

## Chapter 401

“How did this bunch of beggars appear at Longford Park?” Suddenly! An unpleasant voice rang out. A couple approached them. The guy was handsome while the woman was pretty. From their clothes, it was quite obvious that they were not ordinary people. The man was very displeased, as seen from his deep frown. The woman next to him dressed in revealing clothes also wrinkled her nose and said unhappily, “Mickey, isn’t the security in Longford Park supposed to be very strict? Why are there so many trashy people here? They stink.” Mickey Cage was also very disgusted at the sight of such people and directly addressed the well-trained security guards at the entrance. “Hey, aren’t you going to drive them away?” As soon as Martha heard this, she immediately flared up. She raised her voice, pointed at the couple, and yelled, “Little brat, who are you talking about?”

Who are the trashy people? You’re the trashy people! Your entire family is trash! What’s so great about Longford Park? We’re here to visit the villa today. My son-in-law bought a villa here!” Martha did not care anymore.

Philip claimed that he had bought a villa here, and he also sent the cars from Longford Group to pick them up too. As such, he should be responsible for matters like this. Even if something were to happen, they would look for Philip! She could not tolerate other people pointing fingers at her! “That’s right, Sister-in-law Martha’s son-in-law bought a villa here!” “Who dares to drive us away?” “We just arrived in their cars too. Who are you to speak to us in such a rude manner?” The group of people immediately pointed at

the couple and started cursing. The scene was exactly like people yelling at the marketplace. In fact, they were deliberately making a big fuss out of things. They wanted to see if Philip could handle it in the end. Mickey was furious and immediately admonished the security guards harshly, “What are you standing around for? Do you want me to call your captain? Chase these stink bugs away now!” “That’s right. Our Mickey is here, what are you afraid of?” The woman started to chastise too. Longford Park was also divided into different levels. A few burly security guards rushed over in a hurry, saluted to Mickey, and said, “Young Master Cage, we’ll get rid of them immediately. I apologize for all the trouble.” Subsequently, the guards turned around and stared at Martha and the others sternly. They shouted,

“Who allowed you to trespass in here?” How did these people manage to break their way in here from the outer gates? Their appearances were very unfamiliar, so they definitely could not be residents here. There were a total of 108 units here, and as the security guards, they were already very familiar with all the residents here. They even knew which car was driven by which family. Furthermore, Martha and the others were dressed very ordinarily, so they could not be people who could afford to buy a villa here. Therefore, the few security guards were also puzzled. What happened to the security guards at the outer gates? Were they negligent in their duties? If the captain found out about it, all of them would be chastised. Being criticized would be a trivial matter. It would be bad if they lost their jobs over it. “Who said we trespassed in here? We came here in Longford’s cars!” Martha immediately retorted with an unhappy expression. They arrived in the cars with the gold dragon logo. Were these people blind? The security guards were taken aback. Did they come here in Longford’s cars? That was to say, they were

allowed entry by the outer gates. Fortunately, they were not stupid and quickly came to a conclusion. If not for a special identity or any unusual reasons, the outer gates would never have allowed them to enter. There must be a misunderstanding somewhere. When Mickey heard the explanation, he walked over with his hands in his pockets and sneered. "Cars? What cars

can you sit in? A garbage truck?" "Hahaha! That must be it! Just look at what they're wearing. They look exactly like garbage collectors. It's the garbage from Longford Park after all, maybe they'll even find some treasure!" The coquettish woman mocked and laughed while her neckline wobbled with her actions. "You, you! F\*ck off! You're the garbage collectors!" How could Martha tolerate such words? She was the only person who could scold others, not the other way around. She said furiously,

"We came here with Longford's cars. If you don't believe me, just ask the security at the gates! The cars are still parked outside!" Martha's face became very arrogant after she said that. She would never believe that the two would go against the Longford family. The Longford's cars? Mickey looked at them in disbelief when he heard Martha's words. When he came in just now, he did see a few cars belonging to Longford parked outside. He thought it was the Longford family, but listening to them now... "What a joke! A few poor trash collectors like you came here in Longford's cars?"

Mickey immediately jeered loudly. This group of people was too funny to shamelessly claim that the cars outside the gates had sent them here. Paula, Gina, and the rest were also full of anger when they heard Mickey humiliating them.

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The couple was too arrogant. There were actually people like this living in Longford Park. However, the few of them dared not speak up. This was Longford Park, after all. If anything happened, the Longford family would take charge. They were just ordinary citizens and could not go against them.

Despite that, they did not mind if Martha went up against that man. It would be best if she got into big trouble so that they could sit back and watch the good show. Charles was not stupid. He stood out, pulled at Martha's sleeve, and said quietly, "That's enough, Martha. This is Longford Park. We can't afford to offend anyone here." The Longford family was a prominent family in Riverdale. No one dared to offend them. Martha was now in a temper and

refused to listen. She turned around and a slap landed on Charles' face.

"Charles Johnston, you're as useless as Philip! To think that you used to be a section head. What have you done over the years? Can't you see that your wife is being bullied? Can you tolerate this?" Charles was embarrassed. He was slapped by his wife in front of so many people, but he dared not speak up. If he said anything now, there would be all kinds of trouble when they got back. Helpless, he could only tolerate it. Mickey chuckled coldly and said, "Oh, a little section head. How fantastic." What rubbish. In Mickey's eyes, that was nothing but rubbish! His family was in the bureau! His father was the head of the bureau! "Why are you still in a daze? Get rid of them now! I'll be responsible if anything happens!"

Mickey was very upset and shouted angrily. The few security guards glanced at each other. They knew that they could not provoke Mickey Cage. The Cage family had a high status in Riverdale. "I'm sorry, but you have to leave now," a security guard said sternly and moved to chase them away. Paula and the others were very angry at being pushed and shoved around by the security guards. They shouted,

"Martha, didn't you say Philip bought a villa here? Didn't he send the Longford cars to pick us up? Hurry up and call him to come and get us!"

"That's right, Sister-in-law Martha, tell Philip to settle this matter. Didn't he say he bought a house here? He must know some people!" "Yes, that brat wanted to show off and brought us here. If he doesn't come out, who will?"

"Tell him to come here quickly. If not for him, we wouldn't be in such a mess in the first place." The few women chattered incessantly. They hated Philip to the core. This wimp insisted on doing such a thing. Now, they were all being humiliated and driven away. How embarrassing! Philip must come out and settle this matter. Even if anything happened, Philip was in charge and must take responsibility for it! At that time, they would simply up and leave. Anyway, they were here today to humiliate Philip and see how he was going to cover up his bluff. It was the golden opportunity right now. If that guy had not bought a villa here, he definitely would not be able to continue with his act later. With such humiliation, how could Wynn

continue to tolerate him? When that time came, they could enter Wynn's company, and that one billion worth of investment would be up to them to share as they pleased! Gina and Amelia, with Martin and Bernard, as well as their children, already had all of this planned out. They exchanged glances with one another. Only Frank and Samantha stood far away and watched quietly. They knew that Mickey Cage was doomed. "Ouch!"

Martha could not withstand the rough handling of the burly security guards and stumbled on the ground before cursing hysterically, "How dare you push me and chase me away! I'll call my son-in-law now. I'll ask him to come and take care of you!" Mickey smirked and stood there arrogantly with his hands in his pocket. "Call him, then. I want to see the person a rubbish collector like you can call. If you can enter the inner gates today, I'll crawl on my knees!" Martha dialed Philip's number and vented all her frustrations on him with a curse, "Philip, where the hell are you? We're all about to be driven out by others! Get the fck here at once!" "What's wrong? Have you arrived already?" Philip had just returned to Longford Park from outside. He was busy with the arrangements in the villa just now when he realized that he was missing some things, so he went out to buy them. "We are, but we're now about to be kicked out by others! They're calling us garbage collectors and want to chase us away! They even hit me! Come here quickly, otherwise, I'll be beaten to death!" Martha yelled and immediately hung up the phone. If Philip could not settle this matter today, she would force Wynn to divorce Philip—by hook or by crook! This damn trash told them to come over here, and now, they were being chased out by others! Was he trying to embarrass them deliberately? It was too humiliating! Philip did not have the faintest idea of what was happening, but he knew there must be something, so he quickly rushed in from the outer gates. As soon as he arrived at the inner gates, he saw a bunch of people shoving and pushing around, making a lot of

noise. Martha's wails were the loudest among them. He trotted over with a big shopping bag in his hands. Mickey saw him from afar and laughed loudly. "Fck! Is that your son-in-law? He's just another poor man. Just look at the bag of trash he has just picked up!"

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As Frank watched this scene, he suddenly felt that the rebuking man was very pitiful. Yes, he used to mock Philip this way too. The result, however?

He was punished severely! Even if it were the Longford family, they were nothing compared to Clarke Group of Capital City! "Philip, why are you only here now? Do you know that we're being driven out? Is this your arrangement? For us to be embarrassed and made a laughing stock?" Martha was enraged. She got up angrily from the ground and twisted her huge butt as she approached Philip before slapping him. However, Philip dodged the blow. He glared at her coldly and said with a deep frown, "Mom, did you ask me to come here and solve the problem or to give others a good show?"

Before this, when Martha hit him, he would just bear with it. Today, he did not wish to tolerate it anymore. Anyway, they would find out the truth later, so why should he continue to bear with it? Martha also felt a little guilty under Philip's glare, but due to her own dignity, she could not back down!

Besides, what right did this wimp have to stare at her like that? "What are you looking at? You're the one who brought us here. Now that there's a problem, you should go and solve it!" Martha made use of the situation and yelled furiously at Philip. Philip glanced at all the relatives standing behind Martha, each person looking at him with an unkind expression as if they were waiting to watch a good show. Only Frank and Samantha wisely nodded at him. "Oh, is this the son-in-law you talk about? I think he looks just like an ordinary poor man. How can he afford to buy a villa in Longford Park?" Mickey Cage walked over at this moment and circled Philip arrogantly while scrutinizing him. He then hugged the waist of the coquettish woman by his side and spoke sarcastically. The woman also cursed viciously, "Hubby Mickey, the air smells so bad today. All the trashy people have turned up at Longford Park. I'm not happy and want to buy

handbags." "Buy, then. Just throw away the bags that you don't use anymore. There are garbage collectors here today anyway," Mickey said with a laugh, his eyes full of mockery. Philip frowned. What was wrong with this couple? "Excuse me, did my mother-in-law offend the two of you?" Philip said reasonably with a smile. Fck! Abruptly, Mickey burst into laughter before he went up and kicked Philip's abdomen. He yelled, "Who the hell do you think you are? Who gave you the right to speak? Do you know where this is? Longford Park! Can garbage people like you come here?" Mickey was extremely annoyed at Philip's attitude just now. This poor fcker actually dared to talk to him this way. Philip took two steps back, his abdomen throbbing with pain. A grin lifted at the corners of his mouth as a chill filled his eyes. "It's not right to hit someone, isn't it?" Philip said grimly. "So what? You deserve to be hit for being so poor! I'm going to hit you again. What are you going to do to me?" The woman walked over and immediately swung her arm to slap him. Martha and the rest of the people took a few steps back at

this scene. These people were so ruthless, acting as they pleased. Fortunately, they had not quarreled with them.

Otherwise, if the couple called for security, they would be in big trouble.

Martha was incensed. Had Philip not bragged that he bought a villa at Longford Park? Why did these people not recognize him? Why was he getting beaten up? Sure enough, he was just a useless piece of crap! He was only good at bluffing! However, in the next instant! Philip waved his big hand and countered with a slap of his own! Smack! A crisp slap resounded throughout the inner gates. Everyone was stunned and at a loss about how to react. A mouthful of curses was stuck in the throat. Philip dared to retaliate! "You! You dare to hit me?!" The woman held her face that swelled up instantly, shouted hysterically, and stretched out her hands to scratch Philip. However. Bam! Philip followed with a swing of his leg and kicked her. Her perky butt came into contact with the concrete and was almost ruined! "Ah! Mickey hubby, this poor wretch dares to hit me! Kill him for me, kill him!" The woman went nuts and shouted from the floor. She then

pointed at the security guards and cursed, "You idiots, are you standing around to watch the show? I'm a resident here, and you're just a bunch of watchdogs. Why aren't you beating him to death?! Beat him! Trash him up!" The security guards looked at each other. They had never met anyone who would dare to cause a scene at Longford Park. It was equivalent to not showing the Longford family respect! Those who did that were basically dead people! Mickey was also livid. He looked at the wailing woman, glared at Philip, and roared, "You're finished! You dare to touch my woman, I'll break all your limbs! I want you to suffer a fate worse than death! "Why are you standing around in a daze? Beat him up for me! Break all his limbs! I'll be responsible if anything happens!" Mickey roared furiously. The few people on Martha's side panicked when they saw all the security guards surrounding Philip. "Sister-in-law Martha, we should run away now. Philip doesn't have a villa here, otherwise, why didn't these people recognize him?" "That's right. Now we're in trouble. This is the territory of the Longford family! We can lose our heads over this!" "That idiot Philip has really gotten us into trouble!" Several people criticized Philip one after another and attempted to run. However, many security guards suddenly swarmed from all directions. They were all wearing black uniforms and black hats with the gold dragon logo on their chests. All of them held anti-riot batons in their hands and looked very menacing! "It's over! We're doomed! Philip has gotten us into deep trouble!" Gina, Amelia, and the rest were all full of resentment and terrified at the same time. Martha was also scared. With so many people around, how could they escape? "Philip, why are you standing around in a daze? You got us into trouble! You have to solve it!" Martha was annoyed and heartlessly pulled everyone to stand on one side. She pointed at Philip on the other side and said, "If you want to hit someone, then hit him. He's the one who brought us here. He's the one who's causing all the trouble. It has nothing to do with us. We're all women here. If you dare to lay your hands on us, we'll lie down on the ground and put all the blame on you!" Really. At this moment, Martha fully displayed

her utter shamelessness. The Longford security guards that had rushed over were all confused too.

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Mickey saw so many security guards approaching, and he smiled menacingly. "Fcker! You're dead this time! Since you dare to cause trouble here, just wait to visit death's door!" However, before he finished speaking, his voice stopped abruptly! All the Longford security guards that rushed in just now all stood neatly behind Philip and bowed respectfully with a shout, "Mr. Clarke!" Mr. Clarke? Mickey was dumbfounded! What was going on here? Even he, Mickey Cage, did not enjoy such privilege from the Longford security guards. Could this pathetic brat be someone of importance? Martha and the rest were also stunned! What kind of Mr. Clarke was this trash supposed to be? Were all the Longford security guards blind? "It's fine, you came very quickly. I don't want to see these two ever again. Throw them out," Philip said placidly before turning around to leave. A group of security guards looked at Mickey, and without saying a word, they dragged him out. "Fck! How dare you touch me? Do you know who I am? I'm Mickey Cage from the Cage family! Who dares to touch me? My father is Nick Cage!" "My family's the upper-crust of Riverdale! My father's the head of the bureau!" However, this group of security guards ignored his words and simply held him up before throwing him out! The woman with him was also thrown out! It was as if the security guards were throwing sandbags! Philip glanced at the two people outside with a frown and called George. "Old Man George, is there someone by the name of Nick Cage? Check him out." He hung up after that. With a smile, he turned toward Martha and the rest who were stunned silly. He said, "Mom, Uncle Martin, Aunt Gina, Uncle Bernard, Aunt Amelia, let's go in." Martha was huddled together with all the relatives and stared at Philip as if he were a monster. She said, "Go in? Go where?" "The villa, of course." Philip smiled innocently. It was also at this time that Wynn arrived with a breezy smile.

She said, "Mom, you're here so early? Let's go in." She turned to Philip and asked, "Is everything ready?" Philip nodded and said, "Everything's ready."

Subsequently, everyone followed Philip and Wynn into the inner gates with trepidation and walked along the four-lane road toward First Palace. Martha and the others did not dare to say anything at this moment and simply shrank their heads like frightened quails while looking around. "Sister-in-law Martha, what happened just now? Why do the Longford security guards seem to be afraid of Philip?" Gina finally found an opportunity to ask.

Martha did not understand it either. She stared at Philip's back and felt apprehension in her heart. "He didn't really buy a villa here, did he? I heard that man saying he's a resident here too, but he was still thrown out. Who exactly is Philip?" Amelia leaned over and asked. "I don't know. Stop making wild guesses. Who the hell knows what this wimp is up to? Since we're already here, let's just wait and see." Martha felt irritable and conflicted. What if Philip really bought a villa here? After walking for about ten minutes, they arrived at the gates of First Palace. "This is First Palace?!"

Paula covered her mouth in shock. Her eyes widened, and she could not speak. Martha also stared at the villa in front of her in disbelief. This was the most expensive villa worth 200 million! "Philip, don't tell us the villa you bought is First Palace?" Martha suddenly asked, her face full of disbelief.

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Philip turned around, glanced at everyone, and said, "Is there a problem?"

Everyone was struck dumb at that question. Martha's expression was very ugly. Where did this useless Philip find the money to buy First Palace? It was not a lie, right? "Sister-in-law Martha, what exactly is going on here?"

This villa is worth 200 million? How did you get so much money?" Gina was very anxious. This luxurious villa was many times bigger than the ones they passed by just now. It was really like a palace. Did Martha not claim that they could not afford a villa? What was the situation now? A bluff?

"Calm down, we haven't gone in yet. Who knows what Philip is up to? If we can't go in later, we'll just wait for him to embarrass himself." Paula was most upset. She was initially here to taunt Philip today, but now, she simply could not accept the scene before her. She looked back at her son-in-law with a questioning look in her eyes, seemingly to ask if he could afford to buy this place. Frank shook his head helplessly and said with a smile, "Mom, I really can't afford this place. Maybe Philip really bought it?"

Fundamentally, there was nothing wrong with Frank's words, which meant these people should not underestimate Philip. When it fell into everyone's ears though, it became a rhetorical question and a mockery. "Yes, how can a wimp like him afford to buy a place like this?" "Aren't we just at the gates?"

Whether we can get in or not is another matter." Gina and Amelia chattered among themselves, their expressions full of disdain. On the other side, Martin and Bernard stared at First Palace excitedly yet dubiously too. This place was simply too luxurious. It would be great if they could live here!

Liam and Lynn had already taken their phones out and were snapping pictures. No matter what, they could brag for a long time with these pictures.

Martha's expression was very unpleasant. She walked out, dragged Philip aside, and said, "I'm warning you, don't embarrass me! It's still not too late to tell me the truth. If we can't go in later, you're the one who'll be ashamed!" Was Philip going to continue with this pretense? Philip smiled faintly and said, "You'll find out if it's true once we enter." Wynn also said,

"Mom, why can't you just believe us?" After that, Wynn just pulled Philip away and walked toward the door. The four Longford security guards immediately opened the door and greeted respectfully, "Mr. Clarke, Miss Johnston, welcome back." Everyone was completely dumbfounded by that greeting! Moreover, looking at the way Philip and Wynn were walking through the main door, it really seemed as if they were returning to their own home. They could not accept it! This, how could this be? The faces of Paula, Gina, and the rest were really bitter. This was simply beyond their imagination. Martha was agitated, but she was also feeling guilty. At the

same time, there was also a feeling of elation within her. She felt as if her nose had been lifted all the way into the sky, and the proud arrogance of an ordinary person getting a sudden windfall was aptly displayed by her. She did not care whether this villa was bought by Philip or not. She quickly ran in and exclaimed loudly at everything. "Hey, come in and see my new home!" Martha turned her head and shouted at the people outside, her face full of pride and obvious swagger. When she saw the bitter expressions and helpless smiles on her relatives' faces, Martha felt gratified! She did not expect First Palace to be her home! Paula and the others were very uneasy and hesitated at the doors for a long while before they stepped in. Although they were unwilling, they could not resist the temptation of this luxurious villa. Once they entered, all of them were very excited! This place was so lavish, exactly like how a palace should be. All of them were ordinary citizens who had never seen such luxurious houses. They all resembled Alice exploring Wonderland, exclaiming loudly over the littlest things.

They were completely stunned upon stepping foot into the villa. This was the same as the villas of the rich and powerful families on TV, so extravagant and high-class! The chandelier was custom made by Swarovski!

The sofa was also customized from Crown! There was also a spiraling staircase that led directly to the second floor! The villa exuded a sense of extreme wealth!

#### Chapter 406

"Sister Gina, what's going on here? How can Philip buy such a villa? It's 200 million!" Amelia pulled Gina to one side, her face full of jealousy and defiance. She was very upset. They were all part of the Johnston family.

Why could Martha's family afford to buy such a villa? Gina was also very sullen. They had already planned to come here and mock that good-for-nothing Philip. Everyone was confused by the unfolding of events now. "I don't know either. Hasn't her son-in-law been very useless all this time?"

Where did he get so much money?" Gina said with a face full of doubts. She

looked at Philip who stood at one side with Wynn and felt very uneasy.

"Didn't you see how the security guards treated Philip with such respect just now? This guy is not a hidden rich second generation, is he?" Martin interrupted at this moment, and Bernard also nodded suspiciously. Gina nodded but did not take it seriously. If Philip was really a hidden rich second generation, why would he endure quietly in the Johnston family for the past three years? Everyone knew exactly how Martha treated him all this time.

Paula joined their discussion at this moment. Even though she had visited First Palace before, she still felt overwhelmed. She sneered casually. "It's fake. It must be fake. The last time I visited, they told me the owner of this villa is not Philip Clarke, but the richest man in Riverdale, George Thomas!



Philip must have spent money to rent it for a day!" When Gina and the others heard this, they immediately understood. The contempt on their faces became more obvious. "I was wondering how a piece of trash like Philip could afford a villa. I think Sister-in-law Martha must be stupid to believe this." Gina huffed angrily with a cold sneer. Martha acted as if she was in her own home kept showing them around like she was more familiar with the surroundings than the servants. "Sister-in-law Martha, this place is really bought by Philip? It's too grand!" "Yes, this villa is really good. It's a high-end luxury home. It must be the only one in Riverdale. Why is Philip so rich? How come you've never told us this before?" "Sister-in-law Martha, you're in the wrong then. We're all family. This is such a good villa with so many vacant rooms, but you didn't invite us to stay here?" This group of relatives kept praising Martha to raise her up to the skies just to prepare her for the fall later. Paula felt the most defeated among them. She always liked to show off in front of her third sister and step on Philip to feel superior, but now, she could only hold back. Once she recalled that the true owner of the villa was George Thomas, however, she could hardly wait to expose this fact to everyone and humiliate Martha's family. Martha was feeling so proud right now. Having her status elevated in front of so many relatives had uplifted her dignity. She had forgotten everything she said to Philip this

morning about kneeling and kowtowing to him. There had never been a mother-in-law who would apologize to the son-in-law. "Stay, of course, you can stay here. Come and stay here when you have the chance. The more the merrier." Martha sat on the sofa as if she was the lady of the house and said,

"Don't worry, you can choose any room on the first floor here. I can call the shots." The people sitting on the sofa exchanged glances with each other, their eyes full of disdain. This Martha Yates really regarded herself as the master of the house. "Sister-in-law Martha, did your family really buy this villa?" Gina asked. Since Paula had already said so earlier, she must expose this lie now so that she could witness this family's embarrassment.

Obviously, Martha could hear the meaning behind her words, so she immediately rebuked, "Sister-in-law, you're already sitting here and still asking this question? If my family didn't buy this villa, could it be that your family bought it instead?" "Sister-in-law Martha, do you think we don't know what your family's situation is? Your son-in-law is nothing but a wastrel. How can he afford 200 million to buy this villa?" Martin said grimly. "What's the meaning of this? Are you looking down on people?"

Martha was a bit nervous. Actually, she was very uncertain too. After all, her family really could not afford a villa like this. Philip most definitely could not afford it either! "Sister-in-law Martha, you shouldn't say that. I've heard that the owner of this villa is George Thomas, the richest man in our city." Gina crossed her legs and sneered with a mocking face, "If this is really bought by Philip, why is it not owned by Philip Clarke? Did he rent this place to lie to us?" Philip heard it too and was just about to step forward to explain when he was stopped by Martha's glare. She asked angrily,

"Philip, tell the truth, are you renting this villa?" Martha also recalled what happened the last time when she visited this villa. Madam Sears did confirm over the phone that the owner was George Thomas. Did this useless fool really rent this place to deceive them? She was ecstatic for no reason, then.

"Why don't you call the property management and find out who the villa belongs to now?" Philip said

calmly, took out his phone, dialed the number,

and passed the phone to Martha. Martha did not hesitate. She took the phone and asked in front of everyone, "Hello, I want to know who's the current owner of First Palace?" The person on the other line said politely, "Hello, Madam, the current owner of First Palace is..."

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"Hello, Madam, the current owner of First Palace is... Miss Lynn Johnston and Mr. Philip Clarke." The attitude of the property management personnel was very friendly, and the reply given was very enthusiastic. "What? Say that again!" Martha got a fright. Her eyes widened as she could not believe her ears. "It's Miss Lynn Johnston and Mr. Philip Clarke." The female clerk of the property management repeated cheerfully. Thump! With a twitch of her heart, Martha turned around and stared at the smiling Philip and Wynn.

The villa really belonged to her family! First Palace! 200 million! Martha began to float. With her mood now elevated, an arrogant look started to appear on her face. First Palace actually belonged to her family now! "Wait a minute." Martha immediately switched the phone to the hands-free option and placed it on the tea table. With her arms and legs crossed, she looked very snobbish as she said, "Speak louder, who's the current owner of First Palace?" The female voice retained her friendly attitude and repeated. "The owners of First Palace are Miss Lynn Johnston and Mr. Philip Clarke."

"Okay, that's all." With a touch of her finger, she hung up the phone. Then, she sat back on the sofa haughtily, feeling like an ugly duckling that had transformed into a beautiful swan. It was simply too gratifying! Gina, Amelia, and Paula were all dumbfounded! They were completely stunned!

First Palace really belonged to them! Martha's family! It belonged to that good-for-nothing son-in-law and daughter. Goodness! The few of them exchanged suspicious glances, their eyes full of envy and jealousy. It was a villa worth 200 million, and it belonged to Martha and her family! "Sister-in-law Martha, this is really your home. Why didn't you say so earlier, making us all anxious here?" Gina immediately switched into a fawning

expression, and her face was wrinkled in smiles. It would be nice if she could live here too. With that thought in mind, she glared at her husband fiercely. Amelia also simpered. "Sister-in-law, you're so fortunate to stay in such a villa." Martin and Bernard exchanged a glance, their eyes full of envy and jealousy. Their eldest brother had really bought a villa, and it was the most expensive unit in Riverdale too. They felt very uncomfortable. When Wynn heard that, her heart thudded suddenly too. She turned to look at Philip before her. The villa was under her name too, and it was placed first.

It turned out that in his heart, she was so important. Wynn's eyes were slightly moist. Looking at the man in front of her, she knew she had misunderstood him and wrongly blamed him in the past. In the future, no matter what happened, she would always stand by Philip's side forever. This was the man who loved her the most! On the scene, except for Martha and her family, everyone else was unhappy.

Paula's face was pale at the moment. She gritted her teeth in disbelief and said, "Martha, don't blame me for saying this, but your family has 200 million to buy First Palace?"

Philip bought it? Where did the money come from?" Paula was very upset and immediately tackled the big question. As soon as those words were spoken, all the relatives looked suspiciously at Philip. Martha was too excited and only now realized that the villa was under Philip's name too!

Damn it! Why was Philip's name on such a good villa? Could it be that he really bought it? Where did he get the money from? Did he rob a bank?

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Cherry

the name is Wynn Johnston not Lynn Johnston

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## Chapter 408

"Wynn, what's going on here? When did you buy a villa? Why didn't you tell me? Also, why is it under Philip's name as well?" Martha asked in bewilderment. Philip stepped out and wanted to explain, but Martha glared at him while cursing, "Shut up! This has nothing to do with you. I'm asking my daughter." Martha was very upset now. Why was that good-for-nothing's name on the villa? Wynn looked unhappy, especially when she saw Martha chastising Philip. Could she not tell that the villa was actually bought by Philip? "Mom, actually this villa is..." Wynn was just about to reply when she was interrupted by Paula. "I know, did you buy this villa using the one billion investment from Clarke Group of Capital City?"

Instantly, everyone felt that it was the truth. They were filled with envy, but at the same time, felt contempt toward Wynn too. How long had it been since she was appointed as the chairman of the company and she already started to embezzle the company's funds? If something went wrong, could she really handle it? However, all of them had their eyes on the one billion

investment too. With so much money, if they divided it between themselves, they could be multimillionaires already and live a life of comfort. Martha was nervous when she heard this and asked, "Wynn, did you really use that investment to buy this villa? Will there be a problem?" If anything happened, they would be jailed. Although Martha wanted to live here, she did not want to live the rest of her life in fear either. Wynn looked at Philip.

The latter held her hands and spoke to everyone, "It's okay, even if this investment money was used, you won't be held accountable because all the money is mine..." "Yours? What's yours? Just look at what you're saying.

"Do you have any right to speak here?" Martha interrupted Philip before pulling Wynn to one side and asked anxiously, "Wynn, tell me the truth.

"Did Philip come up with this idea? Did he tell you to buy this villa?" Wynn replied, "He's the one who bought it, but it's not..." "Oh dear, Wynn, why are you so stupid? If anything happens, you have to be responsible for it!

"Why did you listen to that fool's words? And the villa is under your name too." Martha was still hung up about the names on the villa. She did not want to see Philip sharing their family's property. Wynn could only helplessly say, "Mom, don't worry. It's fine, there won't be any problems."

Since her daughter had already said so, Martha did not pursue the matter.

She steeled herself and decided to move in. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Back at the main hall, Martha glared at Philip fiercely and said directly, "Philip, I'm warning you, don't harbor any ill intentions toward our family! You can't have a share in this villa. Tomorrow, you'd better get rid of your name and replace it with your dad and my names!" Philip was slightly upset and said, "What has this got to do with you? This villa has Wynn and my name on it. What right do you have to warn me? Besides, did you spend a single cent on it? Why should your name be on it?" "You!"

Martha was so angry that she was speechless. She cursed, "Why don't I have the right? Did you spend money to buy this villa, then? It's bought using Wynn's money! You're nothing but someone who lives off our family.

"What right do you have to yell at me? I'm your mother-in-law! If I don't

allow you to live here, who'll dare allow you to live here?" Martha was mad.

Philip was not showing her any respect in front of so many relatives. She could not bring herself down like that. Philip could not be bothered to explain to Martha, so he just sneered coldly. "Martha Yates, please remember, this villa belongs to Wynn and me. I am the owner of this place!

"If you want to stay here, you have to get my consent!" "What do you mean?"

Martha felt a little guilty, especially when she came into contact with Philip's cold stare. This fellow had grown up and dared to speak to her with such an attitude now. This good-for-nothing had hidden himself so well over the years. He had just been waiting for this day. How could her daughter be so stupid to marry such a turncoat! Would this family have a good life in the future? "What I mean is, I'm in charge of this house, do you understand?"

Philip took a step forward, and Martha shrank back in fright. She said furtively, "You, what are you trying to do? This place has my daughter's name too. Why are you the one in charge?" Philip could not be

bothered with her anymore. He looked around at all the relatives and roared, "I'll tell you today that this is my home. If you want to stay here and visit, then behave yourselves! If you don't want to, then get lost!" Domineering! At this moment, Philip displayed unprecedented intensity in front of these relatives. In the past, he portrayed a cowardly figure who was always humiliated and mocked by them. Today, it was a total reversal. The relatives stared at each other before taking their bags and running out quickly. Only Charles and Martha were left standing in the huge hall. They were at a loss about what to do. "Have you forgotten what you said this morning?" Philip suddenly laughed coldly. Martha's back was drenched in sweat when she heard that, and she felt very guilty. She remembered it clearly. If Philip really bought a villa, she would kneel and beg for his forgiveness. This...

Was she really going to kneel?

## Chapter 409

Martha was almost ready to blow a gasket. Philip actually wanted her to kneel down! This damn useless piece of trash dared to be so bold! "Philip, what are you saying? I'm your mother-in-law, okay!" Martha flushed and glared. She felt very uncertain too. What if Philip really insisted on having her kneel? Argh! She was going mad! This was such a humiliation! Charles stood on one side without saying a word. This unreasonable madwoman who snarled at him every day had finally met her bane. "Charles, what are you doing? Don't you notice that your son-in-law is acting so brazenly now?

Aren't you going to say a few words?" Martha was very upset when she saw Charles acting as if this matter had nothing to do with him. Charles smiled and said, "Philip, just forget about the matter. We're a family, after all. What your mother-in-law said this morning was just spiteful words. Don't take it to heart. No mother-in-law should be forced to kneel to the son-in-law. If any outsiders find out about this, you'll be condemned." "Yes, that's right!

Do you want to be condemned? You want me to kneel and beg for your forgiveness? Keep dreaming!" When Martha received some support from Charles' words, she immediately gained confidence again. Initially, Philip just wanted to frighten her, but Martha did not know what was good for her and tried to take a mile when she was given an inch. "Martha Yates, I'm not joking with you. You must be responsible for your words. I'll be clear about my stand today. This villa belongs to Wynn and me. If you wish to stay here, kneel down and apologize. Otherwise, you can leave after you're done visiting." Philip said coldly before turning around to leave, taking Wynn along with him. Wynn did not intend to put a stop to this because she knew that Philip was trying to exert pressure. Besides, she was not worried that Martha would really kneel. According to her temper, she would most probably curse loudly before leaving. As expected, Martha flew into a rage and started to curse at Philip while pointing at his nose, "Fine, very well, you're standing on your own two feet now, right? You want me to kneel down before you? Are you courting death? Even if I can't live here, I, Martha Yates, will not kneel down to you!" With that said, she angrily

smashed all the cups on the tea table before she picked up her handbag, twisted her big ass, and walked

out while cursing wildly. Charles sighed helplessly before he followed her out reluctantly. Once they were out, Martha continued cursing, "Charles, why do you think Philip is so brazen now? Can that piece of trash actually buy this villa? He must have deceived Wynnie in getting it for him. No way, I can't just leave like this. Won't this be giving him the chance and letting him stay in such a good place?" Martha muttered as she felt very uneasy. She would glance back at First Palace with every step she took. It was too tempting. Luxury villa! "What do you want to do exactly? Philip has made things very clear. Are you really going to kneel and apologize?" Charles was a little helpless. What was this mad woman thinking? Although she used to be arrogant and domineering, she was never as unreasonable as now. "What do you know? Wynnie must have paid for this villa alone. That Philip must have cheated Wynnie somehow, getting her to add his name. If we leave like this, what's Wynnie going to do?" The more Martha thought about it, the more she felt it was wrong, so she quickly turned around and rushed back. At the door, she bumped into Philip who was about to head out. "Where's Wynnie?" Martha asked when she did not see Wynn. "She left," with his hands in his pants pocket, Philip replied indifferently. Martha hesitated before she steeled herself and asked,

"Philip, if I kneel, are you sure you'll let us move in?" Philip's heart thudded. What was Martha Yates going to do? Thump! Before Philip could react, he saw Martha kneeling and quickly saying, "I'm sorry." Thereafter, she stood up quickly without patting her knees, turned around, and left with a shout, "I'll move in later. You can't chase us away now!" As Martha pulled Charles along with her, Philip could only shake his head helplessly and laugh. This mother-in-law of his was really intriguing. She actually knelt before him just now. Well then, he would allow them to move in. On the other side, Martha pulled Charles back to Old Johnston Manor and hastily contacted the relocation company to pack up their things and put the old manor up for sale online. After that, she led the relocation company to

First Palace. With the commotion she made, it was as if she could not wait for the entire Longford Park to find out about it! She even set off firecrackers in front of Longford Park, and she was the only person to ever do so. Charles watched as Martha turned the entire house upside down. The stylish decoration was now ruined by all the different colors. He sat on the sofa and said helplessly, "Stop making such a fuss. If Philip is unhappy when he returns, he'll kick us out again. This villa doesn't have your name on it."

F\*ck! Martha was immediately reminded of this fact. That was right. This villa did not have her name on it. She was now living off another person, and living off that piece of trash at that. She was frustrated! Absolutely not!

"Charles, we must think of a way to get Wynnie to add our name to the house and cross out Philip's name! Wynnie is the one who bought this place, so we can't let that wretch take advantage of it! If they get a divorce in the future, he'll get half the wealth. Are you willing to let that happen?" Martha sat down and cracked her head for a solution. Charles was also getting a headache and said, "How do you know the villa isn't bought by Philip?"

"Are you stupid? It's such a big villa that's worth 200 million! Aside from Wynnie using the investment money to buy it, do you think Philip can afford it?" Martha rolled her eyes at Charles. Charles felt that

what she said made sense. However, he still said, "I'm not getting involved in this. What you choose to do has nothing to do with me." With that said, he walked out, ready to make some new friends. While walking, he saw several old men playing chess in a park.

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## Chapter 410

On the other side, Philip had just left First Palace not too long ago when his phone rang. It was Chloe calling him. "Philip, today's my birthday. Don't forget to come and accompany me." Philip was taken aback when he heard this. Then, he recalled that he had promised to do so. "Okay, I'll be there later." "Okay, I'll pick you up?" Chloe was very happy as she asked. "No need." Philip shook his head. He had not cleared up his relationship with

Chloe Sommerset yet. If she sent a luxury car to pick him up, it would never be cleared up! He did not wish to be seen by others and for gossip to spread later. "Give me the address. I'll hail a cab later." "Okay, once you get here, just tell them my name." Chloe nodded, feeling a little disappointed. After he hung up, Philip thought for a moment and decided not to tell Wynn. He did not want Wynn to overthink this matter. Besides, he had another purpose tonight, and that was to have a showdown with Chloe. Chloe's birthday party was being held in a high-end clubhouse next to Whitewater Creek in Riverdale. The place was called Sunset Villa. It was far in the suburbs with a quiet surrounding. Philip went to the hospital to accompany Mila before taking a cab to Sunset Villa. Upon reaching, he saw many luxury cars parked on the square. BMW and Audi were the lowest grades, while Bentley could only be considered mid-range. Lamborghini, Porsche, and other luxury sports cars were not rare either. He even saw a Rolls-Royce Phantom with the license plate 66666666. There were not many such cars in Riverdale. "It seems that Chloe has invited a lot of people tonight. What's she up to?"

Philip was suspicious. After giving Chloe's name to the security guard, the usher respectfully invited him inside. The decorations inside Sunset Villa were luxurious and unique in every way, obviously very high-class. The huge hall was brightly lit, full of well-dressed and distinguished figures.

There were also many young and fashionable men and women about Philip's age. Those who knew each other formed little circles, eagerly chatting among themselves. As for Philip, he came in dressed casually and all alone, so he attracted the attention of many people. He was an odd presence, so many people gave him strange looks and scrutinized him closely. Who was this freak? Since the reception was a buffet, Philip noticed that the birthday party had not started yet. Chloe did not seem to have arrived as well. He went to the buffet table and took a plate, looking at the food around him. He had been hungry for one whole day. However, a surprised exclamation sounded next to him suddenly. "Philip?" It was a very soft voice that Philip thought sounded quite familiar. He turned around and saw a familiar smiling face staring at him intently. What was she doing here?

## Chapter 411

Silvia Hayes! She had a nice face, was dressed in a well-cut black skirt with a white top, and wore nude stockings paired with high heels. With her delicate makeup, she looked exactly like a mature white-collared worker.

Philip turned around and saw a surprised Silvia. He chuckled. "Why do you look surprised? Am I not welcome here?" Seeing Philip, Silvia recalled the incident at the amusement park dessert shop and could not stop the blush from spreading across her face, so she quickly changed the topic. "I'm here with a friend. We're just here to have some fun." If not for Philip's help the last time, she would be annoyed to death by Leon Larson. She only found out later that Leon's family had gone bankrupt. This incident caused Silvia many sleepless nights because she could not figure out if Philip had anything to do with it. He seemed like an ordinary person. After she finished speaking, she stared at Philip with her big eyes. "Who did you come here with?" "Silvia, why are you talking to such a person? Let's go over there.

They'll be here soon." A little beauty with a frosty face walked over quickly and looked at Philip warily. Her figure was well-proportioned with curves in the right places. She had a photogenic face that many young girls would kill for. Philip retracted his smile and said mildly, "This young miss is right.

I'm just here for the food. Not to mention, the food in this club is very good, and the desserts are very delicious too. Do you want to try some?" "Really?"

Silvia tried to hide her smile and seemed to be moved. Seeing Philip and Silvia talking and laughing, Yvonne Summers snorted coldly. The caution in her eyes became more pronounced. Not too far away, several girls gathered together and glanced in their direction. "Is that Silvia's friend?

Why didn't she introduce him?" The oldest one among them, a beautiful woman dressed in a low-cut black evening gown and who had her hair in a classic bun, said strangely. "That man looks very unfamiliar, and he's

dressed so shabbily too. Silvia's so excited to see him. Could it be her boyfriend?" "He doesn't look that good, and he's not very young either. Is it because his family is rich? A hidden treasure trove?" These few girls grew up with Silvia and Yvonne, and it was a rare occasion for them to get together like this. Somehow, Silvia abandoned them after seeing Philip.

How could they not be suspicious? Meryl Cole, who was dressed from top to toe in branded clothes, sneered. "Lousy boyfriend, nothing but a poor pathetic fool. What's wrong with Silvia?" Silvia's high expectations were well-known in the circle, so they did not expect she would choose such a mediocre person in all aspects. It was jaw-dropping. Several people already started to shake their heads and sighed. "Silvia is still too naive to the ways of the world to be deceived by such a man. She's going to end up in a sorry state." These girls came from a family background of at least tens of millions, and many of them were sent abroad to study since junior high.

They only recently returned to the country. How could they look favorably upon someone like him? The woman in the low-cut dress frowned and said,



“As the elder sister in this circle, I have to persuade her as a person who has experience with such matters.” “You can play around with this type of man when you’re lonely, but you mustn’t develop real feelings. Marrying a person of the same stature is not just a joke.” All the girls fell silent at those words. This woman’s name was Harmony Jordan. She was the oldest in the circle and had already graduated from university. She used to like a boy in high school from a poor background and almost had a falling out with her own family because of this. In the end, the boy quarreled with her and they broke up after college. He then eloped with another girl from Doveport.

Since then, her story was used as negative teaching material within the circle. With that said, the highly opinionated Harmony, who thought she was very matured, stood up and strutted in her high heels. She twisted her hips as she approached Silvia who was still chatting happily with Philip on the other side. When Harmony and the few girls walked together like that, they really attracted many eyes in the hall. These girls were all very beautiful

with stunning figures. They looked like models strutting on the catwalk.

“What’s the situation? Isn’t that Harmony Jordan?” “Look, I think they’re looking for that man. Who’s that? Do any of you know him?” “No, I’ve never seen him before. His clothes are so ordinary. How did he get in?”

Many people discussed quietly, and their strange looks flickered constantly.

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Raymond Mimay

too much waiting for new Chapter , now I don’t know “who is who”

and what is the background of philip

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Chapter 412

Harmony walked straight up to Silvia, glanced at Philip disdainfully, and said coldly, “Hey, brat, let me warn you, don’t harbor any evil intentions toward Silvia. You’re not worthy!” Philip, who was talking to Silvia, was taken aback by this. He looked coldly at the group of little girls standing in front of him. All of them were quite young but were dressed maturely.

Moreover, they seemed very hostile toward him. “Excuse me, I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Philip smiled calmly. Silvia was also startled and pulled at Harmony’s arm. “Harmony, don’t be like this. He’s my friend.” “Friend? What sort of friend? He’s nothing but a conman who deceives innocent girls like you.” Harmony rolled her eyes at Silvia and poked her in the head with her slender finger before

saying, "Okay, I'll solve the problem for you." Problem? Philip was startled. This hostile woman who was facing him must have misunderstood something. "What are you looking at? Are you unhappy? Let me tell you then, you're not in the same class as the rest of us. Just look at you and look at us. With your appearance, you still want to go after Silvia?" Harmony twisted her head around and

admonished. "Just look at all the people around you. All of them come from a rich family or have a successful career. You come in here dressed so casually and so oblivious too! I don't even know how you managed to get in here. I advise you to leave as soon as possible. Otherwise, if the security finds out later, you won't be able to escape!" "Harmony, don't say that, he's really my friend." Silvia was a little anxious. Her friends seemed very unfriendly toward Philip. However, Harmony ignored her and pulled Silvia away. Before that, she turned around and glared fiercely at Philip with a warning. "Don't let me see you harassing Silvia again. Otherwise, I'll get someone to take care of you!" Philip was dumbfounded. He shook his head helplessly and laughed. These little girls were really funny. Harmony and the others returned to the sofa. They gathered around, preparing to give Silvia a good counseling session. "Silvia, you can't be fooled by trashy man.

He's just trying to win the sympathy of an ignorant little girl like you before he makes his move. Do you understand?" Harmony criticized her with the air of an experienced person. The rest of the girls also followed with their own bits of advice. Suddenly, Yvonne said, "By the way, have you heard, Klaus Harris of Riverdale from Black Dragon Hall was destroyed!" "Yes, I heard about it. The news made waves!" "I know. I was shopping for a bag in the mall next door that night, and I saw with my own eyes Klaus Harris and his gang from Black Dragon Hall getting arrested!" Several girls chattered and discussed the events with looks of surprise and admiration.

Klaus Harris and the Black Dragon Hall were such major forces, but they were destroyed overnight! "Tell us quickly, who did it? Is that person really so powerful?" Harmony and several girls gathered around and asked the girl. The girl quickly took out her phone and said, "That scene was really exaggerated. Even the special troops and armored vehicles were dispatched.

I took pictures from a distance, so they aren't very clear. It's him, this man, he's so handsome! There were so many guards there and they all listened to him! Even Klaus knelt down before him and begged for his mercy."

Speaking of this matter, the girl seemed to have returned to the scene of that

night. She was full of excitement and admiration, her legs could not stop trembling. Several girls gathered around and stared at the low-resolution photo. In that picture, a group of guards in black combat uniforms tightly surrounded a man. The scene was very exaggerated and very overwhelming!

Especially when the man stepped on Klaus and raised his face toward the camera. The outline of his face was quite prominent. Very handsome! Very domineering! There was also a wicked smile! Straight to the heart! This was the male god all the girls had been waiting for! This man who destroyed Black Dragon Hall... His identity became a question in their hearts. No matter what, they must try their best to get to know this man. "Wait a minute.

Don't you think we've met this guy before?" Suddenly, Yvonne blinked her big eyes, pursed her lips, and said. Yes, it seemed that they had met him before, but where? "F\*ck! This... Isn't he the shabby guy who was chatting with Silvia just now!"

## Chapter 413

Several girls glanced at each other. They kept comparing the man in the photo to Philip over there. They looked alike! How could this be? "Stop looking at him already. If it's really him, I'll gouge my eyes out!" A girl sneered as her eyes fell on Philip with contempt. How could such a man with an indistinguishable character be the mysterious young man in the rumor! Harmony and Yvonne also nodded in agreement. They mocked,

"Definitely not. How can a young master have such a poor appearance? He should at least bring eight or ten bodyguards with him when he goes out. He just came here to eat and drink for free." Seeing that Silvia was still staring at Philip eagerly, Harmony became angry and said, "Okay, stop looking at him already. You're not interested in him, are you?" Silvia smiled, stood up, and bowed to Harmony and the others. She said, "I'm sorry. He's my friend, so I'm going to accompany him for a while." After that, Silvia ran toward him, happy as a little sparrow. This made Harmony and the others angry.

Silvia was really degenerating, making friends with that kind of man. After

some thought, Harmony took out her phone, walked to one side, and dialed a number. At this moment outside the Sunset Villa, a Mercedes-Benz G-class with a special military license plate stopped at the entrance. A sturdy young man who was dressed casually stepped down. He looked quite handsome with a resolute face. "Are you sure Silvia Hayes will be here tonight?" he turned to ask his partner. "Don't worry, Young Master Denver.

Harmony's information can't be wrong," the youth with a crew-cut head said. "Okay, let's go in," the sturdy young man paused before he said with certainty. This birthday banquet was actually also a networking session specially arranged by Chloe Sommerset. Divided into two circles, the central area was for all the important figures in Riverdale. These people had a net worth of hundreds of millions, and at the very least, tens of millions.

Those on the courtyard, on the other hand, were the rich second-generations.

They were all the boys and girls from good family backgrounds. They had gathered around and were now chatting. In the circle of handsome men and beautiful girls, Silvia Hayes, Yvonne Summers, and Harmony Jordan were the focus of everyone's attention. Ever since Silvia approached Philip, many people were now looking in his direction. "Look, who's that guy?" "I don't know him. I don't think he belongs to this circle." "Damn it, they look so intimate. He's not Silvia's boyfriend, is he?" Everyone was puzzled. When they heard that he could be Silvia's boyfriend, many people were pissed.

Silvia and Yvonne were the top beauties of this circle, and many people lusted over them. Most of the

men present paid careful attention to the two beauties with faces that could launch a thousand ships. Now that a strange man had barged in suddenly and was chatting with one of the beauties, how could they not be angry? "If Xavier were here, that guy would be taken care of for sure," someone said sourly. Xavier Denver, a young master from Golden City, came from a very powerful family. Recently, he had been pursuing Silvia and even beat up all of Silvia's suitors. One was still lying in a hospital bed. This incident was widely circulated in the circle, which was why no one dared to approach Silvia. They merely looked at her from

a distance. The Denver family was unlike any of the other rich second-generation. They were a dragon of Golden City! High-level military troops were involved. At this time, in the center of the banquet, a few prominent figures gathered around and chatted leisurely. Mickey Cage followed behind a majestic middle-aged man, smiling constantly as he was introduced to different prominent figures. These big names might not be very well-known in the whole country, but in Riverdale, they were the giants in various industries. Suddenly! He saw his girlfriend, Jennie Todd, winking at him surreptitiously. Mickey informed his father before walking over to her, dissatisfied. "What's up? Can't you see that my father is introducing some important people to me?" "I was taking some food just now when I saw the idiot from Longford Park. The guy we met this morning," Jennie quickly said. "That idiot by the name of Clarke?" Mickey's eyes turned grim as he could not help but wonder. "How did that wretch get in here? This banquet is very strict on who they let in. It's almost impossible to get in if you don't have tens of millions of assets. A garbage collector like him couldn't have possibly gotten his hands on an invitation, right?" Mickey still harbored hatred toward Philip for the treatment he received this morning!

He even specifically asked people to check his background. He found out that Philip was just a useless piece of trash. He was famous in Riverdale for living off women! It was highly possible that the villa at Longford Park was bought by his wife! Mickey had also checked the background of the Johnston family too. "That's why I suspect he sneaked in here." Jennie said,

"Based on the assets controlled by that idiot's wife, it won't be difficult for him to sneak in here."  
"That... That's not impossible." Mickey nodded in agreement. "But at this banquet, I can't blatantly ask people to take care of him. My dad has warned me not to touch him." In fact, Mickey was also puzzled why his father would be worried about that good-for-nothing.

#### Chapter 414

Jennie Todd smiled triumphantly. "I just saw Harmony calling Xavier and telling him that Silvia is here. What do you think Xavier will do when he gets here?" Mickey was startled. Everyone in the circle knew the hot-tempered character of Young Master Xavier Denver from Golden City. If he really met that fool Philip Clarke here, they might even get into a fight on the spot. "Look, isn't that Xavier?" Jennie suddenly

exclaimed. When the two looked over, they saw a sturdy young man in casual clothes walking in through the door. He was pushing through the crowd and striding forward.

“There’s going to be a good show.” Mickey was amused. His father would not let him deal with Philip, but Xavier was no ordinary person. He came from the Denver family of Golden City! Silvia was still discussing with Philip about which desserts were delicious when suddenly, someone strode over and stopped in front of them. “Silvia, come with me, I have something to say to you.” There was no Philip in Xavier’s eyes as he stared fixedly at Silvia Hayes. “Huh? What do you have to say? Can’t you say it here?” The moment Silvia saw him, a trace of panic flashed across her eyes. She forced out a smile. “Here?” Xavier glanced around before he issued an order to Philip unceremoniously, “Get lost. I want to speak to Silvia in private.”

