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Phoebe said this with more disappointment than surprise.

She had always had a good impression of Charles for he was a good student with good character and learning back then. After graduation, he should at least be a decent man.

But what Charles did tonight had really disappointed her.

Not only was he pompous and ostentatious at the class reunion, but also he sent some gang members after them for retaliation.

Charles was a twisted man now. After hearing Phoebe's question, he showed a ferocious expression. "Why should I do this? How do you still have the nerve to ask me why?!"

"You knew that I had planed and put a lot of effort into the class reunion tonight. Do you know how much I spent? Over a million! A whole million! Just so I could prove myself in front of my classmates and teachers, so I could get your attention! But what about you? You had ruined everything for me!"

"You must feel so good about what you had done at the reunion party. Even Quan Xi was like a good pappy in front of your husband. Feel good, right? Well, how about now?"

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Charles got more excited and angrier as he continued, and the ferocious expression made him look like a beast. The gentleness and elegancy of him were no where to be seen!

Phoebe clenched her teeth. "Then what do you want? Do you want us to apologize to you? If that's what you want, I can say sorry to you right now."

Charles sneered. "You really think an apology would do? Hehe, Phoebe, are you that naive? Or are you just saying that to humiliate me?"

As he said this, he walked over leisurely and said to Ryan, "I admit I underestimated you. I didn't expect you to know Forrest, but so what? Now you're still in my hands, hehe."

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Ryan narrowed his eyes and said meaningfully, "Charles, I advise you not to act rashly. Let it go. I didn't intend to steal your limelight tonight. Who knew you would invite Forrest over?"

However, it only made Charles even angrier. "How can you put it like that when you were the one who reaped the benefits? You really don't know when to stop, do you? Tiger, now, take him down!"

"Okay, Charles." With a wave of his hand, Tiger was about to pounce on Ryan.

"Wait a minute!" Ryan shouted.

Charles stopped the guys with a cry and said disdainfully, "What? Now you're scared?" Ryan's face darkened. He said to Charles, "What exactly do you want?"

"It's very simple." Charles looked triumphantly and began to laugh. "As long as you kneel down and apologize to me and call me grandpa ten times, I'll let you go."

Phoebe's face immediately changed and she scolded, "Charles, we were classmates after all. Do you have to do this?!"

Charles smiled disdainfully and looked at Phoebe. "Classmates? So what? I'm telling you. He has to kneel down and admit his mistake, and I'll record the video and send it to the group chat. He was very good at pretending just now! I want to see how he can pretend in the future. As for you..."

Charles laughed and showed a lewd expression. He looked at Phoebe and swallowed. "Old classmate, don't go home tonight. Let's have some fun at the hotel later. Haha."

Hearing this, Phoebe was so angry and flustered that her body trembled.

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"I don't have much patience. I'll count to three. If you don't kneel, don't blame me for being rude to you!" Charles's tone became cold and he began to count. "One, two..."

At this moment, Ryan sighed and said, "You had your chance, but you didn't cherish it. Why?"

"You want to do this the hard way, do you? Tiger. Give him what he wanted!" Charles lost his patience and showed a ferocious expression again.

Tiger, the bald man, sneered when he got the order. He glanced at the two men next to him. Immediately, they began to stride towards Ryan like a cat teasing a rat.

"Boy, you had it coming."

They came from both left and right, reached out their big hands, and were about to grab Ryan. Their movements were very casual and they did not take Ryan seriously.

Phoebe was so scared that her face turned pale. Shivering, she covered her face.

However, before they could touch Ryan, they both knelt down in front of Ryan with a bang, looking painful and moaning.

Everyone was stunned when they saw this. What was going on?

Ryan moved very quickly just now, and suddenly struck the weakness of the two strong men. He quickly, accurately, and ruthlessly put the two strong men down.

"Ouch, it hurts so much..."

"My waist..."

The two strong men fell to the ground and rolled around screaming.

Phoebe heard the sound and opened her eyes. Seeing this, she was immediately stunned.

The others didn't see Ryan's movements clearly, but Tiger did. He put away his contempt and began to look serious. He said to Ryan in a deep voice, "It seems that I misjudged you. You can certainly fight. Boy, what do you do for a living?"

Ryan smiled and said, "Why, are you getting scared?"

"Scared? I have never taste the feeling of scared in my whole life!" Tiger snorted coldly. He began to take off his coat, revealing the vest inside. Strong tendons and muscles were displayed, quite intimidating and a clear sign that he could fight.

Phoebe quickly held on to Ryan's arm. "What should we do?" "Don't worry. I'm here." Ryan patted Phoebe's hand and said calmly.

"You wanna do it the hard way! Then Die!" Tiger's voice was rough, dignified, and oppressive. He planned to take Ryan down himself.

