want Mila! Leave her to Philip. Worse comes to worst, I'll fork out the money and give him some child support!" Martha had arranged the matter for Philip clearly. First, he would leave the marriage with nothing. Then, the child would be thrown to him. Worst-case scenario, some child support would be given. Martha could afford this small sum. As long as her own daughter could marry into a wealthy family in the future, the small amount of child support was nothing.

"Mom, what are you thinking? I definitely want Mila, I have the rights to call the shots." Wynn's head really hurt now. She got up and pushed Martha out. Martha stood at the door, hitting the door as she yelled, "Wynn, I can't let you call the shots for this matter. We definitely don't want Mila!" Wynn was so annoyed. She laid on the bed and covered her head with a pillow.

She was also not sure what she was going to do. Divorce? That was said in a moment of anger. However, she could not get past that hurdle inside. Back to Philip. Yolanda was blaming him and making him accompany her after

leaving the hospital. Philip had no choice but to look for a hotel for her to stay. However, Yolanda very insistently tugged Philip upstairs. "I'll send you upstairs, then I'll leave," said Philip. Yolanda blinked hurriedly and said pitifully, "Okay, okay." In fact, she thought to herself, 'Once you're up, do you really think you can leave as you wish?' They went up and entered the suite. Philip was startled. He wanted to leave, but he changed his mind.

Yolanda was clearly seducing him. 'Why don't I play with her?' Moreover, Philip could not think of a reason to go back now. How would he face Wynn anyway? He was very upset with what happened tonight too. Philip simply sat down on the sofa and brooded. Splash! There was the sound of water splashing coming from the bathroom. After about ten minutes, the bathroom door opened.

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Philip sat on the sofa. He knew that he was here to play with Yolanda tonight, and he could not help but swallow his saliva! Philip gulped down plain water to suppress the heat and excitement in him. Yolanda

looked at his back, and the corners of her mouth were upturned, revealing a mocking sneer. 'Really can't tell if he has a good or terrible fate.' In the bathroom, Philip washed his face with cold water and looked into the mirror. At this moment, he hesitated a bit. Yolanda was originally a money-grubbing girl, so what if he slept with her for one night? Anyway, he was very disappointed in Wynn tonight. 'No, no!' 'I initially wanted to play around with her and teach her a lesson. I must never overstep!' Wynn was the only woman he loved! "Oh, Brother Philip, what's wrong?" Yolanda trotted over.

She bent over and asked with fake concern. Philip just gave her a glance and it was over. Tucker Carlson was right. It was the season of animals... Again.

"Ah, I'm fine. I drank in a hurry and choked," Philip explained awkwardly.

Yolanda smiled, unexposed. She hugged Philip and sat on the sofa. She asked in a coaxing voice, "Brother Philip, can I be your lover? You saw it tonight anyway. Wynn's also looking for another man behind your back,

right?" Yolanda blinked. She put her arms around Philip's neck, and her red lips were pressed tightly against his face. Philip still felt a little hurt thinking of what happened tonight. "You?" Philip turned his head. "Be my lover?"

That's not good. Didn't you look down on me before?" "How could I? That was back then, I like you now," Yolanda said. "What you like is my identity and money." Philip revealed heartlessly. Yolanda froze, but she did not deny it and said, "You can talk about love if you have money. Don't worry, I, Yolanda, will love you with all my heart." In order to prove herself, she put both her arms around his neck right away and wanted to kiss him passionately! Philip's eyes widened. He did not expect Yolanda, this little b*tch, to be so initiative. 'Do I want to break my vow of abstinence?' At the same time, several black commerce cars had stopped at the hotel. Click! The car doors opened, and seven or eight loafers who brought their fellows leaped out of the cars. The leader was a boorish and callused fellow with a tiger tattooed on his right arm! He was oozing assertiveness! As soon as they showed up, the guests in the hotel were so frightened that they scattered in all directions. "Wolf, this is the place. Our subordinates have been keeping a close eye and saw that brat going up with a woman with long legs and voluptuous bum," a subordinate said while staring at the girls at the front desk with shifty eyes. Wolf, embodying the tiger's might and full of fierce aura, said, "Tonight, let's beat up that brat and head back. I'll treat everyone to food and drinks and women. We have to make Mr. Harris happy, you know?" "Yes!" All of the subordinates were so excited. Without another word, they rushed into the elevator and went straight to the room booked by Philip.

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They reached the door to the suite in no time. "Are things ready?" Wolf asked. A henchman wearing a hat was clutching his phone tightly in his pocket. He said, "It's ready. Once we rush in, we can start broadcasting right away. I've already contacted major broadcasting platforms. We can

synchronize the live broadcast. This time, this useless scum will definitely be the internet celebrity of Riverdale!” “Haha! Okay, an internet celebrity!

An internet celebrity caught in the act on a live broadcast!” Wolf patted the shoulder of his henchman. Feeling very joyous, he then dialed Joel’s number. “Mr. Harris, everything’s ready. You can go online and watch a great show tonight on each major live broadcast platform. It’s very popular nowadays, it’ll definitely satisfy you. This brat will be absolutely ruined tonight!” “Live broadcast? Okay! Well done, I’d also like to see it with my own eyes the ruin of this useless scum before he’s cast aside to die by the people of the whole city!” Joel was now upstairs in his villa. He turned on the online TV hurriedly and downloaded a certain live broadcast platform.

These days, because Philip and Wynn worried too much, he finally managed to seize a chance. He was going to wipe out everything in one fell swoop!

‘Philip oh Philip, turns out you’re really such a dick. Can’t control yourself around a woman, I see... ‘Haha! ‘Wynn was really blind to marry you!

‘Today, I want you, Philip Clarke, to become a scumbag and worthless wrench in the entire city’s eyes! ‘I want your reputation to be ruined forever and have you be shamed to death!’ Joel hurriedly opened the live broadcast platform. After a few minutes, the screen appeared. At the same time, the popularity of this live broadcast room was also rapidly rising. Not to mention, the shaky footage, the standard hotel facilities, and the bunch of burly men in the frame really did give off a certain kind of vibe. The title alone led to a lot of speculation. ‘Caught in the act live broadcast! The most useless man in Riverdale having an affair behind his wife’s back...’ On this side, Wolf and a few of his men were laughing mischievously. After spending many years mingling in society, he naturally knew how to please his boss. The more beautifully things were done, the more the boss appreciated. The entire hotel was under the control of his men! It was impossible for Philip to escape tonight. His name would surely go down in history and become a joke in the entire Riverdale! Then, several people adjusted the angle of the screen and stood at the door of Philip’s room with

two people guarding the door on each side. After waiting for a while, there was no movement in the room. Wolf exchanged suspicious glances with his men and spoke softly, “Why is there no movement?” A few henchmen were also very curious. One of them replied, “Could it be over?” “This quickly?”

Wolf sneered. As soon as his voice fell, the three of them brought up their legs and kicked on the door fiercely! Boom! A loud noise! The entire door was kicked open like this, and it shook the entire floor. Wolf led his henchmen and rushed in immediately after, screaming and cursing, “Don’t move! Don’t move! Don’t wear your clothes!” The moment they entered the door, the mobile phone was shooting wildly. The men pulled out baseball bats and the likes, holding the weapons in their hands. It was so fierce! It could be seen clearly in the live broadcast that these people even had long daggers. The long daggers were shining with cold light! Damn it!

This catch in the act was a real deal! The live broadcast room was on fire!

Wolf was very excited and pushed away his men who had crowded in front of him. He then looked at the well-dressed Philip sitting on the sofa, sticking one leg over the other and sipping on red wine. The woman next to him went dumb for a moment. She was wrapped in a bathrobe and sitting on the bed, not daring to move. Wolf just gave her one sweeping look and fell in love with Yolanda. This girl had a nice figure, and looking at her, she was shocked by his aggressiveness! Hahaha! "Brat, you're done for today!"

Wolf picked his teeth and looked at Philip who was still sitting upright with disdain. Strange. This guy, at this moment, was sitting there as though nothing was happening. His facial expression was very calm and without any trace of panic. Instead, he grinned evilly and said, "I've waited for a long time." This smile was charmingly evil. It permeated a chill and the feeling that everything was under his control! Philip was calm and looked at Yolanda who was feeling very helpless. At the same time, Wolf was dumbfounded and exchanged glances with a few of his henchmen. Then, he waved his hand, his complexion sinking as he shouted, "Finish him up for me!" A few b*stards, while holding baseball bats in their hands, yelled and

directly charged at Philip to hit him. Joel was smiling insidiously while watching the live broadcast. He felt very pleased and muttered to himself,

"Philip Clarke, you're finally done for! You're a useless scum, but you've wasted a lot of my efforts." Just as Joel was about to get up and leave, something unexpected appeared on the live broadcast screen!

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Over a dozen dark figures suddenly appeared in the picture. The originally empty room was now filled with people in an instant. They were strictly guarding Philip who was sitting on the sofa! All kinds of tumultuous sounds were heard! "Fck me! Why are there people? Where the hell did they come from?" "Shoot, we walked into a trap! Withdraw quickly!" "Fck! You fooled us!" "Everyone kneel down! Kneel down!" "Toss away your weapons! Everyone kneel down!" At the same moment, over a dozen murderous thugs in black suits burst out of every room of this floor of the hotel. They were all carrying swinging bats and the likes. The two hoodlums guarding the door were gotten rid of right away! The two gangsters guarding the elevator still did not understand what was going on. Before they could, the elevator door opened behind them. Four to five men in black suits rushed out and struck them hard on the head with their bats. There were a few thugs who stayed behind in the guest lounge on the ground floor of the hotel. They had been talking cheerfully about where to go tonight to relax when they saw a few black Mercedes-Benzes quickly parking at the main entrance. A dozen over thugs in black suits and black ties emerged from the cars in an instant, rushing inside in an orderly and timely manner! Boom! Wolf's men wanted to run away, but they were kicked in the back by a few pairs of leather shoes. They flew before falling to the ground and breaking their teeth! All these things happened at almost the same time. The battle ended in less than 30 seconds! In his own villa, Joel looked at the live broadcast and was completely stunned. He just stood there blankly and did not dare to move for a long time. The sweat on his forehead dripped down drop by drop.