Philip frowned, feeling a little unhappy. He had already gotten looked down upon, and suddenly this brat turned up? Therefore, he said coldly, “Why should I leave?” “Who are you?” Xavier did not expect that someone would dare to resist. He turned around and scrutinized Philip before his expression changed. “Are you the Philip Clarke that Harmony is talking about?”

“That’s me. What’s up?” Philip said mildly. “Haha.” Xavier said arrogantly,

“I advise you to stay away from Silvia. Otherwise, I’ll kill you with just one finger!” “Oh, really?” Philip remained unperturbed. Xavier smiled disdainfully as if he was not concerned about Philip at all. He turned and whispered to Silvia, “Silvia, just come with me. I really have something to tell you.” After speaking, he reached out for Silvia’s arm. Silvia got a fright and quickly stepped back, hiding behind Philip. “Xavier, what are you doing?” Xavier was about to step forward when Philip stopped in front of

him and said coldly, “I’m sorry, but she’s not willing.” “Get lost!” Xavier’s face changed drastically as he pushed with great force, but Philip did not move in the slightest. He smiled menacingly and said, “Brat, are you really going up against me?” “So what if I am?” Philip’s eyes were calm. “Do you know who I am?” Xavier looked as if he just heard the world’s greatest joke.

“I’m the young master of the Denver family from Golden City. I’ve trained with special troops since the age of 12. My grandfather’s the grand marshal of the Riverdale guards!” He looked at Philip with an amused expression.

“Now, do you still want to go against me?” “So what if I do?” Philip stared at him unwaveringly. At this time, many people already had their focus directed on the scene before them. Xavier’s appearance immediately ignited the stage. “Isn’t that Xavier Denver? Why’s he here?” “Just look at Xavier’s expression. He looks like he’s about to kill that Philip!” Seeing the excitement, everyone gathered around. “Who’s Xavier Denver?” Some ignorant bystanders asked dubiously. “Xavier Denver’s the young master of Golden City’s Denver family. It’s said that his family member is a high-ranking guard. Once, he had a conflict with another person whose net worth was worth at least tens of billions, but in the end, the other party was taken out by a team of special guards. Also, he’s the loyal suitor of Silvia Hayes.”

Others educated them with a sense of superiority. The ignorant bystanders were dumbfounded. Going

up against such an awesome person, did that mean Philip was going down? Thinking of this, many people gloated at Philip. Liam and Lynn Johnston were chatting with others on the other side.

They had come with their friends and classmates. Liam came in as a sidekick to a rich second-generation, while Lynn came with her best friend who was the daughter of a wealthy family. The two just bumped into each other.

“Lynn, guess who I just saw?” Liam hurried over with a fruit plate in his hand and said excitedly. “Who?” Lynn frowned. She was annoyed. Her uncle’s family had really bought a villa, and it was First Palace too. She was trying to think of a way to move in. “It’s Philip. He’s here too.” Liam said excitedly, “I also saw Young Master Denver looking for him. It seems that

they’re having a conflict over a woman. That guy is having an affair outside without Wynn’s knowledge!” “Really?” Lynn’s eyes lit up as she stood up quickly. She said, “Let’s go have a look.” That good-for-nothing was having an affair outside? If cousin Wynn found out about it, Philip would definitely be kicked out of the villa. He might even be forced to leave the family!

When that time came, the villa would be left empty. Would it not be a waste if she did not live in it?

## Chapter 415

As the atmosphere grew tenser, Yvonne ran over to them and stood in front of Silvia, saying with a frown, “Xavier, this is Miss Chloe’s birthday party.

You know she’s from the Sommerset family from Capital City, right? That means this isn’t a place where you can do whatever you like. Silvia doesn’t need your permission to go anywhere.” “Haha.” Xavier ignored her completely and instead loomed over Philip, glaring at him. “In all my years, you’re the first man who dares to challenge me like that. “I’ll show you just how wide the gap between us really is.” Philip smiled faintly and was about to say something when a stern-looking middle-aged man parted the crowd, approaching them as he said, “What’s happening here? Who dares to raise a ruckus at Miss Chloe’s party?” “Dang, even Mr. Moseby the head butler is here. Someone’s gonna be in trouble now,” someone who knew the middle-aged man said in a whisper. “The Sommersets are pretty influential in Riverdale too. How will they clean up this mess?” Harmony frowned as well. Meryl scoffed and said, “I hope they throw that man and Xavier out of here. I’m annoyed just looking at them.” Making use of his position as the oldest son of the Denvers from Golden City, Xavier had done plenty of stupid things in his time. Girls like them either hated or loved arrogant young masters like him. Those who loved him would die for him. Those who hated him would utterly despise him. “Mr. Moseby, I’m Xavier Denver.” Xavier took a step back and looked at Philip with a smile that did not reach his eyes. “I suspect this man snuck into the party without an

invitation. Please escort him out right now.” Mr. Moseby paused. He clearly recognized Xavier, so he said somewhat respectfully, “Understood, Master Denver!” He then turned to Philip and said, “Sir, please show me your invitation.” Silvia huffed, “Why do we have to show our invitations just because he

said so? Why doesn't he have to?" Mr. Moseby looked unaffected as he said, "Because he's the young master of the Denvers. "On the other hand, this man looks rather unfamiliar to me. I personally wrote all the invitations, so may I kindly know your name?" "His name is Philip Clarke. He's my cousin's husband who married into her family, and all he does is live off his wife's salary." Lynn snorted from amongst the crowd. "I don't think he has the right to be here." As soon as she said that, Silvia felt her heart skip a beat. She had been wondering how Philip managed to get into this party. After all, this birthday party was held for Chloe Sommerset, the third daughter of the Capital City Sommersets. Only people from the upper echelons of society would be able to get their hands on an invitation.

Even Silvia only managed to get in because of her best friend, Yvonne.

Philip raised an eyebrow and glanced at Lynn in the crowd. That cousin of his was truly a pain. She seemed to be everywhere. "I bet he doesn't have an invitation at all. He must have snuck in," someone said with a snigger.

"Yeah, look at him, dressed in the cheapest wares. I'll be the first to doubt that he was properly invited," someone else scoffed. "Well, he's in trouble now. The Sommersets are obsessed with their image and status, and now he's offended Xavier too. I don't think he'll get out of this in one piece,"

someone said with a sigh, shaking their head. "Sir, please show me your invitation, or else I'm calling security." Mr. Moseby's expression was hard now and he demanded an invitation harshly. "I don't have an invitation,"

Philip said after a brief pause. The crowd erupted into an uproar. "See, I told you! Chase him out of here before I lose my temper." A cocky grin appeared on Xavier's face, and he looked down at Philip from high above, as though Philip was merely an ant. "How did you get in here without an invitation?"

Mr. Moseby's expression changed abruptly, and he looked like Philip as

though the latter was a thief who managed to sneak into the house. Mr.

Moseby was in charge of this party, yet here was an uninvited intruder whom he had no idea about. If this matter got to Miss Chloe, it would definitely be Mr. Moseby's head on the chopping block. He secretly broke out into a cold sweat. He would be in some really hot water if Miss Chloe found out about this. Besides, Miss Chloe's father would personally go to the main hall tonight. "Let's see how he worms out of this one." To Lynn, Philip's current conundrum was about as satisfying as eating an ice-cream in the middle of summer. Mickey shook his head in faux exasperation, saying, "What was the point? If you don't belong here, don't force your way in. You're only making a fool of yourself." Only Silvia stomped her foot in frustration and said, "Philip, you..." "I didn't finish my sentence," Philip suddenly spoke again. "I may not have an invitation, but I was invited here.

You just have to check the guest list." "You were invited?" Mr. Moseby paused and looked at him suspiciously. "Only friends of the Somersbys and the top representatives of Riverdale companies have the right to invite guests personally. For instance, the Denvers' company has always been on good terms with us, so Master Denver doesn't need an invitation. "Our Miss Chloe doesn't know a tasteless peasant

like you. Are you sure Miss Chloe invited you?" Philip blinked. Did Chloe not make the necessary arrangements? Seeing as Philip had gone quiet, Mr. Moseby began to hesitate as well. Should he grab a guard and ask? If he made a mistake here and offended Miss Chloe's esteemed guest, that would not end well for him.

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Just then, a voice spoke. "I don't know if he was invited." The crowd looked in the direction of the voice and saw a woman in a lavish evening gown and thick make-up. She sneered, "But what I do know is that I saw him collecting trash at Longford Park today. "I don't think a mere trash collector would know our great Miss Chloe Sommerset, would he?" As soon as Jennie said that, the whole room erupted. "There's no way Miss Chloe

knows someone like that! Chase him out!" "He told such a tall tale, but he never guessed that he would be exposed just like that." "I can't believe Silvia has a friend like him. What a shocker." Right now, everyone was looking at Philip with nothing but contempt and disgust. Philip was unmoved in the face of all their accusations. Instead, he turned to look at Jennie. He had met earlier that day; in fact, he was the one who had her thrown out. He then looked to her side and saw a sniggering Mickey. So he was here too. No wonder. Did Old Man George not manage to dig up anything on Nick Cage? Mr. Moseby said sternly, "Are you sure, miss?" "I can be her witness." Mickey stepped out of line as well. He first gave Philip a cold sneer before turning to Mr. Moseby and saying, "I did meet this...

person with my girlfriend at Longford Park today. He had his mother-in-law with him, and he said that he owned a mansion at Longford Park. Do you buy that?" Hahaha! There was a roar of laughter. That was Longford Park!

How could someone as shabbily-dressed as Philip afford a place there?

Hence, everyone just thought of it as an absurd joke. "Well, since Master Cage has spoken, what else is there to prove?" Mr. Moseby smiled. Mickey Cage was quite well-known in Riverdale. Of course the butler knew him.

He was the son of Director Nick Cage. With his testimony, the truth was all but settled. Now that he was sure, Mr. Moseby could not even be bothered to look at Philip. He turned around and yelled, "Guards! Take this filthy man and throw him out of here. "How dare he intrude on our Miss Chloe's party. We can't let him off the hook so easily, so call the cops and tell them we have a trespasser on our hands. Let's see how they handle him."

Everyone looked at lonely old Philip with pity in their eyes. Who would dare to defend him now? With Xavier, Mickey, and the Sommersets stacked against him, even the most influential guest here would have to think twice.

Lynn did not say anything, but the sadistic pleasure in her eyes intensified.



Finally, someone was going to teach this piece of trash a lesson. That was what he deserved for tricking her! Harmony harrumphed and looked at Silvia with relish. The latter looked like she was on the verge of tears. On

the other hand, Mickey did not even look at Philip. He just sipped his red wine without a care in the world. He had trampled all over Philip while barely even lifting a finger. To him, this was nothing at all, a matter of minute consequence. Someone like Philip was nowhere near good enough to be his opponent. Silvia's friends all shook their heads. What a mess they were caught up in. Only Silvia ran to Mr. Moseby and pleaded for mercy.

However, Mr. Moseby ignored her and held up his walkie-talkie to call the guards. Xavier stood proudly and scoffed at Philip. "So you're famous for being a good-for-nothing, huh? Like I said, we're from different worlds. I just have to say the word and I can get you booted out of here. What about you? What can you do now?" By now, some others were echoing Xavier's sentiment and yelling at Philip to "get the hell out of here". Philip just stood there quietly, his eyes lowered and his body unmoving. No one knew what he was thinking. To all the outsiders, it looked like he had already given up.

Just when smiles of sweet victory were spreading across Xavier's, Mickey's, and Jennie's faces... Suddenly, an ice-cold voice cut in. "Who's that I hear threatening to throw him out?"

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They looked in the direction of the voice and saw the crowd parting as though before a tide. A cold beauty in a white dress was striding toward them. She was tall and slender, with an air of invincibility. She looked around the crowd, and her gaze made many girls back away, defeated by her perfection. When her beautiful eyes swept across them, the cold arrogance in them made countless attendees lower their heads, as though they stood before the queen of a snowy kingdom. "Who is she?" Someone in the crowd sneered. One of his friends had recognized the woman, and he hastily clapped his hand over his companion's mouth, his face pale. "Are you mad? That's Miss Chloe Somerset! Don't you recognize her?" "Miss Chloe?" The first man who spoke froze. He then suddenly remembered something, all the blood draining from his face as he hurriedly held his

tongue. The woman was none other than Chloe Somerset. "Miss Chloe?"

Mr. Moseby's expression changed the second he saw Chloe. He suddenly had a very bad feeling. Forcing a smile, he said, "Why are you here so early, miss? You didn't tell us in advance, either." "Hmph! If I didn't make it in time, were you lot going to chase my guest out of here?" Chloe scoffed. She was rather cold by nature and she rarely smiled. Now that she was properly angry, her pretty face looked like it was made of ice. "Mr. Clarke here is my esteemed guest. What's this about chasing him out and calling the cops?"

When he heard Chloe's accusation, all the blood drained from Mr. Moseby's face. This man was Miss Chloe's esteemed guest? How was that possible?

Even the wealthiest heirs in Capital City had to be extra polite when they talked to Miss Chloe. How could someone as noble as Miss Chloe know a peasant in rags like this? Mr. Moseby turned to explain. "I didn't know he's your guest, Miss Chloe. I never would have dared if I knew." Chloe did not seem convinced. She just gave Philip an apologetic smile, saying, "Sorry I'm late. "I didn't expect my servants to be so clueless. This mess is my fault." She was truly annoyed this time. Who was Philip Clarke? He was the young master of the Clarke family and her fiance! These people accused him of such nonsense and even tried to chase him out of her party. Was that not a sign of utmost disrespect to her? Besides, it had not been easy for her to invite Philip over. All her effort nearly went to waste, and that only made Chloe even angrier! However, Philip looked completely calm, as though all those insults had never happened. "It's fine. I'm used to it." As he said that, he glanced at Mr. Moseby and said calmly, "Still, it seems your butler is prejudiced against me. I already told him that I'm an invited guest. All he had to do was check the guest list. But he just refused to listen." Mr. Moseby gave a shudder and nearly lost his footing. Forcing a smile, he said, "Miss Chloe, please. I can explain." "Save it. "I will tell Father exactly what you did and recommend that he fire you right away. You will cease to be our representative here at Riverdale." Chloe made it sound simple, but her words plunged Mr. Moseby into the depths of despair. Right now, all he

could do was look at Xavier pleadingly. After all he had done for Master Denver, he hoped that the latter would lend him a hand. What he did not know was that Xavier was feeling similarly freaked out right now. From the moment Chloe showed up, his heart had been pounding in his chest. When she said that Philip was her esteemed guest, he could not believe his ears.

That was Chloe Sommerset, Old Master Sommerset's granddaughter! Hans Sommerset's youngest daughter! Forget Xavier himself, even his father would have to plaster on a smile and kiss up to Chloe in her presence.

Although the two families were long-time allies, the Sommersets were based in Capital City, right at the heart of the country. They were the most powerful family in the capital! The Denvers were only lords of Golden City.

Of course they would never dare to act like kings in front of the Sommersets.

That was suicidal! Besides, the Sommersets were well-established in the upper echelons of the capital. The Denvers could not even come close. Since Moseby was looking at him for help, Xavier had no choice but to clench his teeth and step forward. "Miss Chloe..." Chloe turned to look at Xavier and said with half a smile, "What's the matter? Do you want to explain too?"

Don't try to lie to me. Do you think I don't know what you're like?" Xavier could not hold back his anger when he heard that. Frustrated, he said, "But this guy was the one who stole my girlfriend first..." "Shut up! Chloe's expression turned cold and she barked at him furiously. Her gaze on Xavier was full of angry disappointment. Steal his girlfriend? Philip would never do something like that. "I thought that after

Uncle Denver sent you to train with the special guards, you might perhaps grow a proper backbone. Looks like it only made you worse. "Mr. Clarke is usually such a good-natured man who hates conflicts, but you actually managed to force him into such a situation. That just goes to show how out of control you usually are. "I will personally relate this matter to Uncle Denver, don't you worry about it."

After that, she ignored Xavier, who had gone deathly pale. Turning to Philip, she said, "Mr. Clarke, the party is about to begin. Shall I take you around the place?" "Why not?" Philip nodded. He then gave Xavier a brief glance

and a smile before turning away. Mr. Moseby's legs gave way underneath him and he crumpled to the ground, his face the color of death. Xavier lowered his head and gritted his teeth, his hands clenched into tight fists.

Philip's last glance at him made him feel like a joke. It was a sharp dagger buried deep into his ego. "That \*sshole!" After Chloe and Philip were out of earshot, Xavier finally exploded. He grabbed a wine glass from the table nearby and smashed it into the ground. "Master Denver, please control yourself." A stage manager was already on hand to manage the situation, but he frowned and warned Xavier when he saw the latter's actions. Xavier looked around and saw that everyone was trying their hardest not to laugh at him. When he remembered how he had been publicly humiliated just now, he had no choice but to stomp away.

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"How could he know Miss Chloe? Impossible!" The moment he saw Chloe, Mickey's expression changed and he gasped out loud. "Mickey-baby, who's Chloe Sommerset exactly?" Jennie asked curiously. Chloe had always kept a low profile and rarely ever joined the Riverdale elites in their parties, so very few people knew about her. If it were not for Philip, she would not have organized this birthday party today either. "She's the granddaughter of Old Master Sommerset from Capital City and Hans Sommerset's youngest daughter." Mickey's face twitched as he answered Jennie's question in a whisper. "That's her?" Jennie was stunned, while Yvonne and the others next to her felt their hearts skip a beat as well. Hans Sommerset was much more well-known than his daughter. He was the direct heir to the Sommersets, Old Master Sommerset's son and the current head of the family. He controlled the number one family in Capital City, the Sommersets. Even outside of Riverdale, anyone in the entire province would tremble slightly at the mention of the Sommerset name. Someone at Mickey's level did not even have the right to meet Hans face-to-face. His father Nick might just stand a chance, but it would be close. Since she was

Hans' youngest daughter, that meant Chloe's status was higher than everyone else here! Jennie felt really guilty. Chloe was not someone she could afford to offend. Even Mickey and Xavier were nothing to her." "We really got on his bad side now. What if he tries to get back at us?" Jennie was filled with regret. That was the youngest daughter of the Sommersets!

Normal people like them would not be able to withstand her wrath. Who knew how that piece of trash managed to score such a powerful support system? Mickey's expression was dark. He did not say anything, but he was regretting everything right now. He had thought it was a simple problem he could solve with the wave of a hand, but now it was becoming a dangerous abscess in his side. No wonder his dad told him not to touch Philip. Did the old man hear about something on the grapevine? ... At the same time, Harmony and the others were watching the scene unfold in disbelief. After being forced into a corner, was Philip making his big comeback? "Who is that woman? She seems like a big deal. Even Xavier couldn't do anything to her!" "That's right! Isn't that guy a useless leech who lives off his wife?

How would he know someone as impressive as that woman?" "Is she part of Riverdale's inner circle? I haven't seen her around before." At their level, the most they knew was Chloe's name. None of them could have possibly met Chloe before, so they were naturally curious! Harmony was the only one who turned serious, saying in a low voice, "That's Miss Chloe Sommerset." The other women's expressions abruptly changed at that. The Capital City Sommersets were beyond famous. Chloe was the youngest daughter and the darling of the entire family, making her something equivalent to a modern-day princess. She was on a completely different level from these girls, whose families had a couple of millions or a billion at most, calling Riverdale their roost. "That wretch is Chloe Sommerset's friend? And she was pretty polite to him too. Could he have some other identity we don't know about?" At that thought, many of them looked at Silvia in a new light. They all thought the silly girl had been duped, but it turned out that she was the sharpest of them all. The stone she chose turned

out to be a diamond! Meanwhile, Silvia was still frozen on the spot. It seemed she had not recovered from the earlier turn of events. Yvonne walked up to her and pulled her hand, saying in a low voice, "He's already gone. Don't just stand there." However, Yvonne was not as calm as she pretended to be. As for Lynn and Liam, they had long since hidden away in fright. Their useless cousin-in-law actually knew the host of tonight's party!

It was the youngest daughter of the Capital City Sommersets, Chloe Sommerset, no less! No way, they had to tell their cousin about this! Lynn hurriedly called Wynn and said in a rush, "Wynn, you gotta come to Sunset Villa right now! There's something wrong with Philip, something really wrong!"

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Wynn was on her way back to the hospital after work when she received her cousin's call. "What's wrong with Philip?" Wynn chuckled, hailing down a cab by the curb. "Do you think I'm lying, Wynn? Why would I? You just have to come to Sunset Villa and you'll know!" Lynn was anxious beyond belief. She stared intently at Philip, who was walking with Chloe. The two of them had actually gone into the inner hall. Seriously, what was up with that good-for-nothing? How did he know Miss Chloe Sommerset?! That was simply terrifying. Was he still the same useless cousin-in-law she had always known? "Sunset Villa? Why is Philip there?" Wynn glanced at the time. Why was Philip there at this time of the night? "Hold on a sec." Lynn took a video of Philip and Chloe with her phone. It just so happened that Chloe was hugging Philip's arm like a girl in love, her head on his shoulder and a look of happiness on her face. Of course,

Lynn did not record the moment Philip shoved Chloe away. She just sent the first part to Wynn's WeChat. The moment Wynn received the video, her expression changed! It really was Philip! The woman next to her was very familiar too! That had to be Chloe Somerset! Wynn's heart thudded heavily in her chest, and she felt her jealousy well up. Did he go to visit his fiancée? Any woman would not be pleased to see the contents of that video. It could not be helped. That little bitch Lynn did it on purpose. "Wynn, Wynn, you saw the video, right? He's cheating on you with some rich little princess!" Lynn called Wynn and immediately sounded indignant. Wynn's voice was somewhat hoarse, her mood clearly dampened as she replied, "Alright, I got it." After that, she hung up and sat in the cab alone, tears streaming down her face as she watched the night pass by outside her window. There was nothing she could do. There was nothing Wynn could do about his fiancée, the thorn in her side. She was more than willing to trust Philip, but her heart hurt nevertheless! It hurt so, so much! She kept telling herself not to overthink it. It was nothing, it had to be. She kept telling herself to trust Philip. Wynn looked at her call log. In the past, she would be calling Philip right now to ask him. Now, though, she knew that she could not. She had to believe that Philip had his own reasons for visiting Chloe. He was her husband, after all. He was the only person in this world she could rely on. Having calmed down slightly, Wynn released a long breath and told the cabbie, "Please hurry. My daughter is waiting for me at the hospital." Wynn did not go to Sunset Villa. She was willing to trust Philip. She just had to pretend that she never saw that video. At the same time, Philip and Chloe arrived at the inner hall. "Come back with me, Philip. Divorce Wynn Johnstone. I love you, I really do." By now, Chloe was letting her love burst out onto the surface. She hugged Philip tightly, unwilling to ever let him go. Philip was exasperated as well. He knew that things would turn out like this. Pulling Chloe's delicate arms away from his chest, Philip turned around to look at her pretty face, smeared with tears. "I'm sorry, Chloe, but it's impossible between us. Wynn is the only woman I love right now. She's my wife. Can we just put the past behind us?" "No! Why? Why are you the only one who gets to be happy? What about me?" Chloe's eyes glittered with tears, her voice choked with sobs. She had poured her heart out to Philip just now, but he rejected her again. She even showed off her body to him, showing him the scar on her chest. Even so, he was unmoved. "Chloe, listen to me..." Philip was very troubled, too. He really did not know how to handle Chloe right now. She had always been deeply in love with him, and he did not want to hurt her either. Still, he had no choice. "No! I'm not listening!" Chloe clamped her hands over her ears and wailed hysterically, "It's all because of her! If it weren't for her, would you still love me?" Philip's gaze abruptly turned cold. He kept it fixed on Chloe and asked, "What are you up to?" Chloe wiped her tears away and immediately went from a heartbroken little girl to a cold and ruthless woman. "What am I up to? Philip, I told you. If I can't have you, no one can! I won't do anything to you because I love you, but I don't care about whatever happens to that bitch Johnston! The same goes for your daughter! Anyone who gets in my way must die!" Her declaration plunged the temperature down to sub-zero! Philip's gaze was icy, his very presence emanating rage and murderous intent. He reached out his hand and gripped Chloe by her fair slender hand, forcing the words out through clenched teeth, "What do you mean by that, Chloe Somerset? I'm warning you, if you do anything to Wynn and my daughter, I'll never forgive you!

I'll make you and your family pay!" When he grabbed her hand, despair and decision flashed through Chloe's eyes. She chuckled coldly and said,

“When will you ever worry about me like that, Philip?”

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Smack! Philip slapped Chloe’s hand aside and said icily, “Don’t try my patience!” With that, Philip turned to leave. However, Chloe scoffed at his back, saying, “Do you know why I invited you here tonight?” “What do you mean?” Philip’s gaze turned cold. He spun around and glared at Chloe. Just then, Philip’s phone rang. It was a call from that man. “Spill it!” Philip barked harshly, his body tense and his heart pounding. That call could only mean one thing. Something must have happened to Wynn and Mila. “Young Master, the Young Madam and Miss Mila are safe. We just handled one wave of attackers.” The voice on the other end was that of a cold-blooded man. “They seem to be some local hooligans. They were at the hospital

entrance, trying to kidnap the Young Madam.” “Understood.” Philip hung up and stared at Chloe, asking in a low and heavy voice, “Did you send them?” Chloe knew that her plan had failed. Well, she had only wanted to teach Wynn a lesson. She raised her chin arrogantly, undaunted by his accusation as she said coolly, “That’s right. I wanted to give her a taste of the pain I’ve suffered the past few years. I hate her, and I also hate you!”

Smack! Philip slapped her, murderous intent washing off him in waves.

“Don’t force my hand, Chloe Sommerset!” She had crossed the line! Why did she have to cross the line?! Philip’s heart was ice-cold and heavy as a stone right now. Anyone who crossed the line had to be exterminated, no exceptions! That included Chloe Sommerset! “Force your hand? Like how you’ve forced my hand?” Chloe held her cheek, tears welling up in her eyes.

Philip had hit her. He did not want anything more to do with her, so he warned her solemnly, “Never do that again! I’ll tell your family to take you home!” With that, he turned and ran out of the club in a hurry. Chloe stood alone in the large hall before slowly crouching down, covering her face with her hands and weeping bitterly. Just then, a middle-aged man walked toward her. He was wearing a white traditional outfit, and he shook his head when he saw Chloe. “Why must you torment yourself so, Chloe?” He was Hans Sommerset, the head of the Sommersets. He was a man of exalted status.

Right now, as her father, his heart bled to see his daughter in such pain.

Regardless, he did not dare to lift a finger against Master Clarke. Even the Sommersets, the strongest family in Capital City, was nothing in that man’s eyes. It was all thanks to that man that the Sommersets could only climb up from second-tier fame to the top of the pyramid, even becoming the number one family in Capital City. Hans did not dare to fight Philip because he carried the weight of the entire family on his shoulders. He also could not let the family go down the road of destruction on the back of his daughter’s whims. “Come home with me tomorrow,” Hans said, shaking his head helplessly. Back on Philip’s end, he rushed back to the hospital and found Wynn by Mila’s side. The mother and daughter were sleeping peacefully

together, pretty as a picture. Philip's heart finally settled back into his chest.

He quietly walked to the bed and sat on the edge, looking at Wynn and their daughter, both fast asleep. "Sorry I'm late," Philip whispered. He was very conflicted right now, several emotions warring in his heart as past memories flooded his mind. All he wanted was to protect Wynn and their daughter from the shadows. After seven long years, there was much he had forgotten.

He had kept his identity a secret all this time to protect Wynn and Mila.

Even after three years of taking every insult under the sun, he never said a word about his real identity. "Just wait a little longer. I'll take you and Mila home very soon now." Philip bent over and planted a kiss on Wynn's fair forehead, plus another on Mila's little cheek. After that, he turned and walked out of the hospital room, coming to a corner near the hospital entrance. Soon, a man walked out of the shadows, drawling, "Why don't you tell the Young Madam who you are, Young Master?" Philip lit a cigarette and threw the man another. "I know what I'm doing. Keep an eye on the Denvers from Golden City for a bit." "Yessir." The man in the shadows blew out a mouthful of smoke and suddenly said with emotion,

"It's been seven years, huh? I'm actually rather looking forward to it. So, Young Master, when do you plan on taking down the Wallis family?" /

## Chapter 421

Philip sighed and said, "Soon. I don't want to make a move before going back home." The man in the shadows said no more before leaving. The next day, Philip returned to the villa and saw that Martha had already taken over more than half of it. She had moved all the things from their old residence over, and she even told Philip with considerable pride, "What do you think?"

"I did a good job decorating the place, didn't I?" Philip glanced around for a while and then went upstairs for a look too. He soon realized that she had somehow turned the villa into what looked like a residential shack. She had even taken over the master bedroom he shared with Wynn. In fact, she even moved their wedding photo to the smaller bedroom downstairs. Martha saw

how stormy his expression was when he came downstairs from the master bedroom. She immediately knew what she had done wrong, so she snuck a glance at Charles next to her. Charles ignored her and earned a glare from her. "Move all your things out!" Philip's expression was dark as he glared fiercely at Martha. Martha was very reluctant to leave. The master bedroom was luxurious and she had fallen in love with it, so there was no way she would want to leave. "No! My daughter bought this house with her money.

Besides, are you asking me and your father to stay downstairs?" Martha said unreasonably, "Both your father and I are old, so we should get the best room. I'm not moving!" Philip raised his eyebrows. He could not be bothered to argue with Martha, so he said coldly, "I won't waste my breath on you. Move your things out of my room before the end of today. If I see your things still there when I get back, I'll

call the guards to throw you out!”

With that, Philip left without turning back. Martha was properly incensed now. “Dang it, what right does that good-for-nothing have to be so harsh on us? What did he mean by that? Was he the one who paid for this villa?”

Martha was really cross right now. She plopped her butt onto the couch. Her behavior was giving him a headache. He said, “I’m telling you, you should treat Philip better from now on. Can’t you see that he’s no longer the same good-for-nothing he used to be?” Why was this crazy woman so blind to these things? “What do you saying now, Charles Johnston?” Martha cocked her head. She had no idea what Charles was implying. Charles thought it over. “Think carefully. What did Philip give me for my birthday? It was a piece of authentic work from the Tang Bohu, worth several millions!”

Martha snorted. “Tch, is that all? He just stumbled across it at an antique market somewhere.” Charles shook his head. “I don’t think so. Think again, what did he give your father during the old man’s seventieth birthday party?

It was a jade ring worth a hundred million, right? Do you think he found that at a market too? He just gave it to the old man out of nowhere, without even blinking an eye.” Martha’s heart skipped a beat. She had not thought about it before, but now that the idea was planted in her mind, her heart

pounded non-stop. What was up with Philip Clarke? Charles had finally opened Martha’s eyes to the facts. He stood up and shook his head, sighing.

“Listen to me, and be more respectful to Philip from now on, alright? Or else you’ll regret it later.” Charles then left the villa to play chess with his friends. Martha stayed sitting on the couch, but the more she thought about it, the more confused she became. Yeah, what was the matter with that good-for-nothing? Could he secretly be from a wealthy family? That made no sense. If he was rich, why would he suffer at the Johnstons’ for three years?

No, she had to find out more about his actual background. That afternoon, Philip was chatting with George at Apex Tower when he received a call from Martha. “Philip, Wynn’s uncle, my cousin, is coming to Riverdale for a business meeting tonight, and he’ll pay us a visit in the meantime. They want to invite us to dinner, do you want to join?” Martha’s tone from the other end of the phone was slightly honeyed. She had no choice. The villa was under Philip’s name, after all. She had to butter Philip up first, pull the wool over his eyes and find out more about his true capabilities. After that, she could remove his name from the property deed and put her own instead!

That way, she could then do whatever she liked. “Me? Nah, I’m not going.

Say hi to them for me, just tell them that I’m busy tonight so I can’t make it.” Philip was no fool. He could tell what Martha was planning by her tone, so he did not want to go there only to get insulted again. Besides, Wynn’s uncle and his family had always been on bad terms with the Johnstons. That did not change even though they moved to Golden City such a long time ago. After all, they had not met each other at all over the past two years.



## Chapter 422

Martha took a moment to process that and then instantly blew up. "What do you mean by that, Philip? Your uncle is inviting you to dinner, but you can't be bothered? Do you think I want to invite you? If you want to say hi, come over yourself!" Martha then hung up in a huff. That Philip was getting more unreasonable by the day. Philip was a little taken aback too, but it seemed

like he had no choice. He had to attend that night, after all. He gave Wynn a call, telling her he was going to pick her up from work that night. It just so happened that George had just bought him a car recently. It was nothing too fancy, just a BMW 5 Series. That would do for his purposes. That night, Philip drove his brand-new BMW and waited for Wynn outside her office building. When she saw the new car, Wynn froze for a long while too. She was both pleasantly surprised and confused. "Where did you get the money to buy this car?" Philip leaned on the car door, wearing shades. He looked quite dashing like that. He then bowed slightly and opened the car door, inviting Wynn to get into the car like a true gentleman. Philip said, "I told you, right? I still have some change left over, so I bought this car for you.

That way you won't have to take the public transport to work every day."

Wynn was quite touched, but she rolled her eyes anyway and said, "Don't spend your money so recklessly after this, you hear me?" Philip shrugged in reply. Snowsea Ambrosia was one of the higher-class restaurants. Since Wynn's uncle could afford to treat them to dinner here, it meant that he was not doing too shabby himself. Philip and Wynn stopped the car at the front door and handed the keys to the valet before going upstairs together. As soon as they entered the room their uncle had booked, they saw that Charles, Martha, and their uncle Mont Renner were already there. Mont's entire family and a few other relatives they did not recognize were there too. "Hi, Uncle Mont, Aunt Fern." Wynn greeted her relatives one by one. Philip nodded and greeted each of them as well. However, the Renners looked at him with derision, not really acknowledging him at all. Mont's daughter, Cindi, was the worst of them all. She watched Philip take his seat with eyes full of contempt. Just look at him, acting as though he had never had a meal at a restaurant before. He was shrinking away like a wilted wallflower.

Geez, why did they have to invite him?! Cindi's mother, Fern Milner, looked very much like her. Although the older woman was already past forty, she was quite stylishly dressed. She gave Philip a sideways look and said coolly, "Looks like just about any beggar can eat with us these days."

She was pretty blatantly looked down on Philip now. Martha just watched them coldly without a word. Inwardly, she was already counting all of Philip's faults over again. If she had known this would happen, she would not have invited him. He was an embarrassment after all. At the same time, Martha was also quite annoyed by Fern's attitude. Fern had humiliated Philip the very moment he walked into the room. In a way, that was an insult to Martha as well. The other uncles and aunts around the table who did not know Philip were all looking at Fern in confusion too. They then turned to look at the man who had just taken a seat. The sharper minds could immediately read the room. It seemed that the Renners were not particularly fond of this relative of theirs. As such, the strangers' lips curved into distant smiles of

derision. The atmosphere was slightly tense. Philip had barely just taken his seat, and the chair was still cold to his touch. However, he wasted no time looking at Cindi's mother and smiling sheepishly. "In that case, I guess I'll leave. I have something else to attend to anyway, so please enjoy your meal, Uncle Mont, Aunt Fern. I'll see you next time." Philip stood to leave. The second he turned around, the mild smile on his face turned ice-cold. He had not forgotten how Fern had taunted him at his own wedding, how much she flaunted her wealth. Philip had been hiding his identity back then, and he did not want any trouble, so he was as polite as could be to her.

Things were different now. He did not need to tolerate their boasting anymore. They were like fleas baring their tiny mandibles at a lion. What a joke. "I'll go back now too, then. Enjoy your meal." Wynn's expression was cold too and she turned to leave. "Alright, alright. Sit back down, Wynn, Philip." Mont spoke up, his expression calm. He gave his wife a glare and muttered, "Why did you have to go and run your mouth? Can't you just eat your dinner in peace?" Mont was fed up with his wife. All she ever did was compare and cause conflict. Philip was still Wynn's husband, after all, and he was Mont's nephew-in-law. How was Mont supposed to face Philip when Fern insulted him outright like that? Fern crossed her arms in front of her chest and gave no way at all. Instead, she nagged him like a village crone.

"Dinner? All you ever know is eating. Do you have to drag every broke relative you have to every meal? You'll die of overwork because of them someday! "Don't you know who you've invited today? Why would you let in any mongrel off the streets? How are we supposed to eat like this? The whole room reeks!" Fern was relentless with her words, insulting Philip and all the Johnstons along with him. Wynn sat next to Philip, her delicate hands clenched into fists. She was clearly furious as well. Aunt Fern was always like this, always looking down on her family. Even so, the way she was openly insulting the Johnstons like this today was one step too far. "Let's go." Wynn stood up, her entire body trembling in anger. However, Philip suddenly grabbed her wrist and said with a smile, "No, let's stay. We'll have dinner here tonight."

## Chapter 423

Wynn paused and looked at Philip suspiciously. She was very confused.

Uncle Mont and his family had already insured them to such an extent, so why was Philip saying they would stay? Martha was enraged too. She had already stood up and prepared to leave, but she froze when Philip said that.

Now she could not go or stay. Well, that was awkward. "What are you doing, Philip? Who told you to babble? Hurry up and apologize to your aunt and uncle?" Martha was left with nothing better to do, so she took her temper out on Philip as usual. The Renners were doing very well for themselves in Golden City. They were the richest and most powerful out of all their distant relatives. As a result, they took every chance they could get to insult the Johnstons. As the years passed, Martha grew gradually more intimidated by the Renners. These days, she was relatively tamer the moment she saw them. Although Charles used to be a section head, that was still nothing compared to what Mont Renner had achieved.

There was no helping it. After all, the latter was based in Golden City, the heart of the Riverside region. Besides, Mont had a great many connections. "Why should I apologize, Mom? Don't forget, Wynn is now the chairwoman of

her company. Why should we bow to them?" Philip said, rather crossly. The moment he said that, the atmosphere in the room changed. The Renners all looked at Philip and then at Wynn, eyes narrowed in suspicion. "The chairwoman of her company, you say?" Fern echoed, her tone far from friendly. The fog in Martha's head cleared, and she instantly regained some of her usual confidence. That was right, Wynn was a chairwoman now, and she even knew Master Clarke from the Capital City Clarke Group. Her company even received an investment of a billion bucks from him. In other words, Wynn was every bit as established as Mont now, so why was Martha still giving way to them? "Oh, it's not much, not much. She only got promoted a short while ago, and only to the position of chairwoman. It's nothing much to shout about, even if she did win an investment of a billion bucks. That's nothing to you, right?" Everyone could easily tell that Martha was obviously bragging. Fern frowned her pretty brows and muttered to herself, "A billion?" She looked around her and said no more. So they were saying that her nephew, Wynn Johnston, had made it big in her career, huh?

The atmosphere around the table immediately plummeted to rock-bottom, and the temperature fell to sub-zero. Mont hastily gave Wynn and Philip a smile, saying, "Wynn, Philip, hurry up and sit. Ignore your aunt, she's been in a bad mood lately, so don't mind her. I apologize for her rudeness on her behalf." Philip and Wynn took their seats again, accepting his apology. A few other contemptuous gazes from around the table landed on Philip as he sat down. So men these days could proudly announce that they were tied to their wives' apron strings, huh? "Alright, alright. We don't get together that often, so we should all just enjoy this meal." Mont said with a smile, "I also invited one of the higher-ups here at Riverdale over. He'll be here soon."

The rest of the guests returned his smile, and soon they launched into the usual greetings and chatter. "Your daughter sure is pretty, Renner. Where is she working?" A middle-aged man looked at Cindi and asked her father with a smile. He had a son, and he was thinking of arranging a marriage between his son and Mont's daughter. After all, the Renners were relatively wealthy,

having carved out their spot in real estate. That was why Mont was organizing this dinner for a director of the Riverdale Land Registry. He had long since made clear his plans to invest in Riverdale real estate. "Haha, thanks for the compliment! She refused to work with me and insisted on going to work at Lambda Property instead. She's doing decently for herself, now she's the manager of a department." Mont laughed. His daughter had made him quite proud even though she worked away from home. "Oh, Cindi is working at Lambda? Oh my, that's impressive! Lambda is one of the top five property agencies in the nation!" A stylishly-dressed woman gasped in visible surprise and envy. Cindi replied with a polite smile, "You're flattering me, Aunt Sunny. I'm just there to gain some experience." "Wow, but that's Lambda! That's much better than what my son's doing. He's working at Hingston Estates. You two should get to know each other when you have time." Aunt Sunny said with considerable envy, praising Cindi to high heavens. "Sure! Why not?" Cindi took the praise and request in stride.

“Oh please no, your son is a proper rascal! He’ll be a bad influence on my daughter.” Fern teased Sunny. The two women soon found a shared topic they could talk and laugh about. “Oh yeah, where does this man work? Don’t tell me, is he a househusband lazing around at home while his wife earns him a living?” Suddenly, someone changed the topic to Philip, who was burying his head in the food. “Yeah, look how he’s gobbling down his food. I bet he must be really frugal in his daily life, so he doesn’t get to eat such good food.

Go on, take your time. No one will steal the food from you.” A woman teased him. “Haha, you hit the nail on the head. He’s just a good-for-nothing who relies on his wife to survive.” Aunt Fern immediately jeered at Philip.

Her daughter was working at Lambda, while her poor cousin Martha’s son-in-law was on the bottom rung of society, a mere food deliveryman who subsisted on his wife’s salary. The comparison made her feel like she was looking down on them from high above, and it made her even prouder of her daughter. “Are you still making delivery rounds, Philip?” Fern asked with a sneer. Her question made Martha and Charles go scarlet. They sat

there awkwardly without a word. How embarrassing. They really should not have come here for dinner tonight.

#### Chapter 424

“Oh, a delivery boy? But that makes no sense, didn’t he say his wife is a chairwoman or something?” said someone in surprise. “A chairwoman?

What does it matter if she’s the chairwoman of some two-bit company?”

Fern rudely called Philip out. “Stop stuffing your face like that, Philip. Can’t you hear that your elders are talking to you?” She was proud and arrogant!

Mont saw what she was doing and wanted to stop her, but eventually he just shook his head helplessly. He had already done enough to protect these poor relatives of his. To be honest, he also wanted to use this chance to wake Philip up. He wanted to show Philip just how far behind he had fallen so far the latter might buck up and go to work like a proper adult. It was so embarrassing for a man to live off his wife like that. Martha also glared at Philip, who was still preoccupied with his food. She yelled, “Philip, your aunt is talking to you! Say something!” Philip was embarrassing enough at home, but why did he have to embarrass her when they were outdoors as well? At the same time, Wynn secretly tugged at Philip’s hand, signalling at him to be patient. They were all family, so he would just have to tolerate this for a bit. Finally, Philip put his chopsticks down and smiled sheepishly.

“Thank you for your concern, Aunt Fern. I’ll do my best.” “Haha, don’t be mad at me for being a little strict with you, okay? Considering your background, if you don’t put more effort into getting a decent job, what will become of your future?” Fern was much happier now. She behaved like an elder, teaching

Philip an unsolicited lesson. "Even if Wynn is some chairwoman now, she's only the leader of a small company. How much can she earn every year? If a man doesn't work harder, all he'll get is an eventual divorce. If Wynn divorced you and you have nothing to show for yourself, what will you do for the rest of your life?" "Yes, yes. You're absolutely right, Aunt Fern. I'll work hard." Philip nodded decisively. He did not want to

waste his time on this woman's nonsense, and he had no patience for the way she lectured him as though she was his elder. "Here, Aunt Fern, Uncle Mont. I toast to your health and your concern for me." With that, Philip stood up, held up his wine glass, and drained it. "Sorry, Aunt Fern. I don't agree with what you just said. Philip is my husband, and even if he doesn't make anything of himself, I'm still willing to take care of him." Wynn had been holding back all this time, but now she stood up and declared her thoughts coldly. Fern loved conflict, of course, so she sniggered and said,

"Sure. I won't say anything if you insist on keeping such a useless man."

Martha yanked Wynn's arm angrily as well, saying below her breath, "What are you doing? Sit down! Why defend that piece of trash?" The other people at the table watched the drama like mere spectators, their contempt showing on their faces. Philip was never going to amount to anything in life at this rate. He did not even dare to fight back after someone else insulted him so badly. In the end, his wife had to stand up for him. What a worthless wretch!

Philip was no fool, and he could read their expressions to some extent. The Renners were still his relatives and elders, so it was one thing for them to tell him off. What right did these strangers have to look down on him, then?

Soon, Mont looked at his phone and then leaped to his feet excitedly. "He's here! Come on, follow me and let's go greet him." Since the host had spoken, the guests could not stay put, could they? All of them stood up and headed out of the room, going to the main hall instead. Mont stood at the front of the group, while Philip stood on the edges, chatting happily with Wynn.

"Are you alright?" Wynn asked worriedly. After all, she was quite fed-up with all these people humiliating her husband too. Philip shook his head and caressed Wynn's smooth little face. "It's fine, I'm used to it. I can deal with anything as long as you're with me." Fern witnessed their little interaction, and her impression of Philip naturally worsened again. "Hmph, good-for-nothing. All that man has is a sweet tongue. No wonder he's been poor all his life." Cindi threw her lot into the fray too, her words dripping with sarcasm. Philip turned his face slightly to look at Cindi. She wore jeans over

her slender straight legs and a pink coat over her ample bosom. Philip decided not to hold it against her. Real men should not fault women like that. Just then, a man in a black suit and carrying a briefcase walked through the doors of Snowsea Ambrosia. He looked gentlemanly and wore glasses, speaking formally as he said, "Sorry I'm late, Mr. Renner. There was traffic." "Oh no, don't worry about it. I'm glad you could make it at all, Director Cage! Come on, please come in." Mont strode up to the man and shook his hand. The man was none other than one of the higher-ups in Riverdale real estate, Director Nick Cage. "Sure." Nick replied with a chuckle and followed Mont in. As soon as he walked through the

crowd, though, the sharp-eyed Nick immediately saw Philip standing in the corner.

Mr. Clarke?! Why was he here too?! Nick was elated. He hastily pushed everyone else aside and walked briskly toward Philip. Nick had been on the phone with George Thomas just yesterday, and now he knew who Philip really was. All his life, Nick had stayed in his line and sincerely worked his heart out for the people in this city. That was why George could not find any dirt on him after Philip asked him to. Earlier that day, Philip had discussed that matter with George and eventually decided to let it pass. Now, though, Mont and the others were left speechless. What was up with Director Cage?

Where was he going in such a hurry? Did he need the washroom? By the time they realized what was happening, they saw that Nick was actually making a beeline for Philip, who was flirting with Wynn in the corner!

## Chapter 425

Nick rapidly approached Philip, visibly delighted as he said, "You're here too, Mr. Clarke! What a pleasure it is to see you here." Philip was talking to Wynn. When he heard Nick's voice, he raised his head and found that he did not know the man in front of him. "And you are?" "Oh, you wouldn't remember little old me. I'm in charge of property matters in these parts, my name is Nick Cage. The ruckus my son Mickey caused at Longford today was my fault, I didn't raise him well enough. I hope you don't mind, Mr.

Clarke." Nick heaped on the flattery, his words filled with adulation. Philip finally remembered who he was. He said with a smile, "Good to see you too, Director Cage." Nick wanted to talk to Philip more and get closer to him, but Mont and the others were also approaching them now, looking far from pleased. Next to Philip, Wynn was looking at him suspiciously. So Philip even knew the higher-ups in the property circle? "Hey, do you know Nick Cage?" Wynn tugged at Philip's hand and looked at him dubiously.

Philip thought it over and nodded. "I guess I do. I'll tell you more later."

Just then, a deep voice behind him demanded, "What are you doing, Philip?"

"Why aren't you greeting Mr. Cage properly?" Mont's expression was cold now. Philip's nonchalant look was inevitably ticking him off. This man was their most important guest for the night. He was a director in the Land Registry, so if anything went awry now, Mont's plans to enter the Riverdale property market would go up in smoke! That was why everything had to go smoothly! It was no wonder that he was somewhat angry at Philip now.

"See, see? That's what you get for indulging your broke relatives. What will you do if he angers Nick Cage?" Mony's wife, Fern, tore down the last vestiges of Mont's half-hearted politeness. "That's right, Dad. Look at Philip's useless face. Peasants like him in the family will eventually cause the downfall of us all." Cindi took her mother's side as well. She never thought highly of Philip in the first place, and she used to be quite envious of Wynn too, so of course she would not even pretend to like them. The crowd

approached Philip, and Mont quietly told him off, his expression cold. "Hurry up and apologize to Mr. Cage!" Philip was baffled. What had he done wrong? He looked at Nick and saw that the latter was unbelievably flustered. Why were they asking Mr. Clarke to apologize to him? That was no laughing matter! If Mr. Clarke felt insulted and decided to take Nick down a peg, his entire family might collapse under the weight of that offense! That was why Nick hastily barked, "Mont Renner! How dare you talk to Mr. Clarke like that! Hurry up and apologize to him!" "Mr. Clarke?"

Mont was taken aback. Did Nick respect Philip that much? That made no

sense! Nick was one of the leaders here at Riverdale, while Philip was just his relative's worthless son-in-law who lived off his wife's wage! What was happening here? Mont was not the only one confused. His wife, daughter, and all his friends were stunned as well. "Are you pulling my leg, Mr. Cage?"

Philip is just my relative's worthless son-in-law. How would you know him, sir?" Mont asked, voicing his doubts. "Never judge a book by its cover.

Someone like you has no right to pass judgment on someone like Mr. Clarke here!" Fury flashed across Nick's face. He wanted to give Mont a tongue-lashing right now! Preposterous! How could Mont say that about Mr. Clarke to his face?! Mont was perplexed too. He could clearly see that Nick truly respected Philip. It was not a joke at all. What was going on here? Who was Philip? Was he not just the Johnstons' useless son-in-law? Mont turned around and glanced at Martha and Charles, who looked equally clueless.

Charles recovered slightly quicker because he knew Nick, and he hastily went to shake Nick's hand. "Mr. Cage! I didn't expect you to be the honored guest tonight!" Nick looked at Charles suspiciously as the latter tried to suck up to him. "And who are you?" "I'm Philip's father-in-law, Charles Johnston. I used to be the head of some section." The dying embers of Charles' ambition flared up again in his heart. He never expected Philip to know Nick Cage. This was huge news. Charles' career had always been rocky. Could this be his big day? "Oh, nice to meet you! I see, so you're Mr.

Clarke's father-in-law." Nick hurriedly bowed and shook Charles' hand, all the wrinkles on his face showing as he smiled. "Section Head Johnston, yes?"

You have a great son-in-law, magnificent." Charles was ecstatic too. Was Nick Cage flattering him now? He gave Philip a doubtful look and saw that the latter was smiling calmly. Charles knew it, he was right all along. Philip had indeed changed, becoming more mysterious. No, no, he really had to go back and drill this into his mad wife's head. They must never ever get on Philip's bad side again. If the punk knew someone like Nick Cage, he must certainly be a force to be reckoned with. Martha's heart was pounding as well. She knew who Nick was, of course. She understood everything when

she saw how her husband was treating the man. However, Nick Cage was now flattering Charles in return, all because of Philip. What was going on here? Was Philip not a worthless wretch?