It had to be said that Tiger was quite strong, and it would take several men to take him down.

However, he came quickly and retreated quickly. Just as he rushed in front of Ryan, before he could make a move, he was kicked out by Ryan and flew out.

He fell heavily to the ground.

Phoebe opened her mouth wide in disbelief. When did Ryan become so good at fighting? Wasn't he a loser who only knew how to do housework?

The other strong men also showed shocked expressions. They knew very well how strong Tiger was, but even he didn't have the ability to fight back in front of this guy?

This...

Charles's confident expression froze, and he stopped smoking. He had a bad feeling!

Ryan hooked his hand to the other strong men. "Come together, so I don't have to finish you one by one." Gulp!

The rest of the strong men swallowed at the same time, took a step back, and showed fear. How dare they do it? They were not stupid. How could they not see that they had met a tough guy here?

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Phoebe opened her mouth wide and with a sense of unreality. Was he the Ryan she knew? Seeing that these people were frightened by him, Ryan walked towards Charles.

When Charles saw him coming, his face immediately turned pale. Revealing a look of fear, he staggered back. "Why, how could this happen?"

He mumbled, wondering why this happened.

He knew Tiger's strength very well. He was a professional goon. But he couldn't even hold out one move in front of Ryan? How unbelievable!

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he would have suspected the scene was fake! He would have thought that it was Tiger and Ryan who joined to perform a play for him.

However, he had to believe it.

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Ryan walked up to him and smiled brightly at him. "Do you want me to kneel down and call you grandpa ten times?" "LA L.."

Snap!

A slap on Charles's face made his glasses fly away. He spun around and fell to the ground.

This slap wiped out all of Charles's pride and confidence and woke him up from the drunken state. His lips trembled a few times, and his eyes were red. He was crying.

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Ryan kicked him over and stared at him condescendingly, "I warned you not to act rashly. But you just ignore my words!"

Facing Ryan's coercion, Charles's mentality completely collapsed. "I was wrong. I was wrong. Please let me go. I am nothing, please don't waste your time with me."

"Now you know you're wrong? Unfortunately, it's too late." Ryan sneered and took out his cell phone from his pocket, "You should talk to the police."

Hearing his words, Charles was even more frightened. He knelt down and begged Ryan for mercy. "Please, don't call the police! Please, I don't want to be put in jail!" He looked so embarrassed with snot and tears. He was no longer as handsome and imposing as he was when he first appeared

tonight.

Phoebe looked at this scene and felt very uncomfortable. When they were in junior school, Charles was a good student. They studied hard together, competed with and encouraged each other. But now, things were quite different. Charles sank to such depths.

"Ryan!" Phoebe stopped him.

"Hmm?"

"Let him go."

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"Are you sure?" Ryan frowned slightly.

Phoebe nodded.

"Okay." Ryan let go of Charles.

On the way back, they remained silent. Phoebe frowned with a heavy heart.

When they were almost home, Phoebe said to Ryan, "Thank you for tonight."

Ryan smiled and said, "Silly, we are husband and wife. There's nothing to thank me." Hearing the words "husband and wife," Phoebe's lips moved, as if she wanted to say something, but she didn't say it in the end.

"I'm a little sleepy. You sleep in the room tonight."

"Ah? Okay." Ryan nodded hard. Finally, he could sleep in the room again. He wondered when could he be closer to Phoebe and sleep with her on the same bed?

Well, as long as he tried harder, he could definitely achieve it!

Because Phoebe's Volkswagen was hit last night, there was a big dent in the front of the car, and the entire headlights were broken. This morning, when Elizabeth saw this situation, she immediately flew into a rage. She scolded, "Ryan, you trash, how did you drive? How could the car be hit like this? you wanted to destroy our family, aren't you?"

Ryan said, "It's not too bad, is it? Besides, it was someone else who bumped into our car, not me who bumped into other's."

"How dare you talk back!" Elizabeth slapped Ryan on the back of his head. Putting her hands on her hips. she looked like a shrew. She pointed at Ryan's nose and scolded him. She was very angry early.

Phoebe couldn't stand it anymore. "Mom, don't scold him. I drove the car last night and it was my fault. Besides, it can be covered by the insurance."

Elizabeth continued to scold angrily, "But it will still cost money. The insurance fee will be expensive next year. It will be I who pay for this money in the end!"

Ryan was impatient and said, "You don't have to pay. I'll pay for the insurance next year."

Unexpectedly, Elizabeth became even angrier and slapped Ryan on the back of the head again. "Oh! You trash, how dare you talk back? ... How dare you to fight back?!"

She didn't slap Ryan this time because Ryan turned around, grabbed her hand firmly, and said in a deep voice, "Mom, can you stop patting my head from now on? I don't want to be embarrassed anymore."