Damn it! What the fck was this? 'How does Philip Clarke, that useless scum, have this many well-trained thugs? 'Who exactly is he? 'A spineless coward? A live-in son-in-law?' All these well-trained thugs were not comparable to those of Wolf's! Before Joel could react, he felt a strange movement behind him! A ghostly figure appeared in his house, and there was a bone-piercing chill on his neck! With cold sweat all over Joel's forehead, he swallowed his saliva and squinted his eyes. He saw that there was a sharp dagger on his neck! He did not even know when it had struck him. The blade was shining in cold light! A hitman? Joel had some knowledge about this, especially after living abroad in the past few years. He had come into contact with plenty of such things. Only a hitman could enter his house and appear behind him silently! What the hell happened exactly? Joel was about to break down, and his legs could not help but tremble. Who had he provoked? 'Philip Clarke? 'No, impossible! 'He's a useless scum. How can he manage to hire a hitman?' A bone-piercing voice quietly sounded by his ears, and Joel felt the threat of death. "This job is so unexpectedly simple. I thought it'd be a powerful figure, but it turns out to be an ordinary worthless wrench. I don't know what the young master is thinking." The black figure behind Joel muttered to himself. "Bro... Brother, who sent you here? How much did they pay, I... I will pay double, please don't kill me." Joel was completely terrified. The feeling of this fcking dagger in his neck was really scary! Too horrifying! Hiss! A pang of sharp pain! Joel felt the dagger glide, then warm fluid began to ooze out of his neck. "Bro... Brother, spare my life! I will pay triple! Please don't kill me!" Puff! Joel knelt down right away. Too terrifying! The chill and murderous aura of the dude behind him was too scary! "Triple?" The ice-cold voice sounded like it belonged to the demon king of the underworld.

"Yes, yes! Triple!" Joel was now like a person who found a silver lining after almost drowning in the river. Except that he kept his head buried and did not dare to lift it up. It was said that if you saw the face of a hitman, you would be silenced. "It's a good deal!" The hitman sat casually on the sofa

and instructed Joel to watch the TV screen, "Watch the live broadcast." Joel was stunned for a bit. Then, he slowly lifted his head and looked at the live broadcast. All he saw was Wolf and the others in the suite getting beaten.

All of them were pressed to the ground. Philip picked up the phone slowly, then grinned at the camera before saying, "Joel Harris, didn't I warn you before? Why didn't you listen? You really thought I'm a pushover?"

"F*ck!" Joel was terrified now but was also extremely resentful inside! 'It really is him! 'This useless scum, where did he get such great capabilities?

There are so many people who can protect him, and he also hired a hitman!

He could not help muttering to himself, "Who exactly is Philip Clarke?' 'I just wanted to let Wolf teach you a lesson, but you found so many people and even hired a hitman! 'I'm done!' Joel regretted it now, but things had already happened. He could no longer quibble. However, he did not believe it. How could a useless scum have such strong capabilities? 'I'm the young master of Harris Enterprise!' "Philip Clarke, even if you're a little capable and can hire so many people, do you dare to kill me? "My dad is Ronald!

Ronald of Riverdale! The chairman of Harris Enterprise! "My uncle is Klaus Harris! The third dragon of

Riverdale! He's someone even Theo Zander has to consider! "You think that I'll be scared of you because you made such a big spectacle today?! Dream on!" Joel Harris was crazy, completely blinded by anger and hatred! He did not believe that a useless scum like Philip Clarke dared to kill him! 'He must be pretending to be Young Master Clarke, bluffing and deceiving everyone!' Philip looked indifferent. He looked at the camera, showed his white teeth, and said, "Joel Harris, you want to know who I am?"

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"Are you trying to scare me!" Joel smiled in anger. He looked at Philip ferociously and roared, "I, Joel Harris, am not scared! You're a useless scum, Aunt Martha told me herself! Who do you think you are? Calling a few people to wear suits? Believe it or not, if you, Philip Clarke, dare to

touch me today, you'll be hacked to death as soon as you walk out of that hotel!" 'This Philip Clarke, where does he get the confidence to speak to me like this? 'Identity? 'F*ck if you have a fucking identity!' "Oh? You don't believe me?" Philip grinned, his smile carrying a sense of cruelty. "Haha, Philip Clarke, I'll admit, I underestimated you. But in Riverdale, there isn't a person I don't dare to touch! And there isn't anyone who dares to touch me!" Joel smiled coldly, completely ignoring the hitman sitting on the sofa.

'He dares to kill me? 'What awaits him is a catastrophe! 'His whole family will be obliterated!' Of course, what Joel said about Philip being hacked to death right away was an exaggeration, though not by much. His uncle, Klaus Harris, was a famous regional mafia boss! A figure of darkness! He had committed many things but was still alive and well. He was still the third dragon of Riverdale! Among the nine dragons, it was Klaus Harris who was the cruelest! Once when eating hot pot, he forced a waiter to serve them poorly. He splashed the hot oil from the pot directly on the waiter's face and brought his men to cripple that waiter's entire family! He was this vicious of a person. No one dared to provoke him! With his uncle's capabilities, Joel was very confident. On the screen, Philip said indifferently, "Nobody dares to touch you? Then I really have to try." With that, Philip suddenly became extremely cold. He said, "Slap." As soon as his voice fell, Joel felt like he was being targeted by a fierce beast! He turned his head and saw that the hitman had already stood up from the sofa. The dagger in his hands was gleaming in the light. "W-What do you wanna do? Don't come over here!

Don't listen to him, my uncle is Klaus Harris!" Joel was still very afraid. He sat on the ground with a guilty conscience and crawled into the corner.

However! Crack! Crack! A few extremely strong slaps fell on his face. Joel tasted blood in his mouth, and several of his teeth were knocked out instantly! "Joel Harris, look. I've now touched you, so try touching me."

Philip smiled coldly. After over a dozen slaps, Joel's face was completely swollen like a pig's head. Blood constantly flowed out of his mouth, and he hesitantly slurred, "Philip Clarke... You're done for... I will have my uncle

kill you!" After that, Joel crawled to the side of the coffee table, fished out his mobile phone, and called his uncle. Philip did not stop him but glanced at Theo who walked into the room of the hotel. He asked, "How's the preparation?" At this time, Theo stood opposite Philip respectfully. Bending over, he said, "Mr. Clarke, everything is ready. We're just waiting for your orders." Philip nodded, his gaze clear. Philip clearly knew about Joel's inside information long ago. As for Klaus Harris, Philip also knew about it.

He had already asked Theo. This person did nothing but evil. There was no need for him to exist. Theo stood in front of Philip and cast a glance at Wolf and his henchmen who were beaten up into a pulp. He asked, "Mr. Clarke, Mr. Thomas asked me to ask you, do you need help from your family?"

Philip glanced at Theo and said, "You can't handle Klaus Harris?" Beads of cold sweat appeared on Theo's forehead. He buried his head lower and said,

"If it's just Klaus Harris, I can handle it just fine, but there's Golden City's whole family backing him up. I'm afraid that once a fight occurs, my people will not be able to hold it down." 'Golden City's big family? It looks like the Harris family is not as simple.' Philip got up, walked to the French windows, looked at the night scenery of Riverdale, and said after a long while, "Let Old Man George prepare and mobilize the family staff in Riverdale if something happens. This time, I want the Harris family completely destroyed! No matter who is backing him up, I want to let them know that I, Philip Clarke, am not a pushover!" As soon as he finished speaking, Philip suddenly asked again, "Which family in Golden City?"

Theo said with a bitter expression, "I haven't found out. They're very mysterious and have never been seen in Riverdale. They've always contacted Klaus Harris only." Philip nodded, not asking anymore. Philip did not allow a hidden danger around him. At the same time, Joel had already given a call to Klaus and wailed, "Uncle! Save me! Save me quickly!" Klaus was at a banquet with his brothers in his own place, celebrating the birth of a baby son from his third wife. His face was full of displeasure from suddenly receiving a call from his nephew. He asked, "Joel, what happened?"

Why are you this flustered? Someone dared to mess with you?" "Uncle!

Save me! There's a hitman! Someone wants to kill me!" Joel yelled frantically, tears streaming down his face. Klaus also realized the seriousness of the problem. He slapped the table and roared, "Who dares to bully my family member? They're looking for death!" With his roar, all of Klaus' subordinates, who were sitting on dozens of banquet tables in the hall, all stood up angrily at this moment! The scene was huge!

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An upper-class woman holding a baby next to Klaus went down immediately with the support of the nurse. Klaus asked for the address and hung up the phone straight after. He picked up the Maotai on the table, it was empty! Crash! Suddenly, the wine bottle was slammed onto the ground.