“Renner, why aren’t you apologizing to Mr. Clarke? Don’t you want your project to be approved?” Nick stopped smiling and began to weaponize his authority instead. Mont immediately panicked. Very reluctantly, he told Philip, “Sorry, I was rude to you just now. I hope you won’t hold it against your uncle.” Philip smiled. “No worries, Uncle Mont. We are family, after all.” Everyone burst out laughing at that, all to try and ease the tension in the air. Only Cindi and her mother continued to look constipated. They wanted to criticize Philip some more, but they never expected that good-for-nothing to know someone as impressive as Nick Cage. The others were shocked as well, but they hid their reaction behind awkward smiles. Just a second ago, that man was a worthless wretch just about anyone could criticize, but now they were saying that he was friends with Nick Cage, a director at the Land Registry. What a miraculous turn of events! Everyone returned to the room, but over the meal, all the attendees could see just how much Nick respected Philip. It showed in his every word and action. They were inevitably confused. Nick Cage stood above them all, but he seemed to look up at that shabbily-dressed good-for-nothing. They soon polished up their dinner. After they sent Nick off, everyone else who remained in the room looked at Philip quite differently. Mont kicked his wife under the table, gesturing at her with his brows. “Philip, do you really know Nick Cage? Why didn’t you tell me sooner?” Fern batted her lashes at him, her attitude completely different from before. “I hope you won’t take what I said just now to heart. Here, I’ll drink this as an apology.” With that, she quietly downed a glass of white wine. “So Philip, your uncle wants to enter the Riverdale property market this year. Since you know Mr. Cage, and since he seems to respect you quite a bit, could you put in a word or two for your

uncle? Maybe find out what it’s like in there?” Fern said from her seat, all smiles. If it were not for her husband’s career, she would never butter up a poor peasant like that. “But Aunt Fern, I’m a useless good-for-nothing, right? I don’t think I can help Uncle Mont all that much.” Philip smiled and did not even look up. Fern blinked. Inwardly, she burst out swearing at the rude brat, but then she forced herself to smile awkwardly, finding herself at a loss for words. “Philip, is it really that difficult for you to help my mom out? Do you really think you’re all that? So you know that Cage guy, so what? Do you think my dad can’t do anything without you?” Cindi was furious right now, especially when she saw how cocky Philip looked. He disgusted her! At the end of the day, he was still useless trash who lived off his wife’s apron strings! “Enough, Cindi. Watch your mouth, and be more polite to Philip from now on. He’s still your cousin, after all.” Mont turned red and told Cindi off. “Hmph!” Cindi crossed her arms in front of her chest and looked at Philip coolly. She hated his guts! “Um, Philip, could you lend me a hand? It’s okay if you can’t. Don’t force yourself.” Mont was not putting all his bets on Philip. After all, the latter had never made anything of himself. The fact that he knew Nick Cage would not change that so drastically. Philip thought it over and then turned to ask Wynn. “Should we help, darling?” Wynn blinked. She did not expect Philip to ask her to make the decision. “If we can, why not? We are family, in the end.” Wynn said with a smile. All of a sudden, it felt like her position was elevated, and she was unbelievably proud as she faced her uncle and his family. Who ever said that her husband was useless? Philip did not say anymore. Since they had decided to help, he would not delay any further, so he immediately gave George a call. Not long later, Nick Cage called Mont and said, “If you have time tomorrow, Mr. Renner, come over to the Land Registry and we can talk things over.” “Oh, thank you, Mr. Cage, thank you!” Mont was ecstatic.



He thanked Nick profusely before hanging up and then heaping praises onto Philip. He had never expected Philip to get everything settled with just one phone call. "Aren't you going to apologize to Philip now?" Mont glared at

Fern and barked at her to comply. Fern hemmed and hawed for a long time.

Eventually, she shrunk into her seat and muttered, "Sorry. Everything I said just now was nonsense." She was secretly so frustrated! He was just the Johnstons' useless son-in-law, but it turned out that he was quite capable, after all. Martha and Charles were on cloud nine right now. To think that Philip would make them proud like this! After that, everyone kept praising Philip and flattering Martha and Charles. As a result, Martha and Charles had a few more glasses to drink. After dinner, Philip and Wynn saw the Renners off and called a ride for Martha and Charles. Finally, the two of them prepared to drive home. On the way home, though, Wynn received a call. The blood drained from her face, and she said in a panic, "H-Hurry, go to the hospital! It's my parents!" Philip froze and then immediately turned the car around, asking, "What happened to them?"

## Chapter 427

Wynn was beside herself with anxiety. "I don't know! The hospital called and said it was an accident." An accident? F\*ck! Philip slammed the gas and raced toward the hospital. Once they reached the hospital, Wynn scrambled out of the car. There were a great many ambulances crowding the entrance, and the casualties kept streaming in. The hospital was in complete chaos! Several dozen nurses and doctors were yelling at the top of their voices, "Over here, over here! This one's critical! Stop the bleeding, stat!"

"We need oxygen over here!" "Hurry up and get more hands in from other hospitals! Call the director!" The scene was a complete mess. There was an endless stream of victims covered in blood getting carted out of the ambulances! The whole place smelled of blood! There were missing arms and legs everywhere! The wailing never stopped! Wynn was faint with shock. Her entire body trembled and she clapped her hand over her mouth, looking for something amongst the bodies covered with white sheets on the ground. "Mom? Dad? Where are you?" Wynn burst into tears, her beautiful features turning tragic. Philip helped her stand as he uncovered some of the

corpses under the white sheets. It was a sight that did not bear seeing! All he could smell was blood! "Don't worry, Wynn. It'll be fine, I'm sure they're fine." Philip tried to console her. There was a terrible traffic accident. "What do we do, Philip? What to do? I don't see my parents anywhere. Could they be...?" Wynn's body was wracked with sobs that came from the depths of her heart. The scene here at the hospital was just too much to bear! Philip was anxious too. They were his in-laws, after all.

He would be at a loss if anything happened to them too. "Doctor, doctor!

Do you know if there are any patients called Martha Yates and Charles Johnston here?" Wynn could not hold back for another second, so she grabbed one of the doctors as he ran past, covered in blood. "Are

you their family?" The doctor looked at Wynn and Philip suspiciously. He clearly recognized those names. "Yes, yes! Where are my parents? Are they okay?"

Wynn did not dare to imagine the worst, her large eyes glistening with tears.

"They're over there." The doctor just pointed at a corridor leading into the hospital lounge. There were already many wounded patients seated there.

As soon as she looked, Wynn found her parents sitting in a corner, their heads wrapped in bloodied bandages. "Mom! Dad!" Wynn flew at them and then threw her arms around Martha and Charles, bawling her eyes out. So close! That was just too close! Thank goodness they were fine! "Oh, Wynn, I was nearly a goner there." Martha was somewhat choked with sobs as well.

That had been quite the scare for her too. They had encountered a terrible accident on the road, and so many people died on the spot. Thankfully, their driver was a professional, and their car only fell on its side. They sustained wounds on their foreheads and some scratches here and there. Nevertheless, they were relatively safe. "Are you okay, Mom?" Philip also heaved a sigh of relief when he saw that his in-laws were alright. He ran up to them and asked Martha out of concern. "Are you blind?! Can't you see how badly we're hurt? Do you think we're okay?" Martha's temper suddenly flared, and she pointed at her forehead, yelling, "What's the matter? Are you happy to see us injured? I bet you've always hoped we would die in an accident so

you could inherit our entire fortune, right?" Martha was furious but also terrified and extremely shaken. Philip's slowness on the uptake only served to make her angrier. Was the brat blind? Philip blinked and belatedly realized that he had basically offered himself as a tribute. Martha was still shaken, so she was taking her anxieties out on him, huh? "Mom, that's not what I meant. I..." Philip sighed exasperatedly. "What are you sighing about? Are you unhappy because I called you out? Haha, Philip, oh, Philip.

I've always known you're a terrible person. You leeches off of us for three years, but all you've ever wanted is our fortune! Oh, or could you be aiming for Wynn's company?" Martha was just flinging baseless accusations around now. "How could you say that, Mom? Philip and I rushed here the moment we heard the news. He was really worried too." Wynn could not bear to listen anymore. Her mother was being so unreasonable! How could she pin everything onto Philip? Besides, Philip did not care at all about what little money they had. Even the finds for the First Palace of Longford Park had come out of his pocket. "Stop yelling at Philip, Martha. He did not even do anything wrong, so why are you taking it out on him?" Charles felt a headache coming on. He held his forehead and glared at Martha. No matter how they cut it, Philip had made them proud earlier that night. How could that woman turn on him at a whim like that? Charles was relying on Philip's connection with Nick Cage to bolster his career here.

## Chapter 428

"What, now the two of you are ganging up to defend that wretch? Won't you spare a thought for me at all?" Martha was furious and especially unhappy when she saw that Charles and Wynn were united

against her. She was the master of this household. Philip was nothing! “Mom, could you stop being so unreasonable?” Wynn was flabbergasted. What was wrong with her mother now? Why did she have such a temper all of a sudden?” “I’m being unreasonable? Look at him, he’s just standing there! He could’ve at least asked to look at our wounds. We might seem fine at first, but what if

we’re more badly injured somewhere you can’t see? All he’s doing is standing there. I bet he just wants us to die as soon as possible!” Martha said fiercely, her brows raised viciously and her expression icy. Her gaze shone with her rage at Philip. “Alright, Mom, Dad. I’ll go call a doctor now.”

Philip had no choice. He turned and jogged off to get a doctor. Even Philip had no idea how he had survived three years with such an unreasonable nightmare of a mother-in-law. After Philip left, Martha pouted and muttered under her breath, “See, he’s totally doing it on purpose. He just stood there like an idiot for so long instead of getting a doctor for your dad and me.” To Martha, Philip’s very existence was a mistake right now. Helpless, Wynn took Martha’s hand and said carefully, “Mom, you can’t treat Philip like that from now on. What on earth did he do wrong? We’ve been married for three years, and we even have Mila. Is he not your son-in-law? Is Mila not your granddaughter?” Martha could not say anything to that, so she mumbled, “It’s not like I want to treat him like that, but I just get mad looking at him. “You want me to be nice to him? Sure, if he has a few millions in savings, or if his family has some clout. I’ll never recognize such a good-for-nothing as my son-in-law.” Martha pressed her lips together stubbornly. If Philip had been here to hear that, he would probably chuckle coldly to himself.

Unfortunately, his family’s Clarke Group was worth several hundred billions in itself, and that was just the tip of the iceberg. As for his family’s influence, it went further than just ‘some clout’. Much further! Even Charles could not help but interrupt. “Just keep your mouth to yourself, Martha. Have you already forgotten how Director Cage treated Philip at dinner just now?” How could this madwoman have such a goldfish memory? There was no way anyone who knew Nick Cage and earned his respect was just an average Joe. Had she already forgotten everything Charles told her yesterday? Martha’s eyes widened at that reminder! The accident had scared those memories right out of her head. Nick Cage, a director at the Land Registry, treated that useless Philip with such adulation.

There had to be some secret behind that. “Do you know what’s going on

there, Wynnie?” Martha asked. Wynn shook her head. “I don’t know either.

Maybe you could ask him when he gets back later.” “Sure.” Martha nodded.

She had to figure out exactly that brat managed to worm his way into Nick Cage’s good books. After a while, Philip brought a doctor back. The doctor said impatiently, “We already checked you two, right? You’re fine, just go back and rest for a couple of days. If you’re that worried, just stay at the hospital for a few days as a precaution.” This doctor had looked at Martha and Charles earlier. All they had were a few scratches and bruises. “You can’t be so flippant about this, doctor. I feel real dizzy right now, so please give me another check-up. If anything happens to me, it’ll be the hospital’s fault, you know.” Martha insisted, holding her head and looking faint. The doctor was stunned. What was wrong with this woman? She just wanted to waste their resources. “Fine, go line up and get a number.” With that, the doctor turned and left. He had a ton of things to handle right now, and it was probably going to be

another sleepless night for him. "What are you just standing there for? Go get us a number!" Martha glared at Philip and barked her next orders. After all, she was a casualty here. Somewhat annoyed, Philip ran off to get them a number. After another round of check-ups, they got another clean bill. Martha was finally reassured. When they went back to the mansion, Philip saw that the master bedroom was still occupied. His expression cold, he asked, "Didn't I tell you to move downstairs?" Martha felt guilty when she saw the look on his face. She could scold him however she liked at the hospital just now, but now that they were back at the villa, she felt a little more anxious. After all, this villa was not registered under her name. That fact caused her a huge headache. She secretly swore that she would chase Philip out of here someday! "Ow, ow, my head hurts! Bring me upstairs so we can rest, Charles. Oh no, my vision's blurring. I can't hold on any longer..." Martha put on a huge act and dragged Charles upstairs.

Philip wanted to say something more, but Wynn pulled him back and said,

"Forget it, let them stay for a few days. There are plenty of rooms here anyway. I don't mind." Philip had nothing else to say, but he was absolutely

exasperated. All of a sudden, Wynn asked, "By the way, Philip, how do you know Nick Cage? He seems to really respect you. Are you hiding anything from me?"

## Chapter 429

Philip looked at Wynn's curious gaze and mused it over for a moment before saying, "Actually, Wynn, Nick knows Giada. He's just polite to me out of respect to her." Giada? Wynn blinked. It suddenly occurred to her that Philip's stepmother seemed like a very impressive woman. She nodded to show that she believed him. "No wonder. And here I thought that you were..." "That I'm what?" Philip was suddenly nervous. Did Wynn stumble onto something? "No, it's nothing. We should just go to sleep now, okay? I have a ton of work to do tomorrow." Wynn smiled and did not pursue that train of thought further. After a few days, Martha had mostly recovered and started getting back to her old tricks in the villa again. When Charles saw how she mumbled to herself all day about coming up with a name for the villa, he was once again flabbergasted. "Martha Yates, could you stop your ridiculous plotting for one second? Isn't it enough for us to just stay here as one big happy family? Do you have to cause trouble all the time?" Charles was at a loss. When he heard Martha calling up a lawyer, he had the feeling that she would eventually turn their home upside-down. Martha hung up and glared at him, scolding him. "What do you know? All you ever do all day is play chess with your geezer friends. Have you ever cared about what goes on in this family? Wynn was the one who bought this villa, so why is it registered under that good-for-nothing's name? I won't have it! I insist on changing that name to mine, then that piece of trash won't ever be able to lord it over me ever again." Acting like a hotshot, eh? What right did a useless layabout like him have to act like he owned the place?! He would not even let her take the master bedroom! It was such a luxurious and magnificent room, and it would be totally wasted on a peasant like him!

Charles sighed and put down his newspaper. "Just hold your horses for a bit

and listen to me.” “Why should I? Are you going to try and defend that wretch again?” Martha glared at him and kept on ranting. “Don’t think I don’t know what you’re planning, Charles Johnston. You’re banking on the fact that he knows Nick Cage, right? Why bother sucking up to that trash? I asked around, and no one else in the Land Registry knows Philip. Who knows what’s up with Nick Cage, bowing to that trash like that. I bet that Cage guy is an idiot, just like you. “For all you know, both of you have fallen for Philip’s scam, hook, line, and sinker.” Martha went on and on under her breath. Finally, Charles had had enough. He stood up furiously and barked, “You’re blind as a bat! Go on, throw your tantrums! Let’s see how you deal after you get thrown out of here!” “Charles! Are you asking for a whopping?!” Why are you yelling at me?!” Martha stood up angrily and jabbed her finger at Charles’ face, yelling her head off. She then pounced at him, scratching whatever skin she could reach. “Who gave you the balls to yell at me?! Imma scratch you to death!” Charles fled from the villa, the perfect picture of a tragic figure, swearing as he ran. Meanwhile, Martha was left strutting around the house like a victorious hen. After that, she put on some make-up, grabbed her bag, and left the house. She had made an appointment with a lawyer to ask about changing the names on the villa deed, as well as to enquire more about how shared finances would be split in the case of a divorce. Upon leaving the villa, she headed for the cafe they had agreed to meet at. On the way, she called Joel as well. She had been calling him over the past few days, but he never picked up. Of course, Martha heard the rumor that the Harrises had moved away from Riverdale.

Even Ronald’s company had supposedly moved away. Naturally, Martha was worried. Joel was her dream son-in-law, after all. “Hey, we’re supposed to be going to the Hong Kong cafe. Where are you going?” Martha looked out the window and realized that the cabbie was not going the right way.

Where was he heading? This was the road that led away from the city! “Hey, do you know the way? If you don’t, I’m getting out!” Martha had some harsh words for the cabbie. “What an idiot! Why drive a cab when you don’t

even know the way? Are you trying to fleece me? I’m no tourist! Put on your meter, I’ll lodge a complaint later!” Martha ranted on and on from the back seat. After a while, though, she finally noticed that the cabbie wore a cap and a mask that covered his entire face. Whoa, could he be a robber?

Martha panicked and slammed the car door desperately, yelling, “I wanna get out! Let me out! If you don’t stop now, I’ll call the cops!” In response, the cabbie swerved sharply to the side. The entire car turned, and Martha’s head smashed into the door. Her vision went dark, and she lost consciousness. When she next woke up, she realized that she was inside an abandoned factory. Her hands and legs were tied to a wooden chair, and there was green tape across her mouth. Mmmgh-mmmgh-mgh! Martha’s hair was a mess, and she kept mumbling into the tape, feeling utterly terrified.

After a long while, someone finally walked through the door. He held a baseball bat, and wore a cap and a mask. He stalked up to Martha and viciously ripped the tape off her mouth! Riip! The skin on Martha’s lips immediately tore, and she began to bleed everywhere! “Ah! Help, help!”

Martha took a deep gulp of air and instantly started screeching. However, no one responded to her cries for help. The cabbie looked at the panicked, horrified Martha coldly. In a low voice, he said, “You can save your breath.

We're more than twenty kilometers away from the city, and this abandoned factory is the only structure within five square miles. No one will save you."

Martha was frightened out of her wits to hear that, and she continued screaming at the top of her lungs. "Shut up, shut the fck up!!!" The cabbie abruptly lost his temper. He swung the baseball bat and smashed it against Martha's head! Bam! Martha felt her brain buzzing. She fell to the ground on cue, blood dripping gruesomely from her head. After some more time, when Martha next woke up, she realized that her limbs felt weak and her head felt like it was going to split in two. Half of her face was sticky with blood. She begged softly, "Please, don't kill me! I have money, my daughter is rich. How much money do you want? I'll give you anything, just don't kill me." Martha pleaded from where she lay on the floor. Chapter 430 Had she been kidnapped? The driver threw away his instant noodles and walked over with a baseball bat. The sound of it against the floor triggered Martha's every nerve. She yelled, "Don't kill me! I'll give you money, I'll give you money!" However, when she saw the person after he got closer, she was completely stunned as if she had been struck by lightning. "You!" Martha screamed in terror. The driver in a black skintight outfit removed his cap and guffawed malevolently. He said, "Aunt Martha, I trust you've been well since we last met. It looks like you still remember me." "Joel... Joel, did you get the wrong person? I asked you to teach Philip, that useless bum, a lesson. Please let me go. My head hurts. Take me to the hospital now." Martha wailed. She was petrified. Joel was only two steps away from her. He squatted down, and she could see that his face was so thin he looked disfigured. His eyes were sunken, and he had dark eye circles. He looked like a ghost. "Shhh." Joel lifted a finger in front of his cracked lips. He laughed sinisterly, "Aunt Martha, I didn't get the wrong person." Did not get the wrong person? Martha was even more terrified. She sobbed and said, "Joel, what did I do?" Joel chuckled coldly. He slapped her without warning, sending a few of Martha's teeth flying out in the process. He said angrily, "You don't know what you've done? Do you know the reason I'm like this is because of you? You're also the reason the Harrises went bankrupt and the reason my uncle was arrested! "It's gone! Everything's gone now! It's all because of your bullsht information, you old hag!" Joel was yelling while being on the brink of insanity. Martha was trembling fiercely from terror. She sobbed and said, "I-I don't know what you're talking about? Joel, if it's Aunt Martha's fault, Aunt Martha will apologize to you. Please let me go." "Let you go?" Joel's eyes went wide as he looked at Martha eerily. He reached out his hand and grabbed Martha's hair. He said deviously, "Then who's going to let the Harrises go?" Martha was confused. She did not know what was happening. Joel was too scary. How could a person like this once

be her ideal son-in-law? "Joel, Joel, there must be a mistake. I really have no idea." Martha was terror-stricken. Her entire body was trembling. "You have no idea? I'll beat you until you have an idea!" Joel roared and got up.

He kicked Martha a few times on her stomach, then grabbed the baseball bat and started attacking Martha for as long as 20 minutes! He finally stopped when Martha lay on the floor lifelessly. "J-Joel... Please stop. I was wrong... Help..." Martha's entire body was in excruciating pain. It was as if her body was not hers. It was so painful! She felt like she was about to die. "You don't want to die? Okay, do something for me and I'll promise not to kill you." Joel looked at the badly wounded Martha on the floor with an icy gaze. Martha was like a dog on the brink of death. She got up and knelt on the floor as if she

had seen a glimpse of hope. She hugged Joel's leg and begged. "I-I'll do it. I'll do it. I'll do it, so please stop hurting me."

Then, Joel brought the badly wounded Martha to Longford Park. Martha was limping the entire time. She was wearing a cap and face mask as she led Joel into the villa. Looking at the extravagant First Palace, Joel's hatred for Philip sky-rocketed. 'Damn you, Philip. I'll get my revenge today! I'll avenge the Harrises! I'll kill Wynn in front of you, then I'll kill you! I'll run away once I'm done! Joel Harris will never come back to Riverdale again!' "Call Wynn. Tell her to come back." Joel sat on the sofa and ordered while eating grapes. Martha was terrified. She shrunk herself in a corner and took out her phone to call Wynn with trembling hands. "Hello, Wynn, come back for a bit. I... My head is hurting. I think it's still not fully recovered yet." Wynn was in the office. When she got Martha's call and heard her voice, she concluded that Martha indeed sounded weak. She said anxiously, "Alright, Mom. Wait for me. I'll come back now." "Okay."

Martha replied, then said hurriedly, "Right, come back alone. Don't bring Philip."

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Paul Davis

Martha is a horrible mother & a terrible human being. What type of woman would call their daughter over for a person who has brutalized them so they can do the same to their chil

..

Chapter 431

Wynn was slightly startled. Do not bring Philip? Why? However, she did not want to argue with Martha, so she simply agreed. Then, she drove the BMW Philip bought her and headed to the villa. Over here, Martha hung up the phone and cowered in a corner. Her entire body was shaking in fear and terror. She stammered and asked, "J-Joel... You won't do anything to Wynn, right?" Martha was worried, especially when she saw Joel in this state. He was terrifying. If he did anything to Wynn, how could she live on?

How would she face Wynn? Joel chuckled coldly. He got up, and when he was about to approach her, Martha fell on the floor in fear. She started wailing and crying loudly. She was petrified. "Don't worry, Aunt Martha. I love Wynn so much. I won't do anything to her. I just want to tell her something." Joel chuckled coldly. Then, he took out a blue pill and threw it to Martha. He said, "Make tea for Wynn later. Let her drink this and you can go." This was a special pill imported from overseas. It was an incredibly powerful drug. Joel was extremely jealous when he thought about how he had failed to get Wynn and even lost to Philip in the end. How? How could a useless bum experience a reversal of fortune? 'Philip, aren't you a savage now? Then, today, I'll torture Wynn until she dies. I'll let you see how your woman

becomes wanton and licentious under me!' Joel gritted his teeth and decided to take Wynn in the villa before calling Philip over so that he could see it with his own eyes! He wanted to let him see how his wife became licentious under another man. Haha! When Martha saw the blue pill, her entire body was trembling. She asked carefully, "Joel, what pill is this?"

Slap! Joel swung his hand against her face and said, "What are you bullsh\*tting about? Just do what you're told. Do you want to get hit again?"

Martha became obedient instantly after that slap. She turned around and made the tea. Then, she dropped the pill inside the cup in front of Joel. It dissolved quickly. It was tasteless and colorless. She was panicking and scared too. She prayed quietly, "Wynn, don't blame me. I have no choice as well. Please don't drink this." At this moment, a pair of fair and slender legs walked in from the entrance. Wynn was back. Martha was calling her so frantically and her voice was so weak, so Wynn genuinely thought something bad had happened to Martha. That was why she came home in such a hurry. However, she did not expect there would be another person at home aside from Martha. This man was none other than Joel! "Joel, why are you here?" Wynn was puzzled. She looked at Joel who was sitting on the sofa while chuckling lewdly. "Oh, Wynn. Aunt Martha invited me over.

She told me you got a new house." Joel smiled and explained. He looked harmless, however, there was an ominous glint in his eyes. There was a flash of coldness and pride in his gaze. Finally! That woman was going to fall into his hands! He had been waiting for ten years to get Wynn! Wynn's nicely done brows knitted themselves together as she looked over at Martha who was bringing the tea to her. She asked hurriedly, "Mom, what's wrong with you? Where are you hurt? Why are you wearing a face mask?"

"Wynn, I might be sick. Drink the water. You must be parched while rushing home." The cup was trembling slightly in Martha's hands. If she did not comply, she would die and be putting Wynn in danger as well. She was just fulfilling Joel's needs for a bit. It should be fine. Wynn frowned and did not think twice. She took the cup and drank from it. Then, she said, "Mom, I'm taking you to the hospital." Martha did not move, but instead, she looked at Joel who was sitting with his one leg over the other on the sofa. The latter ordered coldly, "Get upstairs!" After Martha got the order, she ran upstairs and turned around to look at the confused Wynn. She muttered, "Wynn, don't blame me..." "Wynn, now it's just the two of us. Can we talk?" Joel swallowed. He kept looking at Wynn with hungry eyes. Wynn felt uncomfortable, especially when Joel was staring at her like this. Her heart

sank, and she noticed that Joel was exceptionally weird today. "I don't want to talk to you. I'm asking Philip to come back." The first person she thought about was Philip. She took out her phone to call him. Slap! Joel got up angrily and pounced on her. A quick and vicious slap landed on Wynn's face heavily. At the same time, her phone fell to the ground. It was smashed to pieces. "You're digging your own grave!" Joel roared angrily. His eyes were filled with flames as he stared at Wynn. Wynn was terror-stricken. She clutched her face and looked at Joel. She was scared. As she looked at Joel who was standing in front of her, she tried her best to keep calm. She said,

"Joel, what are you trying to do? This is my house. I'm warning you, it'll be best if you get out now!" "Me?"



Get out?” Joel chuckled and grabbed Wynn’s long hair. Her beautiful and fair face was exposed in front of Joel. He reached out his hand and touched the face that he had been yearning for. He smiled cruelly and said, “Wynn, today I’ll let you know how miserable you’ll be for rejecting me!” Pounce! Joel pounced on her and pulled her into his arms to try to kiss her.

## Chapter 432

Wynn struggled with all her might. She pushed Joel away and was pale from fear. “Joel Harris, you monster! What are you doing? I’m warning you, if you dare to touch me, I won’t forgive you! Philip will not forgive you as well!” Philip. It was that Philip again! When Joel thought about Philip, it was as if his brain exploded. He was being devoured by flames of anger!

“Wynn, I’m advising you to submit to me so that you won’t get hurt.

Today, no one will come and save you. I’ll take you in front of Philip!” Slap!

Wynn lifted her hand and slapped him. Her hand landed heavily on Joel’s face. She used all her might and yelled, “You pervert!” Joel started laughing coldly after this slap. He tilted his head and stared at Wynn. “Yeah, slap me more. I love it when you slap me.” Then, he pounced on her aggressively before pushing her against the sofa. “Ah! Let go of me! Let go! Help! Mom, help me, help me...” Wynn struggled with all of her might as she yelled at

the top of her lungs. However, upstairs, Martha was hiding in the master bedroom. She kept pacing back and forth while terror engulfed her entire body. She covered her ears and pretended like she did not hear anything.

“No, no, someone will die, but Wynn is my daughter. “No, no, no. I can’t go down. If I go down, I’ll die.” Martha was going insane. She could hear Wynn’s screams from downstairs. It was torturing her. Wynn was scared.

She was terrified. She did not understand why her own mother would do this to her. She was pushing her down into a fire pit! In the midst of her terror! Wynn lifted her knee and kicked Joel on the crotch with all her might.

“Oh!” Joel yelled out in pain and collapsed. Wynn took this opportunity to get up. “F\*ck! I’ll definitely kill you today! Get over here!” Joel was furious. He looked like he was crazy as he got up while enduring the pain.

He grabbed Wynn’s hair and lifted her up. Slap, slap! A few continuous slaps landed on Wynn’s face, and in the next second, Wynn collapsed on the sofa lifelessly. She was dizzy after being slapped. She muttered in a weak voice, “H-Help... Philip, help me...” Joel laughed wretchedly and looked at Wynn who was fighting back weakly on the sofa. Rip! Then, Joel ripped open Wynn’s white shirt. Her shoulders were exposed. “Ah! Let go of my daughter!” This time, Martha was overcome with an act of unknown

courage. She lifted a golf club in her hands and smashed it down on Joel's back. With a loud smack, Joel collapsed on the floor and turned around to look at Martha deviously. Then, he reached over and grabbed the golf club in her hands. Immediately, he swung it. Thud! It hit Martha heavily, and she fell to the ground. She did not get up after a long while. She sobbed and mumbled, "Wynnie, I... I'm sorry..." On the sofa, Wynn was looking dispirited. She looked down and saw how Joel was torturing her mother.

Her heart ached as she yelled, "Joel... Please, stop hitting my mother! Stop!

I... I do..." Joel stopped and looked at Wynn who was on the brink of a breakdown. Then, he walked over to her with a sinister smile on his face.

Suddenly, two figures barged into the door! "Joel Harris, you're asking for death!" An angry roar reverberated in the villa, shaking the entire Longford

Park! Philip's eyes were filled with fire. There was a cold murderous intent radiating from his body. He was staring at Joel angrily.

## Chapter 433

His anger was evident. Looking at the scene in front of him, Philip could not hide the anger in him. Damn it. Joel Harris still dared to show himself!

He was asking for death! If Tiger had not come and told him that Martha brought a weird man home and that she looked like she had been attacked from the way she walked, Philip would not have come. The security in the villa did not have a choice as well. Martha was the one who brought him here. They had their own rules of not asking about the business of the residents in Longford Park. Plus, Martha was purposely hiding the wounds on her body, so the security did not notice. The housekeepers of the villa had been dismissed by Martha a few days ago. Her reason being they were a waste of money.

Meanwhile, she pocketed the money herself. It could be said that aside from these few people, there was no one else in First Palace today. Philip's eyes were wide, and he was baring his teeth. Anger was boiling inside of him as he charged forward to kick Joel! Joel did not have the chance to react before a foot landed on his face! Joel flew backward and slammed against the wall. His back hit the wall heavily, and he did not move for a very long while. "Fck! Philip, you're here just in time." Joel climbed up from the ground with all his might and took in a few deep breaths. He looked scary with his eyes wide and teeth bare. "Philip!" Wynn was feeling limp as she tried her best to run into Philip's arms. She was trembling all over. She looked pitiful as she sobbed. Philip held Wynn in his arms. He was livid. He still could not protect Wynn even after they had moved into the villa. Philip was blaming himself. Joel Harris deserved to die! "It's fine now. I'm here." Philip brought Wynn to one side, then walked over to Joel with coldness seeping out from every pore of his body. He yelled, "Joel, I let you go last time, but this time, you don't know what's good for you. You're still asking for death!" Joel laughed in a wretched manner as he stared at Philip. He said, "Philip, stop pretending. I'm here to seek revenge! Kill me if you have the guts!" Slam! After he said that, Philip got close to him and smashed his knee heavily against

Joel's chin. With a crunch, a few teeth flew out from Joel's mouth. His mouth was now filled with blood. "Ah! Fck!" Joel yelled in pain. When he was about to fight back, Philip kicked him again and he flew backward like a toad. Joel fell on the ground while blood poured out from his mouth. The pain in his stomach awakened him. He knew he was not able to get what he wanted today, so he only thought of running now. After all, he knew Philip's ability. He did not want to die yet. He was a man, and where there was life, there was hope. At the end of the day, he could still escape overseas. However, when he was about to get up, a foot stomped on his back and held him there. Philip's eyes were red, and his chest was filled with rage. He let him go once and he still did not reflect on what he had done. Joel still tried to challenge his limit! "Joel, you're really not afraid to die, are you? I won't let you go this time even if you're Giada's nephew!" Philip roared. He grabbed Joel's hair and lifted him up! "Philip, I'm warning you. You better let me go now! My aunt is Giada Wallis. She's one of the Wallises from Golden City! I have half of the Wallises' blood in me. You're asking to die if you dare to touch me!"

Joel glared at Philip angrily, he was terror-stricken. In his mind, the Wallises was the sky and the Wallises was royalty! Who was Philip anyway? He was just a piece of trash who was forced to escape from the Clarkes. Could he turn the world upside down? If that was true, why did he pretend to be a spineless coward these few years? Philip genuinely did not know where Joel got his courage to be so arrogant. Was it from the suffocating love from the Harrises and Wallises? Perhaps, he was a bit mentally challenged? Thud, thud, thud! Philip was blinded by rage. He punched Joel in the face a few times, causing blood to pour out of his face. He punched Joel on the eyes and nose. In just a few seconds, Joel's face was bruised and swollen. His face was also covered in blood. He spat out some blood after moaning in pain. "How dare you touch me! I'll ask my aunt to destroy the Clarkes!"

Joel muttered. There was an ominous glint in his eyes. "Destroy me?" Philip chuckled coldly. No one dared to speak to him this way in this world. Ring, ring, ring! Suddenly, a phone rang. Joel grabbed the phone in his hand and saw that it was from Giada. His face was covered in blood while he smirked in pain. "See, my aunt is calling me now. Do you still have the guts to touch me?" Smack! Philip snatched the phone from his hand. After he answered the phone, there was a cold voice on the other side. She said, "Philip, let Joel go. I'm sending him overseas immediately. He's still a kid, so he doesn't know anything. I'm willing to give you all of the Harrises' fortune and also half of the Wallises' fortune in Riverdale." At this moment, Giada was sitting in the Cirrus Villa. She looked at Ronald who was kneeling in front of her with a cold expression on her face. Ronald was sobbing soundlessly. His forehead was badly bruised from kowtowing. More than ten minutes ago, he realized his son was gone. He even found his plan in his room. Even though it was sloppy, Ronald could tell that his son wanted to seek revenge against Philip. Was he asking to die? How could he still be so insensible? Why did he want to challenge Philip again? Those were the Clarkes from Arcadia Island! Philip could endure this. He could endure all the things normal people could not endure. On the other hand, he could be so angry that he would destroy everything that was in his way!

“Madam, please. You have to save Joel. He’s been blinded by revenge.”

Ronald was kneeling on the floor while kowtowing furiously. Their home was gone, so they had been staying in Cirrus Villa for the past few days.

Giada told them to move their entire family to Golden City. In less than three years, the Harrises would rise again. However, Joel was over the line this time. He even had the audacity to cause trouble for Philip. He even wanted to kill Wynn and Philip! A total mess! What idiocy! Over here, after Philip got Giada’s call, his face was cold. He was like a trapped beast as he glared at Joel who was bleeding from his mouth. He was chuckling coldly

the entire time. The latter even said sinisterly, “Now what, Philip? Do you still dare to touch me now? Hahaha! I knew it! You’re just a good-for-nothing and you’ll always be a good-for-nothing! I’m going to kill you!

Come on, kill me!” “Philip, Joel is the bloodline of the Wallises. I won’t allow you to hurt him. The bargaining chip is half of the Wallises’ fortune in Riverdale.” Giada said calmly. It was as if there was no room for argument. However. “F\*ck off!” Philip yelled. His voice was like a rumbling thunder that engulfed the entire villa. At the same time, it also engulfed the entire Cirrus Villa! Giada was shocked. She was stunned. Her face was drenched with cold sweat as her eyes twitched. His roar was terrifying! It sounded even more terrifying than Roger’s back then. In the end, Philip still managed to get the air of a monarch. Damn it! This was what Giada dreaded to see the most! “Philip, this is an order from me, Giada Wallis, the second madam of the Clarke family. Let Joel go!” Giada stood up from the sofa suddenly, and there was a spine-chilling coldness around her. “Giada Wallis, I’ll tell you one more time. You don’t have the right to order me! I’m not scared of you, Giada Wallis! If you want to gamble the future of the entire Wallis family because of Joel Harris, then I will gladly accompany you on this journey. I hope you’ll still be able to exist in this world until then, Giada Wallis.” Philip said coldly, and there was an angry flame in his eyes. Slam! After hanging up the phone, Philip smashed it into pieces. This time, Joel was terror-stricken, especially when his eyes met Philip’s extremely cold eyes. His entire body was shaking. He was horrifying! This time, Philip looked like he was about to kill someone.

Wynn lay on one side limply. She could vaguely make out Philip’s figure.

His hands were holding onto Joel’s hair tightly, and his entire body was overtaken by murderous intent. It was overflowing to the entire villa. Was this still her husband? Martha crawled over to Wynn while badly wounded.

She was moaning and groaning in pain. She looked at Philip who was teaching Joel a lesson and was completely stunned. Was this still Philip, the useless bum? She was so scared that she did not dare to lift her head. She

had her fair share of humiliating Philip in the past. She even had all kinds of ways to kick Philip out of the house. Now, Philip was too powerful.

Martha was horrified after seeing his skills. She had been acting so bossy and aggressive in front of Philip

for so many years! Martha started to tremble in fear when she thought about her consequences. Philip dragged Joel from the floor to the coffee table. Then, he placed his hand on the coffee table. "Knife!" Philip lifted his hand and yelled. He did not even look at Tiger who was standing at the door. Tiger took out a dagger from his back pocket and handed it to Philip respectfully. The dagger glinted under the light as it twirled around in Philip's hand. The blade was glinting coldly.

"Philip, you really have the guts to touch me?" Joel watched as the dagger twirled in Philip's hand, and he was horrified. However, he was still pretending to chuckle coldly. Stab! After he said that, Philip lifted the dagger and stabbed it firmly into the back of Joel's hand. It went through his hand and into the marble coffee table. His action was fast and precise.

He did not dilly-dally. "Ah! My hand! My hand!" Joel yelled in terror as his legs started kicking all over. His right hand was pinned on the coffee table.

Blood started to flow down the floor. "Please have mercy! I was wrong! I won't do this again! Philip, please have mercy on me!" "Now, the other hand!" Philip said coldly. He ignored Joel's cries for mercy. He had told him, even Giada would not be allowed to take Joel away from here! Woosh!

Stab! Another dagger appeared in Philip's hand. He lifted his hand and stabbed a hole in Joel's left hand again. He was pinned down on the coffee table firmly. "Ah!" A blood-curdling scream reverberated in the entire villa.

Wynn had already fainted. Martha was feeling limp all over. Her scalp was numb from terror. Philip. Was Philip such a savage person? He was so cruel and heartless when he was angry! Martha wanted so badly to kneel and ask for mercy from Philip. She wanted him to forgive her for her rudeness and irrationality back then. "Stop it!" Suddenly, a cold yell came from the door.

Philip lifted the dagger in the air. He was about to stab Joel's right leg when he turned around and saw Giada in a cheongsam. She stood at the door

nobly, and there were more than ten bodyguards in suits behind her. "Aunt Giada, Aunt Giada, help! Help me!" When Joel saw that Giada was here, he was possessed with the will to live. However! Stab! Philip smirked coldly and stabbed the dagger down into Joel's right leg. It went through his flesh and broke his nerves! Then, Philip finally got up slowly and took the towel handed over by Tiger. He wiped his hands and said coldly, "Giada, why did you bring so many people here?"

## Chapter 435

Giada was wearing a white cheongsam with an embroidered red lotus. She sashayed inside with grandeur and looked at Wynn who had already fainted.

Then, she looked at Joel who was badly hurt and screaming in pain. She said calmly, "I'm here to take Joel home." After she said that, a few of her bodyguards walked over and tried to take Joel away. She

did not even ask for Philip's approval. She did not respect him at all. At this moment, Martha lifted her head to look over. When she saw Giada, she was completely stunned. It was her! It was her! That was the woman who attacked her!

Martha's eyes went wide. She would remember Giada her entire life.

Especially that slap, it was etched inside her memory. She knew Giada was a powerful woman. Now, this woman was in her villa. It looked like she was here to save Joel. Did Philip know this woman? "You... Y-Y-You! It's you!"

"You're the one who attacked me last time!" Martha pointed at Giada and stammered. Giada only peered at her coldly. Her icy gaze penetrated Martha's heart. The latter covered her mouth immediately from fear. "Take him away," Giada said coldly. A few of her bodyguards walked over again.

"Anyone who dares to take one more step will have to go through me!"

Tiger roared and stood in front of Philip. His eyes were wide as he glared at more than ten men in suits. There was a brutal air around him. He was not worse than the well-trained bodyguards hired by the Wallises. "Get out of the way!" The head of the bodyguards, who was wearing a pair of sunglasses, said to Tiger coldly. In his eyes, Tiger was just slightly bigger

than him. He had a lot of weak points on his body. He could defeat Tiger with just one move. He was weak! They were bodyguards who had been highly trained. They knew how to kill and had learned different combat skills from different countries. All of the skills they knew were for killing!

Suddenly, more bodyguards walked out, all with murderous intent in their eyes. They were giving Tiger pressure. Tiger sensed their murderous intent that felt like a waterfall. He backed away subconsciously. However, he still puffed his chest and stepped out again. He yelled, "Come! I want to see who dares to touch me. I'll end him first!" He would protect Mr. Clarke with his life! This was Tiger's only conviction. Even if he had to risk his life, he would be willing to do this. The leader of the men in suits had an ominous glint in his gaze behind his sunglasses. Then, he tilted his head. A bodyguard next to him charged forward. Bam! A punch! That bodyguard struck a punch, landing it on Tiger's chest. The latter did not see when the man had struck and suffered a punch. He staggered backward a few meters. Tiger was dumbstruck. They were too strong! However, he would not just give up without a fight! Mr. Clarke was still here! At that moment, Tiger flipped out and charged forward with his clenched fists. However! Bam! A kick! Tiger flew backward and was slammed against the pillar. The bottom half of the pillar was cracked. Tiger endured the pain and climbed up once again. When he tried to charge forward again, Philip stopped him. He looked at him and said, "Enough. This will do." Philip knew Tiger was not their opponent. If he continued, he would die. These people were the special bodyguards hired by the Wallises. They were mercenaries from the special forces who were selected after different levels of challenges. No ordinary person could defeat them. The leader looked at Tiger in disdain and walked over to Joel who was wailing in pain. However, Philip said slowly, "I'll kill the entire family of anyone who takes him away today, including the Wallises!" His voice was not loud, but it was firm and powerful. Everyone shuddered when they heard it. Giada frowned and stared at Philip. Her eyes were cold as she

said,

“Take him away!” After she said that, the few bodyguards walked over

while exerting pressure on Philip. They said to Philip, “Master Clarke, please be magnanimous. Miss Wallis wants this man.” Yes, Giada was still Miss Wallis to the Wallises. Even though they were respectful toward the Clarkes, their lives belonged to the Wallises. “You can try.” Philip replied calmly. He was not concerned about the number of people the other party had. The leader pondered for a while and said, “Master Clarke, please forgive me for being impolite.” After he said that, he gestured to his men and yelled, “Do it!” A few bodyguards ran out and tried to subdue Philip.

Suddenly, someone’s hand reached over to try to grab Philip’s wrist.

Suddenly! A cold light glinted! Woosh! A dagger stabbed through the hand that was trying to grab Philip. Then, it came out from the other side and was pierced into the wall with a trail of blood! “Ah!” The bodyguard held his hand and grunted. He then backed away quickly! More than ten of the bodyguards surrounded themselves around Giada, taking out their batons respectively. It seemed like that action was done in one quick movement!

## Chapter 436

Just like this, more than ten pairs of eyes stared at the languid person who had suddenly appeared behind Philip. Everyone felt numb at their scalps.

Their entire body tensed up. When did this guy appear? He could escape from more than ten pairs of watchful eyes! A person like that was no small matter. The leader of the bodyguards understood immediately. A person like that must be an assassin who was on an international level! Just from the flying dagger alone, he could tell that this person was extremely scary!

“Young Master, how do you want them to die?” The man behind Philip had a clean-looking face. He looked innocent. However, his eyes were extremely icy. When he talked, there was a smirk on his face. One would feel like they were being watched by the grim reaper. “Leave no one behind.

Cripple all of them!” Philip said in an icy tone. There was a terrifying expression on his face. “Go!” The leader roared, and more than ten bodyguards charged forward. The man behind Philip only looked at them

indifferently. He let out a smirk of disdain and said, “Too few of you.” Bang, bang! Smack, smack! In a few minutes, everyone was lying on the floor.

Moans and groans filled the room, and the living room was a mess. Philip and Giada stood at both ends of the room while staring each other down. In a blink of an eye, all of Giada’s bodyguards were on the floor. They had their arms or legs crippled. They lost the ability to fight. The assassin stood among the injured bodyguards on the ground. His body was drenched in blood, and there was also blood dripping

from his face. He got up and threw the dagger to Philip who was behind him after a flick of his wrist. Philip grabbed it, and after he flicked his wrist, the dagger shot out from his hand.

Woosh! The blood-soaked dagger flew toward Giada and shot past her fair neck. It even cut away a lock of her black hair. The dagger then pierced into the door of the villa. The end of it vibrated from the momentum, creating a buzzing sound. At that moment, Giada gulped. There was also cold sweat on her temples. However, she still stood there proudly. She did not even look at the bodyguards on the floor. On the other hand, she looked at Philip coldly and asked, "What do you want before you'll let Joel go?" Philip shook his head and stomped on the coffee table. His foot landed on the dagger that was in Joel's right hand. Splat! The entire dagger sunk down further. "Ah!" Joel had passed out from the pain but was woken up by Philip's cruel move. He let out a blood-curdling scream. He yelled, "Aunt Giada, save me! Save me! I don't want to die! I'm your nephew! Help me!"

Giada looked at Joel coldly and scolded, "Shut up!" Joel shut his mouth while enduring the pain. "Conditions." Then, Giada turned her head to look at Philip. "You must have some conditions. I can fulfill them." Philip lifted his foot and grabbed Joel's hair. He said to Giada coldly, "Giada, I was scared of you back then, so I chose to compromise and live in seclusion. I think I'm a spineless coward. Everyone thinks that I'm a spineless coward.

But you never expected me to live with my head down for seven years just so that one day, I can kill you with my own two hands, did you?" Giada's eyes flickered. She could see malice in Philip's eyes. This guy knew all

along. This whole time, Giada never paid much attention to Philip. The only people she was concerned about were the other Clarkes and Roger.

However, now, Philip's actions were too overbearing. He was terrifying.

This slumbering tiger had finally awakened! Philip lifted Joel up. The dagger slashed through his hands, creating a bloody mess. He kicked Joel in front of Giada, then threw a dagger at her. He looked at her beautiful face coldly and said, "There are only two choices today. It's either you die, or he does."

## Chapter 437

How overbearing! How cold! This kind of aura was coursing through Philip's entire body! A man who had been a spineless coward for three years was actually so domineering! Martha was so scared that she did not dare to breathe too loud. She watched as Philip stared down at Giada. Her brain turned into mush. W-Was Philip always this overbearing? Giada was the woman who attacked her. How dare he say something like that? 'Either you die, or he does.' How scary! Martha was trembling from fear. She never expected to see Philip act like this. This was so terrifying! She was a fool back then. How could she humiliate and scold Philip that way? Martha was utterly horrified by how he had stabbed the dagger into Joel's hands and leg.



She swore inside her heart that she would never be arrogant toward Philip again. This man was horrifying. It was as if he was another person. At the same time, when Giada heard what Philip said, there was a cold smirk on her beautiful face. How dare this guy threaten her? "Philip, do you think I'm scared of you? I'm Giada Wallis from the Wallis family, and I'm the second madam of the Clarke family. I'm also the second legal wife of your father, and you're my son in name, Philip Clarke. According to the rules of the Clarks, I have the right to order you to kneel!" Giada said coldly. Her face was beyond icy. Philip frowned as he stared at Giada. His pupils constricted like a profound and unfathomable abyss. It was as if they could devour everything. How dare Giada exploit the rules of the Clarke family! "Giada, who are you to order me with the rules of the Clarke family?" Philip replied coldly. Giada did not say anything. She took out a letter from her pocket and there was the word 'Clarke' written on it. There was also a stamp of the golden island on the bottom left corner. She snorted and smirked. She said, "Before I left, I asked your father for a letter. There's also the signatures of all of your uncles." Her smirk was cold, and she looked proud of herself.

'You're still too young to fight me. 'I, Giada Wallis, have been taking care of half of the Clarks. Do you think a minor character like you can scare me?' Philip was silent. He took the letter and frowned. "Philip, son of Clarke, I'm using my identity as the second madam of the Clarke family to order you to let Joel Harris go!" Giada's face was icy as she looked at Philip.

"Philip, don't forget I'm your stepmother and you're my son. Before Charlotte passed, she left you under my care. Are you trying to kill your mother?" "Shut up! You don't have the right to talk about her! You also don't have the right to be my mother!" Philip yelled. His eyes were red as he crumpled the letter in his hands before throwing it on the floor. The contents of the letter were simple. Listen to everything Giada said. This was what all of the people in power of the Clarke family wanted. It was also what his father wanted. He could not go against his father's wishes, especially when all of his uncles had signed the letter. "Let him go." Giada did not want to bicker with him anymore. She said coldly. Philip's eyes were red. He looked at Joel who was laughing non-stop at the floor. The latter laughed in a wretched way and said, "Hahaha, Philip. How's it? I told you, you're just a piece of trash and you'll always be! Hahahaha! I'm still fine and dandy!" Slam! Philip kicked him on the face immediately. He yelled,

"You don't have the right to speak!" Giada frowned but did not say anything. She made a phone call, and everyone in the villa came in. Then, they cleared the villa in a blink of an eye. Philip had no choice. These were the rules, and there was a letter with his father's signature. He could not punish Joel now. He could only let him go. Giada looked at Philip who was engulfed by flames of rage and said coldly, "You're too young. I'm indeed

shocked by your transformation in these seven years, but you're still nothing in my eyes." In the end, Philip watched as Joel was carried away. When that guy got into the car, he gave Philip the bird and spat out some blood on the floor. He mouthed, "Trash!" Philip turned around, and his eyes turned icy.

He said coldly, "He can't live anymore." "Roger, Young Master." That indolent man took back his nonchalant attitude. He turned around before disappearing into the villa. After a while, on one of the

main roads in Riverdale, the black commercial car that Joel was on was stopped in front of the red light. His entire body was in pain. However, his bleeding was stopped, and he had been treated. "Haha, Philip, you're just a piece of trash!

Didn't you want to kill me? I'm still as fine as ever. Just you wait. When I'm better, I'll seek revenge!" Joel's eyes were cold. He was blinded by hate.

The light turned green. The car started moving as it crossed the road.

However! Suddenly! On the other side, a truck sped toward them with lightning speed! Crash! The black commercial car flew into the air after the truck crashed into it. It turned more than ten times in the air! Boom, boom!

The black commercial car landed on the road heavily. It rolled around a few times and was in pieces! The truck did not stop. It drove over to them once again and crushed the entire car under its tires that were taller than a man!

The entire thing happened in less than a few seconds! It was tragic! The ground was soaked with blood, and there were also pieces of flesh!

#### Chapter 438

Half a minute later, Giada, who was in the other car that was heading back to Cirrus Villa, got the news. At that moment, the temperature inside the car plunged to a freezing point. Giada said coldly, "Philip! How dare you do this! You went against my order! I will never forgive you!" Back at the villa, Philip held Wynn and looked at Martha who was on the floor coldly. "To the hospital." Martha was as timid as a chick. She got up while trembling furiously. Cold sweat started pouring out from her skin like a waterfall.

"Oh." Martha replied and followed Philip out of the villa. When she saw

that Philip did not say anything, Martha finally felt relieved. She let out a breath of relief, but her heart was still trembling. After they got out of the door, Martha was trying to call a cab hurriedly. In the end, Tiger drove a black Mercedes-Benz over and opened the door. He said respectfully, "Mr.

Clarke, please get in." Philip did not reject him. They had to get to the hospital urgently. Wynn had already passed out. They did not know what was wrong with her. Martha was shocked. She looked at Tiger who was as strong as a bull and the Mercedes-Benz. She did not know what to do. "Get in," Philip said coldly. Martha got into the car. She was also badly hurt, but she could still hold on until they got to the hospital. On the way to the hospital, there were a few times Martha tried to say something but stopped.