Elizabeth's face darkened. "Rebellious! Ryan, you trash are really really rebellious. How dare you hit me? James, your wife has been hit. Why don't you come over and help me fight back?"

She yelled, rude and unreasonable, which made Ryan a headache.

James was reading newspapers in the living room, and he said angrily, "Elizabeth, can you stop messing around? It's just that the car was hit. Just fix it. You don't have to behave like that."

"Good, you all ganged up on me, didn't you?" Elizabeth's expression was ferocious.

"Enough!" Phoebe slammed the table, her face cold. "Don't be noisy anymore. I'll pay for the insurance next year. You don't have to pay for it."

When Elizabeth heard this, her facial expression looked much better. She snorted and did not speak again.

After breakfast, Phoebe said to Ryan, "Drive me to work and drive the car for repairs."

Ryan nodded and said, "Okay."

It seemed that he couldn't go to ZO today. After Ryan sent Phoebe to the company, he drove straight to the repair store.

The collision was relatively serious, and it would take a long time to repair, at least five or six hours. Ryan was bored staying in the 4s shop, so he went shopping nearby.

In fact, he had never given Phoebe a decent gift. When at the jewelry store, he was going to buy "Eternal Heart" to Phoebe, but Phoebe misunderstood him so he couldn't give it out.

A street ahead was full of shops. Ryan went there to see if there was anything suitable for Phoebe.

He walked to the antique street and suddenly saw that there were a lot of people in front of an antique store, which made him curious and he decided to walk over to see what was going on.

"Three million, no less!"

A man's voice came from the crowd with a determined tone, which made it sound like he didn't want to lose even a penny.

A gasp sounded immediately. Three million dollars was not a small amount.

Then came a woman's voice, "If it's really Yong Zheng's calligraphy and painting, three million dollars is not expensive."

Yong Zheng's calligraphy and painting?

Ryan was stunned and immediately attracted. He squeezed into the crowd and his eyes lit up because he saw a beautiful man.

No, to be exact, this was a woman, a woman dressed as a man...

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In fact, not only Ryan but a lot of people present noticed that the person did not have adam's apple. Besides, the person's makeup failed to hide her charm as a woman.

This was the same as the image of a woman dressed as a man in those TV dramas. The audience could tell her gender at a glance, but she didn't know it yet. Instead, she thought she was very successful, which embarrassed others.

However, Ryan could also see that the woman dressed as a man was from a rich family. There were two of her bodyguards in the crowd.

Soon, Ryan moved his eyes away from the woman and looked at the calligraphy in her hand. It was about a meter long and about half a meter wide, with characters written on it. The style was impressive, smooth, skillful, elegant, and vigorous. The strokes were slow, even, and deft. Even those who did not know about calligraphy could tell that it was a good one.

It was well known that all the emperors of the Qing Dynasty were good at calligraphy, especially the Yongzheng Emperor. Now, the Yongzheng Emperor's calligraphy was rare on the market. If this one was genuine, it would be a good deal to buy it for three million dollars.

But many people would be suspicious. If it was the Yongzheng Emperor's calligraphy, how could it appear here? Shouldn't it be kept by the National Museum of China?

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Someone in the crowd had already asked this question, and the boss said unhurriedly, "I guessed that you wouldn't believe it.

Humph, do you think the Yongzheng Emperor's calligraphy can't be circulated among the folks? Let me tell you. This one is 100% authentic. It was previously collected by a good friend of mine. Some days earlier, his business was not going well and he owed a lot of debts. He had no choice but to sell this calligraphy to me reluctantly for 2.5 million dollars. I won't lie to you. I'd like to make a small profit of half a million dollars when I sell it to you. Isn't that too much?"

The boss was wearing a dark purple Tang suit, and his body was a little fat, which made people believe his professionalism.

"How's it going, Calo? Do you want to buy this calligraphy? If you don't, I'll sell it to someone else." The boss took back the calligraphy in Calo's hand.

"Calo" kept silent and thought about it. In fact, she could not tell whether the calligraphy was authentic or not. Three million dollars was not much for her, but it would be too embarrassing if she bought a fake. If she took a fake back, she would be laughed at. Therefore, she had to be careful.

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However, at this moment, an imposing middle-aged man in a suit of a famous brand, who looked like a successful man, came over and said to the boss, "Boss, sell me the Yongzheng Emperor's calligraphy. I'll buy it with three million dollars."

With joy on his face, the boss said, "You are so generous. Three million dollars seems nothing to you! You are much more generous than some people. Then the Yongzheng Emperor's calligraphy will belong to you."