Klaus shrugged off the mink velvet coat on his body, revealing his strong figure, all tattooed. There was a blue dragon! To speak of this Klaus Harris, he had been muddling around, fighting, and killing since his

childhood. He had witnessed all kinds of scenes! He had more than a dozen stab wounds on his body and two deep scars on his face. Some people called Klaus the twin bladed dragon! That was because he only needed two knives to cut people up, one in the heart and one in the neck. "Brother Klaus, who's bullying Young Master Harris? Us brothers will cut him down!" "To offend our Harris family is to look for death!" "Brother Klaus, just one word and us brothers are all with you! We brothers will bring weapons!" These were all fiendish people. Klaus shouted angrily, "God fcking damn it! Bullying the Harris family! Never has something like this happened! Get me the guy! He's at the Marriott Hotel! Take him down!" The roaring of at least a hundred brothers sounded as all of them brought out long blades and steel rods! "Kill! Kill! Kill!" Their roars resounded until they could be heard by the whole street. All the passersby fled in haste at this moment. Klaus was leading the way. Just as he was about to get up, his mobile phone rang. A video call came. He connected it. "Who the hell?" Klaus had an irritable temper. Looking at the image on his phone screen, he saw a young man sitting on the sofa. He appeared to be in his 20s. 'Who the fck is this?' In the next second, the man on the screen spoke. "Klaus Harris, I'm the one you're looking for. Let me introduce myself. My name is Philip Clarke. Joel Harris was beaten by me, but he's safe for now." Klaus' expression suddenly chilled as he said angrily, "It's you! Good man, you dare to provoke my Harris family. Today will be the end of your life!" Philip smiled slightly and said, "Klaus, I just want to give you a warning not to walk into these muddy waters. Otherwise, I promise you, today will be your death date! It'll also be your Harris family's death date!" "You trying to fcking scare me?" Klaus was furious and shouted, "This is Riverdale, my area! Who do you think you are, Philip Clarke? You wait for me, I'm bringing people to find you now. I want to see if you can actually fcking kill me!" "Really? Then, let's wait and see." Philip laughed grimly. Klaus was not stupid either. After so many years, he naturally had the ability to make discerning judgments.

Seeing an opponent this tough, he frowned. This young man... How dare he talk to him like this? "Young man, don't you know who I am? I, Klaus Harris, am the third dragon of Riverdale! Even Theo will give me some respect. Are you sure you want to fight me?" Philip just smiled indifferently.

From behind him walked out Theo. The corner of his lips brought upon a smile. He looked at Klaus and said coldly, "Klaus Harris, long time no see.

You still look the same." In an instant, Klaus was dumbfounded! How could Theo be with this young man? Who was he? Looking at Theo's appearance, he was obviously very respectful of this young man. Klaus panicked slightly, but since he as the gang leader was quite old, he immediately sneered. "Haha, Theo, I didn't expect you to become a dog too. You're actually being respectful of this garbage. It looks like I, Klaus Harris, will be taking the position of Riverdale's underground king." Theo's expression was indifferent. He did not speak but waited for Philip to do so. "Sure, you can say that again if you manage to live to see the sun tomorrow." Philip laughed and hung up the video call. Then, his eyes fell onto the camera as

he said, "Joel Harris, do you want to see how the Harris family will be walking to their extinction by your hands?" Joel now had blood on his face.

It aroused his courage as he sneered. "You're trying to fcking scare me?! My second uncle will come find

you soon! You are dead, Philip! Wynn is mine!” Philip shook his head. Joel really would not shed a tear until he saw a coffin. With just a look from Philip, the hitman in the villa immediately continued to attack Joel! This went on for as long as ten minutes! The sound of wailing dragged on for a long time. On this side, after Philip hung up on Klaus, he fell into a state of anger! No one had ever dared speak to him like this! Let alone threaten! Fck, fck, fck! He was looking for death!

“Brothers! Tonight, kill the arrogant guy. Also, kill Theo Zander. From now on, Riverdale will belong to me, Klaus Harris, and us Dark Dragons!” Klaus raised his arms and shouted. The hundreds of brothers behind him were all brandishing their long blades and steel rods as they yelled violently. In an instant, everyone was dispatched! A group of second-rate men with weapons rushed out of the streets of Riverdale, nightclubs, small alleys, and shops. Looking down from a high altitude, one could see that there was a constant flow of people, all with weapons and from all directions. They poured into the ten-mile long street in front of the Marriott Hotel! In an instant, the whole street was full of people! Klaus sat in the car. He assigned a subordinate with more than a dozen men before saying coldly, “Go and check on Philip immediately. Grab his family! I want his family to die tonight!”

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Within ten minutes, the ten-mile long street in front of the Marriott Hotel was full of Klaus’ people! Looking around, the densely packed people were all crowded together! All of them looked fiendish! Long blades and steel rods, the lot of items were raised in their hands! This was Klaus’ method.

When he took his shot, it must be in the most exaggerated manner! This was the method Klaus was accustomed to for so many years. This kind of

formation alone was enough to scare the opponent! “Dark Dragon Hall!

Kill!” “Dark Dragon Hall! Kill!” The clamoring, like muffled thunder, resounded across the night sky of Riverdale! At this moment, all the pedestrians in the street were evacuating. The surrounding shops and shopping malls were all closed! Thousands of people were hiding in their houses, looking at the shocking formation outside through their windows.

Even noisy children stopped crying at this moment, opening their eyes wide and looking through the windows at the murderous brigade outside! “It’s the Dark Dragon Hall again. It hasn’t been long since they stopped and now they’re out again.” “Their last one happened four years ago. At that time, the whole city was filled with their people. The streets were full of blood, and the people lying on the ground all had broken arms and legs. It was such a miserable sight.” “I also remember that it was a dark time for Riverdale. I heard that a lot of people were killed and injured. In the end, the border patrol guards were dispatched to suppress them.” The people crowded in a shopping mall somewhere were discussing, their faces full of worry. Would today become like that day again? Klaus’ car was in the crowd. The black, elongated Lincoln looked magnificent and was parked firmly at the hotel entrance. There were lower-ranking subordinates standing around the car, all holding long daggers angrily. They

were confronting a dozen of Theo's big, black-suited men at the entrance of the hotel. A dozen people against hundreds was undoubtedly a dead end! However, these thugs of Theo's were all serious without the slightest panic or fear. Even when they saw the door open and Klaus, who was tyrannical, stepping out of the car, they were not afraid. If it was before, they might be calling him Brother Harris. Today, he was just an enemy! Klaus walked down with a cigar in his hand. He took a sharp inhale, looked at the dozen people guarding the entrance, and sneered ruthlessly. "Theo Zander only brought so few people with him? He really isn't showing respect for me, Klaus Harris." As soon as he said this, dozens of black-suited thugs suddenly rushed out of the eight doors of the hotel!

They were all also carrying daggers! Seeing these thugs rushing out in an

orderly manner, Klaus still had a faint sneer on his face while he said, "Not enough, too little! Don't tell me there are only this many people with Theo now?" "Klaus Harris, look around you!" Suddenly, there was a sound from above! Klaus looked up and saw a particular window. Theo and Philip stood there, staring at the dense crowd below with extremely cold eyes! Philip sneered internally. It really was a big scene! If Klaus was not taken care of, he definitely would not stop his efforts here. "Klaus Harris, you are only the third dragon in Riverdale. I advise you to take your people and evacuate as soon as possible. Otherwise, don't blame me for not considering past sentiments," Theo stood beside Philip and shouted coldly. After all, he was the underground king of Riverdale, so he should come forward for these matters. Klaus turned back and looked around, then found that there were countless of black-suited thugs coming out from various street corners and passages. They were all dressed in uniformed apparel and held weapons!

Their expressions looked like they were prepared to die in battle! Murderous aura was rising all over! In an instant, hundreds of thugs in black suits completely blocked the ten-mile long street! Looking down from a high altitude, one would see that Klaus and the men he brought were like shrimp soldiers and crab generals, surrounded by thugs in black suits. Surrounded!

Klaus then realized that he was tricked! However, so what! He was Klaus Harris, there was no scene he had never seen before! "Theo, do you think I, Klaus Harris, am afraid of this? I want him to get his ass over here and kowtow to me today!" Tyrannical aura was flowing from Klaus from head to toe as he reached out and pointed at Philip in front of Theo. Philip just stood silently at the window, looking down at Klaus and his hundreds of subordinates. There was no trace of fluctuation in his heart. His eyes were cold and clear. "Klaus Harris, you're done." Philip grinned coldly, then sent a message in the group 9four0901five51. "You're toast, you mtherfcker!"

Klaus became furious. He immediately waved his big hand as he roared,

"Hack that guy to death! Destroy this hotel! Leave none of Theo's people alive! After tonight, our Dark Dragon Hall will be the head dragon in

Riverdale!" "Kill! Kill! Kill!" Their shouts immediately shattered the dark clouds covering the sky! A pale moonlight fell! Then, several black dots flew in from afar with a deafening sound, rumbling like thunder! Everyone looked up! In the air, a dozen black spots were approaching quickly! "Fck! What the fck is

this?!" "Oh my God, Mom, look, it's an airplane! An airplane!" At this time, the people hiding in their rooms were watching closely and looking up at the sky through the window. They saw a dozen black spots flying past the pale moon, then zooming infinitely toward the sky over Marriott Hotel! "This, this is... The aircraft fighter group!" "F*ck!

The one in the middle is an armed transport plane! The dozen or so on the side are armed fighter jets!" "Oh my God, what's going on? Why are these fighters appearing here?" Questions flashed through countless people's minds as they all speculated. It was horrible! Too shocking! There were more than a dozen fighter jets, armed transport aircrafts, and even bombers!

Moreover, they all saw that these fighters were in a combat state! With these fighter jets and their rumbling noises, the hundreds of people in front of the Marriott Hotel were completely untenable! The large armed transport plane was gleaming with a cold light in the air, driving super strong air and sound waves that directly cut the pale moonlight. It was too terrifying! This was the big scene! If it was one fighter craft, whatever, but now, there were more than a dozen! Even the largest armed transport aircraft, An-225, was here!

There were many internet users in the crowd, and they could directly upload the photos to the internet. The entire city would know about this in an instant. "Oh my God! This is the An-225 Wuyun with at least hundreds of armed special guards in it!"

