

## Chapter 1

At Riverdale Public Hospital. "Excuse me, make way!" Philip Clarke was carrying an unconscious little girl as he rushed into the hospital, yelling madly, "Doctor! Doctor! Quick, save my little girl!" The nurses and doctor who had rushed out quickly took the child from Philip's arms, and entered the emergency room. "Oh, you can't go in!" A nurse in an azure-colored uniform with a face mask stopped Philip from entering into the emergency room. Just then, the rapid sounds of high heels clicking against the ceramic tiles could be heard from the back, squeezing his heart with every click. "Philip Clarke!" roared a woman's voice. 'Slap!' A crisp slap came in firm contact with Philip's cheek. Before him, stood Wynn Johnston with an enraged expression as tears pooled in her beautiful eyes. "If anything happens to my daughter, I will never forgive you!"

Her tone was cold and laced with full fury. This scene frightened quite a few patients and their family members in the hospital.

Philip hung his head low in shame without attempting any explanation. "Hmph!" Wynn snorted coldly. The

dissatisfaction and contempt in her eyes were visible. Philip stood aside with his head down in silence like a kid who was caught misbehaving. He stole a few glances at the woman standing a few meters away from him, the woman he used to call his wife. The woman with whom he had already signed the divorce papers could officially be separated from him at any time. Wynn Johnston was gorgeous. Her features were defined,

her figure tall and slim. She was well-mannered and educated, once the prettiest girl in their university. She had unexpectedly fallen in love with Philip, abruptly gotten married, and given birth to his daughter, Mila Clarke. However, life after marriage was not as ideal. Philip's career did not go well, and his business ended up failing. His daughter even had congenital heart disease, which drained all of their savings, and now he had to make a living by doing food delivery services. On the other hand, Wynn was a deputy general manager of a marketing department in a public-listed company. One of her parents was a section chief, the other a retired teacher. It was safe to say that Philip did not have much status in the Johnston family, and for the past two years, he was almost non-existent.

And because of Philip, Wynn had fallen out with her family that her parents were not willing to provide them any support. Both the elders had told them solemnly that they would assist in their granddaughter's treatment funds only if Philip and Wynn divorced. After the divorce, the child would belong to the Johnston family. This matter had dragged on for a year. The emergency room's door was pushed open, and Philip saw his daughter being pushed out. He wanted to rush over, but Wynn had already gotten there first. He stopped in his tracks and watched his adorable little girl from afar. Little Mila was wearing a respirator, but her big eyes were bright like obsidian gems.

She reached out with her tiny pale hand and mumbled, "Papa

..." Philip went over to hold his daughter's cold hand while gently brushing away the wisps of hair from

her forehead,

smiling as he said, "Papa's here." "Mama, please don't fight with Papa. It's Mila's fault; I wanted Papa to take me to the amusement park." Little Mila, who was only three-years-old, was speaking feebly for her father. Wynn smiled and answered, "Okay, Mama will listen to you and not argue with Papa. "Philip Clarke, pay the hospitalization fee." A cold voice interrupted Philip's conversation with his daughter. Philip glanced at Wynn, but she only shot him an icy glare before accompanying their daughter into the ward. Upon reaching the inpatient payment department, Philip took out his debit card.

"I'm sorry, but your card has declined," said the nurse coldly as she swept him a look. Oh, it's Philip Clarke, she thought.

The penniless man who keeps getting his wife to foot the medical bills. He could have asked for help from his parents-in-law, but he hasn't. What an egoistic man, rubbish! "It's declined?" Philip was exasperated. He grimaced and humbled himself, bowing slightly to ask, "Nurse, can you give me a few days?" The nurse shot him a cold look with mockery in her eyes and replied, "If you don't have any money, ask your wife!

After all, you're just a kept man." "You!" Philip's expression darkened. The nurse merely crossed her arms and scoffed. "You have until tomorrow. If you can't pay up, then proceed with discharge." After that, she turned around to ignore him. Saying another word to him made her feel disgusted. How could she bully someone just because they're poor? Philip clenched his fists tightly in a fury, feeling bitter. The moment he turned around, he saw Wynn standing behind him

radiating a cold aura, hatred was apparent in her frosty expression. "Wynn, don't worry, I'll go and gather some funds now." Philip forced a smile. However, both their savings were already dried up. Tears poured down from Wynn's eyes as her hands balled into fists. "Philip Clarke, if you're still a man, go and beg my parents!" "I..." Philip froze. His words were stuck in his throat. "Hah!" Wynn scoffed as she wiped her tears. "I knew it. You never change. Is your pride more important than Mila?" She had seen through to his thoughts.