The middle-aged man was overjoyed. He eagerly took the calligraphy from the boss's hand and looked at it carefully. He showed happiness and infatuation with the calligraphy. He said in a loud voice, "It's an authentic work of the Yongzheng Emperor. How rare it is! How rare it is! The Yongzheng Emperor was one of the best calligraphers of all the Qing Dynasty emperors. Many people only knew about the Qianlong Emperor's calligraphy, but they didn't know that the calligraphy of the Yongzheng Emperor, the father of the Qianlong Emperor, was even better! I've been looking for his authentic works for many years, but I didn't expect to find one here today. It didn't come easily! It didn't come easily!"

The middle-aged man's expression was excited, and his hands were trembling uncontrollably. It was hard for anyone to suspect that he was acting.

If it weren't for the fact that Ryan had a thorough study of calligraphy, he couldn't have told that this calligraphy was a copy. Fortunately, he was born into a rich family and was forced to learn calligraphy by his parents since he was young.

Sure enough, when "Calo", the woman dressed as a man, saw someone vying for the calligraphy with her, she immediately became anxious and said quickly, "Hey, boss, I took a fancy to this calligraphy first! First come, first served. You should sell it to me!"

The boss frowned and said coldly, "Aren't you not going to buy it? Now, there is another person who is interested in it. Do you want to restrict my business?"

"Who said I didn't want it?" Calo said quickly, "My father-in-law likes the Yongzheng Emperor's calligraphy the most. I can buy it back to make him happy."

Her words made many people couldn't help but laugh. In fact, everyone could see that she was a girl. Only she herself thought that she was very successful with her disguise.

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The boss's eyes flashed with joy, but it quickly turned into awkwardness. He frowned, "Well... You didn't say that earlier. Now there is another person who wants it. Don't you make it difficult for me?"

"Calo" straightened her back and said, "I don't care. I took a fancy to this calligraphy first. I never said that I wouldn't buy it." The middle-aged man beside her was displeased and said, "Boss, I'll pay you three and a half million dollars. Just sell me this

authentic work of the Yongzheng Emperor. You originally priced it at three million, but now I take the initiative to raise the price.

There is no need to sell it to the one who comes first, right?"

The crowd exclaimed with shock, "Wow! Three and a half million dollars! This is enough to buy a luxurious villa. He's too rich!"

"That means it's certainly an authentic work of the Yongzheng Emperor. It doesn't seem that expensive to buy a work of a famous emperor with three and a half million dollars."

"Of course it's not expensive. Look at this calligraphy. How imposing it is! Hanging it at home can also give the emperor's aura to the family. Maybe it can change the feng shui of the family. Alas, I don't have that much money, or I'll buy it too!"

"Yes! If a friend came to visit and saw the authentic work of the Yongzheng Emperor, that would be a great honor."

The words of these bystanders reached the ears of "Calo" one by one, which made her more determined. She gritted her teeth and said, "Four million dollars! Boss, I'll pay you four million dollars for it right now."

Four million dollars! Hearing this number, the joy in the boss's eyes could not be concealed. He could not help but exchange a glance with the

middle-aged man. He already had an idea.

This calligraphy was fake at the cost of about 30,000 dollars. If it could be sold out for four million dollars, it would be too cost-effective! Moreover, the "Calo" looked so silly. Even if he finally found out that it was a fake, he would probably not be able to stir up troubles.

"Hey, you're competing against me with money, aren't you?" The middle-aged man pretended to be angry.

"Calo" immediately said, "Brother, I really need this calligraphy. Just let me have it, okay?"

The middle-aged man saw that she was so sincere. After a period of hesitation, he said reluctantly, "Well, you're a good person.

I'll give it to you. Boss, you can sell it to her. In fact, it deserves more than four million dollars, ah..."

The crowd also immediately said that "Calo" picked up a really good bargain, which made her very happy as if she had really got a bargain.

"Boss, can I swipe my credit card? I don't have that much cash on me." "Of course!" The boss hurriedly took out the POS machine.

Just as "Calo" took out her card and was about to pay the bill, Ryan couldn't stand it any longer. He stood up and applauded with a smile, "It's amazing. It's been a long time since I saw a swindling gang with so many people last time."

In an instant, everyone looked at him.

Not only did the boss of the antique store and the middle-aged man just now show malice towards him, but many bystanders in the crowd also looked at him with animosity.

"Calo" stopped swiping her card subconsciously.

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"Brat, what are you talking about?" The owner of the antique shop was so angry that he glared at Ryan and scolded him rudely.

The tomboy "Calo" also frowned and looked at Ryan with doubt and displeasure.

She was from a rich family, and she also dabbled in calligraphy. In her opinion, this pair of Yong Zheng's calligraphy was real without any trace of copying or falsifying. However, this man said it was a fake. In a sense, didn't he hit her in the face?