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Sss! Everyone took a sharp breath! Hundreds of armed special guards! This was simply the coming of the armed special guards! Klaus was dumbfounded! The hundreds of subordinates behind him were also dumbfounded! In Klaus' life, what scenes had he not seen after all that

killing and beating? Tonight, however, was destined to be his most shocking day. He had never seen such a scene. If he had seen it, it was only in movies!

It was so horrible! He stood under the huge winds and waves. His ears rumbled while his clothes rustled. "This... What's going on?" Klaus was frightened and had already begun to retreat. Sht! At this moment, Klaus looked up at the young man standing by the window. He read a hint of coldness and disdain in his eyes. Yes. Disdain! In the eyes of that young man, he never really noticed the hundreds of subordinates he had brought with him. Even more so, in his eyes, these people of his were ants! Why was this happening? "Retreat! Retreat!" Klaus was also a savvy person. He understood some key points in an instant and immediately shouted! In an instant, hundreds of people wanted to scatter off. However, the people Theo led surrounded them immediately. "Step aside!" "Go away!" "Fck! If you still move about, I will start hacking people!" Klaus' subordinates had never seen such a scene before—a dozen fighter jets hovering above their heads.

They were going to die this time. They were scared. Like trapped beasts, they acted out and wanted to run. A small-scale battle broke out! Barely in the next second! At every exit of the hotel and on the

streets, countless black figures sprang up in an instant, fully armed! They were all well-trained guards of Riverdale! Everyone looked murderous! On their bodies were a bulletproof vest, a gun, a black beret, a black combat uniform, and all kinds of red dots flashing! Boom! A uniform march! At the two entrances of the ten-mile-long street and in front of the hotel entrance, three teams of armed guards holding explosion-proof shields quickly rushed out! Step by step, the soles of their feet made a stomping sound, and they quickly surrounded Klaus' people. There was no trace of sloppy work! They solemnly took the form of three walls of steel! By the windows of the hotel, a dozen more sniper rifles appeared! A dozen snipers instantly opened the safety pin and stared firmly into the aiming scope! A dozen red dots were aimed at Klaus and his subordinates' eyebrows, chest, and other key parts. Tick! In an instant, an alarm sounded through the whole street! More than a dozen

armored vehicles with all their headlights turned on charged in and completely blocked the area to the point where even water would not be able to flow! On every armored vehicle, there was a heavily armed guard with a machine gun! Four well-equipped and well-trained guards quickly jumped down from each vehicle. They were either standing or squatting and were all wearing guns. They had already opened the safety pin and were aiming directly at the small, fighting crowd! It was not over yet. Special guards wearing green combat uniforms were rapidly descending the armed transport planes from above. They had camouflage paint on their faces.

They were zipping down the sky in the most eye-catching forms, directly toward Klaus and his crowd! These b*stards. How were they able to witness such a scene in this life? They were all stupefied! A loud voice was broadcasted on big speakers. "You're already surrounded! Put down your weapons, everyone get down!" "Put down your weapons! Everyone get down!" "Offenders, you will be put down!" In an instant, Klaus' men felt their legs all turn to jelly. They were all lying on the ground! At the same time, Philip had already appeared at the hotel entrance with Theo and others.

As soon as he appeared, the explosion shielding team automatically gave way. Philip took calm steps and walked to Klaus. He looked at the man who was already sweating and trembling. He smiled coldly, "Klaus Harris, as I've said, today is your death day." Klaus was already scared, but he suddenly smiled coldly with a hideous expression on his face. He said, "I underestimated you, but if you want to touch me, your wife and child will join me to the grave!" Suddenly, Philip's pupils shrank. A chilling, murderous aura burst out of his body!

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Threatening Philip with his wife and children? This plan was so poor, and it only sped up Klaus' death. When Klaus saw the change in Philip's expression, he was overjoyed and hurriedly walked over to show off his might. However! Bang! Philip put his hands in his trouser pockets. With a

firm kick, his shoe hit Klaus' chest and abdomen firmly! The latter fell directly on his back! Before he could react, two guards in green camouflage combat uniform immediately aimed their guns at Klaus' head and shouted,

“Don’t move!” Klaus had a sneer on his face and surrendered with both hands. “Haha, what about it? Do you think he can hold me, Klaus Harris, down with such a big show? Don’t forget, this is Riverdale and Klaus Harris’

realm! Even the mighty dragon is no match for the native serpent. I advise you to take these people away as soon as possible. We’ll consider that nothing happened today, how about that?” Klaus was also feeling a little less confident. This was the only thing he could do. Of course, he could not provoke Philip, but he also did not want to lose respect like this. If this was the case, his Dark Dragon Hall would not be able to hang around in Riverdale anymore. However... Step! Philip walked over with a cold expression and immediately stepped on Klaus’ chest with his big feet. He tapped his hands on his knees and sneered fiercely. “Klaus Harris, you really think you’re beyond my reach? The mighty dragon is no match for the native serpent? Haha, what if I tell you that I’m the most powerful dragon in the world?” Back at the Old Johnston Manor. Ten minutes ago, a group of a dozen people had sneaked over with long daggers. The few of them were hiding in the bushes. They looked around, then the leader smiled coldly.

“Do it!” In an instant, a dozen people rushed out! Suddenly! In the corner of the Old Johnston Manor, dozens of figures slowly walked out from the darkness. A sturdy figure slowly walked out of the darkness, and beneath the illumination of the street lamp, there printed a face with a cruel smile.

Tiger coldly looked at the dozen or so hoodlums holding long daggers in front of him. He said, “Mr. Clarke knew you were coming. I’ve been waiting for half an hour.” To know one’s own strength and the enemy’s was the sure way to victory. When Philip decided to take action on the Harris family, he had already made a comprehensive plan. Those dozen little hoodlums would be shocked to see Tiger—Theo Zander’s first fierce general! “Run!” More than a dozen people turned their heads to run at the same time. Behind them,

a team of guards in black combat uniforms and berets had rushed out of the bushes. They had already loaded their guns with live ammunition. They shouted in low voices, “Put down your weapons! Get down! Everyone get down!” Coming face to face with these intimidating men, Klaus’ men were immediately wiped out. Tiger looked back at the Old Johnston Manor and muttered, “My sister-in-law is so lucky to have a husband like Mr. Clarke.”

Then, they left without looking back. They left only a few people there to keep watch. Back here, Philip was looking at Klaus very calmly. Klaus, who was being stared at by Philip, felt uncomfortable. Such a strong sense of oppression! Klaus had only seen this kind of oppression and aura from one person. That was the supporter behind him! Even more so, Klaus now had the misconception that even the aura of the supporter behind him was not as strong as Philip’s oppressive aura! It was like the ocean! He was an ordinary young man just now, but now, he was actually like an emperor. With just a look, Klaus’ soul trembled! It was so horrible! “You, who are you?” Klaus became empty and could not help but ask. At this moment, his legs were shaking. “Who am I?” Philip smiled evilly with the corners of his mouth and said, “I’m someone you can’t afford to provoke in this life!” Klaus frowned with an urge to vomit blood! He looked around. All the people he had brought were pressed to the ground! There were more than a dozen fighter jets hovering in the sky, more than a dozen armored vehicles in the rear, and hundreds of

guards! Klaus knew that he had been set up today! Very thoroughly too! This seemingly ordinary person was actually from such a big background! To be able to mobilize fighters and special guards, he was definitely not an ordinary person! That stupid nephew of his... Who the hell did he provoke? Their family was going to be ruined by him! "Philip... Mr.

Clarke, if you have something to say, I think we can sit down and talk."

Klaus had almost given up resistance and showed a flattering smile. Philip glanced at him indifferently. At the same time, Tiger walked out from the crowd behind him and said respectfully, "Young Master Clarke, it's done.

Sister-in-law is safe and sound." Hearing this, Philip breathed a sigh of

relief. The strength under his feet deepened. He took the gun from the guard at his side and pulled at the safety pin immediately. He pointed the gun at Klaus' head! In an instant, the atmosphere suddenly became tense! When Klaus heard what Tiger said, he knew that his plans had failed. At this moment, when Philip pulled the safety pin, Klaus turned completely red in the face. He yelled very nervously, "Mr. Clarke! Mr. Clarke, spare me! We can talk!"

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Bang! Klaus was completely frightened. His eyes were widened as his legs twitched. A urine smell burst out. He had peed and shat himself at the same time! At that moment, he was completely stunned! He felt death for the first time. It was so close to him! After a while, he regained his senses. He was not dead! Next to his head, there was a bullet hole! Only then did he feel the sharp pain in his ears! The bullet had directly pierced Klaus' ear. One of his ears was completely blown off. Half of his head was splashed with blood due to the impact of the gunshot! Klaus could only feel that his right ear was completely deaf. He could not hear anything! Then, the crowd on the streets burst out into loud discussions! They did not see what had happened.

However, they saw that the people of Black Dragon Hall were all detained and being put into the armored vehicles which were coming one after another! "Nice! What a delightful moment!" "Yeah, the Black Dragon Hall is destroyed!" "Oh my God, it's too exaggerated! What did I see just now?

Is this a joint capture?" Various public opinions broke out in the crowd.

Tonight was destined to be shocking. Black Dragon Hall that had survived in Riverdale for more than ten years, collapsed in an instant. The members were all being arrested! Even the boss, Klaus Harris, was taken away! "Did you see it? It's that man. Who is he? How can he be so powerful!" In the crowd, there were people who were far-sighted. Seeing Philip's silhouette at this moment, they were all extremely curious. "I can't see, and I don't know him. Maybe it's the big shot from a higher authority. This kind of execution

method is simply unheard of!” Here, there were several people escorting Klaus away. Klaus had accepted his fate like a dead fish. However, he suddenly stared at Philip fiercely. He roared, “You can’t capture me! I have a backer! I, Klaus Harris, have a Golden City backer! The Harris family will not die!” “Wait,” Philip said. Klaus was taken back to him again. He sneered with a stern face and said, “Hehe, now you know how to be afraid, huh? Let me tell you, the backer of the Harris family in Golden City is definitely not someone you can offend! Nor can you imagine the power behind them!”