She was perturbed. It was as if a magnitude ten earthquake was happening in her heart. Who was Philip? What was his identity? Did that woman just call him her son? Holy moly! How terrifying! He had such a cruel and heartless mother. Martha never imagined Philip to be so powerful. She was terror-stricken. He

had always been a spineless bum. Who could imagine him being so terrifying? Giada Wallis alone was an extraordinary person. If Giada was Philip's stepmother, then who was Philip? This was the biggest question in Martha's heart. When they got to the hospital, Philip carried Wynn into the emergency department hurriedly. After being examined by the doctor, they found out that there was nothing serious going on with Wynn. She was just too terrified. Plus, she had consumed some expired aphrodisiacs. That was why her body could not take it and caused her to pass out. Philip was finally relieved. He was watching Wynn, who was in a deep slumber, in the hospital room. Martha was in the other room. When Wynn woke up, the first thing she saw was Philip looking at her. Her face was pale, but she smiled knowingly, "Philip, I'm sorry." Philip shook his head and grabbed Wynn's cold hands. He said, "It's fine. It's over now. It's not your fault." Tears fell down Wynn's eyes. She was still terrified. If Philip had not appeared in time, she would have been tarnished by that beast, Joel. This was the fourth time. Philip always appeared at every crisis to save

her. Wynn felt safe. It was as if she was in the safest spot when she was with Philip. He was her harbor. Philip looked at Wynn and caressed her forehead lovingly. Then, he asked suddenly, "Wynnie, why were you with Joel?"

Wynn sighed helplessly. She said, "My mom called me back." "Your mother?" Suddenly, anger rose in Philip's chest. That damned Martha. She lied to him that Joel was the one who barged in! "Philip, please don't blame my mother. I can tell that she was also threatened by Joel." Wynn saw Philip's terrifying expression and started to tremble. She grabbed Philip's hand and said, "Just leave it. My mom saved me in the end and was attacked by Joel." Philip smiled lightly and talked to Wynn for a bit. Then, he went to Martha's room while Wynn was sleeping. At this moment, Martha was lying on the bed. She was indulging in histrionics while moaning in pain.

Charles was sitting beside her. "Charlie, if Philip comes over later, please stop him. I'm scared he'll beat me to death." Martha was worried and frantic. Charles shook his head helplessly. "You know what stupid things you've done now. You even did that to our daughter. I don't want to look at you." "I didn't have a choice! Joel placed a knife on my neck! What could I have done?" Martha was furious. Even her husband did not understand her.

However, Martha was feeling remorseful. Thankfully Philip had gotten there in time. Suddenly! Bang! The door was kicked open, and Philip barged in. He yelled, "Martha Yates!"

## Chapter 439

When Martha heard that, she started trembling. She pulled her blanket over her head and pretended to sleep. However, the trembling blanket clearly showed how terrified Martha was right now. "Martha!" Philip was livid.

Martha did not have a limit. How could she make her daughter fall into a trap like this? Philip was vehement. This mother-in-law of the year had completely disappointed him! He barged into the room

and spotted Martha curled up under the blanket. The entire blanket was shaking. "Get up!"

Philip yelled. Charles tried to stop Philip. He said, "Alright, Philip. Nothing

bad happened, right? Plus, your mom had no choice. You can't blame her completely." Philip glared at Charles and said angrily, "Charles Johnston, stay back!" Charles was stunned. He was shocked by Philip's cold and angry words. He walked to one side while trembling. This time, Martha shot up from under her blanket. She had been watching the entire thing from a small corner under her blanket. She cowered and yelled, "Philip, please don't hit me! I was wrong! I was wrong! Please don't hit me!" Martha was terrified.

She was worried that Philip would really kill her! He was so cruel in the villa. He left a deep impression on Martha. Philip glared at Martha angrily and warned, "Martha, I'm warning you! If you dare to do something that'll harm Wynn in the future, you'll be the first I go after! You should watch yourself!" After he said that, Philip left the room while clenching his fists.

He wanted to teach Martha a lesson, but she had already been badly beaten.

Plus, she was still Wynn's mother at the end of the day, so he could not bring himself to do it. He would just give her another chance. If she still refused to change, Philip would not mind making her live in regret for the rest of her life. After Philip left the room, Martha let out a sigh of relief. She glared at Charles and wailed, "You useless man! Didn't you see that he was going to hit me? How could you hide? You have the audacity to hide! I'm your wife!" Charles' face was cold. He glared at her and scolded, "Not only Philip, but even I want to hit you! You've done something stupid and you're the righteous one now, huh?" Martha was shocked when Charles scolded her suddenly. At home, Charles always listened to her. He was afraid of her.

However, she did not expect him to scold her after what happened. In a blink of an eye, Martha felt extremely wronged. She bawled and rolled around unreasonably. She yelled, "All of you are bullying me now, huh? Am I not a human? What could I have done? I was being threatened! Don't I know that Wynn's my daughter? You're all bullying me. Can I still be in charge of this family? I don't want to live anymore!" Martha was angry and sad.

That good-for-nothing Philip was so powerful all of a sudden. She could not accept it in such a short period. As for Philip's identity, she did not dare to

ask. Did she have to humble herself when she was around with him? Charles was so fierce toward her. Was she not a human being anymore? Charles had been annoyed and agitated by Martha's unreasonable behavior for the past ten or so years. He turned around and left the room angrily to visit Wynn.

When Philip went back to Wynn's room, he saw a beautiful figure. It was Chloe. He saw Chloe and Wynn chatting on the bed. Chloe had a stack of documents in her hands. She smiled at Wynn and said, "Wynn, go back and read these carefully. I hope you consider this." "Why are you here?" Philip frowned. "You're here." Chloe stood up when she saw Philip. There was an undetectable shyness on her face, but she still

pretended to be cold. She said,

“I’m here to visit Wynn, and since I’m here, Aunt Martha too.” Philip nodded his head coldly and looked at the documents in Wynn’s hand. He asked flatly, “Wynn, give her back her things.” Chloe’s expression looked forced. “Philip, don’t be so aggressive toward me. We’re still friends, after all.” Wynn tried to ease the tension after she felt the awkwardness in the air.

She wanted to present herself to look magnanimous. She did not want Philip to be in a tough position. “Wynn, please don’t misunderstand. Philip and I are just normal friends.” Chloe looked at Wynn’s magnanimous expression and could not help but feel jealous. She even felt defeated. No wonder Philip was not interested in her anymore. This woman was so good at acting! Was this how she got Philip? By acting? Chloe changed her strategy. If she could not do it the hard way, she would use the soft way. Actually, Chloe’s beauty could be compared to Wynn’s. However, their heights were slightly different. Wynn was 170cm and stood out among most women. Especially her long and slender legs. They could kill all living things who laid eyes on them. “It’s fine...” Wynn wanted to say it was fine. After all, she was Philip’s ex-fiancée. However, she was reluctant to say it out loud. Why should she hand her husband to someone else on a silver platter? She changed her tone and said coldly, “Miss Sommerset, I’m not taking this.

And also, please behave yourself! Philip’s my husband.” “Miss Johnston, didn’t I tell you that Philip and I are just normal friends. Why? Are you not

confident in yourself?” Chloe crossed her arms as her face fell. She glanced at Wynn coldly. She naturally had hostile feelings toward Wynn. When she saw that Wynn was being rude to her, she decided to stop being kind as well.

## Chapter 440

Philip did not know what to do because he had never experienced this before. He could sense a tinge of jealousy in the air. Were these two beauties fighting over him? “Alright, stop fighting.” Philip’s face was filled with awkwardness. He did not know how to end this. He was feeling remorseful toward Chloe. “No need, this place is so small. There’s no space for me anymore. I’m leaving.” Chloe took her bag and left. “Why aren’t you chasing after her? Go and coax your ex-fiancée.” Wynn peered at Philip coldly. She was feeling pleased with herself. See, the person Philip cared about the most was still her. She was throwing a tantrum now. She wanted to see who Philip loved. “Wynn, please give me a break. There’s nothing between us.” Philip felt aggrieved. It would be fine if there was really something going on between him and Chloe, but there was truly nothing between them. It had been so many years. She could not keep bringing up the past, right? “Hmph!” Wynn scoffed coquettishly, but she could not hide the pleased smile on her face. A few days later, Wynn was discharged from the hospital. Philip made a reservation in a restaurant and was about to treat Wynn to a candlelight dinner. Wynn wanted to have a simple dinner at home so that they did not have to spend much money, but Philip refused. After putting on a nice dress and some makeup, Wynn followed Philip out. The restaurant was full of people since it was the

weekend. This was one of the grandest Western restaurants in Riverdale. On average, one person would need to spend a minimum of 1,000 bucks. The decorations in the restaurant were elegant and extravagant. The atmosphere here was also dainty and peaceful. This place was popular among young people. "Sir, I'm sorry. This spot has been reserved. It was reserved by him." The server led Philip to their seats, but the table was occupied by a pair of lovers. This was the best

table in the restaurant, which is why Philip had deliberately reserved this table. They could see the lake and the mountains from here. Now that it was occupied, he was slightly frustrated. "Are you blind? Don't you see that we're here first? Plus, aren't all tables the same? We made a reservation too.

Why should I give him our table?" The man at the table was wearing a white suit with a black shirt. He looked refined in his outfit, but he did not have any manners. "I'm sorry, Sir. We told you your table number when you made the reservation. Please sit according to your number," the server said politely. "My table is here! Fck off!" The man in the white suit said arrogantly and domineeringly. All the good tables had been reserved when he made the reservation, so he purposely came earlier to occupy this table. Naturally, he would not give this up so easily. "Then please show me your reservation details." "I don't have it." "Sir..." "Are you fcking done?" The man in the white suit said impatiently, "Get me your manager. Tell him who I am! Do you trust that I'll make you lose your job with just one word?" He was saying this to the server, but at the same time, he was also saying this to Philip. It was a blatant warning. "It's fine, we'll get another table." Wynn tugged Philip's hand. She did not want to have their spirits dampened because of this minor inconvenience. "I don't think so. We reserved this table, so it's ours. If we keep exercising forbearance and turning big problems into small problems, we'll be looked down upon. Nothing can be accomplished without norms or standards. I think we should let them know what the word 'rules' means." Philip lifted his eyebrows and peered at the man in the white suit before saying coldly. "Oh, you motherfcker, who are you scolding?" The man in the white suit got up and lifted his hand to slap Philip. Philip grabbed his wrist and twisted it behind him. Then, he grabbed the man's handsome face and slammed it down on the table. "Ouch! It hurts! Fcking let go of me!" the man yelled in pain. "I told you, this is my table.

Do you understand?" Philip said coldly. "What's going on?" This time, a man in a black suit ran over hurriedly. "Sir, this man here does not want to sit according to his number. He's occupying someone else's table," the

server replied. "Young Master Berkshire?" The manager's expression changed when he saw the man in white. He pulled Philip's hand away and said coldly, "What are you doing?" This was the young master from Capital City. He was the second young master of the Berkshires, Colton Berkshire!

"He's occupying my table," Philip said while frowning. "I'm the manager here. I'll be the one deciding who gets which table. This table belongs to Young Master Berkshire today. For your compensation, I can give you a 20% discount for your bill." The manager's tone was firm. "No, I must sit here today." Philip's face fell. He did not want to give in. No one in this world dared to take his things away from him. "Really? Then, please get out. Our restaurant won't serve you." The manager gestured with a cold face.

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After the manager said that, he eyed the server next to him. Then, two bodyguards in suits walked over. Their faces were cold, and they looked terrifying. A high-end restaurant like this would have their own bodyguards.

The reason for this was to prevent people from making a fuss and affecting the other customers' dining experience. After all, this was not a stall at the side of the road. Everyone who dined here was powerful and influential.

"Hehe, kid, did you hear that? Get the f\*ck out now! Why don't you look at yourself before you act all arrogant with me?" Young Master Berkshire had a cold smirk on his face right now. He was extremely arrogant and despotic.

He was being haughty, looking down on everyone. In his opinion, there was nothing he could not get. It was just a stupid table and this man was trying to fight him for it. What a blind fool! He was the young master of the Berkshires in Capital City. He paid hundreds of thousands to be a member here. Of course, the manager would treat him politely! If not, the manager would be going against money! "Leave? We made a reservation! Plus, you're trying to kick your customers out? Who gave you the right to do so?"

Philip said coldly. He despised people who looked down on others. After he

said that, Philip took out his phone and called Theo. "If I remember correctly, Paradis De L'eau is on your territory, right?" Over here, Theo was in a meeting with his men. When he got the phone call, he replied respectfully, "You're right, Mr. Clarke. The boss is my friend. Is there any trouble?" "Tell the boss I'm eating here tonight." Philip said coldly and hung up. He did not want to do this, but he had no choice. Sometimes, the best way was to exploit his connections. Then, in less than five minutes, one of Theo's men ran over with a card and handed it to Philip. Philip handed the black aurum card to the manager and said, "I have this card. Am I qualified to eat here now?" That was the black aurum member card that was specifically for VIPs of this restaurant. If anyone used this card in this restaurant, their bill would be waived. When the manager saw this card, his expression changed. Cold sweat soaked his entire body. That was the black aurum member card of this restaurant! The boss told him that this card was like his person. Anyone with this card would be the boss' VIP customer.

Plus, the underground king, Theo Zander, was supporting the boss behind his back! Before this, some customers came here with the black aurum cards too. They were either politicians, celebrities, or international public figures.

The manager did not expect a normal-looking young man to have the black aurum card of his boss. If his boss knew that he offended a VIP like this, he would lose his job. He could just pack and get the hell out. This ordinary-looking guy even knew the boss of this restaurant! Plus, after listening to his phone conversation, he also knew Theo! The manager was so scared that he started shaking. He bowed and said, "S-Sir, I'm so sorry. I was blind.

Please forgive me. This is your table. Please take a seat!" "What did you say?" When Young Master

Berkshire heard what the manager said, his expression changed. He said fiercely, "Did you forget that I just became a member of your restaurant?" He did not know why the manager's attitude did a 180 change after Philip took out a stupid card. "Young Master Berkshire, if you're willing, I can get you another table. If not, I'm sorry, please get out. I can't have you disturbing the VIP." The manager's expression changed as he said coldly to the man in white. "This man here has this restaurant's black aurum card. Only special guests of the boss will have this card. It can't be measured by money." He had no choice. Even though this man was the young master of the Berkshires, this matter could not be resolved. The law of Capital City was not enforced here. Philip was the boss' VIP guest. The manager could not offend him. After he said that, the bodyguards in suits walked over. They were giving out a lot of pressure.

When Young Master Berkshire saw this, he did not dare to do anything more. He pressed his lips together, and his face was red with frustration. He had been sent here to observe and study the performance of his family's business in Riverdale. He just got himself a beauty queen from a university.

The girl's birthday was today, and he wanted to show off since he was here.

Who knew he would run into Philip? Not only did he not get to show off, but he also ran into a wall. He had a whole list of things planned out today.

He wanted to move the beauty with his plans and spend the night with her.

If they were to leave now, everything would be ruined. He could only endure this for the time being. "We'll go over there." Young Master Berkshire yelled angrily and took the beauty queen to the other side. "Sir, I'm sorry for hindering your meal. It's all my fault." The manager was smiling widely.

However, he was beyond terrified. Philip did not look at him. He waved his hand to dismiss him. After the two of them sat down, Wynn asked in confusion, "What card is that? Why is he so courteous to you?" "This is the black aurum member card of this restaurant. Their boss sent someone to bring it to me." Philip told her the truth. "The boss? Why?" Wynn was puzzled. "Have you forgotten what my family does?" Philip grinned and asked Wynn. Wynn came to a realization. Philip's family ran restaurants.

Even though he had run away from home, he should know some people from the industry. She stopped asking and continued her meal. "Today's my girlfriend's birthday. I'm so happy to meet all of you today. As long as all of you wish my girlfriend a happy birthday, I'll give a bottle of wine to each table!" This time, Young Master Berkshire stood up with a glass of wine

and yelled to everyone in the room. A few of them were surprised. Even though they were middle-upper class consumers, they were still shocked by his reckless spending. The reason was that the cheapest wine here would be at least a few thousand bucks. If he was giving out a bottle of wine to every table, it would cost tens of thousands!



## Chapter 442

A lot of people came here not to eat but to drink. The alcohol here was more rich and mellow. The aftertaste would linger in one's mouth longer. When they heard Young Master Berkshire's offer, everyone cheered on happily.

They lifted their glasses and wished Young Master Berkshire's girlfriend a happy birthday. The beauty queen of the university never experienced such a romantic gesture before. Her face was red, and she was infatuated with what was happening. She was feeling ecstatic in an instant. However, this was just the start. Young Master Berkshire took out a jewelry box from Auspicious Phoenix and opened it slowly. There was a dazzling gemstone necklace inside. He said in feigned gentleness, "Dear, happy birthday. I'll love you forever. I'll love you until the end of the world." "Hooray!" The crowd witnessed what was going on. They were clapping and cheering for the couple. There were tears in the beauty queen's eyes. She went to look at the necklace he bought her. It cost about 80,000 bucks. She did not expect Young Master Berkshire to buy it for her secretly. At this moment, she wanted to give him her body to pay him back. Under the cheers of the crowd, Young Master Berkshire kissed the beauty queen. His hand traveled beneath the beauty queen's waist and she did not reject him. Young Master Berkshire was pleased. He scored another! As promised, Young Master Berkshire asked the servers to bring every table a bottle of red wine that cost 6,600 bucks. He gave every table in the restaurant a bottle, except for Philip's table. He lifted his head to look over at Philip. When he saw that Philip did not have any drinks on his table, he snorted. "Penniless fool!"

Who knew when he finished saying that, he saw the manager of the

restaurant bringing a bottle of wine to Philip's table. The manager said respectfully, "Mr. Clarke, here's your wine. This is a La Romanee-Conti.

It's a gift from the restaurant and to apologize for my mistakes earlier."

Everyone was shocked. He was giving out La Romanee-Conti willy-nilly?

A lot of wine lovers were present at the restaurant, so naturally, they would know about La Romanee-Conti. It was the best of the best. Its value was unimaginable. However, this restaurant gave Philip one bottle for free.

Everyone was trying to guess who he was. Young Master Berkshire's face was red from anger. He gritted his teeth. The reason he gave a bottle of wine to everyone in the restaurant was to humiliate Philip. In the end, he did not manage to humiliate him, but instead, he humiliated himself. The wine on his table that cost tens of thousands was nothing compared to Philip's La Romanee-Conti. Wynn was also shocked. She wanted to ask but diminished this thought. "I hope we can stay with each other every day in the future, no matter if we're rich or poor." Philip lifted his glass and said to Wynn. Wynn was shocked. She did not expect Philip to say something like this. She nodded happily and clinked her glass with Philip. "Ladies and gentlemen, we have two very special guests in our restaurant today!" At this moment, the manager ran to the empty space in the middle of the restaurant and announced excitedly,

“The boss just told me that everyone’s bills today will be waived!” The crowd cheered. They were so lucky tonight for being able to have their bills waived. They started to feel curious. Who were these two important guests? They must be someone very important since they were able to make the boss waive their bills. “Mr. Clarke, Miss Jonhston, this is a gift the boss has prepared for you two. Please accept them.” The manager ran over and said excitedly to Philip and Wynn. The server pushed over a cart and there was a shiny diamond necklace sitting on it. People with sufficient knowledge about jewelry could tell instantly that this was definitely bigger and shinier than the one Young Master Berkshire gifted just now. They could not estimate its value! The crowd looked over and started clapping. The atmosphere in the restaurant became lively in an

instant. Young Master Berkshire’s face turned green. He could not believe what was going on right now. Fck! Did he step in dog sht this morning?

Why did he keep getting defeated? Fck! How should he eat? How should he win the beauty queen’s heart? How could he not see that the beauty queen was staring at Philip with stars in her eyes? Fck! Fck! Fck! Young Master Colton Berkshire despised Philip right now. Damn it! He was thoroughly discredited! No, he had to find out who that kid was. He needed to teach him a lesson! When he thought about that, Colton walked out of the restaurant and made a phone call. Over here, Wynn and Philip were surprised. They did not expect this to happen. Philip did not need to think to know that Theo was the one who arranged for this. He did not say anything.

The two of them continued their meal peacefully. Then, Wynn asked after finally failing to control herself, “Philip, what happened in the villa that day?

How’s Joel?” Wynn was unconscious at that time, so she did not see Philip’s cruel side. “Also, I keep feeling like you’re different. What does your family do? Are they really restaurant owners?” Wynn blinked and asked.

## Chapter 443

Philip fell silent for a while. Then, he looked at Wynn and said, “You really want to know?” Wynn nodded and said, “Yeah.” Philip nodded. Then, he said in all seriousness, “Wynn, I’m actually a nouveau riche.” Wynn listened to him while nodding. “Yeah, I know. Your family runs restaurants, and you bought the villa.” Philip frowned and explained. “No, maybe my nouveau riche is different from what you understand. I mean, I, Philip Clarke, am a nouveau riche. I’m loaded.” “How loaded?” Wynn ate her dessert and squinted. Her eyes were as beautiful as crescent moons. There was also a gentle smile on her lips. “Do you know Clarke Group?” Philip asked. Wynn nodded. She said, “Yeah, didn’t I go to their party last time?

Too bad I didn’t get to meet Young Master Clarke.” Philip smiled and said,

“Actually, Young Master Clarke is sitting in front of you.” “You?” Wynn was taken aback. She looked at Philip curiously. After a while, she reached

out her fair hand and touched Philip's forehead. Then, she touched her forehead and pouted. She muttered, "You don't have a fever." 'F\*ck me!

'She doesn't believe me.' Philip was feeling helpless. He tried to explain again, "Wynn, I really am Young Master Clarke. You have to believe me."

Wynn rolled her eyes at him and grabbed her bag. She got up and pulled Philip, "Alright, I trust you, okay? Let's go. It's late." Philip lowered his head in defeat. She still did not believe him! Whatever. It was fine since Wynn already accepted that he was a nouveau riche. Even though she could not guess his real identity, there were still chances. He would take his time.

She would find out eventually. A day after, Martha was feeling bored in the villa. These few days, she had been content with her lot. She had also moved out of the master's bedroom. She had no choice. Philip was flourishing at the moment and she did not dare to act out of line. "Charlie, say, who is Philip? How did he endure for so long in our family? If it wasn't for what happened last time, I wouldn't have known that he's so powerful. Also, the woman who hit me last time is Philip's stepmother!" Martha sat on the sofa and chatted with Charles who was reading the newspaper. When she thought about Giada, Martha started to tremble. That woman was too overbearing!

If Philip had a stepmother like her, then his family would definitely be something else. This guy had been hiding for so long. Martha started to have bad thoughts after a few days. "Oh, what are you thinking about? If you're worried, you can just go and apologize to Philip. Stop mulling over this."

Charles said while flipping his newspaper in annoyance. At the same time, Philip came back. When he got into the villa, Martha got up and started making tea for Philip. She had a flattering smile on her face when she said,

"Philip, you're home. Come, it's health-preserving tea. It's good for your body." Philip was shocked. He was not used to Martha being kind to him all of a sudden. "No need, I'll leave after I take some things." Philip smiled and went upstairs. Martha was looking at Philip's back flatteringly at the bottom of the stairs. When he got into the master's bedroom, the smile on her face turned cold. She widened her eyes and muttered, "Why are you being so

arrogant? It's like I'm the one begging him to drink it." Charles shook his head helplessly. The pain was forgotten where gain followed for this mad woman. When she saw Charles shaking his head, Martha slammed the tea in front of him and said, "If he won't drink it, you drink it!" After a while, Philip came downstairs. Martha asked hurriedly, "Philip, where are you going?" "I'm going to buy something with Wynn," Philip replied. Then, he left without turning back. Martha watched as Philip left. She felt agitated.

Back then, she would have slapped him if he gave him this attitude.

However, she did not dare to do it now. "No! Look at him, what kind of attitude was that? He's so arrogant! Do I still have a position in this house?"

Martha sat on the sofa angrily. She felt annoyed. Philip was so arrogant because this villa was under his name. He was just related to Giada.

However, he was still afraid of Wynn. Right, she would exploit Wynn!

Martha did not believe that she would not find Philip's weakness. Over here, Philip came to pick Wynn up from her office. The two were like teenage lovebirds. They came to the biggest jewelry shop in Riverdale while chatting happily. Wynn's birthday was next month and he had to buy her something fancy this year.

## Chapter 444

Ethereal Jewels! When they walked in, they saw that there were quite a lot of people in the shop. There were more than ten salespeople in the shop.

They were all wearing black uniforms. It was the biggest jewelry shop in Riverdale indeed. The shop was so lordly. "Sir, how can I help you?" A saleslady walked over to them. She had a standard smile on her face and did a 30-degree bow. "Oh, I want to look at necklaces," Philip said. Wynn was holding on to his arm. Then, she spotted something and ran over. She looked at the shiny jewelry in the glass case and was happy. Philip looked around and saw that all the major brands were here. They had all kinds of items ranging from gold, silver, diamonds, and even jade. They were also not cheap. Each one was at least tens of thousands. The saleslady was not a

normal person as well. Since she was working in this industry, she had already trained herself to have a pair of sharp eyes. This pair of lovers looked normal. The guy looked ordinary, but the woman looked extremely beautiful and classy. "Sir, you must be buying a present for your wife, right?"

Your wife's so beautiful. You have such good taste in women." Tasha Perez had a smart mouth. She complimented. Philip smiled. It felt good to be complimented. "Yeah, I'm buying a present for my wife. Do you have any nice ones?" "Yeah, look at this necklace by Ethereal. It's the latest collection and suits your wife. She'll look so classy with it on her. It's made from two-carat pink diamonds. Plus, the diamonds are cut by the jewel master in Italy, Master Giorgio. There aren't any diamonds with the same luster as these."

Tasha took out the latest necklace from the glass case and said. Wynn was interested in it. She could not wait to try it on. "How is it? Does it look nice?" Wynn looked into the mirror and turned around to ask Philip. Philip looked at her. The white-gold necklace and the shiny diamond was resting on Wynn's neck. It looked dazzling, and she looked like a white swan.

"Alright, we'll take this." Philip said. He turned around to look at the saleslady, "How much is this? I'm paying by card." Tasha was ecstatic. She did not expect an ordinary man like Philip to be a nouveau riche. He was so generous and bought it without hesitating. "Sir, it's 289,999 yuan. I'll wrap it up for you now." Tasha beamed and said. She could not hold in the joy in her heart. He was such a nouveau riche! It was

close to 290,000 bucks! It was just a necklace! Naturally, what happened over here caused a small commotion. "Damn, that man looks normal and doesn't look rich at all. He really bought that necklace?!" "I saw that necklace just now. It does look pretty, but it's too expensive. It's 290,000 bucks!" "Darling, look, he's so good to his wife. I want that one too." A few women were envious of Wynn.

They were also curious about Philip's identity. That man was too rich! He was willing to pay 290,000 bucks to make his wife happy. However, his wife was very pretty indeed. When Wynn heard the price, she was shocked.

She returned the necklace quickly and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, I think it's not suitable for me." She did not want to waste so much money.

Even though Philip was the one who brought her here to choose a birthday present, 290,000 was indeed too expensive. A necklace that cost a few hundred bucks would be enough. Philip knew what Wynn was thinking. He smiled at her. "I think it suits you. Don't worry about the money, I have it.

This is a present from me to you, how can money compare to that? I'll buy you more presents in the future so that you stay with me forever." Wow, how cheesy! A few women were touched by what Philip said. They were starting to think that their husbands and boyfriends were lacking compared to Philip. 'Look at how he treats his wife. What's a little money to make his wife happy?' However, at this moment, when everyone was feeling touched, an unfriendly voice sounded from the entrance. "Damn, it's you. At least choose a more believable situation to act pretentious, will you? Can you even afford this necklace?" Colton walked into the shop and was smirking deviously. There was a young girl who looked about 17 to 18 years old next to him. She was dressed in a flashy manner. She was wearing a crop top and a pair of booty shorts. Her hair was in braids, and there was a ring on her belly button. Everyone looked over at the entrance. A handsome bad boy nouveau riche and a flashy, fashionable girl with a belly button ring. They were such a sight to behold. Tasha was introducing the item to Philip.

However, when she saw the people at the door, she bowed 90-degrees and said, "Young Master Berkshire, you're back." Then, all of the salespeople in the shop turned to the door and addressed Young Master Berkshire in a respectful manner. Colton was pleased with himself. He lifted his chin and held the girl with the belly button ring close to him. Then, he looked at Philip proudly. "Hehe, you're buying jewelry at my shop? Can a penniless fool like you afford it?" His tone was sarcastic.

## Chapter 445

Some of the customers started discussing among themselves. "Isn't that Young Master Berkshire from Ethereal Jewels? Why's he here?" "Don't

you see that there's beef between Young Master Berkshire and that man?"

"What penniless fool? I don't understand. Wasn't that kid about to buy a necklace worth 290,000 bucks?"

How's he a penniless fool?" The crowd was puzzled. Was this the world of the rich? This man was about to buy a necklace worth 290,000 bucks and he was still being called penniless...

Tasha was taken aback. She looked at Philip. If Young Master Berkshire said he was a penniless fool, then he was indeed a penniless fool. How would he have the money to buy this latest pink diamond necklace that cost 290,000 bucks? While she thought about this, there was fury and disdain in Tasha's eyes. Damn it! He was just another penniless poser who wanted to make his wife happy. After this, he would definitely say there was something wrong with the necklace or maybe he would make up an excuse to go to the toilet and escape. He might even steal it! Philip's face was cold.

He looked at Colton with a frown on his face and he said, "Oh, it's you. This is your shop?" When Colton heard that, he was pleased with himself. His arrogance was written all over his face. He walked over to look at the pink diamond necklace on Tasha's hand and chuckled ominously. He asked,

"Why? Do you want to buy this for your wife?" When he said that, he looked at Wynn. Then, he could not remove his eyes from her anymore. That woman was too pure and good looking! His attention last night had been on the beauty queen, so he completely neglected Wynn. The girl with the belly button ring next to him was just an ugly duckling compared to Wynn. How could he let Philip, this dumbass, tarnish such a beautiful woman? Wynn was scared. She tried to hide from Colton as she nestled against Philip. She could tell that Colton was looking at her in an extremely disgusting manner. Philip's eyes went cold. He pulled Wynn behind him and stood forward. He said, "Excuse me, please have some respect. I'm here to buy a necklace." "Haha!" Colton guffawed. He took the pink diamond necklace and said sarcastically, "Damn, can you even afford this? It's 290,000 bucks. Do you think a penniless fool like you can have so much money to afford this? Do you think you're all that because you know the boss of Paradis De L'eau? I've heard about you. You're just a live-in son-in-law who depends on your woman. Pah!" Colton spat on the floor and glared at Philip. "You have no money and you're acting like you're loaded. Why don't you look in the mirror and see if you have the qualifications?" The girl next to him also glared at Philip and Wynn aggressively. She was agitated when she saw Wynn. "Hehe, he's just a piece of trash who depends on his woman. How embarrassing!" She scolded. Wynn was much prettier than she was and Young Master Berkshire was also looking at her. Naturally, the girl with the belly button ring would feel annoyed. When everyone heard that, they understood immediately. They started jeering and criticizing him. "Damn, I thought he was a nouveau riche, but it turns out he's a live-in son-in-law." "Sigh, he's depending on his woman and dares to come out to spend money. I wonder where he gets his courage from." "Sigh, poor people have such poor lives. A useless bum like him doesn't even know how to be modest. If his mother-in-law knows he's spending money like this, he'll definitely be taught a lesson." Everyone was jeering at him. The situation became awkward instantly. Tasha's anger toward Philip was getting more and more intense. She packed the necklace into a box and muttered, "You have all four limbs and you're depending on your woman. How embarrassing!" After she said that, she peered at Wynn purposely and sneered. "What a cheap btch! You must be a call girl since you have a husband like this. Find a better man next time." Philip heard everything she said and his face fell.

He looked at Wynn who was standing next to him. She was lowering her head while her hands were holding on his sleeve. "Philip, let's go. Let's not buy it anymore." She sounded like she was going to cry.

Wynn was a woman who did not know how to fight and argue with people. This was her weakness. She was the daughter of a wealthy family, so she was more soft-hearted. However, Philip could not endure this! They could criticize him, but they could not criticize Wynn! Anyone who touched the forbidden lamella of the dragon would die! "Enough!" Philip yelled. His eyes were cold as he stared at Colton. "I don't think it's your business whether I have

money or how much money I have. I'm just here to buy a necklace today!

Apologize to my wife now!" After he said that, Philip looked at Tasha. He said, "You too!" Tasha was shocked. She felt guilty and scared after Philip glared at her. Tasha muttered a curse angrily. After all, Young Master Berkshire was on her side. She was confident. Colton lifted his thumb at Tasha and laughed. He said, "Good! Tasha Perez, from now on, you're the shop manager." "Really? Thank you, Young Master Berkshire. Thank you, Young Master Berkshire!" Tasha was beyond excited. Her eyes were glistening. She wanted so badly to jump on Young Master Berkshire to kiss him all over the face. Perhaps, Tasha would even sleep with him if he asked her to. The rest of the customers in the shop started hurling abuses at Philip.

"Sigh, that kid is going insane." "Kid, don't buy it. Go now. Your mother-in-law will definitely kick you out of the house when she gets here. When that happens, you won't be able to depend on your woman anymore." A middle-aged man with a beer belly said. He was holding an ordinary-looking woman next to him. He had noticed Wynn a long time ago. He loved women with bodies as hot as hers. He finally jeered at Philip to make Wynn notice him.

#### Chapter 446

"Um, I'm buying that necklace." The middle-aged man smiled and said. He did not mind showing off his wealth. The woman next to him was excited.

She was calling him 'honey' sweetly and they even started kissing in public.

"Pretty lady, this is my card. Call me if you need anything." The middle-aged man walked over to Wynn with a huge grin on his face and handed her a card. The woman who was feeling excited moments ago now stomped her foot angrily. Wynn did not take the card. She declined tactfully. "No thanks." The middle-aged man was embarrassed. He smiled timidly and backed away. Then, he started arguing with his lover. Over here, Colton was feeling pleased. He loved forcing people to dead ends. Who let him have so much money? 'You embarrassed me in the restaurant. If I don't fck you up today, my name's not Colton Berkshire!' "You sound like you have a lot of money. Alright then, since you want to give your wife a present, you should give her the most expensive one." Colton smirked. He already had a plan. "This necklace is just 290,000 bucks. Do you think it suits your beautiful and pure wife?" While he said that, he turned around and looked at Wynn. He was starting to feel hot. He had to get his hands on this woman! Philip nodded and scratched his chin. He said, "Yeah, I don't think this necklace suits my wife. It looks too cheap." Everyone felt dizzy. Could that idiot not tell that Colton was setting a trap for him?

What a country bumpkin! Colton was ecstatic. However, he controlled his emotions. This dumbass was beyond idiotic. He fell into his trap so easily. Colton recomposed himself and said, "Right. A beautiful woman needs beautiful jewelry. I have things like gold, silver, and gems here. I think you should buy the most expensive one for your wife so that you can show her how much you love her!"

"Yeah!" Philip laughed and watched. He knew what Colton was planning, but he did not care about his money at all. It would not be surprising if he bought this shop too. 'You want to set a trap for me? 'Bring it on, then.'

Colton placed his arm over Philip's shoulders and said, "Bro, you absolute madman. I can tell that you love your wife very much. If that's the case, I won't be stingy either. I'll sell you the most expensive gemstone necklace in our shop." After he said that, he eyed Tasha and said, "Why are you still standing there? Fetch me the sapphire necklace. I want to let this nouveau riche who depends on women look at it." "Alright, Young Master Berkshire." Tasha nodded and said. She put away her phone and walked to the back of the shop. She had feelings of contempt for Philip. Just now, Tasha captured what was happening in the shop on video using her phone.

Then, she sent it to the group chat of Ethereal Jewels. She even added a provocative caption. 'Look, someone is fighting with Young Master Berkshire. He wants to buy a necklace worth 290,000 bucks for his wife!'

After she thought about it, Tasha added. 'This idiot is dependent on his wife, and now he wants to buy the sapphire necklace!' In a blink of an eye, the

group chat exploded. After everyone saw that video, they were making fun of Philip for looking like someone struggling with poverty. "Damn, what a dumbfck! Is he trying to compare his wealth with Young Master Berkshire's?" "Tasha, is that the sapphire necklace that cost eight million bucks?" "Fck me! It's that necklace! That dumbf\*ck's life is over! He definitely can't afford it!" Titus Berkshire, the third in charge of the Berkshires, was in Riverdale discussing business about the latest batch of rough lumber. It was a success, so Titus was happy. This time, he came all the way from Capital City to Riverdale to look at his properties and discuss business. He even brought his youngest son along to cultivate him. When he heard the notifications from the group chat and saw that it was blowing up, he thought something major happened. When he opened the video and saw the man in the video, his jaw dropped. This man looked familiar! Very familiar! It was Young Master Clarke! Titus remembered how Young Master Clarke threw down a huge amount of money to beat down the Berkshires back then. Back in the days, the Berkshires were the largest family in Capital City. The person in charge of the Berkshires back then, the eldest Berkshire brother, offended Young Master Clarke, so they were beaten down to become the second-tier family in Capital City. They did not even have a chance to fight back. This was also a result of the other party going easy on them. This became a taboo topic in the Berkshires. The younger generations did not know of this. However, Titus had met Young Master Clarke. He had a deep impression of him. It was the same man in the video! How could Titus be happy now? His forehead was drenched with cold sweat as he told the driver hurriedly, "Hurry, go to our franchise!"



## Chapter 447

Over here, Tasha put on her white gloves and brought out a delicate box under everyone's watchful gazes. Then, she walked to the anteroom. She peered at Philip who was looking calm and hurled abuses at him in her heart.

'I'll see how he's going to afford this later. What a dumbss!' This sapphire necklace cost eight million bucks! Everyone was waiting patiently. Their eyes were all glued on the box in Tasha's hands. It was obvious that this necklace was expensive just from the box alone. Was the sapphire necklace inside? A few of them started to sigh internally. At the same time, they were also looking down on people like Philip. He was just a piece of trash who depended on his woman. Why was he trying to fight with the young master of a jewelry shop? "It's here. It's here." Colton was excited. This was the best chance for him to be pretentious, so he could not let this chance go to waste. A fool was presenting himself to be his footstool. It was such a nice feeling. Tasha smirked slightly, and under everyone's excited gazes, she opened the box carefully. A dazzling sapphire necklace appeared in everyone's vision. How beautiful! How impressive! How extravagant! How expensive! Those were everyone's thoughts. Tasha could not hide her arrogance. She felt dignified just from holding it. The sapphire necklace was the highlight of the shop. Tasha even imagined that her boyfriend would buy it for her one day. Then, he would put it on her at their wedding. It would be so romantic. Everyone was smacking their lips while making sounds of astonishment. "Wow, that's the sapphire necklace. It's so beautiful. Anyone who puts it on will look like a graceful swan!" "I want to buy it. I want it so badly. Darling, buy it for me." "What are you talking about? Didn't you see the price? It's more than eight million bucks!" At that moment, everyone's exclams were drowned by the price of the necklace. More than eight million bucks! It was too extravagant even for a necklace! Who would dare to buy this aside from the top nouveau riches? Who could afford it? No wonder it was still in the shop until this day. Everyone looked at Philip. Someone then said sarcastically, "Hey, young guy, didn't you say you want to buy the most expensive item in this shop? Young Master Berkshire has taken the most expensive one out, so are you buying or not?" "Of course not! It's more than eight million bucks! How can a useless bum like him afford it?" "Hahaha! I'm going to die from laughter. There are always people who overestimate themselves." Everyone was dissing Philip furiously. Their tones were filled with sarcasm. Colton was beaming. The corners of his lips were about to reach his ears. He patted Philip's shoulder and said, "Bro, I've already taken the necklace out for you. You can't expose it to the light and not buy it, right? If that's the case, I can't help but to second think if you really love your wife." Philip was calm. There were no emotions on his face. He was just staring at the sapphire necklace. It was indeed beautiful. Wynn would look extremely classy wearing it. He knew Colton was provoking him, so he was just going to let him have his way for a bit. "Hehe, he's such a piece of trash. If he can afford this necklace, I'll carry his shoes for him. At the end of the day, my Colton is the richest one of all. This shop belongs to him too. You're asking to die if you're comparing your wealth with Young Master Berkshire." The girl with the belly button ring next to Colton peered at Philip in disdain. This time, Colton kissed her on the lips. "You have such good taste for choosing me as your boyfriend, baby. A useless bum like him is just dependent on his woman." Wynn could not stand this anymore. It was time to stand up for her husband. She yelled at them, "What are you talking about? It's none of your business whether my husband has money or not. I don't care what he buys for me. I'll

be happy even if he buys me something that's a few bucks!" Philip was taken aback. This was the first time he saw Wynn being angry. He smiled softly and felt warm in his heart. "Let's go. We're not buying anymore. What stupid shop is this? How can you look down on your customers?" Wynn turned around and grabbed Philip's arm before leaving. Colton heckled and said, "Hehe, dumbss! You can't afford it and you're still being pretentious." "Haha, I'm going to die from laughter.

Look at his face. It's green now. At the end of the day, he still needs his wife to stand up for him." "Sigh, what a loser. How can someone like him have such a beautiful wife? The gods must be blind!" A lot of men were feeling heartbroken. They were feeling pitiful for Wynn. Such a beautiful woman was stuck with such a useless man. Philip looked like a country bumpkin from head to toe. When everyone was laughing at Philip, he grabbed Wynn's hand and smiled at her. "Wynn, you're my wife. Philip Clarke's wife needs to have the most expensive things. I'll buy it. It's not like I can't afford it." "Philip, you..." Wynn looked at Philip in shock. She wanted to say something, but the latter interrupted her. "It's fine. Don't worry. This is not the first day you know me." Philip touched her nose and turned around to look at Colton. He said, "How much is this sapphire necklace?" Wynn was shocked. She knew Philip had money, but she did not know how much.

Did he meet her father-in-law in secret? If not, why did he have so much money now? "8,230,000 bucks. I'll round it up for you, eight million. Final price." Colton said generously. He did not believe that Philip could afford this, so what if he rounded it up for him? When everyone heard that, they were shocked. Was this the capital of the rich people? Was this how they rounded things up? It was a difference of 230,000! However, they did not mind. Their focus was on Philip. This dumb\*ss was really going to buy it!

## Chapter 448

More than ten customers shook their heads. What an idiot. It was an obvious trap. If he really bought it, Ethereal Jewels would suffer no loss. They would even praise Colton for being smart. If he did not buy it, Colton could humiliate this idiot. No one was trying to stop him. They were all watching what was going on. "Wrap it up. I'll take it," Philip said calmly. "Alright, Tasha, wrap it up for him. I want to see how he's going to pay later. Will he sell his house or his kidney?" Colton guffawed. His tone was dripping with sarcasm. Tasha was on her phone and reporting everything back to the group chat. When she heard Young Master Berkshire calling her, she had to put down her phone. She asked, "Really, Young Master Berkshire?" Colton smiled and said, "Yeah. Maybe his wife can afford it." When Tasha was wrapping the necklace, Titus was watching what was going on in the group chat. He was drenched in cold sweat as he muttered, "My gosh! We're finished! How did I give birth to such a scoundrel? That's Young Master Clarke!" Titus was frantic. He kept urging the driver to drive faster. His son was such an idiot! If he offended Young Master Clarke again, the Berkshires

would vanish from Capital City! He had to imprison that idiot Colton when they got back! Inside the shop, Tasha was done wrapping the necklace. She looked at Philip and said, "Pay up." Philip shrugged and touched his pocket.

Hm? 'Where's my card?' "Did you forget to bring your card?" Colton could not hold in his laughter. This kid was hilarious. "Wait." Philip was feeling awkward as well. He touched his shirt pocket. It was not there. Oh sht, he left his wallet in the villa! The atmosphere in the room was frozen. In an instant, roars of laughter erupted in the shop. "Fck me! You're such a dumbss! You didn't bring your card before you left the house?" Colton guffawed loudly. Everyone in the shop, including the customers and salespeople, was laughing along with him. What a country bumpkin! "Damn, how embarrassing!" "Sigh, this kid's still young and he insisted on going neck to neck with Young Master Berkshire. An egg should not wrestle with a rock." "How embarrassing. I can't watch this anymore." Everyone was laughing and jeering. Philip felt ashamed as well. He had come here in such a hurry. What should he do? Wynn came out and stood in front of Philip. She shouted at them, "What are you talking about? Come at me! So what if we don't have the money for it? My husband wants to buy it for me and it shows that he loves me. I don't mind if he's rich or poor. It's just a stupid necklace. I don't want it anymore. Come, let's go home." "Don't, pretty lady. I've already wrapped the necklace. Are you pulling a prank on us by not buying it?" Colton said maliciously. "You still have the audacity to say that! Your husband is doing all this because he wants to buy a present for you. I think you're just a cheap whre!" The girl with the belly button ring crossed her arms across her chest and said in disdain. "You... What did you say?" Wynn said angrily. Philip could not endure this anymore. He pulled Wynn behind her, his eyes red. He roared at them, "Enough! Stop insulting my wife! I'm going to get the money now!" "Oh, he's enjoying this. What a loser." "Yeah, why are you being such a fcking poser? You don't have money and you still want to come here to cause trouble!" "Take a picture of this wretched couple and post it on the internet!" When everyone was criticizing and jeering at Philip and Wynn, a Bentley stopped at the entrance of the shop. When the door was opened, a middle-aged man got out of the car hurriedly. He almost lost his shoe in the process. When he saw Philip and Wynn in the shop along with the excited customers, Titus could feel his heart growing cold. "Oh no! Oh no! I'm ruined!" Titus did not even wipe his sweat away. He rushed into the shop and roared after taking in a deep breath, "Shut the fck up! All of you!"

## Chapter 449

Titus' voice was rough and boorish. The customers and salespeople in the shop all shut up from fear. When they looked over at the door, they saw that it was Master Berkshire! However, Titus' face looked pale. His face was covered in cold sweat as he glanced at Philip who had a cold expression on his face. Immediately, his heart sank. "Sir!" More than then salespeople addressed him respectfully and went back to their work stations. Master Berkshire was a well-known penny-pincher. He had a lot of tricks up his sleeves when it came to reducing his employee's wages. If he caught them slacking off, the salespeople's salary this month would be reduced by half.

"Dad, why are you here?" Colton did not know what was going to happen.

He walked over with a grin on his face. Slap! Titus slapped him on the face heavily. He did not hold back. Everyone was shocked. They did not even dare to breathe loudly. What was going on? Master Berkshire slapped his son the moment he came here. What were they playing? Colton was also shocked. He

clutched his red and swollen face before yelling, "Dad, are you insane? Why did you hit me?" "I'm insane? You rascal, you're always causing trouble for me!" Titus was about to explode from anger. If Colton was not his son, he would have chopped him into pieces. "Do you know what you've done? Go and apologize to him right now!" "Apologize? To him?" Colton was beyond shocked. He pointed at Titus and raised his voice.

"Dad, are you a dotard? You're asking me to apologize to a dumb\*ss?"

"You're going to kill me with anger! If I don't kill you today, my name's

not Titus Berkshire!" Titus walked over to slap Colton again, but Tasha stopped him. Tasha was close to Master Berkshire. They had gone to hotels together a few times, though that remained a secret between them. "Sir, Sir, please don't be mad. Young Master Berkshire didn't do anything wrong,"

Tasha said frantically. "Didn't do anything wrong? He's going to kill me with anger!" Titus roared. He did not have time to lecture his son anymore.

He bowed and smiled flatteringly at Philip. He apologized, "Um, Sir, I'm so sorry. Colton's just a kid. You're a magnanimous person, please don't fuss over minor matters with him. I'm apologizing to you on his behalf."

"Dad! Why are you apologizing to this loser?" Colton could not believe this.

His father was apologizing to a loser who depended on his woman. "He came in to buy something and doesn't have the money for it. It's good enough that we're not kicking up a storm over it." "Shut up!" Titus was so mad that his liver started to hurt. His entire body was trembling from anger.

Cold sweat started pouring out from his skin. "Master Berkshire, your son has such a bad temper. He said I can't afford your necklace." At this moment, Philip said flatly. His voice was like a knife made out of ice and it was stabbing into Titus' heart. Philip knew Titus. His memory was good, and that man looked like one of the Berkshires. What a coincidence. This shop was owned by the Berkshires. Thud! Titus knelt on the floor Yes, he was kneeling. He knelt before Philip in front of everyone. He kept wiping away the cold sweat on his forehead. His hands were also trembling non-stop. "Dad!" Colton yelled, "What are you doing?" Titus glared at Colton and ignored him. "Mr. Clarke, Mr. Clarke, it's all my fault. I'm apologizing to you on behalf of my son." Titus said frantically. He asked Tasha to fetch the sapphire necklace quickly. "This necklace is compensation from me to you. It's for you, Mr. Clarke. Oh, no, it's for this beautiful woman." "Master Berkshire, it's not your fault. It's no use if you apologize to me." Philip maintained a cold and calm expression the entire time. Now, everyone could tell that Philip had an extraordinary identity. He was not just a spineless coward. The customers who criticized him just now all shut their mouths.

They did not dare to breathe too loudly. Who dared to speak? Even Master Berkshire of Ethereal Jewels was kneeling in fear before Philip. Titus'

expression froze. He understood immediately. He got up and approached Colton. He pressed onto his

head and said, "Kneel!" Colton was stubborn.

How could he kneel just like this? He yelled, "You do it if you want to. I don't know what the hell is wrong with you. He's just a penniless fool and you're kneeling for him. I can't embarrass myself like this. The Berkshires can't embarrass themselves like this!" Titus started to panic. Flames of anger erupted from his chest as he roared to Colton, "What do you know?"

Do you know who he is? Do you know how the Berkshires became a second-tier family?" Colton was taken aback as something clicked in his head. He looked at Philip in disbelief as his eyes widened. "How's that possible? Dad, you're kidding! How is he..." Colton was shocked. He immediately remembered the taboo topic circulating within the Berkshire family. How formidable! How terrifying! "Kneel!" Titus did not care about anything anymore. He pressed down on Colton's neck to make him kneel.

"Mr. Clarke, my son is apologizing to you right now. A man of great moral stature doesn't remember the offenses committed by one of low moral stature. Please forgive him. You can take this necklace, no, everything in this shop. You can choose and wear anything you want. It's my kind regards to you." Titus was sincere.

## CHAPTER LIST

### Chapter 450

This scene shocked all of the customers and salespeople in the shop. Master Berkshire was an extreme penny-pincher, but he was going to the extreme just to apologize to this man Tasha's eyes were huge, and she could not breathe. Philip looked around the shop and noticed that everyone was lowering their heads. They did not dare to look him in the eyes. He looked at Colton on the floor who was dispirited and snorted. "I, Philip Clarke, will never owe anyone anything when I want to buy something. I told you I have money, why didn't you believe me?" After he said that, he looked at Master

Berkshire and smiled lightly, "Master Berkshire, I forgot to bring my card today. I'll ask my people to send the money over tomorrow. I'll take the necklace with me now." "No need, no need, Mr. Clarke. I'm giving it to you as a gift." Titus wiped away his sweat. "Are you looking down on me?"

Philip asked coldly. Master Berkshire was taken aback. He shook his head furiously and said, "No, no, no. How would I dare to do that? Since you've already said so, then I'll go over to your place to collect the payment. You don't have to send your people over." "Alright," Philip said. In a blink of an eye, Philip took the box and left Ethereal Jewels with Wynn. Inside the shop, everyone let out sighs of relief. They

looked at Philip's back and were having mixed feelings in their hearts. How shocking! Master Berkshire really gave out the necklace to that man just like that! Who was that man?

Titus went limp. He collapsed on the floor and kept on wiping sweat off his forehead. He finally let out a breath of relief, then he remembered his idiot son. He screamed at Colton, "Get back to Capital City now. Don't step foot out of the house! If you dare to go out of the house, I'll break your legs!"