Faced with so many murderous eyes, Ryan was not flustered at all. He walked over leisurely with a smile. "Nonsense? You guys are really bold. The cost is only twenty or thirty thousand dollars, while you dare to bid four million dollars, which can cost you to stay in jail for many years."

The owner of the antique store was even angrier, and a guilty look flashed in his eyes. He said harshly, "You're crazy. I think you're here to cause trouble. Is it someone in the same profession who's jealous that I can earn more than a million dollars with a pair of calligraphy?"

It had to be said that the owner of this antique store reacted very quickly. He immediately slandered Ryan as an envious rival who came to bring trouble.

The tomboy also nodded secretly, believing in this possibility. When Ryan saw her reaction, he was a little speechless. What intelligence was it? The guy couldn't even tell such a simple trick. It was so easy for him to be tricked by the boss.

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At this moment, a voice broke out in the crowd. "I know him! He's the marilocal son-in-law of the Scott Family. He's very famous in H City. Why did he come here?"

"Yeah? What's he famous for? Why haven't I heard of him?" "A famous loser. Hahaha, you're not a local, so you don't know him that well. He's famous in our place. Many people know him."

"Haha, it suddenly occur to me that his wife is very beautiful, right? He is indeed quite famous. I heard that he has no ability at all and has been living off a woman in the Scott Family. He really embarrasses us men!"

"That's right. It's better to die than to be a man like him."

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"Didn't he stay at the Scott Family? Why did he come out?"

Someone recognized Ryan, and all kinds of sarcasms came out one after another.

"Live-in son-in-law?" The tomboy Calo was a little surprised and looked at Ryan with even more contempt. She hated men who didn't want to make progress the most in her life. A man who was willing to live off a woman was definitely a loser.

Ryan didn't feel anything about it. It wasn't that he didn't have dignity, but that he was used to it. He was misunderstood too much but he didn't care to explain.

When the owner of the antique shop heard the comments, he breathed a sigh of relief. It turned out that the man was just a live-in son-in-law, not to be afraid.

"So you're just a fool. Go wherever you want. Don't disturb my business!" Said the owner of the antique shop.

Two tall clerks were about to come and kick Ryan out.

The owner of the antique store said to the tomboy, "Calo, this man is a lunatic. Don't talk to him. Now you can swipe your card.

I'll help you wrap it up myself. I promise your father-in-law will like this calligraphy."

The tomboy took back the bank card, and now she could see some clues. Obviously, the owner of the antique store was a little anxious. Although she could not tell whether the calligraphy was real or not, she could still tell that the owner of the antique store looked strange.

"Don't worry, just listen to him." The tomboy said to Ryan, "Why do you think it is a fake?"

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The owner of the antique store's face slightly darkened. He looked at the middle-aged man and saw the haze in his eyes. He already hated Ryan.

"Well, then tell me why it is fake. If you can't explain then you're slandering me. Don't blame me for being rude to you!" The owner of the antique store sneered threateningly.

Ryan smiled gently. In front of so many people, he was not afraid at all. Instead, he was full of confidence. His calmness made the tomboy wonder. Was this temperament really from a loser and live-in son-in-law?

"Can you show me Yong Zheng's calligraphy?" Ryan said to the tomboy with a smile.

The tomboy thought about it, nodded, and handed Yong Zheng's calligraphy to Ryan.

"Thank you."

Ryan put Yong Zheng's calligraphy on the table and unfolded it again. The material of the calligraphy was very old. The paper was yellowish, and the silk was thick. It seemed that the calligraphy enjoyed a long history.

Judging from the material, there was no flaw. Besides, the calligraphy was also Yong Zheng's handwriting. It was hard to tell if someone wasn't very good at it.

Even ordinary calligraphy enthusiasts could not tell that it was a fake. It could be seen that the person who could copy it was an expert.

Unfortunately, the shop owner met an expert like Ryan, who was forced by his father to study music, chess, calligraphy and painting since he was young. Coupled with his talent, Ryan was very professional in calligraphy, and ordinary experts could not compare to him.

"Sir, I want to ask, how many years has it been since emperor Yong Zheng was on the throne?" Ryan asked with a smile.

The owner of the antique shop snorted and said, "You're indeed a loser. You don't even know how many years Yong Zheng has been. How dare you say that this is a fake?"

Ryan was not angry. He still smiled. "If you don't answer my question directly, it seems that you don't know either."

The owner of the antique shop looked terrible. Ryan was right. He really didn't know Yong Zheng's time.

The middle-aged man said just now, "The emperor of Yong Zheng was in power from 1722 to 1735, so it's been almost 300 years since then."

Ryan's smile remained unchanged. "In other words, this calligraphy set has a history of at least 300 years."