Although I don’t know who you are and why you have such a powerful execution method, in front of that person, you’re just an ant!” Ant? Very well! Philip has not been this excited in a long time! In seven years, he had almost forgotten about the young master of the Clarke family who ‘made waves’ back then! He might as well let this group of people witness his ways thoroughly today! “A Golden City backer? Say it, who is it? I want to see if I, Philip Clarke, can afford to offend them or not!” Philip’s expression looked cold. At the same time, somewhere far away in the Harris Enterprise, Ronald had been having a headache ever since he returned from the dinner.

His son actually dared to take credit in place of Young Master Clarke.

Moreover, he was now very sure that his son’s crush’s good-for-nothing husband, Philip Clarke, was in fact Young Master Clarke! ‘My God! ‘A person like him is actually willing to be a useless bum?’ “Mr. Harris!

Something bad has happened, something bad has happened!” Suddenly, the office door was knocked open by the secretary. A tall and extremely sexy woman ran in. Gasping for air, her chest was rising and falling. “Didn’t I tell you that no one is allowed to disturb me?” Ronald was very irritable. He gave her an angry look. He then asked, “What happened?” “Mr. Harris, your house is surrounded by people, and the young master has got himself in trouble with a killer.” The female secretary swallowed anxiously. “What?

Killer?!” Ronald was beyond shocked! However, that was not all. “Also, there are...” The female secretary swallowed her breath. “What else!”

“Master Harris was also arrested. He’s at the Marriott Hotel now. The

hundreds of people he brought have all been arrested! The opposing party actually mobilized special armed guards, saying that Master Harris must be destroyed tonight and the Harris family too!” The female secretary finally finished speaking. She then expelled a sigh of relief. Slam! Ronald was so shocked that he sat up from the office chair. His fist was clenched, and his face was flushed! Damn! Who is it? Who dared to provoke the Harris family! “Who’s the other party?” Ronald asked with a gloomy face. It was such a big deal. He was definitely not an ordinary person! ‘Who did Joel provoke this time? One Young Master Clarke is enough to deal with. Now, he has even provoked a person who can move the special armed guards.’

Ronald was extremely furious now! Ring, ring! The rapid ringtone rang.

Looking at his mobile phone, Ronald was startled. There was cold sweat on his forehead. It was a phone call from a stranger! “Hello, who are you?”

Ronald thought for a while. He then accepted the phone call. "It's me, Philip Clarke." There was a very cold voice on the other side of the phone. Ronald figured something instantly. His eyes widened. He begged for mercy almost instantly, "Master Clarke, I'm sorry. I'm sorry my son and brother have offended you. I'll go there immediately. I beg Young Master Clarke to show mercy!" "It's too late, I'm calling you just to inform you that there's still..."

Five minutes left before the destruction of the Harris family!" As Philip glanced at the time, he said lightly, "You can look below your company."

Ronald had a conditioned reflex. Standing at the window, he saw a lot of people coming from the business, finance, and supervision department. "Sir, it's bad. They're here to check the audits and taxes..." Ronald was so scared that he sat on the office chair. His eyes flashed with despair. Clack, clack, clack! With the intensive sound of footsteps in his ear, Ronald saw a dozen men and women in suits who looked like people from the institute. They broke in immediately. Brush! The man with a red five-pointed star on his chest took the lead. He threw out a search warrant immediately and said,

"Ronald Harris, you're suspected of transferring profits, evading taxes, and illegally obtaining trade secrets. You're now officially arrested. Come with

us." Ronald was in a panic. Taking out his mobile phone in a hurry, he dialed a number. "Madam, help me!"

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The dozen or so uniformed people in front of Ronald looked at him indifferently. They were not in a rush to take him away. "Madam, you must save me! Something has happened!" Ronald said anxiously. At the same time, on the main road in Riverdale, a white Bentley was speeding toward the Marriott Hotel. Through the car window, a woman could be vaguely seen sitting in the car. She was on the phone. Her expression looked slightly unhappy as she said, "I see. That idiotic son of yours... Why did he provoke him out of nowhere?!" Questionings and scoldings! Ronald did not dare reply for a long time. In his opinion, this madam was a very powerful person. Right at this moment, however, Ronald clearly felt that even the Madam did not want to be an enemy of this Young Master Clarke. Scary!

Horrible! What was the background of this Young Master Clarke that caused even the Madam to show fear? "Madam, it's... It's my fault for not teaching him strictly. I want to request Madam to save Joel and save the Harris family, for the sake of my wife." Ronald knelt straightaway in the huge director's office while he wept. The woman in the car did not speak for a long time. Then, she sighed. "If it weren't for my stupid little sister who escaped her wedding to marry you, I really wouldn't want to recognize you as my relative!" Ronald's body trembled after he heard that! It turned out that for so many years, Madam had only been taking care of the Harris family merely because of her younger sister. In her eyes, the Harris family was only ant-like? However, Ronald did not have any complaints. This was because Ronald had made it into one of the top entrepreneurs in Riverdale by having this relationship alone! Although

Joel's mother had passed away earlier on, with this relationship, Ronald was able to do well. The Wallis family of the Golden City. They were an existence that could not be looked up to, a mountain peak that no one in the world could climb! "Madam, I

know I was wrong. I beg you, please save Joel and save the Harris family!"

Ronald held the phone and kowtowed continuously while kneeling on the ground. The banging sound was transmitted directly to the woman's ear in the car through the phone. After a moment of silence, Giada who was in the car asked, "How much sincerity can you show for me to save the Harris family?" It was just one sentence, but it was cold. It wet Ronald's back. How much sincerity... This sentence was already obvious. It could not be any more obvious. "I'm willing to take out all my wealth!" Ronald kowtowed hard and said. In his eyes, his son was his everything. All these years of spoiling and babying, it was Ronald trying to make up for the damage brought upon Joel due to his mother's early death. He was such a pitiful father. "I'll try my best," Giada replied calmly. As she was just about to hang up, Ronald asked boldly from the other side, "Madam, who is this Young Master Clarke? Is he..." Ronald had realized a certain possibility.

Giada glanced toward the night sky outside the window, and replied coldly,

"Arcadia Island, the Clarke family." Snapped! The phone hung up! At that moment, it was as if Ronald had become half-paralyzed. He limply sat on the ground with his eyes hollowed. Arcadia Island, the Clarke family of Arcadia Island! It turned out that he was the Young Master of the Clarke family. Then, the Clarke Group of Capital City belonged to the Clarke family of Arcadia Island! At this moment, Ronald suddenly realized. Since the start, he had always thought the Clarke Group in Capital City was just a big family named Clarke, but he did not dare to think of the Clarke family on Arcadia Island no matter what. This was because they were an extraordinary big family with countless wealth! It could be said that a word from Arcadia Island would make a small country disappear from the map!

Ronald fell completely into desperation. A good-for-nothing son-in-law of the Johnston family transformed into the young master of Clarke Group from Capital City, then transformed again to be the Clarke family from Arcadia Island! The horror! Too horrifying! At the same time, in the Harris family villa, Joel witnessed everything on site! At that moment, he was

stunned! Philip actually had such power? Was he still human? Even his second uncle, Klaus, was dealt with just like that! Very thorough! At this moment, Joel realized the extent of his stupidity! Philip Clarke... His identity was definitely not as simple as a useless bum! 'Damn you, Martha Yates! 'Motherf*cker!' Joel was extremely angered as he felt like he got scammed. Scammed by the damn Martha Yates! This was a dead-end!

"Clarke... Philip Clarke, Brother Clarke, I was wrong, I was wrong, please, stop beating me, don't kill me, please spare me, I really know my mistake now!" At this moment, Joel no longer wanted his pride and dignity.

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Wynn Johnston? No, no, no, no! She belonged to Philip Clarke, she was Brother Clarke's! His fate mattered now. Joel performed the humble posture to the fullest. He was considered as casting the five limbs to the earth. He kowtowed non-stop to the camera, begging for mercy. As Philip stood at the entrance of the hotel, he looked at Joel on the screen. A cold smile appeared on the corners of his mouth. "Some things should not be attempted more than three times. You've challenged my patience many times and even aimed at Wynn with your schemes. I'm sorry, you and the Harris family have to say goodbye to the world today." "Brother Clarke, I was wrong, I was wrong, I was really wrong. I shouldn't have turned to Wynn. Please, just forgive me this one time. I'll get out of Riverdale immediately and never come back in this life." Joel was in extreme panic. His eyes were glaring widely as he kowtowed to the camera for mercy. His body was covered in blood. In a state like this, how could he still have the manner of a young master? Philip smiled coldly and ignored Joel but glanced at Klaus instead, saying, "Ronald should have found your so-called backer by now. I will wait for him to come over. I want to see whether your so-called backer is worthy for me to make an act again." Klaus was pressed to the ground kneeling.

With a sneer, he said, "Phillip Clarke, the backer of our Harris family is definitely not someone you can provoke! Just prepare to die! Since you've

provoked us Harris family, just go to hell!" As soon as the voice fell, a white Bentley drove in slowly from behind the crowd. There were guards who went up to stop it, but when they saw the person in the car, they all stood still and saluted! Philip frowned, but when he saw the woman who was walking down from the car, his eyes twitched and the corners of his mouth curled slightly. This was the support behind the Harris family? This was pretty good. Giada was wearing a white suit, a black lace-rim shirt underneath, a pair of white wide-leg trousers, a large lady's hat, and a pair of pastel pink lace gloves on her hands. As soon as she appeared, her aura spread invisibly! All the guards on the side automatically gave way for her.