Colton got up angrily and looked at Philip who was leaving. Then, he glared at his father before leaving the shop in shame and anger. It was Young Master Clarke! How could it be? Why was he in Riverdale? ... After they got out of the shop, Wynn was still in a state of daze. She grabbed Philip as he was about to open the car door and frowned. She asked in confusion,

"Philip, tell me, do you know Master Berkshire?" Now, she felt like she did not know Philip at all. Were his parents really just restaurant owners? Why did the owner of a jewelry shop kneel before Philip? Did they know each other? Philip opened the door and grunted a reply. He said, "Oh, you mean Master Berkshire? I guess so. He owes me money." "Owes you money?"

How much?" Wynn was even more confused right now. "Not a lot. Let's talk when we get home." Philip grinned and said. Then, he led Wynn into the car. Back at the villa, Martha was pondering about this the entire day.

She was still contemplating Philip's identity. No, no. She could not just let this be. Her position in this family was being threatened. The more Martha

thought about this, the angrier she became. On one hand, she was mad at Philip. On the other hand, she was worried that she would not get the right to speak in this family. If the villa was under her name, then everything would be much easier. If Wynn stopped protecting Philip or if she hated Philip, then it would be killing two birds with one stone. "Hey, Charlie, say, do you think Wynn paid for this villa? Why does Philip have the audacity to treat me like that?" Martha sat on the sofa angrily. She glared and complained at Charles while he was doing his calligraphy. "Sigh, why do you keep thinking about this? Did you forget what happened to Wynn?"

Didn't Philip warn you about this?" Charles was wearing his presbyopic glasses as he glared at Martha. Martha scoffed as if she was throwing a tantrum. Her face looked annoyed as she mumbled, "I know, I know. We can't afford to cross Philip now, but this doesn't sit right with me. Say, how can a useless bum like him step over me? I'm not convinced!" Charles did not want to pay attention to her anymore. This madwoman could not sit still for one day. She just had to cause trouble. Sooner or later, she would suffer the consequences. Martha thought for a while and left the house with her bag. She came to the Sales, Service, and Management Center of Longford Park. When she walked in, a beautiful and polite woman greeted her. She smiled and asked, "Hello, how can I help you?" "Oh, I'm staying in First Palace. I want to ask you something." Martha chuckled and said. When she said that, all of the staff in the center looked at her instantly. They lined up into two rows and bowed respectfully. They said, "Welcome, Madam." Oh?

Martha was shocked, but she felt joy blossoming in her chest. Especially when a few customers who were here to buy villas looked over at her with envious gazes. This time, Martha was on cloud nine. She felt proud and full of herself. She was even radiating from her hair. After a while, the manager of Longford Park came out to service her personally. It was a woman, and she was speaking softly. She smiled and asked, "Hello Madam Yates, what do you need to inquire?" "Oh, it's nothing. I just want to ask if my Wynnie

was the one who paid for First Palace?" Martha's face was filled with arrogance.

## Chapter 451

The reason Martha came today was to make one thing clear. She wanted to know who was the one who bought this villa. As long as it was Wynn's money, Philip would not have the right to flaunt in front of her. "Hello, Madam Yates, First Palace is indeed under the name of Miss Wynn Johnston." The female manager smiled and said. "Really? My daughter bought it?" Martha was excited. Her daughter was the one who bought it!

She was ecstatic! This time, that guy Philip would not have the right to show off his feathers in front of her anymore. He only had that woman Giada supporting him. So what? Martha was the one who wore the pants in the Johnston family. If he dared to be arrogant, she would ask her daughter to divorce him! "Yes, Madam Yates. It's under Miss Wynn Johnston's name.

Do you have any more questions?" The female manager grinned politely and asked. "Yes, I want to ask if I can add another name to the villa? Add mine in." Martha was excited, but at the same time, she was frantic. As long as the villa was under her name too, she would be the rightful owner of the villa. Then, she would be on the same level as Philip. "Madam Yates, you need to get the approval of Miss Wynn Johnston and Mr. Philip Clarke, but especially Miss Wynn Johnston. If she agrees, then there shouldn't be a problem." When Martha heard this, she was delighted. This was too easy.

Wynn was her daughter, so she had to listen to her. "I'll ask you again, what if I want to remove Philip's name from the villa?" Martha was concerned about this. "I'm sorry, Madam Yates. You need the approval of Miss Wynn Johnston and Mr. Philip Clarke for this." The female manager said apologetically. Martha finally understood. She did not stay long and went home immediately. When she got back to the villa, she stopped Charles and said impatiently, "Charlie, Charlie, I heard that this villa is under Wynnie's name. Wynnie bought it. Philip must have tricked Wynnie into adding his

name too. This time, you have to stand by me. I won't allow that kid to take away our assets!" Martha came to her senses on the way back. Philip had an ulterior motive all along. Was he after the one billion investment? No way!

Charles was stunned and said curiously, "Really?" "Oh, why would I lie to you? The manager of Longford Park told me!" Martha was frantic. Her eyes were twinkling as she said, "Let me tell you, even though Philip is unpredictable at times, he must be secretly an evil person. He might be plotting against Wynn's

company. Isn't it just an investment of one billion bucks? Let's find a way to keep him under control." Charles was hesitant.

Philip was showing the ability of someone extraordinary when that incident happened to Wynn. "Martha, you have to think about this properly. Philip is not the spineless coward he used to be. We have no idea about who he is.

What should we do if we cross him?" Charles was scared. Philip had been his son-in-law for three years and in these three years, he knew nothing about him. Who was this kid? Martha's face fell. She gritted her teeth and made up her mind. She said, "Whatever, I'll be responsible if anything goes wrong. Anyway, I have to keep Philip under control this time no matter what. I want to let him know that I'm the one who wears the pants in this family." After leaving the jewelry shop, Philip drove Wynn back to her office. At this moment, seven to eight muscular men with tattoos barged in from the entrance of Beacon Pharmaceutical. "Wynn Johnston! Who's Wynn Johnston! Get the fck out now!" The leader was a man who was about 180cm tall. There was a tattoo on his arm, and his eyes were filled with rage. This happened all of a sudden, and since the man had brought a lot of people with him, the commotion caused a lot of employees to gather around. They wanted to watch what was going on. The security guards all ran out and stopped them. They yelled, "Who are you people? Get out! If you don't, I'm calling the cops!" "Call the cops? Fck you! I'm looking for Wynn Johnston!" The muscular man lifted his bat. The steel bat smashed down on the security guard who tried to stop him. Blood splattered all over the place instantly! "Ah!" In a blink of an eye, the floor was in a huge racket!

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Remz Deramos Fuentes

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Chapter 452

That guy really attacked someone! He was extremely vicious too! "Damn it, I'm here to look for your person in charge! The rest of you, fck off!" The muscular man waved his bloody steel bat and pointed at the four to five trembling security guards in front of him. He was extremely aggressive. Mindy heard the commotion going on downstairs. "Madam Johnston, someone's causing a scene in the office!" Mindy



ran to one side hurriedly and called Wynn. "I'll be there in a bit." Wynn was at the entrance of the building when she got the call. She frowned and walked to the elevator quickly with her high heels clicking against the floor. Then, she took the elevator to the level the commotion was going on. Philip followed behind her and chased after her. "Wynnie, wait!" At this moment, the office was in a mess. The seven to eight muscular men were going neck to neck with the security guards. "Stop it!" Wynn went over with a dark expression on her face. She asked someone to escort the wounded security guard out as she stood in front of the staff. The rest of the security guards were standing in front of her to protect her. "Are you the newest chairwoman of Beacon, Wynn Johnston?" When the muscular man saw that it was a beauty, there was lust in his eyes. However, it went away as quickly as it appeared. "I'm the current chairwoman of Beacon Pharmaceutical. Who are you? Who let you in here? Get out now. If not, I'm calling the cops!" Wynn's face was cold. There was a hint of arrogance in her tone. "Hehe." The muscular man chuckled. Then, his men threw a few bags of medicine on the ground. He roared, "My boss consumed the medicine you manufactured. Not only did he not get better, but he's also unconscious in the hospital right now! I'm warning you, if you don't give an appropriate explanation to me and my men today, we'll destroy your company!" The muscular man standing at 180cm tall was pointing at Wynn, looking like he wanted to eat her. Wynn looked at the boxes of medicine on the floor and walked out of the barricade that the security guards had formed in front of her. She said coldly, "This is Beacon Pharmaceutical, not the hospital! You should ask the hospital about your boss' situation and not make a fuss here! Security, throw them out!" "You btch, you're asking to die! My boss only became unconscious after consuming the pills your company manufactured! If something happens to my boss, I'll kill you!" The muscular man yelled at Wynn. Wynn's face was pale from anger. She lifted her eyebrows. "We only manufacture the pills, and all of them are thoroughly examined. If there's something wrong with the consumer after they consume them, they should consult the hospital whether the pills are suitable for them or not. They shouldn't be coming to us! If something happens to the consumer after consuming our pills, does it always mean the issue lies with us?" Was it not the same theory as arresting the knife manufacturers when someone stabbed another person with a knife?

He was purposely making trouble! "Damn it, the pills your company manufactures are harmful!" The muscular man was clearly here to make a scene. He lifted his hand to slap Wynn. He did not hold back, he was

extremely aggressive! A few of the female staff started screaming. The security guards were stunned. If he slapped her, they could lose their jobs!

Philip barged in at this second. When he saw this, anger rose in his chest.

These people were clearly here to make trouble! Suddenly! A cold and domineering voice boomed through the room, "If you dare to slap her, I can promise that you won't leave this place today!" Wynn closed her eyes from fear. Then, she felt a strong arm pulling her back before she fell into a warm embrace. The man's slap landed on nothing. It all happened in a flash! Philip pulled Wynn back, and before the muscular man could react, he kicked him heavily. Philip's eyes were wide as he stared at the man. He yelled, "Did we claim that everyone who consumes the pills manufactured by my wife's company will definitely heal from whatever ailment they're suffering from?"

What if it's something else your boss had that's making him ill? Get lost now!" "Fck! You're digging your own grave!" The muscular man staggered backward and fell on the ground. Now, his stomach felt as if it had been run over by a truck. His intestines were in so much pain they felt like they were knotted together. Who the fck was this guy who appeared so suddenly? His kick was so powerful! Vlad Singer was trained in martial arts. Normal people would not be able to touch him. However, this young and unbridled man who appeared all of a sudden was able to kick him until he could not get up from the ground! He must be someone with some skills!

Vlad was cautious. However, he was ordered to come to make a scene here!

He had been hired by someone, so he could not give up halfway and ruin his reputation. Who would still want to hire Vlad Singer from East Street if they knew what happened? Vlad got up from the floor while enduring the pain in his stomach. He roared, "You're asking for f\*cking death! Boys, get him! Give him all you got! I'll take the responsibility if anything happens!"

After the muscular guy roared, the restless men behind him all charged forward with their bats. The female staff around them started screaming in terror!

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Pietro Amato

Chapter 452 si missing. Uptade please

Dennis Wadford

delete the book from your library then re add it. this story and another was messed up for me yesterday and the developer said to do this and it worked for both

Stephanie Paris

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Chapter 453

Philip was feeling righteous, and his eyes turned cold. Slap!

After Vlad finished talking, a loud slap reverberated on the entire floor of the office. Philip's hand made contact with Vlad

's right cheek, causing the extremely loud noise. He used all

of his might on this slap. Vlad just stood there blankly before stumbling backward. A red and bloody handprint appeared on his face instantly. Everyone fell silent at that moment. A shameless local bully like Vlad had fought with countless people in his lifetime. However, this slap caused his brain to buzz loudly. Everyone was stunned. The security guards were starting to feel emotional when they saw this young man standing up against that tyrant. It relieved their stress. Tears started to well up in their eyes. Of course, a lot of other people were also shocked by what they saw. Was this the chairwoman

's husband, Philip? The useless bum? He was so amazing!

Now, he was their hero! The staff who were watching what was going on came back to their senses. What Philip did was so unpredictable! He took action just like that! He was fighting seven to eight huge men with tattoos who all looked like they were here to cause a ruckus. "How manly!" The few female staff's eyes were twinkling. Philip was so manly! Then, they looked at their male colleagues. They were backing away slowly from the scene. Philip was the only one at the front. Some people were mumbling. "Why is he trying to be pretentious?

If he crosses them, we're the ones who are gonna get it." "

He's just a piece of trash and he's trying to stand up for us.

Madam Johnston's life is over." "Let's see how he's going to take care of this. He's really overestimating himself." Philip ignored the mumblings of the other staff. However, Wynn had escaped from Philip's arms. She lifted her eyebrows and glared at him. Her husband was too rash. What would she do if

something happened to him? Wynn was starting to feel bad for Philip. There were security guards here. "Are you okay?"

Wynn asked worriedly. Philip shook his head and grinned. Vlad finally came back to his senses. This was the first time someone dared to kick and slap him. If word got out, how would he still dominate East Street? He was agitated. He glared at Philip with his eyes red and roared, "You rascal, how dare you hit me!

Alright then, I'll break your arm!" The men behind him were all shocked at Philip's skills. They froze where they were as they looked at Vlad in front of them. Philip looked at him in contempt as he protected Wynn who was behind him. He said coldly, "So what? Do you trust that I'll slap you again for touching my wife?" Since they were in the middle of a fight, there was no need to pretend to be timid. "Try me!" After Vlad said that, another loud slap sounded across the room.

Philip slapped him again naturally. It was straightforward and precise. 'Magnificent! 'How cutthroat!

'He's such a real man! These were what everyone was thinking about. "Sigh, there are all kinds of youngsters in this day and age. He's even begging to be slapped!" Philip swung his hand and said innocently. "F\*ck! Kill him! Kill him now! Kill him and throw him into the river!" Vlad was livid. He was completely humiliated. If he did not get some respect back, his year of terrorizing East Street would go to waste! At this moment, his face was as swollen as a steamed bun. Everyone was laughing at him. "

Protect Madam Johnston!" A few security guards rushed over and stood between Philip and Wynn. These guys were no joke!

If these men started flipping out and the chairwoman was hurt, they would have to take off their security uniform. "Damn it!

Get him! I'll back you if something happens, we have support behind our backs!" Vlad clutched his face and swung a steel bat in his hand. He yelled loudly and started attacking the security guards. Philip was becoming aware as well. When he saw Wynn being protected by the few security guards, he was about to back away too. However, one of the thugs was charging toward Wynn with a bat. This time, Philip was livid. He stopped backing away and ran out of the crowd. Then, he grabbed the taser from one of the security guards. "Back away!

We'll handle this!" The security guard touched his belt and did not understand what Philip wanted to do. In the end, he saw the latter running over to Vlad who was in a state of rage. Vlad was roaring, "Hit him with all you got! Make them remember

..." Eventually, before he could finish talking, he saw blue sparks coming out from Philip's taser. It was cackling loudly as Philip poked it into Vlad's stomach! "R-R-R-Remember

..." After Vlad was stunned by the taser, his entire body started to spasm. His mouth was crooked to one side as his eyes rolled backward. He could not stop stuttering the word 'remember

'. "Brr... Brr... Nanana..." Philip chuckled as he watched Vlad collapse on the floor after rolling his eyes. The hair on his head stood up after being electrocuted. Pfft! Everyone was shocked.

They were stunned by what was happening in front of them.

They did not expect the tables to turn so quickly.

. (1)

Stephanie Paris

how did phil ip get here he was just in a back alley now hes here?

..

donation For Fast upload Thanx

## Chapter 454

Was he singing? Then, Philip took the taser and sent electrical shocks to the rest of the thugs with it. Since he was moving too fast, no one could stop him. Philip calmly threw the taser on the ground after seeing all eight of the thugs spasming on the floor.

He clapped his hands together with contempt on his face. He was too powerful! Everyone was shocked, including Wynn whose red lips were wide open. She looked at Philip in front of her in disbelief. Even though Wynn had seen Philip fight before and knew he was good, the scene still surprised her. He defeated all of these thugs by himself! He only used a taser to do it! Did he do this to Joel too? Philip felt numerous eyes on him as he turned around to say to the security guard, "What are you waiting for? Call the cops." "Kid, you... You're in trouble. My boss will definitely not forgive you..." Vlad lied on the floor with his body spasming. He said while lifting his head slightly. "I don't like it when people threaten me." Philip bent down and picked up the taser on the floor. Then, he poked Vlad with it once more in front of everyone. Everyone started sweating cold sweat. Everyone was shocked, especially Mindy.

Her eyes were wide open. Philip the useless bum was really attacking him just because he was not happy about what the

man said. Amazing! This commotion finally ended after Wynn took over. In the office, Philip sat down amidst everyone's cheers and praises. Back then, Philip had to endure everyone's

humiliations and criticism. Now, it felt so great being praised and pursued. "Philip, come into my office." Wynn appeared all of a sudden. Her face looked troubled. Philip did not even sit down for long before he followed Wynn amidst everyone's envious discussions. Inside the chairwoman's office, an angry roar reverberated across the entire floor. "Philip, who asked you to interfere with the internal affairs of Beacon Pharmaceutical? You're just Madam Johnston's useless husband. Do you know the rules? Do you know the rules and regulations of our company?" A handsome man berated Philip angrily. His face fell as he said, "Madam Johnston, I don't care how you're going to take care of this, but our company does not welcome a spineless coward like him in the future! Plus, all responsibility for this matter is on him. It has nothing to do with our company." Houston Michaels was mad. He was the new vice-chairman and had the Wallises as his backer. What happened today was arranged by the Wallises and also the madam. Houston had found a local bully to cause trouble. The main reason was to drag Beacon's name through the mud. As for why the madam wanted to take action, Houston did not dare to ask. Now with Philip's sudden appearance, the entire thing was ruined. Plus, his subordinates told him that Philip used a taser to electrocute eight huge men by himself! What nonsense! Before he came here, Houston had heard about

Philip. He was just a live-in son-in-law who was dependent on his woman. What was going on now? Wynn sat on the sofa in the chairman's office and looked at her husband. "Mr.

Michaels, I'll handle this. Philip only attacked them for the safety of the staff. The company should take

responsibility if anything happens, no?" Wynn interrupted Houston while he was denouncing Philip. Houston had been suddenly transferred here a few days ago. She knew that the Michaels had some status and power in Riverdale. The Michaels family was also one of the shareholders of Beacon Pharmaceutical. Now that Clarke Group from Capital City had invested a billion dollars into Beacon, a lot of people were eying this piece of cake. "No, I disagree! The company will not be responsible for this!"

Houston was mad. He kept berating Philip. "The company doesn't belong to you alone, Wynn. You're just a puppet who was chosen to be the chairwoman by the board. You have no right to say anything! I'll make everything clear today.

What if something really happened when our consumer took our pills? Now that your husband has beaten those guys up, what if they want to cause trouble for us? "So, he has to bear all the responsibilities!" Houston yelled and slammed his hand down on the table. Wynn frowned. She knew Philip had nothing to do with this, but if Houston reported this to the board, then Philip might not be able to handle it. "Are you done?" Philip shrugged and asked Houston calmly. "Is this how you should talk to me?" Houston's face fell. "Look, you

're just a good-for-nothing that Madam Johnston keeps

around her. Be courteous when you talk to me." Houston got up and pulled on the collar of his suit. He looked very arrogant.

However, in the next second, Philip walked in front of him. He asked while staring at him with cold eyes, "Who sent you here?"

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"

## Chapter 455

Houston was shocked. He looked into Philip's eyes and started to feel guilty.

What was wrong with this guy? He did not appear to be a useless bum who depended on his woman...

"What are you doing? What do you mean who sent me? I'm the vice-chairman here! Who are you and how dare you talk to me this way?" Houston's face fell. He stared at Philip arrogantly and said.

Philip did not back away. He said calmly, "Then let me give you a piece of advice, Mr. Michaels. Don't cross my wife, and most importantly, don't cross me." Philip was the heir of an influential family. He knew how to read people. There was something fishy about Houston Michaels. Hehe! Houston chuckled coldly. How dare a spineless coward threaten him. What a joke!

He was from the Michaels family. He was someone who had the support of the Wallises from Golden City. How dare an idiot like him have the audacity to speak to him like this. He was digging his own grave! "Madam Johnston, is this your wonderful husband? He's indeed amazing. I'm going to report this to the board. I want to see how the board will take care of this!"

Houston's eyes twitched as he took out his phone to make a call. However, when he looked down, his phone disappeared from his eyes. "How childish.

You're an adult and you're trying to tell on us. Are you brain damaged?"

Philip fiddled with the phone he had just snatched with a smile on his face.

He bought this company. What board? He only gave up on his power.

However, he really had no idea when a vice-chairman appeared in Beacon.

He had to ask Old Man George about this later. If it could not work, he would dismiss the board and give everything to Wynn so that she could have absolute power over the company. "You! What did you say?" Houston's eyes went wide. This was the first time someone had the audacity to talk back to him. He said angrily, "Madam Johnston, look! How can you let this kind of person come into the company?" "Enough!" Wynn's face was dark.

She peered at Philip coldly and said, "Philip's my husband. Everyone saw what happened today. The people who caused the commotion were outsiders. If anything happens, I'll take full responsibility."

“Philip, put the phone down. You should go out first.” Wynn knew that even though she was the chairwoman of the company and owned 60 percent of the shares, she did not have the power to decide anything with just one sentence. There was a board of directors behind her. They were the true power center. Plus, with the funding from foreign investors, Beacon Pharmaceutical was not what it used to be anymore. Crooks were mixed in with the honest folk. It was extremely lively. Philip shrugged and threw the phone back to Houston.

Then, he glared at Houston before leaving. Inside the office, Philip could hear a few female employees whispering among themselves. “There’s a new vice-chairman in the office. He’s quite good looking.” “I heard he’s one of the Michaels from Golden City. They’re quite powerful in Riverdale.” “A young master from Golden City! I really hope a Prince Charming like him will fancy me.” “Keep dreaming, you little wh\*re!” ... When Philip heard this, he turned around to leave the office. Then, he called Old Man George and asked, “Old Man George, what’s going on with Beacon? Didn’t I already buy it? Why are there still other companies investing in it? Who’s Houston Michaels?” “Young Master, this was decided by Madam Wallis a few days ago. She said it’s an investment to the group, so she needs to have someone trustworthy inside. That’s why she arranged the Michaels from Golden City to invest in the company.” George was at the airport now. He replied respectfully. Philip frowned. It was indeed Giada’s doing. Was she starting to take action against Wynn? Perhaps, she wanted to control him?

“Alright, I got it.” Philip fell silent, and he hung up the phone. Giada was too nosy. He had to teach her a lesson. If not, she would think that he was a trapped beast. Over here, after Houston exited the chairwoman’s office, he came to the rooftop. He dialed a number and said in a low voice,

“Madam, it’s not done yet. Someone named Philip appeared out of nowhere.

He’s Wynn’s husband.” On the other end of the phone, an imposing female voice said, “Alright, I got it.” After he hung up, Houston gritted his teeth.

Who was Philip? He was a bad apple. He ruined Houston’s entire plan!

When it was time to get off work, Wynn went out the door and said to Philip,

“Go to dinner with me. The partners of the company are here to discuss some matters. This is the third time. I can’t drink, so please help me.” Philip agreed without even considering.

## Chapter 456

“Where are we going?” After they got into the car, Philip asked without thinking the matter through. Her wife’s body was perfect! Inside the car, Wynn took off her coat. She was wearing a white blouse that made her look sexy and elegant. “Kempinski.” Wynn replied. She started reapplying her makeup. After all, she was representing Beacon Pharmaceutical, so her appearance later was very important. Plus, it was an important project for the company. It was about the sales of the newly-developed medicine that could combat cancer. If this medicine entered the market, Beacon would be the first one to develop



this in the pharmaceutical industry. "Hey, do you think I look okay?" Wynn looked at the mirror and asked Philip. Philip turned his head to look at her. He grinned and said, "Of course. My wife's the most beautiful woman on earth." Wynn rolled her eyes at him but was secretly delighted. She said, "You have such a sweet mouth." Suddenly, she remembered something. She said, "Right, Philip. Go to the maternity check-up with me." Philip replied, "I'll drive you to and from work in the future.

You can't be too tired. You're a pregnant woman now." Wynn nagged.

"Aw, I'm not a child anymore. I know what I'm doing. Plus, I'm not that

finicky." In front of Kempinski Hotel, the partners who were already waiting at the entrance saw a BMW 5 Series stop in front of them. Noah Anderson purposely dressed up today. He was wearing a neat suit that accentuated his handsome face. There was a small smile on his face. He was the one who had arranged for this tonight. He wanted to win Wynn over tonight. He refused to believe this arrogant woman would remain a cool and elegant composure in front of him. Before he came to Riverdale, he hired someone to investigate Beacon Pharmaceutical and their newly appointed chairwoman, Wynn Johnston. She was such an extraordinary beauty.

Unfortunately, she had a useless husband and also a sickly daughter. They parted on bad terms the previous three times. This time, he must win this woman over no matter what. Noah cracked his neck and tidied his tie and collar. Then, he strode over there confidently. However, when he saw Philip behind Wynn, his face fell. 'She even brought her man with her for dinner.

Does she think that I, Noah Anderson, doesn't exist?' Noah spent a lot of time and effort hosting this dinner tonight. He would not allow any accidents to happen! 'The people who stop me from getting what I want will either be crippled or dead!' Noah was one of the Andersons. The Andersons had authority over the entire South River District. This time, the net that was cast to capture Beacon Pharmaceutical was covering them tightly. This was such a big slice of cake. If he could get his hands on them, he would have unlimited profits. After all, Clarke Group in Capital City had invested in them too. "Madam Johnston, we've been waiting for you." Noah tugged on his tie and smiled as he walked over. He reached out his large hand and grabbed Wynn's tiny one. Her hand was cold. It was also so soft that it was as if she had no bones in her hand. Her skin was as supple and fair as milk.

'Tonight, I'll dominate this woman, then make my move on Beacon.' Philip stood behind Wynn. He noticed the slight discomfort on Wynn's face. He was feeling annoyed as well, but this was a business discussion. Philip could not do anything about the standard handshakes. One second, two seconds...

Noah was mesmerized by Wynn's beauty. He forgot to let go of his hand

and acted as if he was stuck in a daze. Wynn frowned. She did not want to come, but unfortunately, Beacon and the other party had some business relations. She did not have a choice, especially when it came to their marketing platforms. Beacon Pharmaceutical developed a new kind of medicine to combat cancer. The success rate was as high as 70 percent! It was almost over double the success rate of any other cancer medicine in the market! It could be said that it was by far the best cancer medicine in

human history! Beacon spent a huge sum of research capital to develop this cancer medicine. It was still under clinical trial. If it passed the tests, then it would not only bring a huge amount of profits to Beacon, but it would also attract the attention of the world. It would then become the first and most effective cancer medicine in the world! Beacon Pharmaceutical already activated the highest security procedure for the new cancer medicine. Only the people who were directly in the research, the board of directors, and Wynn knew about this. As for the sales partner for this new medicine, Anderson Group, which was also the other party present here today, dominated one-third of the marketing platform in the South River District. Other than that, they also had huge resources and economical power. Wynn prioritized and valued this collaboration with Anderson Group. However, the other party was being too demanding. They wanted 60 percent of the profits! Wynn removed her hand and smiled. She said, "Mr. Anderson, I think we should go in now." Noah smiled awkwardly and explained. "Madam Johnston, you're too beautiful today. I was mesmerized by you." Fck me! When Philip heard that, his face turned cold. Was he treating him like he was fcking invisible?

#### Chapter 457

Philip said coldly, "Mesmerized my \*ss! She's my wife!" Initially, Noah was not bothered by Philip at all. After Philip said this though, Noah turned around and stared at Philip with an icy glare. He was already agitated, but when he heard what Philip said, he immediately sized him up and chuckled.

"So you're Madam Johnston's useless husband? Hm, I heard about you

when I came to Riverdale. You're just another worthless piece of trash who depends on women." Noah's face was filled with sarcasm. How would a man like that suit a goddess like Wynn? Philip shrugged and looked indifferent. He said, "I'm sorry, I'm sick, so the doctor told me I can only depend on women for the rest of my life. Are you jealous?" Philip did not hide. He went head-on with Noah. He could tell that Mr. Anderson had some ulterior motives. "You!" Noah was livid. His men were all glaring at Philip aggressively. As long as Noah gave them an order, they would immediately pounce on him and rip his mouth from his face! Wynn frowned and rolled her eyes at Philip. She chuckled lightly. "Mr. Anderson, please don't mind him. Philip's my husband, and he's a little straightforward. I hope it won't affect our collaboration later." Noah scoffed and glared at Philip. He said,

"Alright, I'll let this go for now on behalf of Madam Johnston." He did not want to make the situation tense. If not, the things he arranged for tonight would not be a success. Inside the large private room, Noah, Philip, and Wynn were the only people sitting. The four men who looked like bodyguards were standing there silently. "Mr. Anderson, how should we start?" Wynn was straightforward and did not like to dilly-dally. After she sat down, she went straight into the topic. "Aw, Madam Johnston, there's no one else here. Stop calling me Mr. Anderson. Just call me Noah." Philip saw what was going on. He had already listed down Noah's name into his blacklist. "Then, how do you want to start?" she asked coldly. Noah got up and poured some baijiu for Wynn. Then, he poured some for Philip as well.

He smiled and said, "Why don't we drink and eat first? We can talk about the project later." Any smart

person could tell that Noah wanted to get Wynn and Philip drunk so that it would be easy for him to continue his next step.

Philip looked at the full glass in front of him. There were at least two tael of baijiu in front of him. This guy was plotting something against Wynn.

Wynn's smile vanished slightly. She said coldly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Anderson.

I can't drink." She knew that Noah was having malicious intentions toward her. "It's fine. Your husband's here, right?" Noah turned around and

chuckled at Philip. He said, "You can drink on her behalf, right?" "Hehe, you want to compete against me? I'll make you drink until you die!" When Philip passed out, Wynn would definitely kneel in front of him obediently.

Philip lifted his eyebrows and looked at Noah like an idiot. He replied, "Are you sure you want to drink with me?" "Why? Are you scared?" Noah smirked. There was ridicule on his face. Wynn started to regret coming to this dinner. She kicked Philip under the table and hinted to him to not act rashly. "Are you a man? If you are, then down this!" Noah knew how to read people. He decided to spur Philip into action by hurling negative remarks at him. Philip was being looked down upon. He started to feel annoyed. He picked up his glass and stood up. He yelled, "What are you shouting about? It's just alcohol! Let's!" Now, Philip looked like an irritable hothead. He lifted his glass and was about to down it. Noah was delighted.

He figured he might need to waste some effort to get rid of Philip, but who knew this kid was so weak! He was still inexperienced and naive! Now, the only thing left to do was make him drunk. If this guy fell unconscious, his plan would go on smoothly. When Wynn was all alone... Hehe, Noah had prepared an exciting surprise for her. Wynn was scared. She knitted her eyebrows together and kept eyeing Philip. However, he did not even look at her. What was going on with her husband? Could he not tell that the other party was trying to make him drunk?

## Chapter 458

Wynn was panic-stricken, but she could not stop him. She could only hint at Philip with her eyes. Noah lifted his glass and drank with Philip once more. Philip downed the contents in his glass. "Haha! Nice tolerance! I'm taking you as my friend today!" Noah was smiling on the outside as he filled Philip's glass again. Philip looked at the full glass of baijiu in front of him.

There was a slight smile on his lips. Drinking? Sorry, he had drunk quite a lot back in the days. This was nothing to him. "Here, Brother. This is a toast from me to you!" Noah lifted his glass and downed the baijiu after lifting

his head. He was experienced in the business industry and had been to numerous dinners before. He had already trained himself to be extremely tolerant, so he would be fine even if he downed three

bottles of Wuliangye.

Plus, he had already stationed his people around Kempinski, so he would not need to worry that Wynn would escape from this place. "Good! Let me toast to you as well, Mr. Anderson. I was straightforward just now. I hope you don't mind me offending you." Philip was not an idiot. He would just drink with him to get rid of the man's suspicions. Wynn was feeling anxious at one side. She was panic-stricken as she kept kicking Philip under the table. However, Philip paid her no mind. He was pretending to be on intimate terms with Noah. Wynn contemplated and increased her strength.

However, it was as if Philip could not feel it. He downed his baijiu and made a satisfying growl. Then, he sat down and reached under the table to press down on Wynn's leg. He was telling her to not worry. Wynn glared at Philip as she pouted her lips to say something. Noah saw her childish yet mature behavior and instantly, he felt as if a million ants were gnawing on his heart.

His heart was tingling. He wanted so badly to pounce on Wynn right now!

When he thought about this, Noah felt an unknown rage rising in his chest.

She was such a perfect woman, yet she married a useless coward! Noah's face fell as he stared at Philip with a glum look on his face. He muttered inside his heart, 'I'll make you exit this place in a stretcher with 'cuck'

written all over your chest for wanting to fight me over a woman.' Noah took a bottle of Dream of the Blue and filled Philip's glass. "Come, we shall not go home until we're completely pissed!" "Sure, sure." Philip clinked his glass with Noah's. After that, they kept drinking for another half an hour.

Philip and Noah were just pouring alcohol down their throats like it was plain water. There were seven empty bottles of Dream of the Blue on the table! Wynn was horrified. Were they drinking alcohol? Was this how alcohol should be drunk? Did they want to die? Noah lifted his glass, his face burning red. He was also feeling dizzy. He could not even differentiate where he was going. He felt a fire burning in his stomach. If he continued

drinking, he might burn a hole in his stomach soon! He looked at Philip.

That guy looked completely fine. Noah was unconvinced. He staggered over and patted Philip's shoulder. He guffawed. "Haha, my man! Come, drink!"

After downing this glass, Noah collapsed on the ground and started vomiting non-stop! He felt like there were knives stabbing his stomach. It was burning. Noah clutched his stomach as he yelled in pain, "Hurry... Take me to the hospital!" The bodyguards around him rushed forward and carried the pale and groaning Noah out of the private room. Philip looked at him in disdain. He said in his heart, 'You'll die if you want to have a drink off with me.' Then, Philip could not stop grinning. Wynn looked at him like he was a monster. "Honey, have you gone crazy from drinking?" Wynn asked worriedly. Philip smiled and said, "It's fine. Your honey has an impeccable tolerance. This is nothing." To be frank, Philip's stomach was hurting too.

“Let’s go home.” Wynn helped Philip up and walked out of the room. Then, they drove back to the villa. Today, Martha had been extremely busy. When she saw Wynn bringing a half-drunk Philip home, she ran forward and asked, “What happened?” “He drank too much,” said Wynn. A few of them helped Philip back to the room. Wynn wiped him down and changed his clothes. When she was done settling Philip down, she went downstairs. “Oh, Wynn, come here. I have something to tell you.” Martha was in the living room. She grabbed Wynn who was coming downstairs and pulled her to the sofa. “What’s wrong, Mom? What happened?” Wynn asked. “I want to ask you if you can add your dad’s and my name under this villa. Also, can you remove Philip’s name? This is our property, so we can’t let it fall into the hands of another.” Martha asked hurriedly and frantically. Wynn was taken aback. Her face fell as she said, “Mom, what are you thinking? I didn’t buy this villa. Philip’s the one who bought it.”

## Chapter 459

Philip was the one who bought it? Impossible! “Wynn, what nonsense are you spewing? Don’t try to protect Philip. I’ve heard all about it. This villa

is under your name.” Martha smiled embarrassingly, but she was slightly panic-stricken. Wynn did not look like she was lying. Was it true? However, this mansion was worth 200 million! If it was not bought with the money from Wynn’s company.... Impossible! How could Philip, the useless bum, have so much money? “Mom, do you think your daughter has that much money to buy this villa?” Wynn’s face was cold as she asked. “D-Didn’t Clarke Group from Capital City invest a billion bucks into your company?

Didn’t you use that money to buy it?” Martha said while gritting her teeth and shaking her head. Wynn looked at Martha and said helplessly, “Mom, do you know that embezzling is a crime? Do you think I’m someone who’ll use my company’s money for my selfish needs? “Plus, the funding from Clarke Group of Capital City is not here yet.” After she said that, Wynn turned around and walked upstairs. In the living room downstairs, Martha was completely stunned. She sat there alone with her glistening eyes. If the money was not here yet, it would mean that Wynn really did not buy this villa. How could this be? It was under Wynn’s name. Was that kid really the one who bought this villa? If it really was Philip, then... Who was he?

Why did he have so much money? Martha was terrified. She started sweating as she ran back to her room. Then, she dragged Charles up from the bed. “Hey, what are you doing? Why are you still awake in the middle of the night?” Charles sat up angrily. He leaned against the headboard and put on his presbyopic glasses. “Lower your voice.” Martha hit Charles mysteriously, then looked at the door of the room. She said, “Charlie, let me tell you, Wynn told me that she’s not the one who bought this villa.

Philip’s the one who bought it.” “Didn’t you say Wynn bought it with her company’s funds?” Charles could sense that something major was going on.

He asked in all seriousness. Martha shook her head and said, "The money isn't here yet." Charles nodded and grunted a reply. He looked at the ceiling and said in annoyance, "Go to sleep. No matter who bought it, it's still the same." Slap! Martha slapped Charles across the face. She glared at him and scolded. "What do you mean the same? If Philip's the one who bought this

place, how can I be the one in charge of this family? He'll definitely walk all over me!" Charles was fuming. He shouted, "Martha, are you insane?"

This is not your house. Philip's the one who bought it! It belongs to Philip!

How many times did I tell you to be good to Philip? But you refused to listen. Did you forget what Philip warned you last time? How can you be so stubborn? Do you really think Philip is still that useless son-in-law who allows you to bully him left and right?" Martha was speechless after she got scolded. She sat on the bed angrily and glared at Charles. "I don't care. I have to be the one in charge of this family." Martha gritted her teeth and said. Charles was seething. He lied down and covered his head with the blanket. "Go to sleep! I don't want to talk to you anymore! Sooner or later, you'll destroy this family with your stubbornness!" Martha sat on the bed and scowled at Charles. She kicked him a few times to prevent him from sleeping. She rambled on angrily, "What do you know? I'm doing this for the good of the family. As long as our names are not on the paperwork, you and I will eventually get kicked out of the house to beg for food and you'll still won't know what the hell's going on!" Martha finally went to bed after mumbling to herself for quite some time. In the early morning of the next day, Philip woke up with a headache. When he was about to get out of bed, the door of his room opened. "Hey, Philip, I made some soup for you to sober up. It's good for your stomach. Drink it while it's still hot." Martha came in with a bowl of soup. She had a flattering smile on her face. Philip was taken aback. Perhaps this was the first time his mother-in-law was so good to him. She even made him soup to sober up. "Thank you." Philip smiled politely.

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Martha sat on the head of the bed and watched as Philip drank the soup.

Then, she smiled and said, "Oh, we're family. You're my son-in-law. Who should I be good to if not you?" If anyone else heard what she said, they would have thought that they were extremely close. However, when Philip

heard it, it felt ear-piercing and sarcastic. Like the quote said, 'Beware of suspicious folk bearing gifts, they are sure to be ill-intentioned'. Was this not why Martha was fawning all over him this morning? "Mom, do you need anything?" Philip asked. When Martha heard that, she immediately played dumb and said, "No, it's nothing. What can I need? Oh, get up soon, I bought breakfast for you. Come down and eat." After she said that, she turned around and left. Philip looked at Martha's back and shook his head helplessly. Then, he scoffed. Martha's every thought was written on her face. After he went downstairs and entered the dining room, Philip started to drink the milk and eat the bun that Martha

had bought. Martha was grinning opposite him. She had been staring at Philip with a smile on her face the entire time. It was quite scary. "Mom, is there something wrong?"

Philip was feeling helpless. He felt uncomfortable as Martha kept staring at him like this. Martha chuckled. She said, "It's fine. Eat. Eat." Philip was puzzled. He went out after he finished eating. Martha walked him to the door herself. Then, her smile turned cold as she watched Philip disappear from her sight. She muttered, "This kid is not that special. How did he get the money to buy a villa all of a sudden?" "Did you forget about Giada Wallis?" Suddenly, Charles appeared behind Martha with his birdcage and reminded her. Martha jumped up with shock. She smacked him a few times and said, "Yeah! That b\*tch Giada is his stepmother! Plus, she looks like a woman from a rich family too. Say, is Philip a nouveau riche? Did he run away from home because of his stepmother?" Charles shook his head. "I don't know, but I'm warning you. You better know your place." After he said that, Charles left to take a walk around the neighborhood. Martha was feeling frustrated. When she got back to the villa, she mulled about this for a very long while. In the end, she decided to call Paula and a few of her relatives to invite them to the villa. Over here, Riverdale Public Hospital.

"Trash! All of you! Why did I spend so much money on all of you?" Noah was lying in his single room as he roared into his phone. His subordinates lowered their heads and stood at one side. They did not dare to make noises.

"I want to break his limbs today! Get some people over now! Pronto!" Noah smashed his phone onto the floor. Then, he got up and walked to the window. His face was dark. Damn it, he had completely embarrassed himself last night! Noah Anderson had never lost to anyone when it came to drinking. In the end, he was defeated by a man who was dependent on his woman! His men were all useless bums as well. They could not even keep an eye on one person! Noah's chest was filled with rage. His efforts last night had all gone to waste because of Philip! Not only did he fail to claim Wynn, but he also ended up in the hospital. "Philip Clarke, I'll make you wish you're dead!" Noah punched down on his bed. He looked terrifying with his teeth gritted. ... After getting out of the villa, Philip walked a few steps and was about to take the bus to go take a look at his company. It had been so long since he went, so he did not know the situation in his company now. He was just an arm-flinging owner, and his life was so carefree.

Everyone was going on their own way on the street. A few gangsters were smoking on the street not far away from Philip. They peered at Philip, then looked at their phones. After that, they threw away their cigarette butts and followed him sneakily. Philip's hands were in his pocket as he stood at the bus stop. The gangsters followed behind him sloppily. They were observing him while looking at the crowd around him. However, they did not know that Philip was chuckling coldly. Philip knew that there was a group of people following him, but he did not show any signs that he was aware of them. Was it Houston, or Noah from last night? After pondering for a while, Philip left the bus stop and pretended to walk around. After a short while, the gangsters behind him saw that he had turned into an alleyway. They were delighted as they looked at each other. Two of them followed Philip into the alley while two of them stood at the front, smoking. The leader of the group had an eagle tattoo on his neck. He stared at Philip in front of him and turned back to look at the entrance of the alleyway. After he got the okay from his men, he slowly took out a folding knife from his pocket. "If we stab this kid, we can get 50,000 bucks!"

He was delighted. He did not

expect this to be so easy. That guy looked weak and fragile. This was such easy money. He held the folding knife in his hand, and the blade reflected a dazzling light under the sun. Philip turned around suddenly and innocently looked at the man who was holding the folding knife. He pretended that he did not see the knife in his hand and asked with a stupid grin on his face,

“Brother, you’re here to pee as well?” The tattooed man was shocked by Philip’s sudden question. The corner of his eyes twitched as he gripped the folding knife in his hand tightly. He yelled aggressively, “Pee my \*ss! Go to hell!” The tattooed man’s face was filled with malice. In his eyes, Philip was destined to be a dead man! It was 50,000 bucks!

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Dewayne Theobald

Why is this story repeating

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Chapter 461

Philip looked at the tattooed man who was charging toward him. He shook his head helplessly. He swung his arm and muttered, “You’re the one who’s forcing me. Don’t blame me.” Slap! A loud noise! Philip’s hand made contact with the tattooed man’s face. The man spun 360-degrees after being

slapped by Philip. “You... How dare you hit me!” The tattooed man finally stopped spinning. He pointed at Philip and growled while his head was still spinning. “Why should I be scared? Come at me.” Philip grinned and slapped him again! The tattooed man could not see how Philip slapped him.

He felt like he was being slapped by an iron board. His body started to spin uncontrollably. Philip was not done yet. He started using both his left and right hands. The entire dimly lit alleyway was filled with slapping noises!

Philip only stopped when he got tired. The tattooed man’s face was as swollen as a pig’s head now. His mouth was filled with blood. Then, he shook his head and collapsed onto the ground with a loud thud. He was mumbling something incoherently. After he was done here, Philip placed his hands in his pocket and peered at another guy who was standing near the wall. He did not dare to move. “B-B-B-Brother... Please have mercy on me!” The guy was so scared that he knelt on the ground while crawling over to



Philip. Never in a million years would he expect his boss to be defeated by a soft-looking man after just a few slaps. Moreover, he had slapped his boss as if his life depended on it. What a fcking savage! The guy was starting to doubt his entire life. Who was the gangster here? Did Young Master Anderson not say that he was just a man who depended on his woman? He was so devious when he was fighting! Philip smiled and touched the man's head. When Philip touched him, the man backed away while trembling. His eyes were filled with terror! Hm? 'Am I so horrifying?' Philip felt innocent. He said, "Why don't you slap yourself, then? How does 100 times sound?" "Ah?" That man was in a state of despair. 100 times? Would he not become a pig head like his boss after slapping himself 100 times? "Brother, let's not joke around, okay? Can I just do it ten times?" he asked. Philip shook his head and said in all seriousness, "No, I can't give you a discount. If you think it's too much, why don't I help you?" "No, no, no! I'll do it!" When the man heard that Philip wanted to do it for him, he shook his head like it was a rattle drum. Slap! Slap! Amidst the rhythmic slapping sounds in the alleyway, Philip spotted the other two men at the entrance of the alleyway. The two of them had witnessed everything and were frozen. Their pants were also wet from fear. The cigarettes dangling in their mouths were also burnt halfway. When they saw Philip coming over, they ran while screaming in fear. Philip shrugged and said, "How disappointing." Philip turned around and looked at the guy on the ground coldly. He asked, "Let me ask you a question, who sent you?" The man's cheeks were already red and swollen. He replied while feeling dizzy, "It's Young Master Anderson. He said if we cripple you, we can get 50,000 bucks." He did not dare to hide anything from him. Philip frowned. It was him! It looked like he needed to find an opportunity to teach Noah a lesson! After he got out of the alleyway, Philip waited for the bus that would take him to his company. A short moment after he got on the bus, seven to eight bald men followed behind him. They were all muscular and shirtless. After they got onto the bus, everyone got up from their seats and started making way for these scary-looking men. "Chico, it's him! He's the one who beat Doggo up!" Behind the seven to eight bald men, a familiar-looking guy appeared and shouted. He pointed at Philip who was sitting at the back of the bus. Philip glanced at them and knew that they were the relief troops the thugs just now called upon. He said coldly, "Have you not had enough?" The bald man named Chico was 180 cm tall. He was flabby and looked like a fat pig. His face looked sinister. He sized Philip up with his gaze before saying to his men, "Him? Doggo, are you out of your mind, or am I so weak that I can't hold a knife anymore? Look at him, his limbs look like noodles. It's obvious he's just a useless bum. How dare you guys fail at such a simple task?" The man looked aggrieved as he said, "Chico, it's not like that. Even though this man looks as polite as a woman, he's extremely savage!" Chico pushed him aside in annoyance and sat on the seat in front of Philip. He smacked his lips and snorted. "Kid, I heard that you beat up my men. If I don't teach you a lesson today, I won't be able to have my way in Riverdale anymore. However, looking at your noodle arms and legs, I don't think you're someone who can take a beating. Why don't you just kneel and kowtow to my men? While you're at it, address them as your grandpa too and give us 100,000 bucks as medical fees. We'll call it a day if you do that. What do you say?" Philip did not utter a word the entire time. He just looked at Chico like he was an idiot and chuckled. He said, "No, I don't think it's a good idea. Why don't you give me 100,000 bucks and I won't hit you. What do you say?" "You... What did you say?" Chico was shocked. He was questioning his own hearing. This guy was too arrogant! After his men came to their senses, they roared, "Chico, that guy's looking down on you! Fck him up!" "F\*ck! You're asking to die, kid!" Chico was livid. He was the boss of this area, and all this while, he was the one terrorizing everyone.

When did anyone have the guts to piss on his territory?

## Chapter 462

He grabbed the ring over his head that was meant to support passengers and lifted his leg to kick Philip's waist. If his kick landed, Philip would either be half-dead or half-crippled! Philip did not have time to hesitate. Chico's heavy foot was already coming at him. He snorted. He did not move his body, but instead, he lifted his right leg and kicked the joint of Chico's other leg. Crack! The loud sound was caused by Chico's bone breaking. Then, everyone on the bus heard Chico's screams of pain. He sat on the ground while his legs split open. Huge droplets of sweat started to roll down from his chubby cheeks. "Ah! My leg! My groin!" Chico was trembling with pain. While he clutched the knee on his left leg, his other hand grabbed his right leg. He felt like he had been split open. The pain was burning! A few of Chico's bald men were speechless after they saw what happened. They were so shocked that they all gasped at the same time. After a while, they finally came back to their senses. They ran up and helped Chico to stand.

Then, they pointed at Philip and yelled, "How dare you kick Chico? You're asking to die!" Philip chuckled. He was still seated, looking at them with a

'what can you do to me?' expression on his face. He looked at Chico who was still in a split. He was in so much pain that his face was disfigured.

Philip chuckled. "How is it, Chico? Are you going to consider what I just proposed?" They were such cowards. He did not know what Noah was thinking. Did he really think he was a useless bum? After all, he had trained with Reed Williams back then for an entire year. It would be embarrassing for a child of a wealthy family to not have some defense skills. Chico wanted to cry. The pain on his body and knees were so excruciating that he wanted to die! He did not expect to meet such a savage at their own territory!

"Brothers, f\*ck him up for me!" Chico yelled. There was malice in his eyes.

Instantly, five to six shirtless bald men charged toward Philip at the same time! Chico did not believe that he could not defeat one person with so many people on his side. Philip shook his head and got up slowly. The five to six bald men's imposing manners wilted instantly from fear. None of them dared to take another step forward. They were scared that they would end up like Chico. "What are you waiting for? Kill him!" Chico yelled from behind. The five to six bald men looked at each other and yelled. Someone swung their gigantic fist, someone stomped their foot, and all of them started to attack Philip at the same time. Philip frowned but later smirked. He swung his hand as if it was a palm leaf fan. Slap, slap, slap, slap, slap! He was too fast! The shirtless men could not see what was happening. In an instant, they all had bloody red handprints on their faces. Some of them collapsed on the floor of the bus while some were leaning against the back of the seats. A few were even hanging on the railing! Philip shook his hands and walked toward the terror-stricken Chico. He did not expect Philip to be so good at fighting.

Philip's voice was as cold as a knife made out of ice. "So, Chico, what's the conclusion?" Chico wiped away the cold sweat on his forehead and looked at his unconscious men. He said hurriedly, "Alright! Okay! As long as you let us go, we'll do anything for you, Sir." He would do anything Philip told him to right now! Where there was life, there was hope! Chico called upon his men. Then, the bald and bulky men stood together with their faces covered in bloody red handprints. They took out all of the money they had, which only amounted to a few thousand bucks. Chico took the few

thousand bucks, and his hands started to sweat. He handed the bills to Philip and stammered, "Brother, we don't have much money. Is this enough?" To be honest, he felt guilty. He was scared that Philip would break his other leg if he was not happy. The other passengers on the bus were terrified by what they were seeing. They thought a young man like Philip would be finished.

In the end, these gangsters were pooling money and begging Philip for mercy instead. How unbelievable! Philip looked at the wrinkly dollar bills in his hands and said coldly, "Chico, are you treating me as a beggar?" After Chico heard that, his entire body trembled. He knelt on the ground with a thud and started bawling. "Brother, I was wrong! My mother's 80 years old and I also have a wife and children. Please have mercy on me. I'll get more money for you, okay?" When he knelt, the other bald men knelt as well.

They felt so aggrieved. Usually, they were the ones robbing and asking for money from people. Other people were the ones who would beg for mercy from them. However, the tables had turned today. Why did it feel like Philip was the gangster here and the bald men were all model citizens? They looked like they were getting trampled on. Philip contemplated before declining. He looked like he had been wronged. "No." He did not believe that these people would not have a secret stash somewhere. In the end, Chico and his men raised 100,000 bucks for Philip after pooling up all of their money. Finally, they were able to escape from this misfortune. After Philip got down from the bus, he got a call from an unknown number. "Hello, who's this?" Philip asked. "Philip, do you still remember me?" There was an evil laugh from the other end of the phone. It sounded very familiar.