"You can say that."

"You're lying!" Ryan suddenly shouted, startling many people.

The owner of the antique shop said gloomily, "Why did I lie? If you can't explain well, you can't leave safely today!"

The corners of Ryan's mouth rose slightly and a disdainful smile appeared. "As we all know, in addition to the calligraphy itself, the paper material, scroll, and the degree of dryness and fineness of the pen and ink are the important basis for judging whether a calligraphy is real or not. The next few points are difficult to fake, and they are also the most important for identifying the authenticity of calligraphy."

The tomboy nodded secretly after hearing this. She already had a premonition that perhaps the man in front of her was not talking nonsense.

"That's true," she said.

Ryan continued, "Everyone knows that it has been three hundred years since emperor Yong Zheng was on the throne. Even if his calligraphy was preserved well, it must have been very old. But this calligraphy still looks very new."

The middle-aged man said coldly, "Is this how you can tell that this calligraphy is a fake? I think you are a layman!" "Grandstanding."

"Don't worry, I haven't finished speaking yet." Ryan said with a smile, "Any famous person's calligraphy that can be preserved for a long time must be good ink. However, even with the best ink, after more than 300 years old, it will definitely appear particles and stripes. However, this pair of calligraphy in front of us has no grain stripes at all, which is very abnormal. That's the first questionable point."

"Second..."

Ryan spoke in a very professional manner. The audience around them knew more or less when they came here. They could somewhat understand. The tomboy Calo found what Ryan said was rather convincing. She had already confirmed that the calligraphy in front of her was a fake.

"All in all, so I affirm that this so-called Yong Zheng's calligraphy must be a fake!" Ryan finally said loudly, "And this kind of behavior of yours has already constituted a crime, a fraud! The amount involves four million, and you won't be able to get out without sitting for ten or eight years."

Suddenly, the owner of the antique shop turned pale.

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The last crisis of the Scott Family has already bitterly disappointed Phoebe. Now that they asked her to do it again, she would never agree!

She still remembered that she had sacrificed herself and borrowed 20 million dollars from the chairman of ZQ Company. In the end, the people of the Scott Family didn't believe her. On the contrary, they criticized her for disgracing the Scott Family and ostracized her.

It was impossible for her to do it again to help the Scott Family out of trouble this time. Besides, what did these people regard her as? She was a decent person, a married woman, not a prostitute!

Zack had expected that Phoebe would say that. He sneered and said, "Phoebe, what's your attitude? I just asked you to accompany me to sign a contract. You have such a strong reaction. Are you still a member of the Scott Family?"

Phoebe stared at him coldly, "Zack, don't do this to me! Last time, I had already sacrificed for the Scott Family once. In the end, I borrowed the money back. None of you believe me and said I humiliated the Scott Family! If you hadn't lost more than ten million dollars in gambling this time, would the Scott Family fall into this predicament?"

Zack was a little angry at what she said. He wanted to refute, but for a moment he couldn't figure out how to say.

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At this moment, Richard said, "Okay, you don't have to argue. Zack, what's the investor's name? Why did he specifically ask Phoebe to make tea for him?"

"Grandpa, the investor I asked for help is the famous investment genius, Martin. He is now worth more than one billion dollars, and he earned it all by his own ability! And most importantly, what behind him is the Gablehausers. With Martin's investment, the business of our Scott Family will definitely expand! At that time, the market will not only be offline but also online! This is a business that can make a profit without any costs. Think about it. He

plans to invest 100 million dollars to purchase only 40 % of the shares. If he doesn't invest, our Scott Family will crumble." Zack said loudly.

When everyone heard him saying this, they were all tempted. Yes, now that the Scott Family was on the wane, it would cease to exist if no one invested.

It was a good deal for them to exchange only 40 % of the shares for a hundred million dollars.

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Richard was also attracted.

Phoebe said, "I'm not the only woman in the Scott Family. Sophia and Grace can also make tea for him."

"That's different. Martin ordered you to make tea." Zack said, "Besides, it's just making tea. I'm not asking you to do anything disgraceful. What are you so afraid of?"

"I can't go anyway!" Phoebe was unwilling to play word games with Zack and said coldly.

"You!" Zack became angry immediately. He snorted heavily and said, "Okay, then you can watch indifferently that the Scott Family go bankrupt! Don't blame me for not reminding you that your father is the legal representative of our company. If we can't pay the debt, it's a business fraud. Your father is going to be jailed."

When Zack thought of this, he calmed down and sneered.

Phoebe's face changed, but she immediately sneered and said, "Zack, do you want to scare me? The legal representative of the company is your father, not my father. It will be your father who will go to jail, right?"