Giada took her elegant and noble steps while walking slowly toward Philip.

She was followed by a female assistant closely behind her. She did not even look at Klaus who was kneeling on the ground. She stared at Philip with cold eyes and said, "Let him go." Klaus laughed arrogantly when he saw the incoming person. He then broke free from the hands of the guards. As he stood up, he sneered. "Haha! Philip Clarke, didn't I say that the support behind our Harris family is someone you absolutely dare not to provoke..."

However, he did not finish speaking before...! Boom! Philip kicked him vigorously, making Klaus fly for a few meters! Klaus fell to the ground with a cramp in his abdomen! He was dumbfounded! Philip Clarke, how dare he still hit him at this moment?! Damn it! "Madam, you must kill him! This scumbag caught my people and also injured your nephew! You must stand up for Joel and stand up for the Harris family!" Klaus clutched his chest while the two guards behind him had him under control again! Joel saw Giada's appearance through the video and yelled, "Aunt Wallis! Aunt Wallis, save me! I don't want to die!" Giada was undoubtedly Joel's only ray of hope at the moment. She was also the ray of hope for the

entire Harris family. "Slap his mouth!" Giada said coldly. She had not even looked at Klaus who was behind her since the beginning. "Haha! Philip Clarke, you're done!" Klaus laughed! He felt extremely good inside. It would be Philip who would be slapped later! Madam Wallis was just so overbearing!

However, Klaus realized something was wrong in the next instant. Giada's female assistant walked straight toward him, then she waved her hand! Slap!

Slap! The crisp sound of slapping resounded throughout the street like an iron palm hitting a slab of pork! These slapping sounds caused all the onlookers to take a deep breath! It sounded like it hurt a lot! With only two slaps, a few of Klaus' teeth got slapped out of his mouth! His entire face was crooked! "You, you slapped the wrong person! You should slap him!" Klaus shouted, but the slapping did not cease. Philip then looked at Giada and asked faintly, "Joel is your nephew?" Giada did not deny. She replied, "Joel already knows his mistake, and you've caused misery to the entire Harris family. There's no need to kill them all. After all, Joel has half of my Wallis family's blood. Let go of the Harris family for my sake." Philip smiled indifferently and said, "Oh, are you begging or threatening me?"

Giada's brows furrowed. She looked at Philip with her bright eyes and smiled charmingly all of a sudden. With a cold expression, she said, "You can either treat it like I'm begging you or threatening you." Philip nodded, then suddenly asked, "Giada, I want to ask you, do you belong to the Wallis family or the Clarke family?"

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Giada was speechless at that question. Her complexion flushed slightly, and there was a cold glint in her eyes. "Let the Harris family go. They'll pay the price for what they did." Giada took a deep breath. Her expression flickered, and she soon recovered from her guilty conscience. For the first time, she felt that she had underestimated Philip. This guy had become unfathomable in the past seven years. Giada suddenly felt that all the rumors and information about him that were collected through investigations in the past years were all false. Philip Clarke was a master at disguising himself. Philip remained silent and grim. He took a step forward and forced Giada to take a few steps back before he said, "What if I say I don't want to let them off?"

Domineering! At this moment, this word was undoubtedly evident in Philip!

Following his actions, all the special guards who were lined up aimed their guns at Klaus and Giada! Giada's assistant immediately stood in front of her and shielded her before exclaiming, "Madam!" Giada shook her head and motioned for the assistant to step aside. Then, she raised her eyebrows, looked at Philip, and said, "Let's discuss this. What are your conditions before you're willing to let go of the Harris family?" She never expected that things would turn out this way. If she had not promised her deceased sister to take care of the Harris family, Giada would never lower herself to negotiate with Philip. In her eyes, no one was worthy to negotiate terms with her! "Conditions?" Philip grinned broadly and looked at Klaus who had been beaten up badly and was lying on the ground. On the other side, Joel was still

begging for mercy. He said, "I want to bring Wynn and Mila back to Arcadia Island. In the meantime, you mustn't stop me and must fully cooperate with me! If those people try to stop me or raise any objections, you must stand on my side!" Giada frowned upon hearing that, and her expression became colder. With a sneer, her composure elevated as she held herself like a queen, full of cold arrogance. Giada said, "Philip, so you have this in mind. Do you think they'll agree to it even if I do? "Do you have any idea how many people are keeping an eye on the Clarke family in Arcadia Island? "You want to bring someone like Wynn Johnston, without any family background, back to Arcadia Island. Are you deliberately trying to challenge those people's authority? "Even your father wouldn't dream of doing that!" Giada said a lot in one breath, her eyes glinting with menace as her face started to flush. Philip was too audacious! Bringing Wynn and Mila back to Arcadia Island would definitely cause a huge commotion! Once the situation became uncontrollable, even Giada would be caught off guard!

However, Philip merely smiled calmly and said, "You don't have to worry about that. Just take care of your own affairs. I must bring Wynn and Mila back to Arcadia Island, and no one can stop me! She's my wife, and Mila's my daughter. They're part of the Clarke family! Arcadia Island belongs to the Clarke family now and in the future too! Whether it's you or the Wallis

family, or those old foolish things, whoever dares to harbor any thoughts about Arcadia Island or the Clarke family, I'll not hesitate to pull their teeth and break their claws! I'll make them disappear from the face of this earth!"

Rumble, rumble! As Philip's excited and inspiring words fell, there was sudden muffled thunder. A bolt of lightning flashed across the night sky!

The noise was deafening! Everyone was caught by surprise at the sudden thunder. At this moment, Philip's cold and murderous intent flowed over him like an emperor from the skies above staring down at Giada! Giada suddenly felt very small in that instant! Was this the confidence and fortitude of a Clarke? Sure enough, she had underestimated Philip and allowed him to grow for seven years. Now, he already had the makings of an emperor! Giada was quiet for a moment before she spoke, "Alright, I agree, but don't expect that I'll help you." Philip grinned when he heard this, and the enchanting aura disappeared completely. He returned to his usual cowardly and awkward image. "Thank you, my dear Aunt Giada."

Subsequently, Philip turned his head toward Klaus and said, "I don't want to see this Klaus Harris ever again. Do you know what to do?" Giada naturally understood. With one look, the assistant next to her immediately sprung to action and broke all of Klaus' limbs forcefully! The scene was horrifying! The pig-like squeal lasted for just a few seconds. Klaus Harris had passed out! As for the Harris family, Philip was not concerned because they were no longer important. They must be annihilated. The Harris family would be no more in Riverdale. Finally, Giada took another glance at Philip before she entered the car quietly and left. Very soon, all the people brought by Philip withdrew! The armed special guards arrested Klaus' men. As for the Harris Enterprise, it was also seized. Klaus was also brought away for investigation. "I'll leave the rest to you. Don't let me down." Philip looked back at Theo who was already stunned silly. Even a character like Theo could not react in time with all the happenings. He knew that Mr. Clarke's background was quite unusual, but he did not expect it to be so extraordinary! Even the

incident at the pharmaceutical factory was not as

shocking as today! “Yes, Mr. Clarke.” Theo immediately bowed respectfully. Philip patted Theo on the shoulder and left. Theo was not too bad and could be groomed into a useful elite. “Mr. Clarke, please watch your step,” Theo said. “Mr. Clarke, please watch your step.” The hundreds of henchmen in black suits stood in rows and shouted respectfully. That scene was pretty impressive.

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Yolanda, who was still in the hotel suite, looked at all the figures downstairs who had just left and completely panicked. Yolanda was dumbfounded. Just as she was about to kiss Philip just now, the door to the room was opened and dozens of men in black suits swarmed in. The person leading the group was the underground king, Theo Zander! Only now did she find out that it was all a trap set by Philip! A trap that made use of her! Yolanda Lee had been taken advantage of? Philip Clarke, that trash! Yolanda would hate him for the rest of her life! As for Philip, he was humming a tune and leisurely returned to the Old Johnston Manor. At the entrance, a few dark shadows moved forward and said respectfully, “Mr. Clarke, you’re home.” Philip nodded while glancing at them. They grinned before running away. Philip opened the door and tiptoed into the bedroom. Philip thought for a moment, and just as he was about to get into the bed, Wynn turned over beside him and hugged Philip while crying bitterly. “Philip, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have doubted you tonight. It’s all my fault. But I feel very frustrated. I care about you and I’m afraid of losing you. I’m scared that Mila will lose her father...”

Philip was stunned into silence. The tender, boiling heart in his chest twisted fiercely. She was just afraid of losing him. In her heart, he was very important. Philip lay down, hugged Wynn tightly, and said gently, “Wynn, I’m sorry, I’m at fault too.” Mwah! Suddenly, a pair of thin cold lips pressed directly on Philip’s mouth! This blissful moment came too abruptly! This night, for the two of them, was a rare occasion. The next day, Martha got up early and banged on Wynn’s bedroom door with a shout, “Wynn, get up!

Don’t forget, you’re getting a divorce with that good-for-nothing Philip today!” Divorce? Philip was startled. He sat on the bed in a daze, staring at the sleepy-eyed Wynn beside him. Wynn looked awkward with her flushed face. She blinked her big eyes and said pitifully, “Phil, if I said that accidentally out of anger, will you blame me?” Philip held his head. Martha had taken her accidental words seriously. Helplessly, Philip scratched Wynn’s nose and said, “No, as long as you want it, I’ll do whatever.” Wynn rolled her eyes, punched him on the chest, and said, “What nonsense are you saying! I won’t divorce you. You’re my husband and Mila’s father. You can’t run away from me in this lifetime! I want to eat you up! Argh...” The two rolled around in bed and paid no heed to Martha who was still knocking on the door. Martha was bewildered. What was happening in the room? She blinked suspiciously and moved to put her ear on the door. Click! The door opened. Martha almost stumbled. She saw Wynn hugging Philip while smiling very blissfully. “Mom, I’m not going to divorce Philip.” What? Not getting a divorce?! Martha was dumbfounded. She glared furiously, threw her handbag at Philip, and cursed, “Philip, did you drug my daughter again?”