"Juan?" Philip frowned. "Yeah, long time no see. I'm back!" The man on the other end of the call continued to say, "I'm in the hospital now. Mila is sleeping next to me. She's such a good girl. Do you want to come and take a look?"

## Chapter 463

Philip did not say anything. He immediately called a cab to the hospital. He kept urging the driver to drive faster. Damn that Juan! He was really storing up for future calamities! What did he want? Back then, Philip had let him go. Now, he was back. Was he here to seek revenge? Philip huffed and puffed after he got out of the cab at the entrance of the hospital. He ran to the sixth floor where Mila's room was. Bang! He pushed open the door loudly. Philip saw a man drinking coffee on the sofa in the room. He was wearing a navy blue suit and had his hair swept back. There were two solemn bodyguards behind him. They were all wearing black suits, and coldness was radiating from every inch of their

bodies. From the air around the bodyguards alone, Philip could tell that these two had survived battles of life and death. Philip ignored Juan and ran to the bed. He noticed Mila was still sleeping and that she was completely fine. "A father's love is so amazing. I didn't think you could get here in less than ten minutes." Juan placed his coffee down and looked at the Rolex on his wrist. He smiled and said coldly. Philip turned around and walked over to Juan with his fists clenched tightly. One of the bodyguards behind him moved forward and stopped Philip. "What do you want?" Philip's eyes turned cold. He stared at the changed Juan. Juan had completely transformed. He became extremely arrogant. He looked like he was someone very important, especially his outfit. He was dressed in branded goods from head to toe. He also had bodyguards following him everywhere now. Did Juan make a comeback?

"Don't be so nervous. We're old friends." Juan chuckled. He got up and tidied his collar. Then, he lifted his eyebrows and smirked. He asked, "Do you still remember how you treated the Parkers? Do you remember how you threw my father into prison? Do you remember how I begged you like a dog?" Philip, fortunately, Juan Parker is back! I'm back to seek revenge on you. I'm going to take away everything near and dear to you. I want you to know how it feels to be destitute and homeless." Juan chuckled, then he chortled. There was provocation all over his face. Philip smiled. His eyes were red as he stared at Juan. "Juan, if I can fck you up once, I can fck

you over the second time! Even though I don't know who you met or what you have, let me tell you, in my eyes, you'll always be a loser!" Juan's face turned cold. His eyes were glued on Philip. Then, he pushed away the bodyguards who were shielding him from Philip. The two of them were staring each other down. There was a fire in their eyes. "I've looked you up." Juan smirked. There was malice in his tone. "Pray tell," said Philip calmly. "You're Young Master Clarke," said Juan. "Looks like you have someone powerful supporting you," said Philip. Juan nodded slightly. His eyes were icy as he continued. "I didn't think Philip Clarke, a spineless fool, would actually be the young master of an affluent family. I want to know why you're hiding your identity. Does Wynn know?" Philip replied coldly,

"It's none of your business." "It is." Juan said, "The reason I'm back this time is to seek revenge on you and take Wynn away." "Then, it's up to your skills and abilities. Since you've heard, I'm curious who's behind you?"

"Aren't you afraid of death?" Philip lifted his eyebrow. Juan laughed. He said, "You might piss your pants when I tell you who's behind me, Young Master Clarke." After he said that, he patted Philip's shoulder. There was disdain in his eyes. Philip lifted his hand and swatted Juan's hand away. He walked forward, and extreme coldness started radiating from his body. He said, "Juan, don't force me to kill you!" The temperature of the room plummeted after he said that. It was as if one could hear the crackling of the freezing water particles in the air. Juan's pupils constricted. He could feel a murderous intent coming from Philip. It made him tremble. "How hilarious!

Just watch yourself." Juan said coldly and turned around to leave. When he got to the door, he stopped. He turned around suddenly and said, "Right, about your identity, are you still keeping it a secret from Wynn? Do you need me to tell her?" "Don't you dare!" Philip turned around and roared.

"Haha!" Juan chortled and left after striding out of the room.

## Chapter 464

After Juan left, Philip made a call. His entire body was engulfed with murderous intent. He said, "Investigate one person for me. His name is Juan Parker. I want to know all the people who are backing him." "Daddy."

Suddenly, a childish and sweet voice called out to him. Philip turned his head, and there was a gentle smile on his face. He looked at Mila who just woke up. She was rubbing her sleepy eyes before she held out her hands to ask for cuddles. "Hey, Daddy's here to visit you." Philip walked over with a smile on his face. He carried Mila and started playing with her. They looked very happy. After a while, Anne walked in. When she saw Mr.

Philip, a smile appeared on her face as she asked, "Mr. Philip, why are you here today?" Philip was playing with Mila's toys. He smiled as he answered her, "I'm just here to take a look." Then, he remembered something. He asked, "Oh right, how's your brother?" After he said that, Anne walked over and knelt in front of Philip. She sobbed and thanked him. "My brother and I want to thank you for your kindness in helping us, Mr. Philip. From now on, I'll do anything to pay you back for your grace." Philip was panic-stricken. He helped Anne up and said, "What are you doing? It's nothing.

You don't have to do this." Philip knew Anne was a kind-hearted woman, but she was not good at communicating with others. She would keep everything in her heart. Philip felt heartbroken when he saw Anne sobbing.

There was too much pressure on this young woman's shoulders. "Alright, stop crying. You can pay me and Miss Wynn back by taking good care of Mila, okay?" Philip handed her a piece of tissue. Anne nodded and muttered a reply. Then, she suddenly hugged Philip. She said, "Thank you, Mr.

Philip!" Philip was shocked by this sudden hug. However, he still patted her shoulder lightly to comfort her. "Alright, it's fine now. Just come to me if you need anything." Coincidentally, Martha walked in with a grin on her face and some muffins in her hands. "Mila, Grandma's here!" When Martha walked in, the first thing she saw was Philip and Anne holding each other.

"Ah! You... You two!" Martha exploded from anger instantly! Damn this Philip! He really did have a mistress, and it was Anne! She had seen this

young woman being flirty and coquettish the previous time. Martha was right after all. "I've finally caught you in the act! I'm going to kill both you adulterous swines!" Martha threw away her muffins and barged over with her bag. Philip was puzzled by Martha's sudden appearance. He pulled Anne behind his back and yelled, "Mom, you've misunderstood us! It's not what you think!" How melodramatic! Philip felt extremely troubled right now. "Not what I think? You pair of adulterous swines are holding each other! Do you think I'm blind?" Martha was fuming. She placed her hands on her hips and shouted, "Say, why would you help a young woman who has no connections to you? You beat me up because of this vixen last time and now, I've finally caught you! I want to see how you're going to explain this! I'll

kill you, you scum of the community! You scum!” While she was shouting at them, Martha flung her bag and attacked them. She started slapping, scratching, pulling their hair, and kicking. She did everything she knew how to. Philip felt helpless as well. He did not dare to fight back. Anne tried to stop them on one side. She screamed, “Madam, it’s not what you think! You’ve misunderstood us!” Slap! Martha turned her head and slapped Anne. Then, she pointed at her nose and screeched, “Shut up, you bitch! You vixen! You smell like a whore! You want to seduce my son-in-law?”

You want to destroy their family? I’ll expose you! I’ll ask the hospital to fire you!” While she was hurling abuses, Martha started ripping Anne’s clothes. Anne was just a weak young woman, how could she win against an unreasonable woman like Martha? In a flash, a crowd started gathering at the door. They were making . and gossiping among themselves.

“My word, all of you should be the judge of this. This pair of adulterous swines are carrying on their clandestine love affair in the hospital in front of the child! How shameless!” Martha yelled shrewishly as she started to beat Philip. He pointed at his nose and yelled, “You scum! I’m going to tell Wynn. You two have to get a divorce! You ungrateful wench! The Johnstons provided for you for so many years and you decided to go out and find a mistress? Do you still have morals, Philip?”

#### Chapter 465

Public clamor could obscure the actual truth, and Philip was unable to give a convincing explanation in self-defense. Philip roared, “Enough!” After he said that, he slammed the door shut. He looked at Martha who was still hurling abuses at Anne and asked, “Martha, what the hell do you want?”

Martha’s mouth was dry. She took a sip of water and continued screaming,

“What do I want? You’re doing this immoral thing and you’re not allowing me to talk about it? Let me tell you, this is not over. I’m going to call Wynn now!” After she said that, she took out her phone to pretend to call Wynn.

Then, she looked at Philip and said loudly, “I’m going to call her now! I’m calling now! If Wynn knows about this, there will surely be a divorce on the way!” Would Martha dare to make this call? Of course not. She already knew that Philip was the one who bought First Palace. If she decided to make this small matter into something big, she would not get any advantages. She had to get her hands on First Palace and throw Philip out.

Philip was too savage and scary back in the villa that day. Since then, Martha had not been able to get a good night’s sleep. This guy was a ticking time bomb. What if he decided to abuse them one day? She was scared even if she was just thinking about it. Philip chuckled. He finally understood. He asked, “Tell me, what do you want?” “What do you mean what do I want?”

Hey, Philip, what are you trying to say?” Martha could not lower her ego.

She glared at Philip and asked. Philip chuckled and said, “Since you don’t want anything, then I’ll make this call for you. I’ll tell Wynn myself.” After he said that, he took out his phone to make the call. Now,

Martha was frantic.

She pounced over and snatched away Philip's phone. She said hurriedly,

"Hey, don't think I don't know what you're trying to do. Only I can make this call." While she said that, she glared at Anne and said, "You vixen, get out of here!" Anne wanted to explain, but Philip looked at her and hinted at her to leave with Mila. Now, Philip and Martha were the only ones left in the huge hospital room. Martha was acting like a rich lady. She sat on the

sofa with her legs on top of another. She said arrogantly as if she was sure that she could take down Philip. "Philip, it's very simple. As long as you apologize to me and add your father's and my names to the villa's paperwork, I'll pretend I never saw anything." Martha finally said after holding it in for so long. She looked at Philip and noticed that his face looked oddly calm. What was he thinking? Was he not worried that she would report to Wynn? Philip chuckled. Philip finally understood what Martha was planning. "How do you know I'm the one who bought it?" Philip asked.

Martha was nervous. She answered, "Wynnie told me." She was guilty.

After all, he was the one who bought the villa. If a useless bum like him had the money to buy a villa, then he must be someone special. Now, Martha's entire brain was occupied with Philip's identity and how much money he had. If she could take all of his money, she would be rich. After this, she could enjoy a life of luxury. "However, are you really the one who bought the villa, Philip?" Martha asked. She wanted to hear him say it with her own ears. Philip replied after staying quiet for a while, "Yes." It really was him!

Martha started breathing rapidly. She felt restless. She had just been guessing earlier. She was about 90 percent sure, but now that she finally heard it, she was still excited. "Are you the son of wealthy parents? Will you seek revenge on me after suffering so much for so many years? Why did you come to our family?" Martha was worried about this. She lowered her head and kept on fiddling her thumbs. She felt uneasy. Philip chuckled and said, "Martha, you're not worth seeking revenge upon. If I really wanted to do it, I wouldn't have waited until now. Neither would I be sitting in front of you so peacefully now." Martha let out a sigh of relief. If Philip wanted to seek revenge on her, she would not be able to take it. Giada alone was enough to make her head spin. "Alright, you've already said that. Don't go back on your promise!" Martha said directly. Philip shook his head helplessly. "Right, do you really have rich parents? How much money do you have? When are you taking me to see the in-laws?" Now, Martha was asking with a grin on her face. Her face was all wrinkly from smiling. She

looked so disgusting. "What does it have to do with you if my parents are rich or how much money my family has?" Philip asked in an icy tone. This time, Martha was speechless. She hurled abuses at Philip internally.

However, she still forced out a smile as she said, "Oh, you're still my son-in-law, after all. It's not appropriate that I have yet to meet your parents even after three years." "There's no need for that." Philip got up and said, "About the villa, we'll go do it now. I'm adding your and dad's names." Philip's

train of thought was very simple. The fewer complications, the better. Since Martha cared about the villa so much, then he would just add her name in there so that she would stop making trouble.

## Chapter 466

“Really?” Martha’s eyes grew wide instantly. She was delighted as she kept praising Philip. “Oh, Philip, I was blind back then. I didn’t know you have rich parents. This is great! I’m going to treat you like my biological son.

Come back with Wynnie tonight and I’ll make you both dinner.” Martha looked like a vile person who just had her dreams come true. She would become rich in just one night. The two of them walked out and went back to Longford Park. Philip contacted George beforehand, so everything went smoothly. When Martha saw her name on the certificate of property ownership, she was beaming. “Mom, you should go home first. I still need to take care of some things.” Philip left after he said that. Martha watched as Philip left. She rolled her eyes and muttered, “Hehe, do you think you can flatter me with just a name on a certificate? I want to see just how rich the Clarkes are.” How would it be possible for Martha to call it quits before she emptied all of Philip’s assets? She swayed her hips and went back to the villa. Immediately, she announced this to everyone and hosted a party to celebrate with her friends. Over here, Wynn had been busy for the entire day in her office. She was extremely busy and frustrated about the new marketing platform for the new medicine. Now, Beacon was being pressured by the Andersons from South River District. A lot of their

platforms had been removed. If this went on, Beacon would collapse before they got the funding from Clarke Group of Capital City. After contemplating, Wynn decided to call Clarke Group to see if they had any ideas. She called the number of the chairman of Clarke Group in Capital City, Hudson Cash. “Hello, Mr. Cash.” Wynn chuckled and said. Her voice sounded kind and gentle. Hudson was in a meeting when he got the call, so he stopped the meeting halfway. His attitude was humble, but he did not display it. He said, “Ah, Madam Johnston. How can I help you?” Hudson had been working here for many years. Naturally, he knew something must be wrong if the young madam decided to call. “Mr. Cash, I want to meet Mr. Clarke. Can you help me get in touch with him? I didn’t get a chance to meet him last time, much to my regret. That’s why I want to...” Wynn pondered and told him this reason. Hudson grunted a brief reply. He felt helpless as he said, “Um, Madam Johnston, why don’t I ask Mr. Clarke about his schedule, then? Don’t worry about this.” “Alright, Mr. Cash.

Thank you for your help.” Wynn hung up the phone politely and started pacing back and forth in her office. She was anxious. The situation of her company was detrimental to Beacon. She had to find a new marketing platform. If not, she had no choice but to work with Noah, but Noah was a vicious and greedy beast! 60 percent of the profits. How exorbitant! Back to Hudson. He immediately called Philip and said respectfully, “Young Master, Young Madam wants to see you.” Over here, Philip was on his way to his office. He asked curiously, “What’s wrong? Did something happen to her company?” Hudson said, “Young Master, according to the information obtained by my people, Beacon’s marketing platforms are all blocked by the Andersons from South River District. I think Young Madam might be looking for new



partners. Do you want me to arrange for you to meet with her?" Hudson felt helpless. They were husband and wife, but now they were acting like thieves. However, he did not dare to ask. The young master must have his own reasons for doing this. Philip thought about it for a while and said, "Alright, you're in charge of the arrangements." "Alright, Young

Master." After he hung up the call, Hudson started to make arrangements nervously. Philip pondered for a while. If this was the case, he would just meet her. He would tell her about his identity in a way that Wynn could accept. With this, Philip went back to his company. Then, Agnes brought him to buy clothes in the mall. He even styled his hair and dressed up nicely.

Agne could not move her eyes away from the extremely handsome man in the mirror. Was that really Philip? How handsome! He looked like a young master from a wealthy family. He was oozing with nobility and elegance.

"Let's go." Philip said. He was wearing a neat black Brioni suit and a white shirt. There was a ribbon on his collar and a Christophe Claret DualTow Night Eagle watch on his wrist. The watch alone cost four million yuan.

They made their way to the restaurant Hudson had arranged. It was Sky Garden Restaurant, the most high-end restaurant in Riverdale. The entire restaurant was built on a platform 100 meters above the ground. Underneath it was a sky garden that housed all kinds of blooming flowers. There was also a suspended fountain. The entire place looked out of this world. It was extravagant! It looked like it was something out of a fairy tale! Wynn was dressed very nicely tonight as well. She was wearing a white knee-length dress with crystal fragments on it. Her long hair was in a bun, and her long, slender legs were adorned with a pair of red high heels. She had a red purse in her hand as she sashayed toward the reserved table under the guidance of the server. The entire restaurant had been booked. Wynn was surprised. She did not expect their meeting to be so grand. She was feeling uneasy and excited at the same time. Who was the legendary Young Master Clarke from Capital City? Did she know him? At the same time, Philip was at the entrance. He spotted Wynn who was waiting under the spotlight. From this angle, she looked very beautiful and refined. She was such a perfect woman.

He took the rose from the server and strode over to Wynn.

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Under the spotlight, Philip strode over to Wynn. Suddenly, hurried footsteps approached him. A bodyguard in a black suit stopped Philip hurriedly. He bowed and said deferentially. "Young Master, Madam Wallis is asking you to go back to Cirrus Manor. Master Tim is here." Master Tim? Philip's heart stopped. He turned around to look at Wynn under the spotlight and handed the rose to the server. He said, "I'll be back in a bit. Tell her to wait for me."

After he said that, Philip turned around and ran out of Sky Garden Restaurant. A black Bentley sped on the main highway of Riverdale. It crossed Scarlet Bridge and headed into the mountain that was lush

with greenery. Then, it arrived at Cirrus Manor. Philip could not calm himself after a long time. He frowned. Master Tim was back. Why was he here? Did something happen at home? The car stopped at the entrance of the manor.

There were two rows of bodyguards in black suits along the entrance. The atmosphere was solemn, and Philip could sense that there was something fishy amidst the silence. Philip got out of the car and followed the personal assistant to the hall of the manor. She was wearing a white shirt and a red skirt. After pushing open the heavy door, Philip saw a middle-aged man on the sofa. He had one leg on top of the other, and there was a golden pipe dangling from his lips. He had a mustache and slicked-back hair. There were also white sideburns on both sides of his face. He was wearing an expensive grey checkered suit and was chatting happily with Giada. Master Tim. Tim Clarke. The person in charge of the underground force and influences of the Clarkes. He was also Roger's little brother and Philip's uncle. This person had a meticulous mind and was extremely vicious. However, he was a kind man. When Tim saw Philip, he got up and spread his arms. He walked over to Philip with his pipe and laughed, "Hello, my wonderful nephew. Long time no see! You've grown taller and stronger." Passionate. Philip and Tim hugged each other. The former called out, "Uncle Tim." Tim took in a drag of his pipe and looked at Philip closely. He reached out and patted his shoulder. There was benevolence and gratitude in his eyes as he said, "I can stop worrying now that I've seen you." Giada watched everything

happening. Her expression did not change, but she just smiled slightly as she said, "Sit down. Don't stand there and talk. We're family." "Haha, you're right, Giada. Come, sit next to me." Tim pulled Philip to sit down on the sofa. He said, "I haven't seen you in seven years and you didn't even think to come back to visit me? You rascal!" Philip laughed and scratched his head in embarrassment. Giada interrupted. "Tim, why did you come to Riverdale all of a sudden?" Giada was not prepared for Tim's sudden visit.

Did something happen? However, why was there no news from the people she had planted in the family? "I passed by this place and heard that my nephew is here, so I decided to come and see him." Tim guffawed. He looked at Philip and got up. He said, "Come, Uncle Tim wants to tell you something." Philip peered at Giada who was in a state of shock and followed Tim out of the hall. They came to a scenic area in the manor. They could see the night view of Riverdale over here. "Uncle Tim, why did you come here?" Philip asked. He could not help himself. Tim took a drag on his pipe and dismissed the bodyguards behind him. These people were the warriors of the Clarke family who did not fear death. They were also the most loyal fighters and would only follow Tim's orders. After a long while, Tim squinted his eyes and said, "Phil, you should go back. Actually, your father's the one who asked me to come here." Philip was quiet. Then, he said,

"How's my father?" "Not great. The Clarkes need you now," Tim said, his tone laced with sadness. "I understand." Philip replied. He had mixed feelings as he looked at the night view. His father finally came to this. After he turned around, Tim patted Philip's shoulder and said, "I know what you're worried about. Giada and the Wallises are not your obstacles. Leave them to me and I'll get rid of them for you. When you have time, bring Wynn and Mila to see your father. "What happened back then was not your father's fault. He had his difficulties as well." Tim started reminiscing. He thought about the memory

that was sealed into the deepest part of his head.

That incident was a huge blow to the Clarkes. "I've forgotten about that,"

said Philip. There was a sense of loss and sadness in his eyes. Tim looked

at him and laughed. He said, "I have another thing I need to do on my trip here. This is for you." After he said that, Tim removed a simple and unadorned thumb ring from his thumb. There was the word 'Sovereign'

carved on it. "Roger gave me this back then, and now, I'm giving it to you.

I hope it'll help you. Even though I don't know what you've prepared for all these years, I know you can't be without this when you're fighting against the Wallises." After he said that, Tim handed the thumb ring to Philip like it was nothing. Philip did not dare to accept. He knew what the thumb ring meant! It meant too much! It contained all the military power and force of the entire Clarke family! It could be said that if anyone owned this thumb ring, it would mean that they owned all the military power of the Clarke family! That was a Sovereignty Seal!

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It was just like the family conscription order the previous time. Philip had to go through George and even asked for Giada's advice. Even if they successfully maneuvered the military forces eventually, they would still be met with protests from the uncles and the dissatisfaction of the world-class seniors. However, now that he had the Sovereignty Seal, Philip would be able to maneuver the troops all he wanted and no one would dare say anything about it. That was Tim's power and status. This was the power of the Clarkes. No country in the world would dare to go against the order of the owner of this thumb ring. When they saw this thumb ring, it would be as if they saw the Lord himself. Of course, there were three Sovereignty Seals. They were mutually restrictive. As for the remaining two, one was with Giada and the other one was with Philip's biological mother, Charlotte Larson. However, Charlotte's thumb ring was gone in that accident. Now, everyone only knew about the remaining two rings. "Uncle Tim, I... I can't take this." Philip rejected. He knew what Tim was trying to do. Tim laughed and said, "I've been in the army my entire life. I've spent 20 to 30 years of my youth working for the Clarkes. I'm exhausted. If I hadn't watched you

grow up, I wouldn't know who else I can hand this thing to." Tim wanted to let this item go. "You still have a long future ahead of you. The Wallises are nose. They won't submit to the Clarkes. Giada has planted a lot of her people in our family these few years. There aren't a lot of us in the Clarke family now. I still have to take care of other things. You have to take this Sovereignty Seal." Tim said warmly. He had the air of an elder. At the same time, Giada stood by the window in the hall and watched as the two of them talked outside. Her eyebrows were knitted together as she took a sip of her red wine. "Madam, the people you asked for are ready. We're just waiting for your orders now." Her attractive personal assistant bowed and said behind her. The entire Cirrus Manor was now occupied by the

Wallises. Tim only brought a little over ten people with him this time. They were nothing compared to the Wallises. If Giada wanted to, she could destroy Tim.

However, Tim was like a tiger that had left the jungle for a very long time.

He was no different than a tiger with no teeth. "Dismiss them." Giada said.

She took a sip of her wine and had mixed feelings inside her heart. "Madam, this is a rare chance. We..." The personal assistant was anxious. "Dismiss them!" Giada turned around and looked at her personal assistant with an icy stare. Cold air was radiating from her body. It was terrifying. "Yes, Madam." ... Back at Sky Garden Restaurant. Wynn had been waiting for an hour, but the legendary Young Master Clarke was still nowhere to be seen.

At this moment, Hudson walked over hurriedly and smiled apologetically.

"Madam Johnston, sorry to keep you waiting." Wynn got up and shook hands with Hudson. She smiled. "Mr. Cash, why are you here? Where's Young Master Clarke?" Hudson said apologetically, "I'm sorry, Madam Johnston. Young Master Clarke has some urgent matters he needs to take care of, so I've come in his place instead." Wynn smiled politely and did not say anything. The two of them started chatting happily. In the end, Clarke Group agreed to help Beacon look for a new marketing partner.

Wynn got up and shook Hudson's hand excitedly. She said, "Thank you for trusting Beacon, Mr. Cash." Wynn was still in disbelief. Clarke Group was

so easy-going. Did they really agree to work with them just like that? First, it was the one billion investment. Now, it was the new marketing partner.

Why did this feel like a free lunch? Hudson shook her hand politely and let go of his hand. He said, "Don't thank me. This is all arranged by Young Master Clarke." When Wynn heard that, she pondered. In the end, she asked weakly, "Mr. Cash, about Young Master Clarke... What's he like? Do I know him?" "Um..." Hudson looked troubled. He was not sure whether he should tell Wynn about Philip's identity. "Madam Johnston, actually, you've met our young master before. Moreover, you see him every day,"

Hudson pondered and said with a smile. "I have? Who?" Wynn was puzzled.

She tried to recall the people she met recently, especially the people she saw every day.

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Hudson smiled and did not say anything. The two of them parted ways, and Wynn went back to the villa. Her brain was occupied by what Hudson said just now. 'The person I keep seeing? I know him?' Philip flashed across Wynn's mind. Could it be him? A lot of things had happened lately. When Wynn tried to connect the dots, she felt like she did not understand Philip at all. Who was her husband? What was he hiding? When she thought about that, she opened her bag and took out the bank card Philip gave her.

She decided to check the bank balance tomorrow. One more thing. Wynn rummaged through her drawers and found the gold card that was imprinted with the word 'Wallis'. It was given to her by Giada. Giada had told her that as long as she took this card to any shop with the Wallises' name, she could find Giada. Wynn felt conflicted. It was not that she did not trust Philip, but too many things had been happening recently. She needed to verify this.

Especially what Hudson had said tonight. She started to be suspicious of her own husband's identity. It seemed that her husband was hiding a lot of things from her. Plus, Giada was Philip's stepmother. It was obvious that a woman like her was not just an ordinary restaurant owner. "Wynn, you're

back." At this moment, Martha came in with a glass of warm milk. She was beaming. "Mom, can I help you?" Wynn tidied up and asked. "What are you doing?" Martha looked at the bank card in Wynn's hand. There was also a gold card as well. Martha felt curious. Wynn smiled and put them away. She said, "It's nothing. Right, what do you need?" Martha was not concerned about those things. She smiled and said, "Wynn, let me tell you some great news." Looking at Martha's smiling face, Wynn smiled and asked, "Mom, what happened? Why are you so happy?" Martha said, "The villa is now under your father's and my names now too. From now on, the three of us will legally own this place. Philip can't order us around anymore. Plus, he won't be able to boss me around as well." When Martha thought about this, she was ecstatic. She was finally the owner of a villa. From now on, she did not need to act according to Philip's mood anymore. She had been pretending to be nice in front of him for the past few days. It was so difficult to be obedient. Especially when Philip's cowardly image was already rooted in Martha's mind. When Philip told her he was the one who bought this villa and that he was rich, Martha could not accept it. "Mom, what did you tell Philip?" When Wynn heard that, she was mad. She muttered angrily. She knew her mother was plotting this, but she did not expect that she would get her way. "Hey, what attitude is this? Am I wrong? I did this for the security of our family. Even if Philip is rich now, he's still the Johnston family's son-in-law and my son-in-law. So, he should listen to me. What is his belongs to me, and it means that it belongs to our family too." Martha gritted her teeth, her eyes sparkling. "You weren't like this before. You wanted me to divorce Philip so badly, but now, he's your son-in-law? Mom, you changed so fast." Wynn chuckled. There was contempt in her tone. Martha was mad.

She smacked Wynn on the head and scolded. "Say, you're my daughter.

Why are you always taking the side of an outsider? Even if I was horrible to Philip before, it's because he's just a useless bum. He's so rich, so why is he pretending to be poor in front of us?" Wynn did not want to pay attention to Martha anymore. She was so money-minded. She refused to

exercise restraint even when she knew Philip was rich now. She was so stubborn. "Sigh, Wynn, do you think Philip is guarding against us? He stayed in our home for three years like a coward. Do you think it's because he doesn't want us to use his money? If this is the case, I don't agree with this at all." Martha shook her head and said, "So, that kid is trying to play this with us, huh? Wynn, you have to side with me this time. Let me get my hands on all of his money. That'll be our compensation. Compensation for what he owes us for three whole years." "Mom, why are you so unreasonable?" Wynn's head was

hurting. She was about to die from anger.

“Back then, you looked down on Philip because he didn’t have money. You scolded him and hit him, but did he hold a grudge against you? Now that Philip has money, you’re still looking down on him. Moreover, you still want to gang up with me to scam him for his money? Mom, are you a dotard? What are you thinking?” That was Wynn’s last straw. What was wrong with her mother? How could she be so out of line? Martha was infuriated. She glared at Wynn and scolded. “You thankless wrench! I’ve raised you for more than 20 years. Do you think I’m doing this for myself?

I’m doing this for you and our family! I’m doing this so that you can have a better future!” “Stop! You know who you’re really doing this for. I won’t follow your bad examples. Philip is my husband and I believe him.” Wynn said firmly. “You believe him?” Martha scoffed. There was sarcasm on her face. “Wynn, I’m not criticizing you, but you’re so stupid. All men will become evil after they have money. Plus, Philip has been hiding this from us for three years. Do you even know what he has been doing in these three years? How can you be sure he doesn’t have mistresses outside? What if he already has children with them?” Martha was enraged when she thought about what she saw this morning in the hospital. Philip was not a good person. All men were trash.

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When Wynn heard this, she felt uneasy. She asked, “Mom, how can you think of Philip like this? Don’t you know what kind of person Philip is?”

“What kind of person is he?” Martha rolled her eyes sarcastically and said earnestly, “Wynn, you won’t go wrong if you trust me. I went through this before. Philip is definitely a playboy. You have to prepare yourself. Let’s not talk about other things. We’ll just talk about this villa. We have to get our hands on this villa. That way, the three years you’re married to him won’t be a waste. You gave him a child and you have another one coming.

If he decides to be unfaithful in the future and divorce you, what will you do?” “Mom, please leave. Can you stop spewing nonsense?” Wynn was extremely annoyed. Her mother really had the guts to say anything. After she said that, she took her clothes to the toilet. Martha was fuming. She sat in the bedroom and poured the milk into the rubbish bin. She scolded Wynn.

“You thankless wench, you don’t understand me. Your father and you are both thankless wenches!” After grumbling for a while, she exited the room.

Half an hour later, Wynn put on her windbreaker and left the villa. Then, she drove to one of the shops next to the streets of Riverdale. It was registered under the Wallises’ name. Wynn parked the car and got out. She put on her sunglasses and flicked her long, wavy hair. Then, she strutted into the shop. It was a shop that sold jade. “Hello, Madam, what do you need?

These are our latest nephrite.” The shopkeeper walked out with a Boccero teapot. He was wearing a pair

of gold-rimmed glasses and was looking at Wynn from head to toe. Wynn did not waste any time. She took out the card Giada gave her from her bag and handed it to the shopkeeper. She said, "I want to see her." When the shopkeeper saw the card, he took it nonchalantly.

After he saw the logo and the simple 'Wallis' printed on the card, he was stunned. "Um... Um... Please wait!" The shopkeeper did not dare to waste any more time. He ran to the courtyard behind the shop and called the butler.

He said, "Jensen, there's a customer in the shop. She has the Wallis Gold Card. She said she wants to meet the madam." "I got it." The person on the other end of the phone hung up quickly. Then, the shopkeeper returned to

the hall and asked Wynn to wait for a bit. In less than five minutes, three black Benzes stopped in front of the shop. A few bodyguards in black suits got out and came to the shop. "Miss Wynn, the madam asked for you." The head of the bodyguards said to Wynn while bowing respectfully. Wynn was stunned. After contemplating for a while, she followed them out of the shop and into the car. Then, the car sped into the night. After it crossed Scarlet Bridge, it headed to Cirrus Manor. Back at Cirrus Manor. After Philip and Tim chatted, they went back to the main hall. There was a gentle smile on Giada's face. She looked at the two of them and said, "I've asked the butler to prepare dinner. Do you want to stay for dinner?" Philip replied coldly,

"There's no need for that. I still have something I need to take care of." After he said that, Philip turned around to leave. However, on the other side, Giada smiled and said, "Philip, don't go yet. A guest is coming. I think you should meet her." A guest? Philip turned around and looked at Giada in disbelief.

She noticed there was something unreadable in her smile. The smile looked gentle, but it could freeze someone's heart. It was as if one would fall into a bottomless abyss if they were careless. What was she trying to do? Just then, three Benzes stopped in front of the entrance of Cirrus Manor. Wynn walked out of the car and was stunned by the extravagant manor. Where was this? She followed the maid and walked slowly to the center of the manor.

She was careful of her every step. "Miss Johnston, please wait." The maid smiled at her and pushed open the door in front of her. Creak! Inside the hall, the heavy door was pushed open. Philip turned around and...

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After the unadorned and heavy door was pushed open, Philip turned around and saw a figure. The man had a red and golden cane with a dragon's head.

He was over 70 years old and was slightly hunchbacked. His eyes were squinted, and there was a slight smile on his face. He stood at the door like a mountain. Everyone in the hall did not dare to breathe in his presence.

Even if he had restrained his temperament quite well, the reputation and

talent in his bones were able to make Philip frown. Jack Wallis. The current person in charge of the Wallis family. Giada's father. This person was extremely conceited and arrogant. He spent 40 years making the Wallises into the biggest family. They were just below the Clarkes. This person was also super ambitious. Behind Jack was a middle-aged man who looked about 40 to 50 years old. His hair was grey, and he was wearing a pair of black glasses. He held a briefcase in his hand and had a black suit on with a tie.

He kept nodding his head, but it was nothing peculiar. However, all of them in the room knew that the person must be someone extraordinary if Jack was keeping him around. That man was also looking at Philip in an oddly calm manner. However, this calmness felt like a calamity to Philip. Woosh! A figure appeared in the hall. A man who was as tense as a jaguar suddenly appeared next to Philip. No one knew when he came in. He looked like he was ready to kill. He had a handsome face, and his eyes were cold. It was as if he was looking at his prey when he stared at the middle-aged man behind Jack. Rick Davenport. He was a child that Roger took in since he was young.

He went through all kinds of difficult training so that he could become the sharp knife that protected Philip. This sharp knife could only belong to Philip. Only Philip and Roger knew about Rick's existence. He was a sharp knife that could defeat any enemies. Seven years ago, Philip had asked him to go overseas. He only came back recently. This short period of time felt like a century. The aura of death in the room was so thick that it was going to explode. Giada looked at the back of the man in front of Philip. She recognized him immediately. The last time Philip came here, that was the assassin he brought! "Steven." Jack said in a deep voice. He sounded dissatisfied. The middle-aged man behind him bowed immediately and toned down the aura of death around him. "Yes, Old Master." The middle-aged man said respectfully. His tone and attitude were filled with respect and fear. Philip lifted his eyebrow and looked at Rick. Then, the latter also toned down his aura and stood to one side. He leaned against the ornamented pillar and fiddled with his dagger. His eyes never once left the middle-aged

man. Philip and Tim did not dare to waste any second as Jack strode into the hall. His cane clicked against the tiles loudly. Why was this old man here all of a sudden? "Father." Giada walked over and helped Jack over to the sofa. Philip and Tim looked at each other before the latter guffawed loudly.

He said, "Haha, I didn't think I'd get to see the current person in charge of the Wallises." After he said that, Tim sat down. He was not scared at all.

The Clarkes were never afraid of strangers. There was nothing in this world that the Clarkes were scared of. The Wallises were not enough to cause fear.

Jack Wallis was also not enough to cause fear. This was Tim's confidence and arrogance. Jack squinted his eyes and laughed. He said, "Tim, even your brother has to call me Father if he's here today." Tim's expression froze.

There was coldness in his eyes as he said, "Jack Wallis, using your seniority to pressure me won't work



here. I, Tim Clarke, will only believe and trust the power in my hands. I can't stand people like you. You are halfway through the gates of hell and you still want to spew bullsh\*t with your seniority." Giada's face was icy. She said coldly, "Tim, he's my father and your brother's father-in-law. Don't you think it's beneath the Clarkes'

dignity to talk to him this way?" Giada was not happy with Tim's attitude toward her father. In her opinion, no one was allowed to disrespect her father this way. Even if the other party was Tim Clarke. "Giada, I addressed you as my sister-in-law back then because I was polite. Now, you're nothing to me, do you understand?" Tim took a drag of his pipe and smirked. His mustache was filled with provocation. Woosh, woosh! In a flash, more than ten fighters in black suits appeared from all corners of the hall. They surrounded the area in a blink of an eye. Everyone was holding a gun, and their faces were serious. There was an aura of death in the air as they waited for the madam's order. In an instant, the atmosphere in the room became abnormally tense and somber. Behind the crowd, Giada's personal assistant walked out and stood in front of her. She bowed and said deferentially,

"Madam, he disrespected the old master! We should kill him!" Giada's eyes went wide. She glared at the personal assistant angrily and slapped her

heavily across the face. She yelled, "Who asked you to come in? Get out now!" Woosh! Everyone exited the room once again.

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Tim sat on the sofa and threw his head back in laughter. "Giada, you Wallises are always so impatient. How can you achieve something big in the future?" Philip sat at one side the entire time and did not utter a word.

He knew his Uncle Tim was the one standing up for him now. Giada's face fell, and the corner of her lips twitched. She wanted so badly to kill Tim now. That way, the Clarkes would have one less person in charge. However, she did not dare to. She had restraining fear about the power in Tim's hands.

Of course, Tim also had restraining fear about Giada's power after so many years. The two of them fought openly and maneuvered covertly for so many years. Other than that, they would also restrict each other. "Alright, we're all family." Jack finally opened his mouth. He sat at the main sofa with both of his hands resting on his dragon head cane. He looked at Philip and asked with sudden interest, "This must be Roger's son, Philip. He's outstanding indeed. He looks very much like his father. Very much." Philip snorted. He got up and placed his hands into his pockets. He said, "I'm sorry, the Clarkes and the Wallises are not one family. I thought the Wallises had something incredible up their sleeves. If the person in charge of the Wallises is a sad old man like you, then I'm beyond disappointed." Giada and Jack were stunned by the statement. The two of them frowned. Giada's gaze was icy and frigid. She said to Philip in a low voice, "Philip, do you know what you're saying?" Philip shrugged nonchalantly and said, "I shall repeat myself. I, Philip Clarke, the son of Roger Clarke, is 25 years old today. And you, Jack Wallis,

are more than 70 years old, correct?" After he said that, Philip left the hall. Jack could only sit and watch Philip's departing back.

Tim guffawed and got up to leave the hall as well. 'The sons of the Clarkes are different indeed!' The atmosphere in the hall was solemn. "Father, what do you think about him?" Giada sat next to Jack and steeped his tea for him.

Jack squinted his eyes as a cold smile appeared on his lips. He said, "Roger has a good son. This is the first time someone has talked to me this way."

After he said that, Jack started to feel emotional. 'I'm in my 70s now.

There's such a difference when I see myself next to that kid Philip.' 'There's not much time left.' "Steven, what can you see?" Jack asked the middle-aged man next to him. The middle-aged man finally spoke and replied, "He has the air of a monarch." Clank! Jack's face turned green. He had the air of a monarch! There was already someone with the air of a monarch in the Clarke family and there was one more? When would the Wallises get out of this predicament? "Impossible!" Jack had been calm the entire time, but now, he was in a rage as he smashed the tea set into pieces. He slammed his cane down on the tiles heavily and said angrily, "Why does he have the air of a monarch? No! This can't happen! Roger has been pressuring the Wallises for 40 years! Should a punk like Philip pressure the Wallises in the next 40 years too?" "Father, please don't be mad." Giada hurriedly helped Jack to take a seat. Jack was livid. She patted his chest gently and said, "I'm almost ready. The Wallises won't lose this time. This world belongs to the Wallises." At this moment, the maid who served Wynn walked in. She placed her hands on her stomach and said deferentially, "Madam, Miss Wynn is waiting for you in the guest hall." Giada nodded and asked her people to arrange a room for Jack to rest in. On the other hand, she tidied herself and walked toward the guest hall. Wynn had been waiting for more than ten minutes in the guest hall. She did not dare to wander around. This place was too opulent. At the same time, she heard movements outside the door. "Phil, I came here in such a hurry this time, so I didn't prepare any gifts for you. This is the gold lock I bought on the way, it's for..." "Uncle Tim, you don't need to..." That voice sounded so familiar. It sounded like Philip. The voices became softer and softer, so Wynn hurriedly went to the door and looked in the direction of the voices.

## Chapter 473

"Wynn, why did you come looking for me so suddenly?" At the same time, Giada walked into the guest hall with a gentle smile on her face. She stood in front of Wynn and obstructed her view. Giada looked like another woman compared to when she was in the hall. Wynn saw the two figures vaguely before they disappeared into the night and out of the manor. "Aunt Giada,"

said Wynn politely. Giada grabbed her arm and sat down on the sofa. She asked her servants to prepare some desserts. Over here, Philip and Tim had already exited the manor. Philip turned around suspiciously. He thought he heard Wynn's name being called just now. He shook his head, opened the

car door, and got in. Back to Wynn. She was still feeling uneasy, especially when she was facing Giada. This woman was Philip's stepmother, and Philip had some misunderstandings with her. "Wynnie, come, freshly made desserts. It's a specialty in the South River District." Giada smiled warmly as she picked up a slice of green cake to hand it to Wynn with her slender fingers. Wynn nodded slightly and took it politely. She said, "You don't have to trouble yourself with this, Aunt Giada." Giada lifted her eyebrow and looked behind her to dismiss the servants. Giada and Wynn were the only people left in the guest hall now. Giada was well-mannered and classy.

She exuded confidence and arrogance. She looked at Wynn with a smile and asked after opening her mouth, "Are you here so late in the night because of Philip?" It was true that Wynn was starting to suspect him. Giada squinted and looked at the nervous Wynn. She already had a plan. "Aunt Giada."

Wynn contemplated for a while and asked, "Philip told me that his family are restaurant owners. Is it really that simple?" Wynn's eyes were wide. She looked at Giada, anxious to know the answer. "Correct." Giada smiled warmly. "Philip is right. We are indeed restaurant owners, but..." Wynn was shocked. There was indeed something else. "But the restaurant we own might be much grander than what you have in mind. As for why Philip refuses to tell you, maybe he's worried that you won't be able to accept this.

The reason I'm in Riverdale now is to talk business and also to ask Philip to go back with me. Back then, he fought with his father and ran away from

home. His father has been feeling remorseful all these years. Now that his father is sick, he doesn't have much time. I hope you'll help me talk to him so that he goes home to visit his father." Giada said flatly. Her tone was indifferent. She wanted to force Philip to go back to break the boundary protocol that had been set for so many years. That way, she could continue with her plan. Wynn heard that and shuddered. Her father-in-law was sick?

"Alright, I'll talk to him." Wynn said while getting up, "Aunt Giada, if there's nothing else, I'll be heading home." Giada got up as well and said,

"I'll ask someone to send you home. If you have time, you can come anytime you want. Just treat this as your home." Wynn smiled and pushed her hair behind her ear. She said, "Aunt Giada, if you have time tomorrow, come have dinner at my place. I can arrange for Philip to talk to you."

"Alright, thank you so much, Wynnie." Giada was smiling happily. She walked over and hugged Wynn. She looked like a benevolent mother.

Before she left, Wynn asked, "Aunt Giada, this manor..." Giada crossed her arms across her chest and looked at the huge manor. She said, "It's bought with family money. It'll belong to you and Philip in the future." Clank!

Wynn was stunned. This manor was so extravagant, and it was bought by Philip's family?! How much did it cost? 'Alright, Philip, you rascal. How dare you hide this from me?' Wynn was slightly mad. She turned around to leave the manor. Then, she drove the Mercedes-Benz back to the villa. ...

“Wynn, where did you go?” Philip had come back before Wynn. When he saw her walk through the door, he approached her with a smile. However, Wynn glared at him coldly and pulled him into the bedroom. Slam! The door was slammed shut. Downstairs, Martha came out of her room sneakily and tiptoed upstairs. She leaned against the door of their room to eavesdrop.

“Philip, do you know where I came back from?” Wynn sat on the huge bed.

She was fuming as she asked with an icy expression on her face. Philip was confused and asked with a stupid grin, “Where?” “Aunt Giada’s place.”

Wynn crossed her arms across her chest and looked at Philip heatedly. She was looking at the change in expression on his face. Philip was shocked, but

then, he chuckled and asked, “Why did you go looking for her all of a sudden?” Oh no! Why did Wynn go to Giada? Was she getting suspicious of him? What did Giada say to Wynn? Philip was beyond frantic.

#### Chapter 474

“Philip, is there anything you’re hiding from me?” Wynn asked and looked intensely at Philip. Philip approached her and held her in his arms. He smiled and said, “No. What are you thinking? I’ve told you everything I need to.” Philip was betting that Giada had not said anything to her. He knew she would not tell Wynn anything. If that was the case, he could bring Wynn and Mila back home in a right and proper manner. As for why he refused to tell Wynn his real identity, Philip had his own considerations as well. Wynn came from an ordinary family. She did not have the foundation nor a huge family as her backing. If Philip revealed who he was or if he brought them home, the Wallises and the other powers might want to take action against them. In this world, the Wallises were not the only family eyeing the Clarkes. The situation now was like a tug of war. The end of the rope with more people would most likely be the winning side. Once Philip broke this equilibrium, the chain reaction would happen. A lot of them would have an acrimonious falling out, and they would break all relations with the Clarkes. In this situation, it would be impossible for Philip to protect Wynn and Mila with all his heart. Philip was like a weed now. No one would bother him. However, this weed could still grow into a huge tree.

As such, everyone would step on this weed with no mercy. Hence, he could only take one step at a time to make himself stronger—so strong until he was not afraid of anyone or any authorities out there. Then, finally, he could announce it to the whole world. Wynn turned her body and rolled her eyes at Philip. She said, “Aunt Giada told me that your restaurant business is not as measly as you say.” Philip frowned and asked hurriedly, “Did she tell you the details?” Wynn shook her head and said, “This is what I want to ask you.

I’m your wife, so why are you hiding this from me? “Philip, how big is your

family business?” Philip let out a sigh of relief internally. Then, he pretended to look indifferent and explained. “Wynn, actually, my family...” Thud! Suddenly, the door was opened from the outside.

Martha fell down by the door, and her eyes went wide. She smiled awkwardly at the two of them on the bed. "Oh, um, Wynn, I need to see you for a bit. Come with me." Martha got up immediately. She peered at them and left while swaying her fat bottom. Wynn and Philip looked at each other helplessly.

They were utterly speechless with Martha's behavior. Wynn got up and said,

"I'll go downstairs for a bit." After she said that, she went out of the room and headed to the living room. Then, she saw Martha on the sofa, fuming.

She had heard Philip and Wynn's conversation just now. Damn this Philip.

How dare he hide so many things from them? A restaurant owner? It must be a franchise if he had so much money! "Mom, what do you need me for?"

Wynn walked over. She did not sit down. Martha pulled Wynn to sit down quickly. She looked at the second floor and asked with a low voice,

"Wynn, tell me, what does Philip's family do? I heard you guys saying that they own restaurants?" Wynn knew her mother would ask about this, so she did not plan to hide it. She said, "Yeah, his family owns restaurants.

I only found out about this recently. If there's nothing else, I'll be heading upstairs now." After she said that, Wynn turned around to leave. Martha was frantic. She grabbed Wynn and said, "You stupid girl, why did you only tell me now?" "Mom, what are you trying to do?" Wynn was speechless. She knew her mother was up to something again. "What will I do? Of course, I only do things if it's for your own good. Since Philip has a huge family business, why didn't he tell you sooner? Say, do you think he has some ulterior motives? I'm telling you, Wynn, you have to side with me. I'll get all of his family's properties for you!" Martha said firmly. Wynn shook her head helplessly. Her face went cold as she said, "Mom, stop fooling around, okay?" After she said that, she went upstairs. In the living room, Martha mumbled to herself, "I'm fooling around? It's all for your own good! You thankless wench!" The next day, Wynn and Philip left the villa. Martha was

about to leave as well. However, when she got to the door, a figure blocked her. "Who are you? Don't you have eyes? Who let you into my home?"

Martha was rummaging through her bag. She just started yelling without looking properly. "Martha Yates." Suddenly, a cold voice struck terror into Martha's heart. That voice was too familiar! She lifted her head quickly and saw an extremely dignified woman in front of her. Martha felt like a bug standing in front of this woman. Giada! Why was she here? Slap! Giada lifted her hand and slapped Martha. Martha's eyes went wide as her jaw dropped open after being slapped. She did not make a sound for a long while. "Didn't I tell you not to be so arrogant?" Giada said in a frigid tone.

There were eight bodyguards in black suits and sunglasses behind her.

## Chapter 475

Martha could not bring herself to fight back and be unreasonable in front of Giada. This woman was too overbearing! She was only ferocious in her own territory. She would only be aggressive toward Philip. If she was with an outsider, she would be so cowardly that she would not even dare to let out a fart. Martha was petrified, especially when she was faced with an overbearing woman like Giada. "I-I..." Martha stammered and clutched her face. She did not know what to say. Slap! Giada slapped her again. She said sternly, "Martha Yates, I'm warning you. Get rid of all of your little tricks.

Do you think the Clarkes are weak? Did you forget what I warned you the last time?" Martha was such a commoner. She really forgot about the pain once the scar was healed. She was the most shameless kind of person on earth. "I-I didn't..." Martha clutched her face and lowered her head. Her entire body was trembling. She did not dare to look Giada in the eye. Giada peered at her coldly and walked into the villa. After looking around, she sat down on the sofa in the living room. Martha ran over to pour her a cup of tea. She handed it to Giada flatteringly and in fear. She said, "Um, Madam Wallis, please have some tea." Giada did not take it, so Martha could only place it on the coffee table. She was about to sit down. "Who asked you to

sit?" Giada's sudden words caused Martha to stand up straight. Her entire back was drenched with sweat. She peered at the eight bodyguards behind Giada from the corner of her eyes, and her heart was pounding in her chest.

If these people were to beat her up, she would be dead. When she thought about this, Martha immediately knelt. She began to beg. "Madam Wallis, please don't hit me. I was wrong. I won't do it again. I'll be good to Philip, I'll treat him as if he's my biological son." Giada was stunned. However, her expression remained calm. She did not expect that someone could be so shameless. 'Philip, as the heir and bloodline of the Clarkes, you would go as far as to let this commoner bully you for three years. 'What a spineless fool.' When Giada did not say anything, Martha was like a cat on a hot tin roof. She kept kowtowing and slapping herself. She apologized. "Madam Wallis, I-I'm just a useless piece of trash. Please don't fuss over minor matters with me. You don't need to fuss over someone like me. I know my mistakes." Finally, Martha started bawling. Giada was annoyed. She got up and said, "Martha Yates, you better watch yourself. If I catch wind that you still hold malicious intentions against him, I'll break all of your nerves, skin you, then throw you into the river to feed the fishes." Martha knelt on the floor, her entire against it. She let out a sigh of relief when she watched Giada walk away. Her entire body went limp. "You damn btch! Btch!"

Martha yelled. She had never suffered this kind of grievance before. Over here, Philip was on his way to Beacon. Then, he got a phone call from Melody. It was Theo's daughter. "Philip, do you miss me?" When Philip heard her soft and sweet voice, goosebumps started to appear on his skin.

How did she get his phone number? Philip was feeling vigilant. She asked,

"Miss Zander, why are you looking for me so early in the morning?"

Melody's voice was soothing. There was an icy tone in her voice as she said,

"Are you free this afternoon?" Philip was puzzled. There must be something wrong when a pretty girl decided to ask him out randomly. "No, I'm not."

Philip rejected. On the other end of the call, Melody giggled and said,

"Alright then, I'll pick you up later." "Wait, what do you mean? Don't do

anything rash. We're from different generations," Philip said. However, the call was hung up. Philip was feeling helpless, but he pretended that nothing had happened. It was just a prank by a child. When he got to the office, the receptionists were hiding from Philip. They ran away when he greeted them.

Philip was confused, but he just shrugged helplessly. What was going on?

The reason he came over today was to look at the situation in the company.