"Huh, wait and see." Zack leaned against the chair and put his feet on the table, looking very calm.

Seeing his confident look, Phoebe was a little flustered. She looked at Richard, "Grandpa, is what he said true?" Richard remained silent for a few seconds and then nodded slowly to admit it.

In an instant, Phoebe panicked. Gritting her teeth, she took out her phone and called James, "Hey, dad, it's me. Are you the legal representative now... Ah, isn't uncle the legal representative? Why... Okay, I got it. It's okay."

After Phoebe hung up the phone, her breath quickened. She was very angry and depressed.

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The legal representative of the SK Company really became her father, James. Moreover, it was changed a few days ago when James got drunk in the meal with Victor and agreed with the proposition unconsciously.

This was definitely a conspiracy against James!

Phoebe was not stupid. She was smart. She soon realized that Victor must be in trouble with the company now. If he couldn't pay back the money, he would risk going to jail. So he transferred the title of the legal representative to James.

That was his own brother. How could he treat his brother like this!

For a moment, Phoebe's anger was outweighed by disappointment.

There was no warmth at all in the Scott Family.

"How was it? I didn't lie to you, did I?" Zack smiled smugly and gloated over it.

Now, he was jubilant at the sight of Phoebe's expression.

Phoebe was silent.

Zack continued, "It's the most critical moment for the Scott Family. I admit it was my fault for embezzling ten million dollars from the company last time! But I've reformed. Recently, I've been running around to attract investment. I've been staying up late every day and drinking all the time. My body has been almost ruined. I just want to make up for the damage to the family.

Fortunately, I found out that Martin is currently the most suitable investor for us. If we can get his investment, the Scott Family will definitely flourish!"

Everyone was moved by Zack, including Richard, who looked at him with admiration and kindness.

After a pause, Zack added, "Now I finally got this opportunity. It's a hundred million dollars of investment! All the value of our company is only tens of millions. He just required 40% of the shares for exchange. Where can we find another chance as good as this? Now, I only need Phoebe to sign the contract with me, and then we can get the one hundred million. In the nick of time, Phoebe, are you still that cold-blooded?"

Zack wept some crocodile tears.

All of a sudden, Phoebe became the one condemned by the family.

Everyone else in the conference room began to persuade Phoebe.

"Yes, Phoebe. Even if Zack made a mistake before, he has changed. You should forgive him."

"Phoebe, now the hope of the family is on you. It's just to make tea for Martin, not something disgraceful. You can't refuse to agree to this, can you?"

"No, Phoebe is not such a cold-blooded person!"

Their chatter made Phoebe even bitterly disappointed.

At this moment, she felt so lonely and helpless that she wanted to cry.

She could not help but think of the one with that clown mask. If he were here, she might be lifted from the heavy burden, right?

Seeing that she still refused to agree, Richard sighed and said, "Phoebe, I'm begging you. Could you accompany Zack to visit Martin this time? Okay?"

Receiving so many people's requests, Phoebe could do nothing but nod slowly with all her strength.

The Vengeful Son-in-law Chapter 80

[/ The Vengeful Son-in-law](#)

"Phoebe, it's time to go home." After Ryan repaired the car, he drove over to pick up Phoebe from work.

Phoebe did not hear him and continued to walk forward, looking absent-minded.

There happened to be a small pit ahead. Phoebe stepped on it and accidentally stumbled and bumped into a woman in heavy makeup. She was applying lipstick when it happened, so she got the lipstick on her face instead.

The woman was furious and scolded, "You're blind, aren't you?"

Phoebe, who was distracted, was immediately woken up. Seeing that she had done something wrong, she quickly apologized, "I'm sorry. I was thinking about something and didn't pay attention to where I was going. It was all my fault."

"What do I need your apologizing for? You've ruined my makeup. I'm on my way to an important business meeting!" The other woman crossed her waist, her face full of sarcasm and bitterness. She pointed at Phoebe's nose and cursed. Her saliva flew everywhere. You could tell at a glance that she was one of those uncivilized women. "I'm telling you, you need to pay for my loss immediately, or I won't spare you!"

Phoebe frowned. She felt a little regretful. Why was she distracted when she was walking just now? Now that she got into trouble, it made her even more upset, especially when so many people were watching, which made her very embarrassed. She was a thin-skinned person, and she didn't like to be surrounded, so she had to say, "It's my fault for ruining your makeup. How much do you want?"

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A surprise flashed through the woman's eyes and she reached out a finger. "This number."

"A thousand dollars?" Phoebe frowned slightly. It was a little too much. She just bumped into her gently, and the lipstick barely scratched her face. It could easily be wiped off with a tissue, far from ruining her makeup. Besides, judging by her temperament and clothes, she probably worked at a club, so it was impossible that she was telling the truth. However, it was indeed her fault.