You useless wretch. Who allowed you to sleep in my house? Get lost, get lost at once!" Philip was a little dazed at being hit by the handbag. He clenched his fists and was quite upset. Wynn could tell that Philip was angry. She glared at Martha and said, "Mom, why are you so unreasonable?"

Philip's your son-in-law after all, how can you tell him to get lost just like that?" Martha was outraged. She pointed at Philip and continued cursing,

"How can I? Because this house belongs to me, Martha Yates, so he should get out!" She was livid. Her daughter was protecting the wimp again.

"Okay! If you chase Philip away today, I'll go too! The worst thing that can happen is that I won't return to this home again!" Wynn was also very angry and shouted back at her mother. "You! You'll be the death of me!" Martha trembled in anger. She raised her hand and swung it. Slap! With this slap, Wynn's eyes turned red. She stomped her foot angrily, packed her things, and pulled Philip out of the door. "Mom, you forced me to do this. I won't

come back to this house again!" Martha was enraged and sat on the floor, slapping her thighs while crying, "Charles, come out and look at this. What have I done to suffer this? My daughter is siding with an outsider. How can I live with this? Fine, leave, all of you can get lost! I've already sold your house! I want to see where you and that wimp can live!" However, Philip returned with a frosty face. He glanced at Martha who was rolling on the floor and said, "Martha Yates, you're really ruthless, but I want to tell you one thing. Wynn and I have another house, and it's a villa. Do you want to look at it?"

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Look at it? "What's there to look at? A wastrel like you has money to buy a villa?" Martha stood up immediately, pointed feistily at Philip's nose, and mocked, "You can't even afford a house the size of a hundred square meters, what more a villa! I'll kowtow and beg for your forgiveness today if you actually own one!" This useless bum was really shameless, lying without even blinking. "Okay, remember your words," Philip said calmly. Martha snorted and said, "Wynn, just look at this Philip. He's such a shameless liar. A worthless wench like him can afford to buy a villa? Does he even know how expensive the property in Riverdale is? Even the prices at Hillside Villa have increased. Each unit now costs 15 million!" Wynn was getting a headache already. Why was her mother always looking down on Philip? "Mom, Philip is telling the truth. He really bought one at Longford Park. I have no reason to lie to you." Wynn said disdainfully, her eyes slightly cold. Martha was taken aback when she heard that. However, she soon sneered. She glared wickedly at Philip and admonished, "Tell me, what drugs have you fed my daughter? She's starting to talk nonsense now just like you! "Wynn, do you know what kind of place Longford Park is? That place is the property of Longford Group. The cheapest villa there is worth more than 30 million! Last time, I was there with Paula for a visit and we ran into Philip delivering food. This wretch tried to lie to us at that time,

saying that he bought a villa at Longford Park. We exposed his lie! "Now, he even dares to lie to you!

Why are you still protecting him? Hurry up and get your marriage certificate and go with me to the Civil Affairs Bureau to get your divorce!" Martha refused to give up and tried to drag Wynn along with her. Divorce! They must get a divorce! Wynn would never be able to lead a good life if she continued to have a good-for-nothing like Philip as her husband. Joel Harris was much better. He was rich and had a good family background. He treated her very well too. Furthermore, Martha had promised Joel that Wynn and Philip would be divorced today. Looking at the current situation, how could she not be anxious? "Mom, believe it!"

Wynn was angry. She stomped her foot and pulled Philip with her. "Okay, fine, you bought a house, right? Very well, I won't go anywhere today. Let's invite all our relatives and visit the new house to celebrate!" Martha suddenly changed her tone. She looked at Philip unkindly and said, "How about it, Philip?" This useless person was still pretending. Fine, she would just expose his lie today so that Wynn could see how unreliable the husband she had chosen was! Wynn looked at Philip. Philip smiled and said, "Sure.

You can stay at home and contact our relatives. I'll make the arrangements.

I'll send someone to pick you up in the afternoon." Martha agreed immediately. "Okay, I'll wait at home. I want to see what type of house you can afford to buy." With that said, Martha turned around and sat on the sofa.

She took out her phone and started to call her relatives. "Hello, Paula, come to my house quickly. Philip said he bought a house and wants to bring us for a visit." Martha's tone was full of sarcasm. On the other end of the line, Paula was shopping. When she heard Martha's words, she knew that there would be a show. She quickly agreed and said, "Of course, Martha. I'll bring Samantha and Frank along to your house." Paula hung up the phone happily and started to make plans. She understood the temperament of her sister very well. From her tone, she knew that Martha was prepared to humiliate Philip.

That was great. It would be best if this guy who had been eating and living for free could be driven away from the Johnston family. In that case, the

cooperation between Frank and Wynn's company could proceed smoothly!

That was worth one billion! Philip and Wynn glanced at Martha before they reluctantly walked out of the Old Johnston Manor. Once they were out, Wynn asked, "Are you really planning to take my mom to the villa?" Philip nodded and said placidly, "Just go. It's not a big deal anyway. At the very least, perhaps your mother can look at me differently and stop calling me a wimp every day." Philip decided to show off a little wealth and influence.

Otherwise, this Martha would continue to annoy him. Wynn rolled her eyes and said, "Fine, you make the arrangements. I'll go to the office." Wynn hugged and kissed Philip before reluctantly leaving on her bike. Philip stared at her beautiful back, thought for a moment, and mumbled to himself,

"Let's buy the wife a car." Philip called George and told him to get a car.

He would drive it back in the afternoon. After that, Philip went to the hospital to visit Mila. Mila's

recovery was going very well. She could already get out of bed and run around. After a few more days, she would be able to go out and play. On the other side, Martha had made many calls and notified several relatives. Initially, she wanted to notify the relatives from her maternal side too, but when she recalled that the Yates had gone bankrupt and still owed a lot of money, Martha gave up. Very soon, a group of relatives from the Johnston family turned up at the Old Johnston Manor.

“What’s wrong with Martha, telling us to come and visit the villa that her useless son-in-law has bought?” “Yeah, making such a ruckus early in the morning. Can that Philip even afford to buy a villa?” “He’s nothing but a bum who has done nothing for the past three years. I’ve no idea what Martha is up to.” Charles’ sister-in-law, Gina Wood, gritted her teeth and said. Was there something wrong with this sister-in-law of hers? How could she believe the words of that b*stard Philip? Why did she call so many relatives over? To humiliate herself?

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Gina Wood did not think that a good-for-nothing like Philip could ever afford a villa. She heard that Wynn became the chairman of a company, so there was a possibility that she bought it, but for the sake of dignity, they were claiming that Philip bought it instead. In any case, Gina was unhappy.

They were all members of the Johnston family, but Charles’ family was the one who bought a villa, so anyone would be upset about it. “Haha, Gina, I think Martha is just joking around. How can that trash afford a villa?”

Another sister-in-law, Amelia Stone, had a mocking expression on her face.

The two families arrived together. Charles’ two younger brothers, Martin Johnston and Bernard Johnston, also looked disdainful. The two families were ordinary people and possessed an aptitude of average citizens too.

When they heard that the eldest sibling’s family had bought a villa, they were all unhappy because of their falling dignities. The eldest brother became a section head before he retired. Back then, he did not help them much, and because of such trivial matters, the three families were not on good terms. Lynn Johnston was also here and dressed to the nines. She wore a pair of hotpants and a strappy top. It was quite revealing. Her face was pouty, and she looked very unhappy to be called over on such a hot day. She was just about to go shopping and watch a movie with her friends. She wondered how Philip had managed to settle the matter of the sports car last time. He had not looked for her for compensation even after so many days.

Could it be that Philip was just a little bit more capable than she thought?

Very soon after, Paula arrived with Samantha and Frank. As soon as she appeared, the Johnston brothers started to fawn over her. After all, this sister of Martha’s was quite a looker. “Oh, Sister Paula, you’re here too.” Few people came up to her and started simpering. Paula was pleased. The people

from the Johnston family were nothing but wretches. "Martha invited me to visit the villa that her son-in-law bought." Paula acted like a proud old mother hen. She held her head high and looked down at people with her nose. "Pooh, that good-for-nothing Philip! How can he compare to your son-in-law, Frank?" Gina stepped forward at this moment and said with a

demure smile, "Sister Paula, when can Frank arrange a job for that incompetent son of mine? Even a security job will do." "That's right, for that daughter of mine too. It has been a year since she graduated and she hasn't found a job yet. She only knows how to fool around with some dancing game every day." "And my youngest daughter is about to graduate too. Do let your Frank make some arrangements for us." Frank was already quite annoyed, especially when he heard that they were supposed to come to the Old Johnston Manor and visit Philip's villa. He was full of reluctance.

Others did not know Philip's identity, but he did. Especially when he heard the criticisms about Philip from afar, he felt very amused. These people were just as disgusting as before. Was he so disgusting back then too? Frank did not plan to reveal Philip's identity. Firstly, he dared not. Secondly, he did not want to. He also wanted to look at the ugly faces of these people and their various reactions upon finding out Philip's identity. That should be really gratifying. "Of course, I'll check when I return to the office," Frank responded with a laugh as a chill flashed in his eyes. It was then followed by endless flattery from these people. Paula was very pleased that her son-in-law could elevate her status like this. At this moment, Martha came out of the house with Charles. She cursed angrily, "If that wimp really did buy a villa, so what if I'm to kowtow to him today?" This sentence was aimed at Charles because he kept dissuading Martha from making such a commotion. Why did she have to invite so many people? Was it only Philip who would be ashamed when the time came? "Oh, Sister-in-law Martha, you're finally out. What's the situation? Has Philip bought a villa?" Gina was the first to approach her with a taunting expression on her face as she asked. "That's right, Sister-in-law Martha, don't try to fool us. All of us are aware of how capable your Philip is." Amelia also joined in mockingly.