Hudson had told her about his meeting with Wynn last night. After contemplating, Philip asked George to do something. From now on, he would be an employee in Beacon. He wanted to see what Giada was trying to do. When he was in the office, the employees in the marketing department who were celebrating and chatting about hitting the quarter year quota were all stunned when they saw him. Then, they scrambled back to their seats.

None of them were talking anymore. It was as if they were hiding from the god of misfortune. The atmosphere of the office was extremely somber.

Philip was puzzled. He could not understand what was going on. He shook his head helplessly. "Philip, how dare you show your face here?" Mindy appeared all of a sudden in front of Philip. She peered at the entrance of the office sneakily. It was as if she was trying to prevent someone from coming in. Philip lifted his head and furrowed his brows. "What's going on?" Mindy approached him and whispered in his ear, "I advise you to get out now.

According to reliable sources, our vice-chairman is going after you!"

Houston? Philip frowned. When he was about to say something, two people barged in from the door.

Chapter 476

"Philip, why are you here?" There was a smirk on Houston's face. He stood at the door and looked at Philip with a mocking look on his face. "And you too Mindy, what are you doing? You're always loitering and not doing work! Do you want to be fired?" "No, Sir, I'm..." Mindy was scared. She wanted to explain, but she was interrupted by Houston. "What do you mean no? I think you don't want this job anymore." Houston's eyes turned dark.

"You're always running around during office hours and not doing any work.

You're fired!" Philip's face fell as he yelled, "Mr. Michaels, you don't have to target other people

because of me, right? If you want to come for me, you can come for me. This has nothing to do with Mindy.” “Philip...” Mindy was touched. She wiped away the tears in her eyes. The corner of his lips upturned as he said, “Mr. Michaels, I forgot to tell you. From now on, I’m also an employee at Beacon.” Beep! Everyone in the office was stunned.

Philip was their colleague now? Did Madam Johnston arrange this? Houston shuddered. His face twitched, and he said angrily, “What are you talking about? I’m the vice-chairman of this company. When did you become one of our employees? Why do I not know about this?” Philip said flatly, “So, you’re aware that you’re only the vice-chairman, huh? It’s not surprising that you don’t know about this.” “What did you say?” Houston was mad.

He pointed at Philip and yelled, “You unbridled fool! Even if I’m the vice-chairman, I still have control over you. Beacon can’t have an employee who disrespects their superiors! I’m going to ask HR to fire you now!” Houston snorted internally. He was sure that Philip only got in here because of his relationship with Wynn. ‘Alright, Wynn, I see that you’ll go as far as bending the rules to favor your husband. ‘Do you think your family owns this company?’ If Philip knew this, he would have laughed and said, ‘Yeah, it’s owned by her family. No, it’s bought by her family.’ Their argument could be heard in the chairwoman’s office. “They’re acting like children!”

Wynn furrowed her brows and walked over to the marketing department while her high heels clicked under her. In the end, what she saw shocked her. Philip was swinging his fist at Houston’s face! “Stop it!” Wynn yelled frantically. It would be too horrifying to imagine what would happen if that punch had landed. “Philip Clarke, what are you doing?” She ran over to the two of them, then glared at Philip. “Well, well...” Houston was trembling in anger. He was scared by the imposing manner being emitted from Philip’s body. He tugged on his tie and said viciously, “Madam Johnston, you saw what happened. Your husband of the year even wants to punch me. Does he

even respect me as a vice-chairman? Even if you’ve hired him as a new employee using your relationship with him, does he even know the rules?”

New employee? Wynn was troubled. What the hell was going on? She turned around to look at Philip and pulled him to one side. She asked,

“What’s going on? Why are you here?” He shrugged and smiled innocently.

“I’m here for work.” When Wynn heard this, there was a puzzled expression on her face. She asked, “For work?” Then, she covered her mouth and burst out laughing. She was not laughing at him, but rather, it was an accident.

She asked, “How is it possible that you’re here? Alright, I know you’re worried about me. Go home first. I can handle this.” Philip felt helpless. He took out his offer letter from his pocket and handed it to Wynn. “I really am here for work.” After Wynn took the offer letter, she was stunned. P-Philip was her assistant? Why did she not know about this? “H-How did you get in here and how did you become my assistant?” Wynn was puzzled.



## Chapter 477

Philip touched her nose and said, "Your husband is still capable, okay? From now on, I'm your knight." Wynn rolled her eyes at him shyly. Over here, Houston was gritting his teeth in anger. He looked at the couple who were walking over and yelled, "Madam Johnston, you have to give me an explanation for what happened today. If not, I'll report you to the board of directors!" Wynn walked over with a cold expression on her face. She said,

"Everyone, this is our new colleague, Philip Clarke. From now on, he's my assistant." Clap, clap, clap! The thunderous claps drowned out Houston's protest instantly. Everyone had their opinions about what happened. Philip really led his life while depending on women. He became the chairwoman's assistant just like that. How shameless it was to depend on a woman to climb the corporate ladder. However, Philip did not care. He would only stay for a few days. "Alright, just you wait!" Houston knew he would not achieve his goal today, so he left with his assistant angrily. Philip smiled and waved.

"Mr. Michaels, I'll be waiting for your arrival at the chairwoman's office."

After he said that, Wynn pulled his ear and dragged him into her office. On the other end of the door, everyone could hear all kinds of chatter and sounds of amusement in the room. "Darling, don't tire yourself out. It's not good if you tire the baby." Philip was kneeling on the floor while listening to Wynn's stomach. Wynn pushed him away. She laughed and scolded. "What are you listening to? It hasn't even been that long!" Philip laughed and ran behind Wynn to massage her shoulders for her. At the same time. At the South River District, inside the branch of Anderson Group, Noah slammed down on his desk in the general manager's office. He pushed a stack of documents to the floor, and in the process, smashed a lot of decorations. He pointed at his subordinates in front of him and roared, "Useless swines! Is it so hard to catch one person? How did I manage to hire you? "Good-for-nothing! Pieces of trash!" Noah was fuming. He went over and kicked the two of them. Then, the ringtone of his phone interrupted his anger. He looked at the caller ID of his phone and frowned. He tugged his tie and composed his breathing. He said, "Hello, Mr. Michaels..." Before Noah could finish speaking, he heard Houston's angry yells from the other side of the phone. "Noah Anderson, is this how you do things? You promised to take down Wynn that day, so what's going on now? Explain!" Judging from his voice, Houston was also enraged. Noah furrowed his eyebrows together and controlled the anger in his heart. He said, "Mr. Michaels, don't worry.

There's a minor hiccup. I'll handle everything." "A minor hiccup? What minor hiccup?" "I invited Wynn to dinner alone. I was planning to take her down on the spot. Who knew she brought another person over and I almost got alcohol poisoning!" Noah still had lingering fears. He did not expect Philip to have such good tolerance. "Is there someone else who can drink more than you? Who?" Naturally, Houston would not believe him. "It's her useless husband, Philip!" When Noah mentioned this name, he gritted his teeth in anger. "Why is it him again? I don't want to hear your explanation.

Remember your promise to me! If not, all our previous promises will be voided!" "Mr. Michaels, Mr.

Michaels..." Noah grabbed his phone and

jumped up in anger. He then smashed his phone into pieces. "Fck! How dare he hang up on me? Does he fcking think he's all that? He's just one of the useless Michales who doesn't know anything! Houston, do you really think I'm your runner?" Noah was seething. He removed his tie and stood in front of the french window. He looked down on the city streets. The glass reflected his icy expression. His eyes were filled with malice. "Contact all of the brothers in my family. I have to take down Wynn! And tell them to come here with their people to take care of Philip. Money is not a problem."

Noah's face was dark. There was an unquestionable deviousness on his face.

He continued. "I don't want to see this person in Riverdale ever again!"

"Yes, Young Master." ... Time passed in a blink of an eye. Philip got off work earlier to visit Mila in the hospital. "Philip." Suddenly, a sweet and young voice called out his name. Philip turned around and saw a pair of mesmerizing long legs walking over to him. It was Melody. She was wearing a sky blue tracksuit, and her hair was in a high ponytail. The skin on her neck was as white as snow. One would not be able to control themselves from gulping, especially after seeing her ample bosoms. She looked pristine and formidable-looking. She also had a smoking hot body!

Philip's eyes twinkled. It was rare to see such a classy goddess, so he could not help but stare. However, he was just admiring her from afar. Why was this young woman dressed like this?

## Chapter 478

When Melody was near, Philip finally came back to his senses. He asked in confusion, "Can I help you?" Melody was too good-looking. Her face was dainty, and even though she was bare-faced, her skin was flawless and smooth. She was a natural beauty. "Did you forget? I told you I'll come to pick you up." Melody was slightly annoyed, but she did not display it. Was this guy trying to play dumb? Philip had no choice. He turned his head and said, "I don't have time. I need to go to visit my daughter in the hospital."

Melody was taken aback. What was up with this guy? She came all the way

to pick him up, but he was not appreciative of her kind gesture. Did he not know how many guys were dreaming and yearning of going on a date with her? How could he not know what was good for him? This was her first time asking a man out! It did not matter if he was married! Melody was a girl who was not afraid to love or hate. She wanted to ask Philip out to tell him how she felt. Even if she became a despicable mistress, she would not mind at all. "No, you have to come with me!" Melody did not care. She pulled Philip into the car immediately. Melody had already made reservations at a western restaurant. The two of them sat opposite each other. Neither of them said anything. "Why did you take me here?" Philip did not want things to get awkward, so he spoke first. "Hehe, it's nothing. I just want to have a meal with you." Melody giggled and said. Philip was not stupid. He chuckled and crossed his arms

across his chest. "We're here now. Can I leave?" "Hehe, this little girl has so many tricks up her sleeves. 'Theo, you didn't educate your daughter well enough.' If Theo was here now, he would have knelt before him in terror. When Melody heard this, she panicked. She grabbed Philip who was about to leave and explained. "Not so fast. I have something to ask you." Philip sat down and waited for her to speak. Melody chewed on her straw. She looked slightly seductive. She took a sip of her iced drink and supported her chin with her hands. Then, she looked at Philip with an infatuated gaze and said, "I like you." Philip finally understood. This little brat indeed had something planned. Philip contemplated for a while and said, "Little girl, I know I'm charming, but I'm married and I already have a cute daughter. Do you understand? How old are you now? You have to control your budding love." "I know, but I like you." Melody giggled.

Hmm? Was Melody deaf? Girls like her caused the most trouble. Philip pondered and finally, he rejected. "But I don't like you. I only love my wife and daughter. If there's nothing else, I'm going to leave." When Melody heard that, her excited face fell as she said in regret, "Do you really not like me? I can stay with you every day. As long as you want to, I can fly to you immediately." "Mel, why are you here?" Suddenly, there was a cold voice

behind Philip. Then, three figures walked over. Philip did not see the leader clearly, but he was dressed nicely. It was obvious his family had money.

When he came in, he pointed at Philip while holding his head high. He had an angry expression on his face. "Mel, why are you eating with a man like this? No wonder you said you didn't have time to spend with me when I asked you out. You're lying to me!" Simon Luther was furious. He had asked Melody out for a meal today, but she declined. What he did not expect was that she was dating another man! He would not allow his goddess to be in contact with other men! Melody put down her iced drink and peered at him coldly. She said, "Simon, how many times have I told you? Stop meddling in my business. Plus, I didn't lie to you. I'm not free today. Can't you see that I'm eating with my boyfriend?" Boyfriend? Simon was mad.

There would be dire consequences! He looked at Philip with anger on his face and threatened, "Hey you, if you don't want to be hospitalized, f\*ck off now! If not, you'll have to bear the consequences." A threat! Philip laughed bitterly. He did not expect to run into a few buzzing flies when he just came for a meal. Also, he hated it when people threatened him.

## Chapter 479

Melody was not happy with Simon's attitude. She got up and said angrily,

"Enough, Simon! Stop trying to terrorize everyone just because you're a young master. Philip's my boyfriend and I won't allow anyone to hurt him!"

It would be fine if Melody just kept quiet. Now that she said that, Simon was even angrier. He pointed at Philip's face and asked furiously, "Mel, how dare you blame me for the sake of this manwh\*re!" Simon

was not happy. How dare Melody treat him like this? Right, it was all because of this man named Philip. It was him! It was all because of him! If he had not shown up, Melody would not be treating him like this! "It was all because of you!" Simon was releasing all of his anger on Philip. He took the wine bottle to smash it down on Philip's head. "Ah!" Melody was terror-stricken.

She covered her mouth and screamed. If the hit landed, Philip's head would

definitely split open! Simon was smirking. He believed that this guy would definitely beg for his mercy once he smashed this bottle on his head. At that moment, Melody would know who was the real man! Philip lifted his eyebrow calmly and smirked. In the next second, everyone only saw a blur.

Then, Philip was suddenly holding the bottle that was in Simon's hand with his right hand and his left hand was choking him. All this happened in just a split second! Everyone was shocked by Philip's lightning reflexes. As Philip grabbed Simon's neck, he exuded an imposing manner. His eyes were cold as he said two words calmly, "Get lost!" His voice was not too loud, but it took over Simon's body like thunder. His body shook as he felt the terrifying aura from this man. The extremely piercing aura was even more valiant than his father's! Simon's entire body went cold. He could not stop his legs from shaking. If he could start this all over again, he would rather not meet Philip here. He also would not have attacked him out of anger without thinking properly. Philip let go of his hand and pushed Simon away.

He smiled and said, "Why? Do you need me to walk you out?" Simon felt like he had just gotten an amnesty. He did not care about embarrassing himself in front of Melody. He quickly wiped his cold sweat and said,

"Alright! Just you wait!" With that statement, Simon left the restaurant with his cronies. The rest of the customers who had witnessed the earlier scene all lifted their thumbs at Philip. They secretly wished for that drama to continue. Simon and his cronies did not run far. Then, his cronies asked hurriedly, "Are you okay, Young Master?" Simon was huffing and puffing.

He finally regained himself from that terrifying situation. He shook his head and said, "I'm fine." "Young Master, what should we do now? Do you need me to call for backup?" one of his cronies asked. Simon's face was extremely dark. He clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. Then, he looked at Philip and Melody who were enjoying themselves in the restaurant. He said, "Melody will be my woman! She will be!" "That guy is not as simple as he looks." There was malice on Simon's face. He said, "Call for backup!

Call Four Dixon over too! I want this guy to crawl out of the restaurant!" ...

Philip was not bothered by the minor interruption. He looked at Melody who was still feeling uneasy and laughed. He said, "Miss Zander, it's so dangerous coming out with you. If there's nothing else, I'll get going."

Melody was stunned. She got up and apologized. "I'm sorry. It's all because of me. I'm apologizing to you on his behalf." Philip shook his hands. He was not bothered at all. The two of them sat down for a while and were about to leave. However, when Melody got up, she yelled, "They're here!

Run!" "Who?" Philip asked subconsciously. He turned around and saw more than ten tattooed men entering the glass door in a single file. All of them looked like arrogant ruffians. Behind them was Simon, the same man who had run away in terror just now. "Is that him?" The tattooed leader had huge muscles all over his body. He asked as he pointed at Philip who was standing in the middle of the restaurant. "Yes! It's him!" Simon looked at Philip in frustration. Then, he laughed coldly. He mocked. "What's wrong?"

Why is your face so pale? If you're scared, you can kneel and call me

'Grandpa'. If you do that, I'll let you go!" Philip was feeling helpless. He chuckled coldly. When he was about to say something, Melody had already stood in front of him and said in agitation, "Simon, what kind of man are you? There's safety in numbers, huh? Don't make me look down on you.

Get out of the way now! If not, I'll ask my dad to go after you!" After she said that, Melody grabbed Philip's hand to leave.

. (1)

Remz Deramos Fuentes

The amazing son in law? Charlie Wade?!? Copy cat?

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Chapter 480

However, the tough, tattooed man immediately blocked their way. He squeezed his chin and said in wonder, "Hey pretty lady, there's no need to be anxious. I heard from Young Master Luther that this guy's looking for trouble, so the few of us came to take a look at the situation. "How about this, pretty lady, you accompany me and my boys for a little fun. There's a hotel just at the side. As long as you keep us company, I won't make things difficult for your little boyfriend. How about it?" "Brother Four, don't trouble Mel. It's this guy, it's him who..." Simon who was on the side also saw that something was not right. "Fck you! Since when is it your turn to speak when I'm talking? Move aside!" Four slapped Simon's face and kicked him aside, yelling, "So what? You gonna fcking accompany us guys to the hotel?" "I will, I will accompany you!" Simon was true toward Melody, so he pulled his face and squeezed out a smile at the moment. "Oh, damn it! Aren't you being disgusting!" Four grabbed a handful of hair and kicked Simon into the corner. "Young Master Luther, don't think just

because you got a bit of dirty money that you get to order me around! I don't need others to point out what I, Four, want to do!" Four did not pay any heed to Simon. Before Four came, he had been chasing after money. Afterward, Four decided that he wanted women! "Pretty lady, have you thought about your decision?" Four was full of lustful desires. He rubbed his hands while staring at Melody, especially

his eyes that were lingering on Melody's full chest. "It's nothing great, idiot!" Suddenly, a discordant voice rang in the restaurant. "Who is it? Wanna die?" Four shouted angrily. He looked around with his sharp eyes and started searching, finally fixing his gaze on Philip who was behind Melody. Philip did not want to be bothered about this, but it could not be helped. This was Theo's daughter. "Don't just start cursing people for death before even doing anything. I've heard it hundreds of times, yet I'm still standing here." Philip said with a smile on his face, completely unafraid of the other party. "Okay, okay, okay. I see you actually have a spine!" Four sneered, already planning something in his heart. "Brother Four, let's cut him! How dare he scold you!" "That's right, Brother Four.

This guy doesn't know appreciation. Let's break both his legs and make him remember for a long time!" All of a sudden, the guys behind Four were discussing lively as if they had decided on Philip's coming life or death.

Four raised his hands and gave two cold sneers before saying, "Boy, don't say that I, your Brother Four, am bullying you. I'll give you two choices.

First, crawl over and call out 'Dad' and I may forgive you. Second, these guys will help you out, alive or dead!" Four was a famous bully on this street. He had done many things like fighting and collecting protection fees.

He had been in jail a few times, but with this and that, he was still animatedly part of the community here. This was because behind Four was the shadow of the Riverdale gang, Queso Gang! The Queso Gang, neither too big nor small, was the gathering place of local ruffians. It was a second-rate gang.

Philip shook his head and pulled Melody, who wanted to stop him from speaking, behind him. A sharp aura burst from his body as he said, "Brother Four, right? Then, I will give you two choices. First, take your people and

get out of here. Second, I will help you get out of here." As soon as these words came out, everyone in the audience looked at Philip as if they were looking at an idiot. They thought in their hearts, 'Could this guy have been scared stupid? He even dares to confront Brother Four. Isn't he looking to die?' A guy behind Brother Four hurriedly stood up, pointed at Philip's nose, and cursed, "Damned guy, you're looking for death since you dare confront my Brother Four!" Four had also reacted, frowning. His face was suddenly blue. He did not know from where Philip got the courage to be so arrogant.

Could he have someone backing him? "Dude, who are you messing with?"

Although Four was fierce when doing things, he was educated and had some brains, so he knew to clarify the identity of the other party first. He knew that there were some people he could not afford to provoke. Although he was lustful, he would not lose his life over the female sex! Philip glanced at him calmly and replied, "Theo Zander."

The people present were shocked by Philip's words! Theo Zander? Fck off! This silly guy was talking big! He knew who Theo Zander was. How dare he pull that stunt to try to scare him off! "Man, you're really something. This isn't how one should talk big. Everyone who's breathing here, who doesn't know Theo Zander? You say you run in the same circle as him?" Four sneered. This guy was probably afraid. "It's up to you to believe me or not, but I have to remind you, it's best not to mess with me. Otherwise, you'll die horribly." Philip said calmly, his eyes deep. "Fck it! Who do you think you are to talk to Brother Four like this?!" The younger guys said threateningly. They had never seen anyone who dared to talk to Brother Four like this! This man was looking for death! Pissing off Four Dixon was a matter of broken arms and legs! Melody, who was on the side, was very touched. After all, this man was standing up for her. However, she could not help being a little worried after hearing Philip speak so arrogantly. She pulled his arm and said, "Philip, let's make a run for it quickly. They aren't

good people, I'll have my dad come and clean them up later." "Hey, pretty lady, you're right. We really aren't good people, so what? Have you considered the choices our Brother Four gave you just now? As long as you promise our Brother Four to go to the hotel, I guarantee your boyfriend will be fine and can safely get out of here." The guy beside Four said with a lewd smile as he rubbed his hands. This was a good opportunity to express himself in front of Brother Four, so he must grasp it! Did one not see the envious faces of the others as they looked at him? Even Four at this moment looked at him with approving eyes. Nailed it! However, in the next second!

Philip did not listen to Melody's dissuasion at all and had immediately taken a step forward. Slap! A loud and clear sound of a slap sounded in the restaurant, shocking the audience! Everyone was stunned. They did not expect Philip to take the lead and make the first move—in front of their Brother Four too! "You talk too much!" Philip said coldly. "You! You dared hit me!" It took a while for the guy to react. He clutched his swollen face and pointed at Phillip while he fumed! Four's expression sank as he angrily said, "Break his arms and legs and throw them out!" In that while, several guys picked up the chairs and wine bottles in the restaurant and rushed toward Philip! In their eyes, no matter how crazy this guy was, he was just one person and they were a group of people! Bang! Bang! Philip swept his legs and immediately kicked all the people in front till they went flying! His kicks were so strong that one worried if several people had gotten their ribs broken! Following that, his figure flashed as he went straight into the chaotic crowd! A great opening! With just a moment of effort, only Brother Four and Simon Luther, who was shivering in the corner, were left standing in the audience! Hiss! Four took a breath at this moment, his legs trembling slightly. He was shocked by the terrifying power that erupted from the man in front of him! He swallowed his saliva with a gulp. Four now had a dead heart! It was too scary! Was this man still human? One person dealt with all his guys in half a minute! That kind of skill was like that of a martial arts superstar on TV. Four felt a sense of powerlessness in his heart. Seeing that

Philip was walking toward him with a red wine bottle in his hand, he felt the threat of life for the first time! Yes, the man's eyes were so cold, and the chilling aura on him was too strong! "Brother Four, how are you considering the choices I gave you?" Philip grinned. However, this smile that fell on Four's eyes was the same as Asura's. With cold sweat on his forehead, he stuttered and begged for mercy. "... Brother, I was wrong, I'm the b\*stard!

Please let me go, I will leave here!” Four was not a person without bravery, but he could distinguish things clearly, so he resolutely chose to bow his head and admit his mistake. Philip did not answer but looked at him with a smile. He raised his brows and motioned for him to continue. Four thought for a moment, then glanced at his guys in sixes and sevens on the ground. It was terrible! Then, he slowly squatted down. Holding his head and curling his legs, he really rolled out of the restaurant in public! “Are you still not gonna leave?” Philip yelled coldly. The good-for-nothings lying on the ground in the restaurant and pretending to be dead all got up from the ground in this moment of amnesty, groaning in pain. They covered their faces and held each other, then rolled out of the restaurant together! That was right, a dozen people all rolled out of the restaurant like balls while clutching their heads! The scene was really shocking!

## Chapter 482

Looking at the scene in front of him, Simon was so scared that he could not speak at all. He did not expect Philip to be so powerful! He felt unresigned!

Philip glanced at him and said coldly, “And you, what’s your choice?”

Simon was startled. His face instantly burnt red, then he gritted his teeth. He squatted down in front of Melody, held his head, and rolled out of the restaurant. The most surprised was undoubtedly Melody. She watched all this happen blankly. It was too surreal! She did not expect Philip to be so skilled besides being a distinguished guest of her father’s! Did this guy learn martial arts? The Foshan shadowless kick? “You know martial arts?”

Melody opened her mouth slightly and asked. Philip smiled and said, “Yeah,

why? Are you interested? I’ll teach you.” Melody immediately smiled and took Philip’s arm. “I like a man who knows martial arts best!” she said.

Philip blushed, coughed embarrassingly, and immediately pulled Melody’s arm away. As his elbow seemed to have accidentally touched her chest, that particular sensation also created ripples in his thoughts. Melody was also startled. She hurriedly let go of his hands and pushed back the hair that was hanging around her ears. Blushing, she said, “Well, I live in Star Lake Garden. Come over when you have time.” Philip was taken aback. She was so direct? Melody also noticed her slip of the tongue and shook her head hurriedly. “No, no, I didn’t mean that... Oh, I’m going back first. I’ll contact you later.” Melody blushed and ran out of the restaurant. She was so embarrassed. How could she have panicked? However, it was indeed the first time this softness of hers was touched by a man. It was only natural for her to be nervous. Melody sat in the car and watched Philip come out of the restaurant. She patted the steering wheel in embarrassment. “Damn Philip.

Not even sorry after flirting with this girl! Humph!” Melody drove away from there after complaining. She had received a phone call just now and there was something urgent to deal with. Not long after Philip walked out of the restaurant, several people sneaked up behind him. He put his hands in his



trouser pockets, stopped walking, and turned around. The seven or eight people behind him were all huddled together like frightened birds. In an instant, all of them fell to the ground when one of them could not control his shaking legs. The faces of the group of people were green with fear.

“Four?” Philip frowned and asked. Was this guy dissatisfied? Yes, it was indeed Four and the others. Without waiting for Philip to react, Four hurriedly got up from the ground and immediately bent over. He said dully,

“Brother Clarke, please accept us. I, Four, will definitely strive until the day I die!” Alright? ‘Is he asking me to take them in as my underlings?’ “And I thought Brother Four was not satisfied and brought a group of people to attack me again.” Philip sneered. Four was trembling when he heard this.

He hurriedly smiled ingratiatingly, wiped the cold sweat from his forehead,

and explained. “Brother Clarke, how would I dare? From now, we guys will rely on you.” “Yes, Brother Clarke, we were ignorant just now.” “That’s right, Brother Clarke. You’re the bigger person!” For a moment, the guys behind Four intervened in a rush. Philip squeezed his chin and made a thinking gesture, which made Four and the others unable to understand Philip’s thoughts. After Four had gotten out of the restaurant just now, he did think about taking a few people to get his revenge on Philip. However, someone in the group made a suggestion. “Why don’t we follow Philip?”

Four had thought for a bit. Even with so many people, he could not beat Philip. Bringing a few more to attack him would just make them like moths flying into a flame. Four trembled at the thought of the sharp and cold temperament that Philip had. He was like a demon king. Then, there was this dramatic scene now. “Brother Clarke...” Four shouted with a smile on his face. Philip nodded. He put his arms around Four’s neck and smiled. “In that case, everyone will be brothers in the future.” Philip thought very simply. He really needed a mob to do things for him now. He expected that he would encounter more trouble in the future, so he needed a few helpers to help him run errands. These people could be handed over to Theo for him to sharpen. “However, I have three conditions.” Philip suddenly stopped speaking.

## Chapter 483

Four, who was still beaming at first, was also stunned. “Say whatever you want, Brother Clarke. You’re our leader now, we’ll listen to everything you say.” Philip put his arm around Four’s shoulder and the brothers formed a circle. He said, “First, no more of those sneaky, immoral things! “Second, no internal conflicts and fighting among each other! I’m absolutely against that! “Third, we must be benevolent, righteous, and honest!” With that, Philip saw Four and the rest paled. He knew it would be hard to keep these thugs from stealing and harassing women. After all, that was what they used to do. However, Philip could not accept it. He had his own limits and plans!

“Sure!” Four finally nodded, gritted his teeth, and said, “Brother Clarke is our leader from now on. We’ll do whatever you want. Come, let’s give it up for Brother Clarke.” “Brother Clarke!” The group of seven

to eight people all cheered for Brother Clarke. Their voices were very loud, frightening all the pedestrians in the street. They ran away immediately. Philip patted Four on the shoulder with a smile and said, "That's all for now. I'll ask Theo to contact you later." "As for what you're going to do in the future, I'll help you find a place to work as security guards. It'll be better than just fooling around." "Really? Thanks, Brother Clarke!" Four immediately burst into tears. The group of brothers got so excited that they started screaming! It was not that they liked breaking the law. If not for the sake of living, who would do those things that people looked down upon? They also wanted to live under the sun. They wanted to be decent people too! However, they only came to their senses after Philip left. "Brother Four, did Brother Clarke just say he'll ask Theo to get in touch with us? Is that true?" "Well..." The crowd was stunned. Did he really know Theo Zander? Once he was done with the matter, Philip went back to the hospital and visited Mila. He went to the lounge and took out his phone. After much deliberation, he called Wynn. "What's the matter? Are you in the hospital?" Wynn's voice on the other end sounded a little tired, but it sounded good like a lark. "Yes, honey.

I want to ask you a favor." Philip said with a cheeky smile. "A favor? What favor would Mr. Clarke need me to do? Come on, what is it?" Wynn teased.

Last night when she found out that Giada was living in such a big manor, she knew that Philip's family was not as simple as it seemed. As for how difficult it was, Wynn was not going to ask. She would wait for Philip to tell her himself. "Do we need more people for the company's security team? I have a couple of brothers looking for jobs recently." Philip quickly added.

"My brothers are definitely in good health, honey. They're also good at fighting, so they're perfectly qualified to be security guards!" "All right, I see. Get your brothers to report for duty later." With that, Wynn hung up the phone and went back to working at her desk. Secretly pleased, Philip called

Four and told them to wait for him at the entrance of Beacon Pharmaceutical. Four started crying his head off on the phone and said he would swear allegiance to Philip! When Philip reached the company's entrance, he saw Four and the gang all dressed in security uniforms. One by one, they respectfully stood in a line while waiting for him to speak.

"Brother Clarke!" They all shouted. It made Philip tremble a little. A lot of people were going in and out of the company building. They were all shocked by this scene! "Wow, I didn't know Philip was a rich second generation. Look, these are his bodyguards!" "Yes. He's so handsome. Did you hear them call him 'Brother Clarke'? It's so impressive! I love it!" All at once, a crowd of man-crazy women gathered at the door of the building.

They were all looking at Philip like he was a nice piece of meat. However, of course, some were not happy with Philip and said sarcastically, "What do you know? He's living off his wife." "That's right. He used his wife and got into the company through the back door. It's embarrassing that he's making such a scene." "Haha. He's such a loser. I have no idea how Chairwoman Johnston got married to a man like him." Meanwhile, Philip walked over to Four and the gang. He said with a smile, "Not bad, you look a little like the part. Do a good job and we won't do you wrong." "Please don't worry, Brother Clarke. From now on, I'll devote my life to Brother Clarke." Four raised his right hand, clenched his fist, and

placed it on his heart! The row of brothers behind him raised their fists and laid them on their chests too, doing the same thing as Four. "We'll devote our lives to Brother Clarke!" Of course, their voices were much louder than Four! This momentum rushed straight to the sky and the sound reverberated through the whole public square! The group of man-crazy ladies fainted at the building's ground floor entrance! 'Philip's so handsome!' 'He's just like Prince Charming!'

## Chapter 484

Houston was in a bad mood today because he got chewed out by his father last night. It was because of the company. The Wallis family was pushing

them hard. He finally got in touch with South River District's pharmaceutical mogul—the Anderson family. However, that fool Philip messed it up. Therefore, Houston was angry and pulled a long face. From a distance, he saw the commotion at the company's entrance and immediately frowned. "What's this? What's this? What's all the commotion!" Houston pointed his finger at Four and the gang while yelling, "Who are you? Why are you dressed like this?" Four only gave Houston a cold glance and ignored him. Houston's expression sunk. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Philip standing at the side. He asked in a deep voice, "What are you doing here?" "Why can't I be here?" Philip retorted, grinning. Houston snorted and did not want to talk to him. He turned around and pointed angrily at Four and the gang as he asked, "Who are you people? Who sent you here? What kind of crap are you wearing? This is Beacon, not a place to humiliate yourselves by dancing!" Four frowned, took a look at Houston, and knew he was not to be taken lightly. However, Four was not some punching bag. He retorted, "Who are you?" Houston sneered. "Who am I?

If you don't even know me, what are you here for?" "We're here to work!"

Four replied very seriously. "Work? What work?" Houston sneered coldly.

"You lowlifes coming to work at Beacon? You think we're a shelter and would just accept anybody?" Houston gave Philip a cold glance as he said this, which clearly meant that he was accusing him! Four was enraged. The brothers behind him were also enraged. Some could not help but almost lay a hand on the man! However, he stopped them. He knew that Brother Clarke was right in front of them, and without Brother Clarke saying a word, he could not do anything but hold in the anger. He said, "Brother Clarke told us to report for duty today. We're security guards!" Four was proud as he said this with his chin up. It was as if working as a security guard was an honor to him! "Haha. This is so funny. Brother Clarke? Security guards?"

Houston tugged at Four's clothes, pointed at Philip, and said, "Him? You call him Brother Clarke? I can get rid of him if I want to. Do you believe that?" Philip frowned. He hated Houston's sarcastic tone of voice. "Don't

you insult Brother Clarke!" Four got mad and grabbed Houston by the collar like picking up a chick! It was all right to scold him, but not his idol!

Houston was immediately surrounded by Four and his brothers! “What...

What are you doing?” Houston instantly lost his nerve. He was surrounded by so many people all of a sudden and the way they looked at him was scary.

Philip did not want to make a big deal out of it, but Houston’s words hurt Four and the rest’s self-esteem! One was Houston, the vice-chairman of Beacon Pharmaceutical, and the other was Four, his brother. After weighing the pros and cons, Philip beckoned Four to let go and said with a smile, “I’m sorry, Mr. Michaels. They’re lowbrows. Don’t mind them.” Houston was already in a bad mood. He was also freaked out by the unruly mob and was immediately on the verge of madness! He went up and kicked Four in the belly. Giving him a nasty kick, he pointed at his nose, and said, “You filth!

Do you know how expensive my suit is? Your wretched lives can’t even pay for it! Lowlifes like you want to be Beacon’s security guards? Did I say yes?

Who allowed you to come here? Bastards! Bah!” Houston was absolutely furious and swore sharply. What he said was so abusive that it hurt their self-esteem! Four never had a proper job and had been on the streets with a gang of brothers. However, he knew what it was like to be a hot-blooded man and what was dignity! Furious, he took off the security cap he had carefully put on this morning. Pointing angrily at Houston who was in a suit and tie, he bellowed, “Try one more f\*cking word!” As he moved, his brothers took off their security caps and stared angrily at Houston. It was as if they were ready to break his limbs if he spoke! Wynn was passing by at that moment. She frowned. Naturally, she heard Houston’s insults. Her arched eyebrows furrowed. Raising his brow, Philip grabbed Four who was red in the face, and sneered. “That’s not very nice of you to say that, Mr.

Michaels.” Houston snickered and pulled the thousands of dollars worth of tie around his neck and said, “What? You don’t agree? Aren’t you just a bunch of social scums? Do you think you’ll look decent in security uniforms? You guys are probably just elementary school graduates. Have

you ever studied? Can you read? People like you want to get in Beacon Pharmaceutical? What a silly dream!” Pow! Houston just finished talking and the arrogant look on his face had not disappeared when a loud slap rang across the building! Philip’s slap was an unforeseeable, solid slap on Houston’s ugly face! Philip had used all his might in this slap! Houston was stunned and stood staring in a daze as one side of his face began to bulge!

No one had ever hit Houston, much less slapped him in public! Four and the gang were agitated. Sure enough, Brother Clarke, who they relied on, did not disappoint them. Philip stepped in for them at such a critical moment!

They swore they were going to follow Brother Clarke for the rest of their lives! ‘He’s so manly! He’s so brave!’

The company's staff, who were onlooking, were now staring with their eyes widened. They covered their mouths as they looked at this sudden scene!

'How dare that deadbeat, good-for-nothing Philip lay a hand on Beacon Pharmaceutical's vice-chairman?' 'Houston is the young master of the Michaels family in Golden City!' 'The Michaels family has a lot of power and connections in Riverdale!' 'Isn't he just asking for a death wish?' Wynn was also shocked and almost lost her cool. Philip's behavior was totally beyond her expectations. 'Why doesn't he think about the consequences?

'He's really getting more and more unpredictable lately.' When Houston came back to his senses from the shock, Philip rolled up his sleeves and looked determined to set this straight. He said, "Mr. Michaels, that's very hurtful of you to say! I must have a word with you today! "What's equality?

What does society care about now? It's equality! No job is noble or humble.

You can be a business owner or you can also be a farmer, but we're all people. We have self-esteem! Who guards our country's borders day and night? Who adds bricks and tiles to our cities under the scorching sun? Who patrols day and night to keep our company safe? "It's these people who are going to become security guards. They've dedicated their youth. Some have

even dedicated their lives just to protect our lives and the company's property! How can a vice-chairman say such evil things to them? How can you wantonly trample on their dignity! They are people, decent people.

They have dignity! "You're a despicable scum to me, Houston! You're a proud scum who can't stand common folks!" Philip scolded to his heart's content! Four and the gang were already crying. One by one, they were wiping their tears. Philip was right. He said everything they wanted to say.

They had dignity and were decent people. This confirmed their determination to follow Philip to their deaths! Houston gritted his teeth in anger and his face was red. It was the first time he got chewed out. How could he not be angry? "You! I'm going to fire you and you'll never be allowed into our company!" Houston's face was malicious as he roared in fury. He was so furious that he lost his cool and pointed at Philip's nose as he threatened, "I'll remember this slap. You wait and see! I'll pay you back ten times as much!" Just then, a team of security guards rushed out of the company building! Fabio Lorne, captain of the security team, got the news that someone was making a scene in front of the company and even slapped Mr. Michaels. That was a big deal! If he did not handle this well, they would all lose their jobs! "Mr... Mr. Michaels!" Fabio straightened himself, his cap askew. The team of security guards he was leading was panting. Houston's brows relaxed as if he had backup now. He snarled at the security guards who rushed over. "What were you doing? Why did you just get here? Get rid of them, especially him. Seize them all!" "Yes, Mr. Michaels!" Fabio turned around and saw Philip smiling at him. 'Isn't this Philip who stood up for them and got rid of Vlad's gang? 'He's also Chairwoman Wynn Johnston's lousy husband.' "What are you doing here, Philip?" Fabio asked.

Mr. Michaels was asking him to seize him. 'What's going on?' He would be in a difficult situation if

Chairwoman Johnston pursued the matter. Fabio was put on the spot and was sweating like a pig. "What are you doing? Why aren't you kicking them out? You don't want your job?" Houston roared.

Wynn stepped forward as she found the situation a little delicate. She

coughed. "What's going on, Philip?" She had no choice. After all, he was the company's vice-chairman, so she could only ask Philip first. Wynn, who was a beauty with an icy disposition, attracted everyone's attention when she stepped forward.

## Chapter 486

Fabio wiped the cold sweat on his forehead and was secretly relieved.

Fortunately, Chairwoman Johnston was here. Otherwise, he would have been unable to cope with the situation. Philip shrugged with indifference.

Just before he could answer, Houston, who was in a state of rage, pointed at him and yelled, "Wynn! Do you know what your good-for-nothing husband just did to me? He hit his boss in public! Is this the employee we hired? Is this your assistant? Who gave him the nerve? How dare a deadbeat do that!"

Wynn frowned a little while her expression was cold. She icily opened her mouth and said, "We're at the company, Mr. Michaels. Please call me Chairwoman Johnston! "Also, he's my husband, not a piece of trash! If you say that again, not only will my husband hit you, I'll also hit you." Wynn said coldly. Houston was stunned and looked at the crowd around them. He scolded them for onlooking, then gritted his teeth and said, "All right!

Chairwoman Johnston! As vice-chairman, I propose to fire Philip and this gang of security guards who seem to have come out of nowhere!" "Well, I hired the guards. Why, does Mr. Michaels have a problem with that?" Wynn coolly replied. She did not like how Houston used his position to bully others. Besides, he just insulted her husband. Wynn was annoyed and said,

"Besides, please be informed that I won't fire Philip, Mr. Michaels." "You!"

Houston was stunned by Wynn's reply. He angrily pointed a finger at Philip and Four. "I won't let this go easily! You wait and see, Wynn! I'll report this to the board!" Houston left and was escorted out of the company by the security guards. Wynn gave Philip a cold look. Frowning, she looked at Four and the gang who was standing around. She said, "Follow me to the office!"

Philip knew it was not that simple. He asked Four and the gang to wait in

the company and casually followed Wynn upstairs. As soon as he entered the office, Wynn grabbed Philip by the ear and said, "Do you realize that what you just did was too much? I can't protect you if Houston wants to hold you responsible." Philip pleaded for mercy and said, "Hey, hey. Let go, honey. It's my fault, all right?" Wynn rolled her eyes at him and said, "All right! Go back and write me a 10,000-

word report on today's incident."

Philip was startled. His face was sulky. He immediately begged for mercy, saying, "The report is unnecessary, honey. As you saw, it was that bastard Houston who insulted my brothers. I'm just trying to get them justice." "Now that you mentioned it, I have a question. Is that a couple of brothers? They're obviously a gang of thugs!" Wynn rolled her eyes at him and continued. "As for the security team, I'll inform them. You can ask your brothers to go home for the time being." "Can't you do something, honey?" Philip was a little worried. After all, he had promised Four and the gang. "Call me Chairwoman Johnston when we're in the company." Wynn said. She looked at the figure behind the glass walls who was eavesdropping, then she winked at Philip and scolded. "Do you hear me? Even if you're my husband, I'm your boss in the company. Houston is also your boss. Go back and write that report." Philip massaged her shoulders and hollered, "All right, Chairwoman Johnston." The couple looked at each other and smiled, feeling empathic.

After sitting around for a while, Philip left the Chairwoman's office and ran into a group of acquaintances. Noah did not expect to run into Philip here.

Especially at the sight of his disapproving face, his heart burst with anger.

He immediately stood in Philip's way and pulled his expensive suit cuff before sneering. "Hey, isn't this the deadbeat Brother Philip? We haven't met up in days since we left the hotel. Are you free tonight? How about having a few drinks with me?" Philip looked at Noah with a frown and asked suddenly, "Do we know each other well?" "Do we know each other well?" It echoed in Noah's ears, and the ears of his secretary, his assistant, and his bodyguard behind him. Everyone looked at Philip like he was a fool. 'Who is this man to talk to Young Master Anderson like that? Is he asking for a

death wish?' The corner of Noah's mouth fell as his expression sank immediately. With a gloomy voice, he asked, "What do you mean, Philip?"

"Idiot!" Philip rolled his eyes at him. Then, he walked right past him without looking at him. He just ignored him! Noah gritted his teeth in fury. His fists were blue from him clenching. He gloomily stared at Philip's back. "I'll just let you strut around for a little while before we'll see if you can survive tonight!" More than half an hour passed. Philip was waiting for Wynn downstairs at the company. As he recalled, Wynn said they had an important guest visiting tonight. "Hello, Mr. Clarke, Sir Mitch from the fraternity wants to treat you to dinner." Philip's reverie was interrupted by a forceful voice. He looked up and saw two large men in black suits, ties, and dark glasses blocking his way. Sir Mitch from the fraternity? Philip wondered.

'Who's this? 'What's the fraternity? There's an organization like that in Riverdale?' "Do I know him well?" replied Philip, ignoring them both.

"Please don't give us a hard time, Mr. Clarke. Chairwoman Johnston is already on her way." The two men opened their arms and blocked Philip's way, threatening him. 'Wynn's already on her way?' Philip's eyes flickered.

There was a chill running through his body. These people were bad news.

## Chapter 487

Philip's eyes were cold. He sent a text message on his phone and slipped it back into his pocket. He glanced at the Cadillac behind them, gave it a thought, and followed them into the car. Intercontinental Hotel, Presidential Suite. Philip followed the two bodyguards into the private room and saw eight burly men in it. They were all dressed in black suits and had an icy aura like they had been through a lot. It was frightening. At the head of the round table sat a plump, middle-aged man tucking into a lamb hot pot. Wynn sat beside him with her arms folded over her chest. Her icy expression looked slightly anxious. Philip speculated. He saw through them at a glance.

The eight people looked like martial artists, so their fighting skills should be good. As for the man who was eating hot pot, he might look plump, but

there was something evil in his every move. 'He's a tough guy!' However, it was all nothing to Philip. 'A useless bum? 'I'm sorry, I'm not one.' He did not waste a year or two training with Reed. He might not be as good as Rick, but at least he could defend himself. Wynn was pleased to see Philip in the private room, but she was also worried. She immediately got up and asked,

"You're here. Just by yourself?" Did Phil not see her message? Why did he not bring anyone? Philip smiled gently. "It's all right. I can handle it alone."

Wynn was speechless. She kept winking at him, but Philip did not look at her. He went straight to the round table and sat down without a care in the world! Wynn had no choice but to sit down too. However, she kept kicking him under the table to remind him. "Honey, they're from the fraternity in the South River District. They're here for the Anderson family's partnership."

Wynn reminded with a worried look in her eyes. She did not expect that Noah would invite such a gangster to come forward. This was a threat. An obvious threat! Philip nodded and gave Wynn a reassuring look. Then, he unceremoniously picked up the chopsticks from the table, dipped a piece of lamb into the boiling hot pot, and ate it! Wynn was dumbfounded. 'Was my husband always so domineering?' The man sitting opposite Philip was Mitch Potter, the leader of the fraternity that was one of the top five underground forces in the South River District! He had blood and lives on his hands! He was cruel and diabolical. He handled things viciously! It was said that he even fed his wife to the fish in the river just because his wife exchanged a few words with a stranger. That stranger was castrated! However, Mitch was still alive and well. Even the authorities could not do anything to him because he had the fraternity backing him up! It was the South River District! It was far beyond Riverdale. Philip ate slowly, ignoring Mitch who sat across from him. He was full. He picked up the napkin to wipe his mouth and drank a glass of red wine. There was amusement in his slightly malicious eyes. "Do you know that there's one kind of person in the world I hate most, Brother?" Mitch finally spoke with a sneer. "A deadbeat spineless coward." Philip took another slice of lamb and said with amazement, "This



meat is good.” Mitch’s expression sank. This was the first time someone had not shown him respect! Wynn was alarmed and kicked him under the table before saying with a smile, “Mr. Potter, my husband Philip is not a smooth talker. Don’t mind him.” Philip raised his eyebrows. Dipping the sauce, he smiled and said, “Honey. This meat is good, eat it.” Wynn only glared at him and hinted to him not to speak. If he annoyed Mitch Potter, they were both screwed. Her own life did not matter. Nothing must happen to Philip!

He was Mila’s father and he was going to take care of her. Mitch laughed, got up, and walked behind Wynn. He put his hand on Wynn’s shoulder, leaned close to her face to smell her perfume, and unabashedly said, “I like you, Chairwoman Johnston. I’ve heard so much about the golden flower of pharmaceuticals in Riverdale. You can come to my room tonight if you like.

What do you think?” Wynn was stunned at this and held her anger in check.

Philip was sitting right next to her, so of course, he felt the slight trembling of her body and her icy expression. “I want to punch him, honey. What do I do?” Philip suddenly said as he put down his chopsticks. He was so conceited! This was also the first time that Mitch had heard someone talk like that in front of him since he started making a living on the streets. He would often beat others to death and throw them into the river to feed the fish! Today, someone dared to ignore him in his presence and threatened to beat him... Wynn’s expression sank. She looked over at Philip and suddenly stood up. She said, “Don’t kill anyone.” Then, she went straight to the window and had her back to everything in the private room. She did not know why she trusted Philip so much, but the way he patted the back of her hand under the table just now made her feel safe. Over the years, Philip had always surprised her at the right moment. At this moment, she believed Philip. Her husband was not as simple as she thought.

## Chapter 488

Mitch scoffed. He pinned a sinister gaze on Philip as he spoke, “I’ve heard rumors of your madness before, you little sh\*t. Can’t say I’m surprised, but

there’s no way I’m letting you leave this room alive.” With the same indifferent expression on his face, Philip held the silver chopsticks, a knife, and a fork in his hands. Frost oozed off him in waves! Squinting his eyes at Mitch, the corner of Philip’s mouth stretched to reveal what one would associate with the smile of death. “I don’t know about me leaving the room alive, but you’re definitely not leaving the room unscathed!” With that, Philip threw the knife in his hand, lodging it into Mitch’s shoulder in the blink of an eye! Brutal! Mitch’s shoulder was already covered with a sheen of bright red by the time it dawned on him what had happened! Clutching his arm, Mitch staggered backward and roared with a menacing expression, “Kill him! Cut off his hands and legs!” Philip was too fast. All the eight bodyguards in the room could only watch with their jaws slack from shock. They stared dazedly at Mitch, for this was the first time they saw their boss, the great Mitch Potter, with an egg on his face! They turned to look at the culprit behind... What an overpowering aura! “What are you doing, just standing there? Get him! I want him dead!” The bodyguards snapped back to their senses at Mitch’s growl and quickly dashed to

surround Philip! What was this atrocity, hurting the master of their fraternity right in front of them! It was evidence of their dereliction. One that would surely cost them their arms and legs should the incident be investigated after! Philip remained unfazed as he took his time sweeping his gaze over the men around him. Right then, a bodyguard leaned forward, raising a fist that aimed for Philip's cheek! Easily, Philip grabbed the offending arm.

Exerting a little strength, he was rewarded with the painful shriek, not unlike that of a slaughtered pig! A crisp crack rang loud in the room! The bodyguard's hand was broken by having it twisted in the opposite direction.

The man rolled around on the floor in agony! In quick succession, Philip attacked again at the speed of light. The second bodyguard blinked only to watch his arm break in front of his very eyes! Crack! Then, the third! Fourth!

Fifth! Eight sturdy bodyguards collapsed in screams, all in the time it took to take a breath. It was all too sudden! Of course, Philip had not left the fight

free of injuries either. They had landed a few hits to his chest and face.

Mitch's expression darkened. Reaching a hand to cup his bleeding shoulder, he stared at Philip. This was the first time he felt the threat of death. He roared as if his life depended on it, "Do you have any idea who I am? I'm the master of the South River District fraternity..." Philip strode over, reaching in front of him before he finished speaking. Grabbing Mitch by the throat, Philip lifted and suspended him above the floor! "I don't care who you are. All you have to know is that if you even think to hurt my wife again, or treat me with hostility, I can't promise that I'll keep you alive!" Philip's tone was one of bone-chilling frost. To the extent that even Mitch Potter, a man who lived the life of violence, heard and felt the ice Philip conveyed!

This was the threat of death! Cold washing over him, his face flushed as he scrambled to catch a breath! 'Who is this man?' Did Noah not say that this man was just like any other piece of trash that fed off his wife? Why did he have such an oppressing aura? A thud sounded in the room! Philip loosened his grip, causing Mitch to fall on the floor. He was clutching his neck while coughing away. "Get out! I'll break all your necks if I see you again!" Philip roared. He had to threaten these kinds of people with force, or they would never back off! "Leave!" Pressing on the bloodied wound on his shoulder, Philip glared ferociously at Philip as if he was committing his face to memory. Then, the nine of them fled with their tails between their legs. "Is this okay, honey?" Philip asked with a shrug. Wynn turned around, her expression laced with a hint of a survivor's relief. She berated in mock anger.

"This is the last time, okay? They're far from good people. Sigh. The company would have to suffer again." Nonchalantly, Philip reassured.

"What suffering? I, your husband, will deal with them if they dare come to look for trouble again." Rolling her eyes, Wynn rubbed Philip's cheek as she spoke, "All you know is violence, hmm? These are Noah Anderson's men, you know. They'll never let you go after you've offended them tonight. I'll deal

with it from here onward, so don't worry about it anymore. I'll contact Clarke Group, maybe they can help." "Young Master Clarke?" Philip

shrugged as he pulled his lips into a grin. "Leave it to me. Don't worry about it." "Leave it to you? What can you do?" Rather than condemning Wynn for her reluctance to believe him, Philip just had too little evidence to back himself up. This was the South River District's fraternity they were talking about. There was little chance that Philip would be able to deal with people of the fraternity even if he came from a distinguished family. "I thought you were looking for Clarke Group? Well then, I, your husband, am precisely..."