Phoebe was not an unreasonable person, so she took out her phone from her purse and said, "I don't have that much cash on me. I'll transfer it to you."

However, the other party said disdainfully, "A thousand dollars? Do I look a beggar to you? I meant one hundred thousand dollars!"

"One hundred thousand!" Phoebe suddenly cried out in a low voice. It was totally unreasonable. No! This was more than unreasonable, but extortion.

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The crowd around them also exclaimed. One hundred thousand dollars, that was too much.

"That's right. One hundred thousand dollars. Not a penny less or I'll make you feel sorry for it." The heavily made-up woman said threateningly.

Phoebe gritted her teeth and said, "It's just a little lipstick on your face. Just wipe it off with a tissue. It's 100,000 dollars you are asking for. That is blackmail!"

The heavily made-up woman's face darkened. "Extortion? Bitch, watch your mouth! You really don't have no respect for me, Sister Thirteen, do you? You bumped into me first and caused me to lose a important business. I just ask for 100,000 dollars now. How dare you accuse me of extortion? I guess you need a lesson to know who I am!"

She walked over with a grim smile, raised her hand and was about to slap Phoebe's face in a quite arrogant manner.

Phoebe had always been well-behaved since she was a child. She had never been in a fight and only had few quarrels. So in this case, she immediately turned pale with fear. She did not even know to dodge and stood still waiting for it coming.

At this moment, a big hand suddenly appeared and accurately grabbed the hand of the heavily made-up woman. "How dare you hit someone on the street?"

It was Ryan. When he came out of the crowd and saw that the other party was going to hit Phoebe, he immediately became angry.

Phoebe thought there was no way to avoid it. Now that she saw Ryan appear and save her, she was in a daze for a moment.

The woman with heavy makeup was stopped by Ryan, and her face suddenly changed. "Who are you, you little punk? How dare you stop me? You're looking for death, aren't you?"

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As she spoke, she raised her leg and aimed for Ryan's lower body viciously, intending to cripple Ryan directly. Her reaction was very fast and her strength was stronger than ordinary women. Obviously, she fought often. If Ryan hadn't come to pick up Phoebe from work early, Phoebe alone would have suffered a lot.

Ryan snorted coldly and blocked it with his knee. With a bang, the other party kicked Ryan's knee hard and immediately cried out in pain, "Oh, my God, it hurts! How dare you hit me! You are a dead man now!"

She had just hit her calf on Ryan's knee, and it hurt so much that tears came out of her eyes. She stared at Ryan and Phoebe angrily and viciously. She immediately took out the phone and made a call, "Logan, come and help me, I've been bullied..."

After putting down the phone, she glared at Phoebe and Ryan fiercely. "You two b*tch, wait for it. My men are coming soon. I'll be damned if you don't get your asses kicked!"

Phoebe was frightened. She quickly grabbed Ryan by the arm and said, "Oh no, we're in trouble. Let's run!"

"It's okay. I'm here. Don't worry." Ryan patted Phoebe's hand and said.

At this moment, a person came out of the crowd. It was Elizabeth. She saw Ryan and Phoebe, frowned, and said, "What are you two doing here? Ryan, didn't you go to fix the car? Was it done?"

"Mom, the car is fixed. It's right there." Ryan pointed to a car on the side of the road.

"Then let's go. Why are you standing here? Why are you surrounded by so many people? What happened?" Elizabeth asked curiously. She had just come down from the company and had not seen what had happened.

Phoebe gritted her teeth and was about to speak when a voice came from the crowd. "I remember now. Isn't this Phoebe from the Scott Family? That man is the son-in-law who lives in the Scott Family."

These words suddenly surprised many people and they began to talk about it.

As a matter of fact, the Scott Family was not a powerful family. It was no match for the Gablehausers or the Knights, not to mention one of the most powerful, the Howard Family

But Scott Family's reputation was not small at all, mainly because of Phoebe and Ryan.

Because Phoebe was a famous beauty, from the beginning of high school, after the young girl grew up, there were many suitors around her, many of them rich children. Everyone

thought that Phoebe would marry into a rich family, but in the end, Phoebe did not marry anyone rich. Instead, she married a poor boy from the countryside, who was hopeless and a complete loser.

It got wild immediately and many people had heard about it even if they hadn't seen the two of them.

"That explains a lot now. That's why you look so familiar. It turns out that you are really Phoebe and her useless husband.
Hahaha, this is going to be fun!"

"From what I just heard, she called herself Sister Thirteen. It sounds like she is not someone to be trifled with!" "That's right. She seems to be Jeremias's woman!"

"What? Jeremias, isn't he the big shot here? It's over. Phoebe is in trouble now..."