Martha sneered and said, "That's the reason I invited all of you today. When the time comes, you have to stand united with me to teach that trash Philip a good lesson. He actually..." Blah, blah, blah. Martha spoke at length and finally explained the situation to everyone. The few people glanced at each other and understood. Today's event was specifically to humiliate Philip.

This idiot even dared to brag about something like buying a villa. Sure enough, he was nothing but a wastrel who could not be helped anymore.

"Sure, Martha, we'll listen to your instructions." Several people agreed readily. Charles' brothers breathed a sigh of relief. It was not what they had expected after all. After waiting for a while, Martha impatiently called Philip and said admonishingly, "Where's the car you arranged? Didn't you say you'll pick us up?" "Mom, wait for a moment. It should be there soon."

Philip explained. Philip was here busy making the arrangements at First Palace. He even sent several big red packets in the group chat to make the employees work faster. Martha hung up the phone and with her arms crossed over her chest. She stared at the street ahead fiercely. Sure enough, a few luxury cars

approached slowly. "Hey, Sister-in-law Martha, are those Mercedes-Benzenes there?" Gina pointed and asked. "No way, how can a wimp like Philip arrange for Mercedes-Benzenes to pick us up?" Amelia raised her voice and mocked. Those were indeed Mercedes-Benzenes, the luxurious models too! Martha also felt that it was impossible, so she waved her hands and said, "Stop dreaming. It's good enough if that guy can even afford a Wuling vehicle." The four black Mercedes-Benz S-Class vehicles stopped directly in front of everyone. These four cars were not ordinary.

They were adorned with an insignia of a gold dragon head in front! This was a logo unique to Riverdale! Only one family would dare to do this, the Longford family of Riverdale! The doors opened in unison, and the drivers were all dressed in black suits, white gloves, and a golden dragon logo embroidered on the chest. They stood respectfully in front of the cars and greeted them with a bow, "Please get into the cars." Everyone was dumbstruck at this moment! They were really here to pick them up...

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Everyone was confused at this moment. With such luxurious Mercedes-Benzenes sent to pick them up, could Philip really have bought a villa? "F*ck!

These cars belong to Longford! The logo with a gold dragon!" Among the relatives, Martin's son, Liam Johnston, exclaimed loudly. Although his family was not very well-off, this kid was dressed cleanly with all branded names. Even the phone in his hand was the latest model from the fruit brand.

He recognized these cars from the gold dragon logo unique to the Longford family of Riverdale! In the entire Riverdale area, no one else would dare to do this! Besides, when he went to a bar last time, he had seen a car with a gold dragon logo before. It belonged to the young master of the Longford family. Now, seeing the car here, Liam was naturally excited and exhilarated, but at the same time, he was dubious too. Why would Longford's cars stop in front of his uncle's house? Were they really here to pick them up? "What? Longford's cars? Longford Group?" The two middle-aged women, Gina Wood and Amelia Stone, were also dumbfounded. Their eyes widened. They dared not get into the cars for a long while. The cars belonged to Longford Group. How could inferior people like them sit in these cars so casually? Lynn also got a fright and stared suspiciously with wide eyes. Everyone was a little confused and turned their eyes toward Martha. "Sister-in-law Martha, what's going on here?" Gina nudged at Martha's shoulder and whispered. These were the cars that Philip arranged to fetch them up to the villa? This was too flashy! The Longford family was a huge existence! Martha also frowned deeply. She did not expect that Philip would actually get some decent cars to come and pick them up. The cars belonged to Longford Group? "Liam, are you certain the cars belong to Longford Group?" Martha asked suspiciously, feeling a little guilty. "Yes, I'm certain of it!" Liam was very excited and circled around the cars before saying with certainty. After that, he took out his phone, leaned against one of the Mercedes-Benz, and took pictures with a victory sign while saying,

"I'm going to post the pictures on my page. I'm sure all my friends will be envious of me this time. It's Longford Group's cars!" For a long while, everyone glanced at each other, at a loss of what to say. Paula

was very angry. Of course, she recognized Longford Group's car. She was lucky

enough to ride in one last time, and it looked exactly like this. What was the meaning of this? That useless Philip was actually able to send Longford Group's cars to pick them up? Was it possible that the trash actually bought a villa in Longford Park? "Sister-in-law Martha, is the villa Philip bought in Longford Park? I heard that only people who bought a villa in Longford Park can receive such treatment." Gina's expression was full of envy and jealousy. What was Martha trying to do? Was she saying one thing but doing something else? Did she not just mention that Philip could not afford a villa and told them to mock him? This situation now... Hearing those words, many people's expressions turned ugly. What was she up to? Martha thought for a moment and glanced at a confused Charles before saying with a smile, "Impossible! Maybe the brat found out that all of you are coming, so he especially got the Longford's cars. He must have spent a bomb on them. He just wants to save some face. We'll find out when we get there.

When the time comes, all of you must help me to humiliate him severely, then get Wynn to divorce him!" Everyone was a little relieved at those words. Since Martha was so certain that Philip could not afford a villa, then it must be the truth. With this, everyone grew more disdainful and contemptuous toward Philip. He was going to such lengths just to cover up a bluff. How much exactly did the brat spend to get these cars? Was he not a useless wretch? Where did he get all the money? "Hey, don't you know that Wynn has been appointed as the chairman of a company? Wasn't there a rumor some time ago that the young master of Clarke Group from Capital City invested in her company? From the looks of it, Philip must have taken the money to show off in front of us now." Paula was very upset and said sarcastically. Both Frank and Samantha were very anxious and kept winking at Paula. In the past, they would never believe it either. After the incident last night though, they knew that Philip could really afford it. In the whole of Riverdale, it was estimated that no one was wealthier than Philip Clarke.

However, they dared not speak about it and could only watch quietly. Frank

shook his head helplessly. He hoped that these people would not be frightened by Philip's identity later.

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"Yes, I think so too. Sister-in-law Martha, you must keep an eye on Wynn.

Philip must be up to no good. Maybe he might even embezzle the money and run away, then your family will end up in a miserable state." "That's right. For a wimp like that to make such a big show for no reason, he must be trying to hoodwink us!" When Martha heard those words, her expression sank. She felt very dissatisfied. It was an investment worth one billion. That good-for-nothing Philip must not be allowed to touch that money! That money belonged to Wynn's company, and Wynn's money was hers! "I understand. This wastrel won't get a single penny from my house!" Martha gritted her teeth bitterly. Thereafter, everyone got into the cars tentatively.

They wanted to see what Philip was up to. "Hey, do you think we're really going to Longford Park? I've

heard that Longford Park is like a palace, very luxurious!" In the car, the few women gathered around and chattered endlessly. Gina was the type of woman with a petty nature. She kept influencing Martha along the way. "Sister-in-law Martha, I think Philip often brainwashes Wynn at home. You must keep a good eye on Wynn so that she's not fooled by that wretch." "Yes, Sister-in-law, you must be careful. I just saw on the news yesterday about a man who deceived a woman out of her family's property and even kept a mistress outside while raising a kid. I think it's possible that Philip's doing the same." Amelia agreed heartily with a mocking and gossipy expression on her face. Martha was also having a headache. She felt extremely uncomfortable while sitting in the luxurious car. It was as if her body was full of pins and needles. After thinking about it, Martha called Wynn and said harshly, "Wynn, let me ask you, are you in charge of the household expenses or Philip?" Wynn had just left the company after receiving a call from Philip just minutes ago that she could return to the villa now. "Mom, why are you asking this now?"

Wynn was baffled. "Just tell me, who's in charge?" Martha said angrily, her temper stuck in her throat. "Of course, it's me. Philip has given me all the cards. Besides, he also gave me another card, and there should be..." Wynn suddenly did not know how much money was on that card. When she went to check the balance last time, she had run into Yolanda and forgot about it.

It seemed that it was time to check again. Martha was relieved when she heard that. She said grimly, "Wynn, let me tell you this, this man absolutely can't control the household expenses. You must have full control over it yourself! A man will flirt around when they have money! Also, about the company's investments, you can't listen to Philip, do you understand?"

Martha spoke at length before she hung up the phone. "What did she say?"

Gina leaned over and asked. "All money matters are handled by Wynn,"

Martha said with a smile. "That's fine, then. But you mustn't be slack. In my opinion, Philip looks like a sleazy person. He must be up to no good,"

Gina pursed her lips and cursed. Just as they were discussing whether Philip had bought a villa, the cars were already headed toward Longford Park! This was the only way to get to Longford Park! "Look quickly, these are the villas of Longford Park! They're all so grand!" Suddenly, Amelia yelled out. Her eyes were filled with envy and excitement. Paula asked the driver bluntly,

"Hey, Mister, did you drive us to the wrong place? Why are we at Longford Park?" "Hello, Madam, our destination is Longford Park," the driver replied. At this moment, everyone in the car was dumbfounded. They were really headed to Longford Park. Philip really bought a villa at Longford Park? Several people glanced at each other dubiously, their eyes full of bewilderment. When the four Mercedes-Benzes finally stopped at the entrance of Longford Park and all the relatives got down from the cars, they were still shocked by the magnificence of the villas around them. They were excited yet flustered. Longford Park! The most luxurious villa area in Riverdale and the most renowned area for the wealthy! The cheapest unit here was worth more than 30 million! They had never imagined that they would one day stand on this piece of precious land. "This... Sister Martha,

Philip didn't really buy a villa here, right?" Gina and the others got down from the car and came to the inner gates but did not walk any further for fear of going the wrong way and offending the Longford family.

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