Philip smiled, reaching out to brush the tip of Wynn's delicate nose.

## Chapter 489

"I thought you were looking for Clarke Group? Well then, I, your husband, am precisely your knight in shining armor. I'll help you deal with any troubles and problems you'll have." Philip smiled, reaching out to brush the tip of Wynn's delicate nose. Bursting into a puff of laughter, Wynn blinked as she spoke, "You're no longer as transparent as you were to me, Philip.

Since when did you learn to do this? It's getting a little scary." Philip rubbed the back of his head. "I picked it up from someone back then at home. That's all, nothing much." "Is that so?" Wynn asked as her eyes shone, looking at Philip. Philip smiled shyly in response. ... At the same time, Mitch Potter and his gang of bodyguards arrived at the entrance of the Intercontinental Hotel. Drenched in blood, he was a flustering sight to see! Gravely injured was the master of the fraternity belonging to the top five underground forces of South River District. Even Theo Zander had to pay a degree of respect to these guys. Staring at the main doors of the Intercontinental Hotel as if its very existence offended him, Mitch roared, "Get me more manpower! I'm crashing this place tonight! Especially that piece of crap! I'll skin him myself!" "Understood, Sir Mitch!" Hearing Mitch's words, the men around him shared a look and began to gather manpower. Right then, a multi-purpose vehicle drove up, stopping right before the hotel's entrance.

Alighting it was none other than Noah Anderson. "What happened, Sir Mitch? How did you get injured?" Noah was shocked! Sir Mitch's entire

arm was covered in blood, causing unease to ripple through his chest. "This dinner you set me up for, Noah. I've been had!" Mitch roared at Noah who had just rushed over. "What?" Noah sucked in a quick breath at the implications of Sir Mitch's words. "Who was it? How could they hurt Sir Mitch? Does he want to die?" "Who else? It's the Philip Clarke you sent me to deal with! F\*cking \*sshole! I'm going to rip him to shreds tonight!" Anger bubbled in Mitch's chest, red clouding his vision like a mad dog. Following that, his men were already done gathering members of the fraternity! That was 30 to 40 men! This was Mitch Potter's power as the master of a fraternity! These were also men he had brought over from the South River District! Mitch had not dared to bring too many, for this was still Riverdale and it

would be unwise to be overly arrogant. Should they have been in the South River District, however, he would surely have brought along at least 100 men! Watching from the sidelines, Noah Anderson smiled sinisterly.

'Oh Philip Clarke, you've dug your own grave!' Right as Mitch gathered the 30 to 40 men to stand at the hotel's entrance, the silhouette of two people walked out the main doors. Exiting the main entrance, Wynn was met with 30 to 40 men all clad in black with tattoos that spanned over their backs.

This was unnecessarily extreme! Following behind her, Philip enquired about the reason behind her momentary stupor, "What's wrong?" Taking a look, he found himself staring at a group of what appeared to be 30 to 40

men. They were all equipped with weapons of their choice! At the door was a slightly embarrassed Mitch with his arm simply bandaged. His eyes, though, burned with animosity and anger where it locked on! The men by his side seemed to share his sentiment, for they looked as if they wanted to swallow them whole! Behind the gang of people, Noah naturally saw both Philip Clarke and Wynn Johnston. His lips turned into a sneer. He quickly ran to the front and murmured in Mitch's ear, "Do whatever you want with the man, Sir Mitch, but I do hope that you'll spare the girl. I'll pay you a million afterward, take it as some sort of hospital fees." Without opening his mouth to answer, Mitch merely spared Noah a side glare before huffing a

cold snort of acknowledgment. After that, he pointed at his bloodied shoulder with an ominous look on his face. "I, Mitch Potter, have spent over ten years in this line of work, but I've never had such atrocity occur to me before! This is straight-up insolence toward my fraternity! You bear no respect for my fraternity! So what if this is Riverdale? Even Theo Zander, the bigshot here, has to pay me some degree of respect! Let alone you, you little sh\*t! How dare you hit me? I'd feed Theo to the fish, let alone you, should he have done something like this! Or how would anyone ever respect the fraternity from today onward?" This was his act of rectification. He needed to rage war for justice.

## Chapter 490

Philip furrowed his eyebrows, displeasure brewing ice-cold in his chest. In front of him were 30 to 40 men with over ten multi-purpose vehicles stopped before the hotel's entrance. The Andersons of the South River District had gone too far. Philip was infuriated. One Beacon Pharmaceutical and one investment of a billion yuan, and now he had to deal with this insufferable aftermath. Philip knew that none of this would have occurred without the help of someone more powerful behind the scenes. 30 to 40 men, each a thug with a bloodthirsty look in their eyes. They were either topless so that their tattoos were visible or clutching metal rods in their hands. It had been many years since the last local gang fight in Riverdale, let alone an intercity one. Especially fights where one of the parties all had 'fraternity' tattooed in red on their backs! "Holy sht! That's the South River District's fraternity! Why are they here in Riverdale?" "Oh, God, what's happening? Fraternity? The one even stronger than our local Theo Zander, that fraternity?" Many of the passersby fled and hid after recognizing who these men were.

They were afraid that they would be roped in unnecessarily and face dire consequences! “What’s happening? The previous one marked the destruction of Klaus Harris, so what’s the fraternity here for?” Many exclaimed, for this scene in front of them was indeed a little too much. These were all foot soldiers nurtured by the fraternity. They were a group of die-hard followers with weapons meant to cause serious injuries! Noah’s menacing smirk, though forced, only seemed to grow stronger as he took in the large gang Mitch had brought forth with him. Mitch balled his bandaged hand into a tight fist! Staring at Philip standing right ahead, he shouted fiercely, “You know what to do right, my brothers? Today, someone dared to provoke the fraternity. Following the rules of the fraternity, the man is to be axed, then fed to the fishes! As for the girl, I want her caught alive and unharmed!” Arrogance painting his face, Mitch did not seem wary at all! What did it matter if Philip had shown exceptional execution in the private room? What could he do when faced with 30 to 40 men? Philip could not wrap his head around why so many people wished to feed him to the fishes. Especially not when they were to one who kept provoking him only to turn it around and claim that it was all his fault. Shaking his head dejectedly, he pulled Wynn, who had fallen into a daze long ago, and patted her fragrant shoulder. He whispered against her pink cheeks, “It’s safer inside, honey. You can come out after a bit.” Shocked, Wynn shook her head at Philip. She pulled him back as she frantically interjected. “What are you doing? There are so many of them there. To go out is to get yourself killed! I’ll call the police! We can hide inside together!” Wynn was terrified. Shaking where she stood, her grip on Philip tightened. Philip shook his head and gave Wynn a persuasive look. “Don’t worry, they can’t hurt me. Wait for me, okay? I’ll be right back.” The corners of Wynn’s eyes suddenly dampened. She did not understand why either, but there was nothing except unwavering trust in Philip in her chest at that moment, like how she had felt in the private room. Still, she was worried about Philip. There were just too many people on the other side. Claspng Philip’s hand in her own, she hesitated before she spoke, “Please be careful!” Watching the scene before him, Noah felt his hatred bubble in his chest. The sight of the woman he was chasing after being all lovey-dovey with another man sent fires of fury shooting upward from his heart. “Stupid btch, I’ll make you pay! I’ll make sure to have you pressed

on my bed tonight, Wynn Johnston. You’ll be begging on your knees for my mercy!” The hatred in Noah’s heart was only growing. Mitch roared and commanded with the wave of his hand, “Get him! Beat up whoever comes in between the fraternity tonight! Beat them up until they’re incapacitated!”

At his order, members of the fraternity standing behind him ran and pounced toward Philip like starved wolves at the sight of prey! Mitch had no qualms with creating a ruckus, for someone would surely have dealt with the authorities already. As long as the ruckus did not get out of control, it would not be anything money could not deal with. What did it matter if one or two ended up dead? All he had to say was there had been a fight between people and pay someone to take the blame! Mitch was no stranger to this sort of thing. As for Riverdale’s Theo Zander? Hah. As if Mitch cared at all. Was it a big deal if Theo Zander were to come? As if that would stop him from killing Philip to assert dominance! Looking at a bandaged Mitch, Noah made his way over to speak. He sounded like he was making an unintentional comment. “How dare he injure Sir Mitch? Had it been me, I’d break his neck as a sign of deterrence!” Hearing the other, Mitch frowned and quirked an eyebrow. Turning to face Noah, his expression was one of piqued interest. He questioned, “What do you have in mind?” Chuckling, Noah spoke with a smile,

“How dare that Philip Clarke injure you, Sir Mitch? He must have taken some sort of fearless pill! I wonder if I could possibly bother Sir Mitch with another request? I’d like to deal with the man myself if that’s alright. I’ll give you another million!” Noah had to bring Philip back for someone who wanted to meet him. Two million! This was good business! Mitch was a businessman, though one of the underworld. He knew how much a life cost. Smiling, he patted Noah on the shoulder. “Well since you’ve asked, Brother Noah, there’s no reason for me to decline. Very well, then!” Bowing in appreciation, Noah whispered into Mitch’s ear, “I’ve brought someone over as well to help, just in case!”

## Chapter 491

Mitch’s expression sunk instantly. A sinister glare was sent Noah’s way as he smiled. “Oh? Does Brother Noah not believe in my capabilities? I have so many members with me, how can I not get my hands on a worthless scum who feeds off his wife?” “No no, you’ve misunderstood me, Sir Mitch. I brought this man to deal with Philip Clarke myself. But now that I see Sir Mitch has already made a move, then there’s naturally no need to bring him out. I simply wish to introduce you to him, Sir Mitch. Perhaps he’ll learn a thing or two from you!” Noah explained, pointing at the passenger seat in his car. The back seat windows rolled down to reveal a man in a baseball cap. A large gash marked one half of his face, leaving him with an unsettling aura at night! The man’s side profile overwhelmed those who saw him while his gaze was fixed on Philip Clarke who was at the hotel’s entrance. Perhaps it was the pull of another strong bird with the same feathers! “Who’s that?”

He looks even more powerful than you, Brother Noah!” Mitch mocked.

Internally calling him a bumpkin, Noah smiled and said four words, “Muay Thai champion, Thep.” “Muay Thai champion, Thep?” Hearing his name, Mitch’s tone increased a few octaves in astoundment. Knowing he would react in such a way, Noah quickly began to explain. “Indeed. Thep’s a Thai Muay Thai champion and a wanted fugitive in three countries! He’s been seeking refuge with me to survive.” Noah had indeed spent a hearty amount tonight, all to kill Philip and pin down Wynn’s Beacon Pharmaceutical!”

Getting his hands on Beacon Pharmaceutical meant having the one billion yuan investment from Capital City’s Clarke Group! It would be worth it!

Philip, that good-for-nothing, was merely a speck of dust in his mastermind of a plan. All he had to do was crush and destroy. In his line of business, Mitch was more than familiar with the connotations behind the four words

‘Muay Thai champion, Thep’. He was one hell of a professional, known for his merciless attacks! He was notoriously known in Thailand. He was the man behind the legend of winning 100 fights in the underground Muay Thai competitions! This was a man who was worshipped by many. Once, a gang boss placed a ten million USD bounty on Thep’s head only to end up getting

killed by him! An entire family of 32 men and women were dead overnight, even the babysitter was no

exception! "I never expected you to have connections like this, Brother Noah!" Mitch's eyes shone with desire. He wanted nothing more than to have this Muay Thai champion under his command. Perhaps then, the next head of the fraternities would be within his grasp! ... All 30 to 40 men pounced toward Philip and the hotel entrance with metal rods and piandao. Their auras and the fact that each of them had a piandao of their own made it seem that Philip was going to turn into a dish of fish fillet and pickled greens! Even the hotel's security who rushed out to stop them had been slashed down, soaked in their own blood! They could be dead for all anyone knew! Members of the fraternity only seemed to grow more excited at the sight of blood, howling as they pounced on Philip again!

Philip was sure to die by their piandao before two minutes were up! Wynn turned to hide in the hotel while she dialed for the police as if her life depended on it! Tears leaked out in fear! However, the entrance doors had already been blocked with something from the outside by Philip! Outside the doors, Philip took his first step with a calm collection. The aura he emitted instantly shifted from cowardly and weak to sharp and alert! As of that moment, he reminded her of a demon who had crawled its way out of hell! Boom! Bloodthirst burst from Philip, his aura entrancing but also too menacing for anyone within a three-meter radius to take a step closer! There was no other option but to fight with all he had! At that moment, Philip needed to rely on everything he had learned back from his hellish training with Reed Williams. At the same time, he hoped for Theo's quick arrival.

Seated in the car, Thep tensed and muttered to himself in a heavily accented and horrible English, "Pro! I didn't know Riverdale has professionals like this!" As far as Thep was concerned, Philip Clarke was definitely a professional who had gone through special training! Especially his cold gaze. It was one that had seen enough bloodshed for a lifetime. However, as far as he was concerned, he was hardly a match for this man. He was merely stronger than the 30 to 40 men around him. "Die!" Philip's eyes reddened as he calmly spat out the sole syllable, shaking the people around him to their cores! The next second, he vanished! Swoosh! Despite the rambunctious activity outside the hotel's entrance, a clear and fast sound could be heard by everyone there! A thug looked down only to widen his eyes as he realized his entire arm had been cleanly cut off. His shoulder was spurting blood as if it was a fountain! The stench of blood! The entire atmosphere around them was filled with the sickening stench of blood!

Another slash cut off two more shoulders from the thugs running in front.

The cut was clean and as quick as lightning! With the piandao he had taken from them in his hand, Philip stood with his body dirtied with the fresh blood of his opponents. His eyes glowed bright red like the demigod Asura!

Standing in front of the hotel's main doors, he stared at the remnants of the group of thugs like a single soldier toward an entire enemy fleet. His deep voice rang aloud like he was chanting a curse, his voice resonating in the sky. "Should you take another step forward, I shall show you no mercy!"

Philip's voice was full and deep, rolling off his tongue with the power of tsunamis and thunders. His words exploded in the ears of the men packed in front of the hotel's entrance! In almost the same instant, the thugs who were about to pounce on and slash at Philip froze in place! Their opponent was

too fast! He was too strong! It was merely one strike, yet this simple strike managed to cut off two of their brothers' entire arms from their base!

## Chapter 492

Men were all bloodthirsty beings, especially at the prompt of spilling fresh blood. A moment of silence engulfed the thugs, but it was soon broken by their howls. Who were they to feel fear? Especially when there were 30 to 40 of them! Surely they would be able to kill him, right? They ran forward anyway, effectively disregarding the words Philip had said. Philip scoffed and lifted his hand to slash downward, landing a gash on two thugs who were dashing in front! Wynn stood behind the revolving door as she watched the man with a piandao in one hand. His usually bright eyes were cloudy

and hooded with anger! Unable to calm herself, her chest swarmed with an indescribable feeling. Her husband was this impressive... For a moment, Wynn realized she could no longer see through Philip Clarke, a rich man who was also exceptional at fighting! She would never forget this scene for the rest of her life. Philip dashed out with a piandao in his hand, leaving a bloodied but clear path in his wake! Leaning forward like a cheetah in the night, wails and dismembered arms followed wherever he went! Philip turned himself into a target, a target for the thugs to slash and cut! He was shifting their attention to him, changing the battleground into somewhere with a better clearing. How could the clever Wynn not see through Philip's plan? Philip was on a suicide mission! A suicide mission to save her! As her onyx orbs landed on Philip who was drenched head-to-toe in blood, her heart lurched painfully! She was worried about him! That was her husband, Mila's father! "Come back, Philip! Come back..." Wynn leaned against the doors with tears streaming down her face as she bawled. She sat limply on the floor. "Sir Mitch has already said it! Kill the man and get the girl!"

Nobody knew who roared it, but the remaining 20 to 30 men seemed to be running toward Philip at the same time! They were swarming him like wild locusts! It was a scene common in many films! One against 30 to 40 men.

It was no easy feat to escape unless one was an absolute professional. Had it been the Muay Thai champion in his stead, well, maybe it would still be fine. However, this was Philip Clarke we were talking about. No one had expected him to rush out at all! As of that moment, Philip seemed to have turned into Asura. Despite being surrounded by several tens of men who were attacking from all angles, they were still no match for him! He was just too fast. His actions were precise with no unnecessary movements. He made it look so simple, slashing his piandao again and again. It was a breathtaking sight! Philip showed no fear against the ferocious gang of thugs. In fact, he even dashed into where they were most concentrated! With a piandao at hand, he slashed in smooth streams that sent blood flying and wails ringing through the night! Turning around, bodies flopped around him

in a heap! Leaping into the air again, the piandao was raised high before he pierced it into the clavicle of a thug. Blood spurted out, and he dropped onto the ground! After landing, Philip lifted a leg to kick another. He stole the metal rod and the piandao from the man's hands! Under simple ministrations of



the same moves on repeat, Philip had cleared a two-meter radius worth of men around him! Soaked in their dark red blood as they laid on the ground, the men wailed cacophonously! They had never expected to be defeated and gashed so easily. They lost their arms before even seeing how their opponent had done it. All they saw was a gleam of silver. Those who remained stood around the entrance with piandao and the like in their hands.

They had been splashed with the blood of their brothers. They were too afraid to take another step! The man before them was terrifying! He was too strong for them! This man seemed like a demon from hell, or perhaps the grim reaper himself! He was drenched in blood and unstoppable! This was merely their first meeting and the fraternity had suffered a drastic loss! Their confidence had been annihilated by Philip Clarke! Looking back at Philip, he had not come out unscathed either. He was sporting gashes on his shoulders, thighs, and back! Despite being drenched in blood, he glanced at Wynn who hid in the hotel from the corner of his eye. He spared her a bright smile. He had been too careless. Perhaps this was the end of him tonight.

However, Philip would never concede, for behind him was the person he vowed to protect with his life. "As I said, should you take another step forward, I shall show you no mercy!" Holding the piandao that trickled blood, Phillip's eyes held nothing but frost as he took steps after steps forward.

## Chapter 493

Under Philip's imposing manner, everyone in the fraternity backed away slowly. Even though they were greater in numbers, they were no match in the face of Philip's imposing manner. "Get lost! If not, I'll kill all of you!"

Philip roared once again. The air around him was extremely domineering.

After a few seconds, no one dared to leave. "Since none of you are leaving, I'll send all of you away myself!" The corner of Philip's lips were upturned.

He had a devilish smirk on his face. Then, the knife in his hand seemingly turned into a bright laser as it shot out. It stabbed right into the stomach of one of the muscular men. Then, blood started spraying out from his body.

The entire knife was inside the man's stomach, and blood was dripping from the tip of the knife that penetrated through the man's body. It looked horrifying. The man did not realize what had happened. While he was hesitating, Philip had already stabbed into his stomach. He lowered his head and clutched his bloody stomach. Blood poured out of his wound, and he let out a bloodcurdling scream. He shrieked, "I'm going to die! I'm going to die!" After a short while, blood started bubbling in his mouth. Then, he collapsed onto the ground with a loud thud. "Anyone who dares to step forward will end up like him!" Philip scanned the rest of them. His eyes were extremely icy. However, he was in pain as well. He had been slashed on his back. He was anxious. He hoped Theo and his men would be here soon. The backup he arranged for should be here soon as well. A few of the thugs were shocked by his gaze. They even

wanted to run away frantically.

The rest of the thugs looked at each other and were hesitating whether to run away or not. However, at this moment, Mitch Potter ran in. He had a sharp knife in his hand as he yelled at Philip, "Fcking hell! He's just one person, what are you people afraid of? If any of you dares to run away, I'll punish you with the rules of the fraternity!" "Rules of the fraternity?" When everyone heard that, they were stunned. The rules of the fraternity would kill them! Compared to breaking their limbs, their lives mattered more! In an instant, the remaining 20 plus thugs raised their sabers and steel bats to charge at Philip. Philip snorted and glared at Mitch who was standing in the crowd. He threw his knife once again. The knife left a dazzling light in the air as it shot three meters forward. With a splat, it stabbed into the chest of the thug next to Mitch. The man had two dragons tattooed on both of his arms. Philip figured that he was someone important. He might be someone with a high position in the fraternity. However, the man was only staring at the bloody knife in his chest with his eyes wide. Then, fresh blood started spraying out from his mouth audibly. He was dead! That man died in front of Mitch! "Chop him up! Chop him to pieces!" Mitch was livid. This was a threat. He was brazenly threatening him! After he finished saying that, a few muscular men charged over with their shiny sabers. Philip was not scared at all. He lifted the knife in his hand. After swinging it down, a bloody arm was chopped off with a loud splat. The arm spun a few times mid-air and landed on the ground with blood gushing out of it. It looked like a dead fish! There was a loud scream. The muscular man watched as blood gushed out of his shoulder like a waterfall. He collapsed on the ground instantly and started spasming uncontrollably. When the rest of the muscular men saw this bloody scene, they were shocked. They looked at each other while holding their sabers. None of them dared to walk forward. "Fck! Get him!

Chop him to pieces! I'll give 100,000 bucks to whoever kills him!" Mitch was enraged. He had never been so angry and scared before. He was furious because this man was hurting and killing the brothers who had been with him through life and death. He was scared because his opponent was so savage. Plus, his intense and piercing eyes were causing Mitch to tremble.

He could not let this person live! He had to kill him! "500,000 bucks!" Mitch yelled. Everyone always said that heroes would appear where a huge reward was. In a flash, the remaining 20 plus people charged toward Philip like they were mad. In an instant, the sound of blades clinking could be heard non-stop! Philip was fearless. He had a majestic gait as he grabbed the sabers of the two muscular men charging at him. Then, he pushed them. The rest of the men behind the two collapsed instantly as a result. At the same time, he jumped and swung his leg around. Two men flew backward after being kicked by him and were now grunting on the ground. Those were just simple moves, but they were extremely shocking. "F\*ck! How is he so powerful?"

That was the question in everyone's heads. The man in front of them was too strong! They were not his opponent at all! Philip grabbed the saber and

smirked. Suddenly, he turned around to look at Wynn who was behind the revolving door. He removed the thing that was blocking the door and smiled.

"I'm going to take you away." Wynn was trembling all over, but when she saw Philip's calm eyes, her

heart skipped a beat. She squeezed his hands.

Under everyone's gaze, she slowly walked out of the hotel. Looking at the woman who looked like she just descended from heaven, the men in the fraternity all had ominous glints in their eyes. That was the woman Sir Mitch wanted! However, Philip, the grim reaper, was next to her. Who dared to act recklessly? Even though they were thugs, they valued their lives a lot. They believed that if they touched that woman, they would end up like their brothers on the ground.

## Chapter 494

Wynn was wearing a pair of high heels. When she walked to Philip, her heels clicked on the ground like a piano recital. She looked panic-stricken.

She was a woman, after all. The smell of blood was in the air, and there were broken arms scattered all over the floor. Each severed limb was covered in blood. She wanted to vomit, but she held it in. 30 to 40 men were trying to chop someone up in broad daylight. The scene looked like a warzone, and the ground was painted with blood. If Philip were not here, she could not imagine what would have happened instead. Philip looked at Wynn who was standing next to him. There was a gentle smile on his face.

Just like that, under everyone's watchful gaze, Philip reached out an arm and grabbed Wynn's tiny waist. Wynn shivered. She looked at Philip in disbelief. Was Philip still her spineless husband? When did he have these skills? He looked like an assassin in the movies. Philip chuckled and grabbed Wynn's hand. He asked, "Are you ready?" Wynn furrowed her brows and let out a long exhale. "I'm ready." Then, Philip walked out with Wynn while everyone watched. An unexplainable feeling rose into Wynn's heart when Philip grabbed her hand. The worries in her heart vanished in an instant. The terrified thugs in front of them all backed away and made way

for them. None of them dared to touch this man. They were petrified. Philip had the air of the God of Death radiating from his body. His imposing manner caused their bones to shiver. Mitch clenched his fists. They were turning purple from being clenched so tightly. He grabbed his saber and pointed at Philip who was approaching him. He yelled, "Chop him to pieces!

Whoever kills him, I'll let him be the vice triad master!" After he said that, someone finally moved. However, in a blink of an eye, that person flew backward like a streamline. With a thud, he fell and rolled backward on the ground. Then, he was unconscious. Looking at his brothers who were backing away, Mitch's heart was engulfed with flames of anger. He lifted his knife and stood forward. He yelled, "I'm going to kill you!" Clank! The sound of knives making contact with each other resounded, then a broken blade flew across the air and landed on the floor. It produced a loud and crisp sound. Philip held the knife in his hand and placed it against Mitch's neck. The bloody knife slashed a thin red line on his neck. Blood began dripping from the tip of the knife. Mitch was shaking uncontrollably. His left hand was still holding the knife in a chopping position, but the blade of the knife was already broken. Mitch's

forehead was drenched in cold sweat and beads of it were rolling down his face like a waterfall. At this moment, he felt that death was approaching him. His entire body was shaking. He had lost the will to fight. That man was drenched in blood, and he was holding the hand of the beautiful woman. He had a knife against Mitch's neck, yet his face was calm. It was as if he would take his life in the next second! Mitch looked into Philip's eyes briefly and he could feel his entire body going cold. His eyes were like sharp knives. It broke his final line of defense, and at this moment, he felt like he was taking the most difficult walk in hell. Mitch was trembling all over. He was feeling the threat of death so up close that it even made him wet his pants! However, who would laugh at him? It was the normal reaction to being faced with such a powerful force.

Philip scrunched up his nose and snorted. "Sir Mitch, I don't think you can do well in the face of fear. Why? Do you still want to take my life?" Mitch's

entire body was limp. His clothes were already drenched with his sweat. He did not have the imposing manner he had just now. He stammered, "No... I won't dare..." He wanted so badly to kneel and beg for mercy from this God of Death! Mitch was extremely remorseful now. Why did he cross this God of Death? He was really digging his own grave! He was doing something so dangerous for just two million bucks. When he thought back to how he threatened Philip just now, he was truly asking for death! Noah was standing behind them the entire time. He was in a state of shock. He did not expect Philip to be so powerful! Anger rose to his chest as he glared at Philip and Wynn. There was a smirk on his face. At the same time, he looked at the Muay Thai champion in his car, Thep. His racing heart started to calm down.

Noah did not believe that Philip could do anything much with someone like him. The Muay Thai champion, Thep, only glanced at Philip briefly. In his eyes, no one was worth his respect. Mitch was frantic, especially now that someone was holding a knife to his neck. His 30 brothers could not defeat one man! This was the biggest failure in annihilating someone in the history of their fraternity. Philip was looking at Noah coldly. He was standing a distance away from Mitch. He roared, "Tell your people to go away!" Mitch was shaking his hands while trembling. He backed away while shouting,

"Go away now!" When Noah saw Philip walking over with his knife on Mitch's neck, his face fell even more. When his eyes met Philip's, his heart trembled as he slowly backed away with no confidence. Until now, Philip was still holding the knife to Mitch's neck. He brought Wynn in front of Noah, and there was a group of his subordinates surrounding them. "Noah, you're the one who arranged this, right?" Philip looked at Noah, his smile as cold as ice. The Andersons had ambitions of wild wolves. They needed to be taken down!

## Chapter 495

"Philip, you can't slander me. I'm just passing by." Noah laughed shamelessly. His eyes were glued on Wynn the entire time. He did all of this

tonight to get this woman and Beacon Pharmaceutical! As such, he spent a lot of money to hire the

Muay Thai champion, Thep. He would not allow any hiccups to happen during this urgent moment. Even if Philip was the variable, he would just get rid of this variable! "Hehe, passing by? How shameless!" Philip said nonchalantly. "Say that again!" Noah was furious!

When Wynn saw Noah, she understood what was going on. She looked at him coldly with anger in her eyes. "Noah, did you do this?" Wynn asked angrily, "Why did you do this?" "It's all for you and Beacon!" Noah decided to shed all pretense of cordiality. He was exposing the ugly side of him under his expensive suit. "Beacon is just a tiny company in Riverdale. How dare you go against the Andersons' wishes? 60 percent? Now, I want all of Beacon's profits, and of course, you!" In order to get Wynn, in order to get rid of Philip, Noah spent a lot of money. He was determined to not let Philip leave unharmed. After he said that, he looked at Thep inside the car. He was the source of his confidence. With a Thai Muay Thai champion who would kill without hesitation, Noah was extremely at ease. He was ready to see Philip kneel on the ground and beg him for mercy. Plus, Noah had been longing for Wynn for so long. How could he allow her to hold and cuddle a spineless bum like Philip? This made him extremely mad! Philip snorted and kicked Mitch away. He lifted his knife and slid it toward Noah's neck.

Noah backed away in terror. His eyes went wide as he yelled, "Thep! Save me!" However, Philip was too fast. Noah did not have the time to register what was happening before he felt a cold breeze on his chest. His suit and shirt had been slashed open. His snow-white belly was exposed. Noah fell on the ground in fear as he covered his belly in shame and frustration. Then, he glared at Thep inside the car and roared, "Kill him!" The car door opened and Muay Thai champion, Thep, walked out. He had a huge build and was a good head taller than Philip. He was muscular and beefy. In addition to that, the scar on his face was the most terrifying thing about him. When a master appeared, he would have his own icy aura surrounding him. Thep walked over slowly. It was as if he was stepping on people's hearts with

every step he took. The atmosphere was so suffocating that it was hard to breathe. A heavy aura of death surrounded him and everyone could feel it clearly. This guy had obviously been through life and death situations. He was on a completely different level with Mitch and his 30 men. Mitch got up from the ground challengingly. He was now hiding behind his men. He could tell that Thep was a master. He was a master who was like no other!

There was a smirk on his lips. "You're powerful, but this is the furthest you'll go." Philip was holding Wynn's hand the entire time. Even though she was feeling extremely uneasy before, she was starting to calm down. If Philip was here, everything was possible. Noah was looking at Philip with a smirk. He got up from the ground and pointed at Philip. He yelled, "Kill him! Kill him!" Thep was standing two meters away from Philip. He said in broken English, "Either you break your own arms or I'll break them for you." How arrogant! Perhaps that was the confidence of a Muay Thai champion. He was a master in Muay Thai and a wanted criminal in three countries. He was a legend who could fight 100 matches and not lose! To him, everyone was just insects! When Noah heard this, he clenched his fists subconsciously. He got the right person indeed. He wanted so badly for Thep to chop off Philip's arms now. Philip grabbed Wynn's hand tightly, his eyes piercing. He could tell this big guy was strong. He was not his opponent. He did not expect Noah to hire someone like him. "Wynn, I'll stall him. You run." Philip looked at both ends of the street. Were they not here yet? When Wynn heard this, she felt her soul leave her body. She

grabbed Philip's arm tightly and asked, "Philip, what are you trying to do?"

However, Philip only smiled at her warmly. His face was bloody. Then, he pushed Wynn to one side and ran to Thep. Thep lifted his eyebrow and smirked. He lowered his body and channeled all his energy to his leg. Then, he launched himself forward like a spring. Everyone was shocked. Thep was moving too fast! At the same time, they snorted. Philip would definitely die while fighting this master. Thep lifted his leg willy-nilly and kicked Philip on the stomach. Then, Philip flew backward like a kite with a broken string.

Thud! Philip fell on the ground and rolled backward. His entire body felt like it had been shattered. Noah and Mitch were ecstatic when they saw this.

That devious kid was weak after all. Thep was such a beast. He managed to send Philip flying with just one kick. Wynn was looking at Philip after he got kicked. She felt excruciating pain in her heart, and tears escaped her eyes. She ran over and screamed, "Darling! Darling! Are you okay?" Philip looked at Wynn who was running to him and felt emotional. Other than that, he felt worried. He roared, "Run! Run!" However, in the next second, Thep picked up the saber from the ground and walked over to Philip. He said coldly, "I'll send you on your way." After he said that, he lifted the knife.

Then, he swung the knife down on Philip's neck in front of Wynn's wide eyes. "Philip!" Wynn screamed. She lost her balance and fell to the ground.

She watched as the knife inched closer and closer. Tears rolled down her cheeks uncontrollably. Wynn felt an excruciating pain in her heart. In the last second, Philip sat on the ground limply. There was a smile on his face as he looked at Wynn who was crying on the ground. He mouthed, "I...

Love... You..."

. (1)

Paul Davis

Noah how can a man who just killed all of those men be considered spineless or a weak whimp?  
Unbelievable!

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Chapter 496

In a matter of life or death! Bang! After a loud sound, everyone saw something flying across the air. Then, it crashed onto the black commercial car. Instantly, there was a dent in the car, and the alarm started to blare loudly. That body rolled onto the ground with a loud thud. After that, he raised his head slowly and said, "M-Master..." Then, he fell unconscious.

When everyone came back to their senses, they saw that Philip was still sitting there. Thep, who was attacking him just now, was now unconscious next to the commercial car! How shocking! It happened too fast! They took in deep breaths and could not believe what had happened. A figure appeared in front of Philip. He looked travel-worn, and his face was cold. The air of death was coursing throughout his body. Noah's highly-respected Muay Thai champion, Thep, did not even exchange blows with the man in front of him! Philip lowered his head slightly and said, "I would've died right here if you were one second later." Rick said, "I wasted some time with Jack's men." Wynn got up from the ground and ran to Philip. Then, she realized Philip was very weak. There were a lot of knife wounds on his body. Her eyes were red and tears were flowing down her cheeks. She ripped a piece of her skirt and wrapped Philip's wound for him. She kept sobbing as she said, "Why are you so stupid? Why?" Philip smiled and said, "Because you're my wife. I won't allow anyone to hurt you." "Young Master, I'll handle the rest." Rick said coldly. He took one step forward with a few daggers in his hand. Noah was in a state of shock. He was extremely petrified by what had happened in front of him just now. Especially the loud thud when Thep landed on the car. It looked like he had landed straight on his chest. With just one kick, the man who appeared out of nowhere had rendered the wanted criminal in three countries to fall unconscious. That was Thep, a man who could fight 100 underground matches without losing!

Mitch was sweating profusely from shock. He ran behind his men while breathing rapidly. Then, he came back to his senses and screeched, "Run!

Get out of here now! Run!" With a woosh, the man's dagger shot out at high speed, stabbing into the marble tile diagonally after passing through Mitch's shirt. "Did I say you can leave?" The question caused Mitch's legs that were pressed tightly together to tremble uncontrollably from fear. At that moment, Mitch almost thought that his genitals had been cut off! Rick did not pay attention to Mitch who was frozen over there. On the other hand, he walked toward Noah. Looking at Rick who was slowly approaching him,

Noah wanted to die right there and then! However, he suppressed his fear and gritted his teeth. He spat out a question, "W-What do you want?" Thud!

Rick kicked him heavily on the stomach without hesitation. In the next second, Noah let out a blood-curdling scream as he started throwing up blood. When Mitch saw this, his soul left his body. All of his organs were filled with fear. How scary! This spineless bum was already super powerful, but now, he even had this kind of master working for him! What kind of person had he crossed? Suddenly! Mitch heard loud footsteps next to his ear. The entire ground was shaking! It sounded like at least 100 people! He looked over to the direction of the sound and saw a sea of men in black suits on the other side of the street. They were holding batons while charging toward them. Just then, two black Maybachs stopped abruptly. When the car door opened, a man in a white suit got out. Theo! Mitch was stunned. He did not expect to meet Theo here. At the same time, a strong will to live started burning in his heart. Theo was here! He was saved! "Theo, I'm here!

Help me!" Mitch yelled. He genuinely thought Theo and his men were here to save him. After all, this was Riverdale. It was Theo's territory! If something happened to him, the triad master of the fraternity,

Theo would be faced with the rage of the entire fraternity! However, in the next second, Mitch was completely stunned. Theo got out of the car quickly and ran in front of Philip. He bowed deferentially and said, "Mr. Clarke, I'm sorry for being late!" Philip got up slowly after being helped by Wynn. He looked at Theo and the 100 men behind him. He asked, "Did you make the necessary arrangements?" "Mr. Clarke, the fraternity in the South River District and the Andersons are all being watched closely by us. We didn't alarm them, and we'll follow your orders." Theo said word by word. His gaze was extremely respectful. At the same time, an air of coldness was coming from his body. These damned men from the fraternity. How dare they do this to Mr. Clarke! Wynn's head was full of questions and shock. She watched as everything happened in front of her. This... This was the underground king in Riverdale, Theo Zander! He was so respectful to her husband. Wynn was

confused. At the same time, she was also feeling shocked. She turned around and asked, "Philip, what's going on? Are you hiding something from me?"

Philip turned his head and held Wynn's hand. He touched her nose and chuckled, "Didn't you always want to know who I am? Let me tell you now, I'm Young Master Clarke from Capital City."

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Stephanie Paris

he told her this before. yet she brushed him off

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Chapter 497

Young Master Clarke of Capital City? Wynn only came back to her senses after ten seconds. Her face looked hesitant as she looked at Philip. Her husband was the young master of Clarke Group? How was that possible?

However, Wynn looked at what was happening in front of her. There was the man who had suddenly appeared out of thin air to protect her husband and also Theo's respectful attitude toward her husband. Also, everything that happened in the past... Wynn was feeling complicated right now. She could not say anything for a long while. Philip patted her head lovingly and smiled gently. He said, "Wynn, you just have to remember that your husband is not a spineless bum. I'll take care of everything next. Just wait for me to come home. When I'm home, I'll tell you everything you want to know." Wynn's eyes glistening with tears. She sniffed and suppressed all of her questions. She shook her head furiously and said, "No, I'll go with you.

Let's go to the hospital first." After she said that, a team of doctors rushed out from the crowd. They treated Philip's wounds quickly. When Wynn saw this, her worries disappeared. Philip put on the black



windbreaker Theo handed him and told his subordinates to bring Wynn back to the hotel. Wynn refused to leave. She grabbed Philip's arm tightly and sobbed. "Philip, let

me stay here with you, okay?" Philip shook his head. He could not let Wynn know what was going to happen next. The reason was that he did not know what would happen as well. Even though he had exposed his identity, he only told her he was Young Master Clarke. Philip felt that now was not the time to tell her his tactics, his true power, and his true identity. Philip could only tell Wynn when they went back to Arcadia Island about his true hidden identity. He was the heir of the Clarke family in Arcadia Island! The undefeatable heir of the number one family in the world. "Don't worry, I'll take good care of myself. Go back and rest. Wait for me to come back."

Philip caressed Wynn's cheek. Then, he turned around and strode toward Noah. Wynn was brought back to the hotel. She could only watch Philip's back from afar. Her spineless husband was not so spineless anymore. At this moment, Wynn's brain was blank. She was worried about Philip. Even if her husband was the young master of Clarke Group in Capital City, but his opponent was the young master of the Andersons in the South River District.

There was the fraternity with him as well! With these two superpowers combined together, Clark Group would be nothing compared to them. The Andersons in the South River District alone had a net worth of 70 to 80

billion! There was not a big difference from the Clarke Group in Capital City. However, Wynn wanted to believe Philip as he was her husband. As such, she was conflicted and anxious. At the same time. Noah was howling in pain. The ribs in his chest and the bones in his stomach had been broken.

He was in excruciating pain! Blood was coming out from his mouth. When he saw Philip walking toward him, he bent his knees and knelt on the ground. He whined and begged. "Sir, Mr. Clarke, I was wrong! I was blind.

Please let me go, Mr. Clarke!" Noah's face looked like he had just eaten human waste. What did this guy want to do to him? "Mr. Clarke, I was wrong. Please forgive me. I'm just a vile character. I'm just a nasty little man. Please let me go, Mr. Clarke. As long as you let me go, I'll give you five million bucks!" Noah was terrified. He knelt on the ground with blood on his face. He was hugging Philip's leg as he begged and pleaded with tears

running down his face. Of course, he was scared! Even Thep was unable to defeat him! Philip furrowed his brows slightly and kicked him away. He said coldly, "Noah Anderson, weren't you all that just now? Didn't you want to kill me?" Noah was lying on his stomach. There was a flash of forbearance in his eyes. He immediately got up and got on his knees. He kept pleading Philip, "Mr. Clarke, it's all my fault. I was blind. I... I deserve to die! I should die!" While he said that, Noah started slapping himself in front of everyone. His will to survive was off the charts.

Not just Noah, even Mitch did not dare to utter a word to Philip. Philip looked so horrifying covered in blood. The air around him was enough to scare everyone at the scene. In their eyes, Philip was the true leader. He was someone who they could not afford to challenge. Noah was slapping himself repeatedly. Even though he looked sincere in admitting his fault, in Philip's eyes, it was all a show. With a loud thud, Philip kicked him again out of the blue. Noah rolled backward after the impact, then Philip stomped his foot down on his chest. Philip towered over him and said coldly, "Noah, don't think that I can't see through your cheap tricks. You still want to come after me in the future, don't you? Do you have that kind of power? Do the Andersons have that kind of power?" After Noah was exposed, his expression was grim. He held onto the foot that was on his chest and let out a lamentable smile. He said, "I don't, Mr. Clarke." "No?" Philip replied coldly, then he increased the strength in his foot. Immediately, a bloodcurdling scream reverberated at the entrance of the hotel. Noah felt that a few more of his ribs were broken. He could not breathe from the pressure on his chest. He yelled, "No, you can't kill me! You can't kill me!" "Can't kill you? Why not?" Philip pointed at the ten plus people on the ground.

"Everyone here wanted to kill me, but what happened to them in the end?

Do you think that I'd be so dumb to spare the life of an enemy who would take my life at any time, Noah?" "You can't kill me! I'm the heir of the

Anderson family in the South River District! My father's Greg Anderson of the South River District! Half of the business circle and the underground forces are related to the Andersons! If you dare to kill me, you'll get endless retaliation from the Andersons!" At this moment, Noah truly felt the threat of death. He had to mention his father's name to give Philip pressure.

However, he was wrong! Philip smiled lightly. "Oh, I'm sorry then, I don't know any Greg Anderson. Also, I don't know how powerful the Andersons are in the South River District. I don't know what rules you have. If the Andersons want to take action against me, I'll just let them." After he said that, Philip bent down and picked up a bloody saber from the road. "W-What are you doing? You can't do this! I'm Noah Anderson, my father's Greg Anderson! My father knows the upper management of South River S!

If you dare to touch me, not only you but everyone around you will also pay the terrible price of your actions!" Noah was panic-stricken. He was petrified. His entire body was shaking. He kept yelling. He wanted to scare Philip with his threats. However! Philip broke the nerves of Noah's arm with two chops of his saber in front of everybody. "Ah!" He let out an earth-shattering scream. Even if he recovered, Noah would not be able to exert any force in this lifetime. That was the best reply to Noah's threats. It was also a warning to Noah! How savage! Everyone inhaled deeply. They were scared that this powerful person would shift his attention to them. Mitch was scared as well. He hid in one corner and watched as Philip walked toward him. He looked at Theo who was standing behind Philip and shouted,

"Theo! I'm the triad master of the fraternity, Mitch Potter! I was hurt by someone in your territory! Ask your men to cripple him as an explanation to the fraternity!" He was using his influence to pressure him. Mitch thought he could take a breather after mentioning the fraternity. Theo's face was cold. He walked in front of Mitch and looked at him coldly. He said, "This is Riverdale and my territory. Your fraternity is too nosey. You really have no respect for me." Mitch scoffed and yelled, "I'll give you an explanation

after, but now, I want you to kill him for me!" His hand was pointing at

Philip. His face looked despicable. He had never embarrassed himself like this before. The fraternity had never been defeated like this before.

However, Theo looked at Mitch like he was a dead man. He said, "Before this, I, Theo Zander, would not mind the fraternity's business. However, you have to pay for what you've done, Mitch Potter! Riverdale is not somewhere the fraternity can come and go as they please!" After he said that, Theo turned his head and asked respectfully, "Mr. Clarke, what do you want to do with him?" Mitch fell into a state of shock immediately. Theo's attitude just now explained everything. However, he did not want to believe it. That was why he used the fraternity to pressure him. He did not expect Theo to show him his true colors for this man in front of him! He was not afraid of the fraternity! "Theo, think carefully! If you dare to touch me, the fraternity will charge over to Riverdale tomorrow!" Mitch yelled hoarsely.

He was extremely emotional. This was his only chance of survival. Thud!

Philip kicked him without hesitation. Immediately, blood started pouring out of his face. "The fraternity? Then, I shall take you to witness the fall of the fraternity tonight!" After he said that, Philip kicked over the saber on the ground. He said coldly, "If you want to live, chop off one of your arms."

## Chapter 499

When Mitch heard this, his brows knitted together tightly. He looked at the 100 plus fighters in front of him and did not hesitate. He picked up the saber on the ground and swung it down on his right arm. Chop! Blood splattered all over the place. A horrifying scream was heard next. Mitch had chopped his arm clean off from the elbow! The other half of his arm fell on the ground in a puddle of blood. Then, he held his right arm and gritted his teeth. He looked at Philip while enduring the extreme pain and said ominously,

"Philip Clarke, you will pay for what you did! Theo Zander, just wait for the wrath of the fraternity!" Mitch did not even think twice before chopping off his right arm after hearing Philip's statement. If word about this got out, the underground forces of the South River District would tremble. Not to

mention the other men in the fraternity who were in a state of shock. Philip looked coldly at Mitch who was kneeling on the ground. He said tyrannically, "Just because I'm not killing you doesn't mean I don't dare to.

After this, you should take a look at what will happen after you cross me."

At this moment, Philip's phone rang. "Uncle Tim, how's it going?" After Philip answered the phone, he asked immediately. Tim's laugh came from the other end of the phone. His laugh was as loud and clear as a bell. It sounded confident too. He said, "Don't worry. No one dares to touch me yet." At the same time, Tim had his pipe dangling from his lips. He was wearing a grey checkered suit and tie. In addition

to that, his hair was slicked back. He was standing at the entrance of Cirrus Manor. Behind him was a group of armed men. They were wearing black combat outfits and black berets. Their faces were painted with camouflage paint, and they were all armed. There were two teams of 50! They were heavily armed! Their guns were also loaded! They were standing right in front of the entrance of Cirrus Manor. Inside the manor, Giada's subordinates—more than 100 specially-trained fighters in suits—were all waiting patiently. They were holding pistols as they were standing opposite Tim's men. Behind the crowd, Giada was wearing a white long dress. She was standing there like an elegant swan.

Her expression was frigid. "Tim, get out of the way!" Giada said coldly. Her lips were as cold as blood. Her eyes were icy. Tim removed his pipe and his eyes glinted ominously. He laughed, "Giada, why can't we talk inside? Why do we have to do this?" Giada scoffed and glared at Tim. She said, "I don't have time to bullsh\*t with you. Tell your men to go away!" Tim was acting nonchalant. He was still grinning as he said, "I wonder where you're in a hurry to? Are you going to the Andersons in the South River District or the fraternity?" When he asked this, Tim's smile became colder and colder. His eyes also became piercing. Instantly, Tim's aura became more and more intense. It then became extremely cold and terrifying. Everyone was feeling astronomical pressure while facing the Wallises' death warriors. "Tim, you have no right to mind my business!" Giada said coldly. She was panicking

right now. The Andersons from the South River District and the fraternity were the family and power she assisted. She had a miscalculation! She only wanted to provoke Philip, but who knew that brainless kid Noah would go as far as to do something so insane to completely infuriate Philip? She also did not expect the useless Philip to have so many backups! He was waiting for his opponent to take action before taking the opportunity to fight back!

Even though the Wallises were a huge family, the Andersons and the fraternity were their left and right-hand men for so many years. They wasted so much time and effort into building them up! If Philip got rid of them, the Wallises would be in pain after losing their left and right-hand men, and at the same time, they would also lose a huge chunk of their profits! Giada could not let this happen without doing anything! "Giada, don't forget. Even though you're my brother's second wife, but in my family and my eyes, you're still unqualified! You're not qualified, and your family is not qualified to order me around!" After Tim said that, the two teams of 50 men raised their guns at the same time! They were doing it so orderly. At this moment, Cirrus Manor was clouded under a huge stormcloud. Boom!

Thunder clapped and lightning struck. Then, heavy rain started pouring down. Poof! A servant opened and held up a big black umbrella for Tim naturally. From an aerial view, Cirrus Manor was filled with people. The standoff between the two forces was so intense that one would feel their blood vessels inflating and their hands would start to sweat. At the same time, their mouths would be dry. Under the rain, the two black opened umbrellas added a hint of somberness to this atmosphere of death. Back to Philip. He was sitting in the Maybach while Mitch and Ansel Saunders were tied up in another commercial car. The car started. More than ten black commercial cars drove over with Theo's men. They were following behind the two black Maybachs as they drove out of Riverdale and toward the South River District.

## Chapter 500

The sky was terrifyingly gloomy. The wind started blowing from all around.

Thunder started clapping above their heads. It was pouring, and one by one, the cars drove out of Riverdale. They had started a long-range raid from afar. The storm had arrived at the South River District. Crash! A sudden clap of thunder flashed across the sky. It was also pouring in Jay Drago's courtyard house. The atmosphere in his house looked solemn and somber.

Jay Drago's place was a typical Chinese courtyard house with two floors both inside and outside. The walls and tiles were black, and it was the typical architecture layout from the Qing Dynasty. It was square, and in the middle, there was a patio. One could watch the sky and the stars over there. At the center of the veranda was a Chinese ancient bronze cauldron. Right now, it was filled with rainwater. The rain poured into the cauldron, making a sound that sounded like frying beans. Jay was in the middle hall of the inner courtyard. He was in a blindfold as he was playing hide-and-seek with a few ladies. "Stop running, my little beauties. I'm coming!" At this moment, hurried footsteps from the veranda reverberated throughout the inner courtyard. Crash! Another sudden clap of thunder flashed across the sky coincidentally. It turned the dark sky as bright as day. A man in a black suit was standing respectfully at the entrance of the middle hall of the inner courtyard. He was standing in the rain. Inside the middle hall, Jay was still indulging in his entertainment. Five minutes later! Splash! Splash! Hurried footsteps stepping into puddles could be heard again! Then, one after another, there were four people at the entrance. They had been waiting for 20 minutes. During that period, none of them dared to disturb Jay despite their franticness. The reason was that someone had once been chopped into eight pieces because he disturbed Jay when he was having fun. After a while, Jay finally lost interest. He put on his underpants and a white velvet windbreaker. Then, he walked out of the door and looked at his men who were standing in the rain. He pushed the few women in front of them and asked, "Are they pretty?" The four men lowered their heads. They did not dare to look. They answered at the same time, "I don't dare to look at Master

Drago's women." He was the president of the fraternity, Jay Drago! He was one of the top five in the underground scene in the South River District. He was an evil tyrant! He was devious. If someone crossed him, he would murder their entire family. Jay smacked his lip. He had lost interest. Then, he poured some wine into the curve of the collarbone of one of the sexy women. He took a big slurp. He guffawed. "Tell me, what happened? Why do you all look so scared?" "Master Drago, something has happened to Master Potter." One of his men lowered his head and stood in the storm. Jay furrowed his brows and asked, "What can happen to that guy? Would someone dare to disrespect the fraternity?" "Master Drago, Master Potter went to Riverdale with his men and got himself into trouble at Theo Zander's territory." The man continued. "Riverdale? Theo Zander?" Jay downed his wine and smashed the glass. He shouted, "What can a minor character like Theo Zander do?" Looking at the rest of the men who looked like they were trying to say something, Jay roared, "What? Spit it out!"

"Master Drago, our gathering place is being watched by the cops." "The property in the south is also

being sequestered by the people from the industry.” “The three underground fighting rings and seven underground casinos in the east were also destroyed by someone.” They were listing out the things that happened one by one. Rumble! Thunder rumbled across the sky. Then, lightning struck and Jay Drago’s courtyard was illuminated as well as Jay’s face. There was coldness, anger, and also an aura of death on his face. As the president of the fraternity, Jay had been looking down on everyone for more than ten years. He had never suffered any disadvantages, let alone have someone dare to smash his place! “Who did it?” Jay let out a deep roar from his chest. It sounded like a growl of a tiger. “It’s me.”

Suddenly! A cold voice came from outside the courtyard. Then, a man in a windbreaker appeared at the door. He had a cigarette dangling from his lips.

Poof! Theo opened the black umbrella himself and covered the rain falling on Philip’s head.

## CHAPTER LIST