Wynn then turned around with her back facing him. Philip let out a helpless sigh and then received a notification about a delivery on his phone. He rushed to the ward, had a quick chat with his daughter before leaving. Before he left, Wynn reminded him, "Philip Clarke, it's my father's birthday this weekend. If you don't want to divorce, then go and beg my parents." She left him with no choice. Philip knew that this was the last shred of Wynn's patience for him. Just as he was about to leave the hospital, an arrogant male voice called out to him, "Wow, isn

't this Philip Clarke? Where are you rushing off to?" Philip looked up to see a handsome man standing in front of him. The man was wearing a full suit with a fruit basket and a Peppa Pig doll in his hand. "Juan Parker! Why are you here?" Philip's face immediately darkened. Juan Parker was his best buddy at university. But ever since Philip and Wynn got married, they became enemies because Juan, too, was in love with Wynn. "I asked him to come." Wynn suddenly appeared and walked past Philip. With an apologetic smile, she said to Juan, "Brother

Juan, I'm so sorry to trouble you again." Upon seeing Wynn, the mocking expression on Juan's face turned into a generous smile as he said, "It's okay, I'm Mila's uncle after all. This is for Mila. I'll go and pay the bills now." Juan then shot Philip a smug look with apparent disdain in his eyes. The knuckles on Philip's fists turned white. He asked Wynn coldly,

"Why did you loan money from him?" "Do you have any? Or do you want Mila to be kicked out of the hospital tomorrow?"

Wynn glared icily at Philip before turning away to follow after Juan, chattering happily with him as they went. Philip's eyes were about to pop from their sockets out of anger at this scene.

He felt his ego being dealt a heavy blow. Money, money, money! It's all about money with them! Philip stood at the entrance of the hospital for the longest time before heaving a sigh. He looked up at the blue sky and then dug out his cellphone to make a call. "Howie, where are you? Let's meet up." Inside a rented house, Philip and Howard Lowe sat across each other. Howard was a slightly tanned and skinny man. He handed a debit card to Philip and said, "There's sixty thousand here. Take it for now." Philip's hand was trembling as he took the card. "Howie, thank you. Thank you!" "What

's there to thank? We're brothers, after all." Howard laughed. "I object!" There was a loud bang, and the door of the rented house was suddenly pushed open. A tall woman rushed in furiously. "Howard Lowe, that's the bride price you were supposed to give my family. Why are you giving it to him?

" This woman was Howard's girlfriend, Ruby Ford. Her looks

were a seven out of ten, and she had a proud personality. She was a bit of a snob. "Ruru, Mila has been hospitalized, so I'm only lending this to Philip for an emergency." Howard went over to pull at Ruby's arm as he explained. Ruby swung his hand away and sneered at Philip. "Hah! Philip, how many times have you borrowed money from our Howard now? If you're going to be shameless, why should I indulge you?" "Ruby!"

Howard's voice deepened as he tugged her sleeve. Ruby would not back down. She pointed at Howard's nose and blamed him. "Mr. Lowe, if you're going to loan him the money, I'm breaking up with you! You can forget about our wedding!" Seeing as they were about to get into a fight, Philip put the card down onto the table, stood up, and nodded apologetically. "I'm sorry. Uhm... Howie, I'll see you guys at your wedding ceremony then. I'll take my leave now." "

Goodbye!" Ruby said coldly. Without waiting for Howard to chase after him, Philip had already run out of the rented house.

As soon as the door closed behind him, Ruby and Howard's arguing voices sounded behind the door. Philip squatted down with his phone in one hand and a cigarette in another, lost in thoughts along the streets. Being poor is a sin, and you really can't move forward without money. After making up his mind, Philip finally called a number he had not dialed in seven years.

The call soon got through. "Hello, Young Master? Young Master, is that you? You've finally called me."

The voice on the other end sounded thrilled. There were hints of age and even sniffles. Philip sighed helplessly and said, "George, I need

money. Can you transfer me a hundred thousand?" "Oh, Young Master, please don't say that. I would even transfer you a billion if you wanted." The older man on the phone was still excited, but soon, he sounded troubled. "But Young Master, according to your agreement with the master, if you want to use the finances and connections of the family, you'd have to come back and inherit the family business. Could you come over to the company, and we'll discuss this?" Philip pondered it for a moment before answering, "Alright, I'll make a trip over." "Great! Young Master, I'll send someone to pick you up!" Old George said enthusiastically. "That's okay, I can go over myself." Philip said before asking, "Oh yes, which company?" "Apex Group. I'll be waiting for you at the director's office," said George. After hanging up, Philip stared at the stream of people passing by in front of him. Okay, I'll be frank and say that I, Philip, am born with a silver spoon! My family has assets worldwide, and my family owns seventy percent of the businesses in the world. I've been trying to avoid the inheritance these past seven years, so I ran away, hoping that I could experience a normal life. But today, reality has forced me to compromise. If I don't work hard enough, don't have any money, I would have to go back and inherit that massive fortune. Philip soon arrived at the Apex Group building in his scooter. It was a tall building of about three hundred meters. The company itself was ranked at number seven on the Fortune Global 500 list! But then again, all the companies in the Fortune Global 500 either belonged to the

Clarke family or had a piece of share owned by them. Upon entering the lobby, Philip was stopped by a female voice. "Hey, hey, hey, you there! Who said you could just barge in? Get out, out! Delivery men aren't allowed inside! Call and get someone to come downstairs to meet you!" A pretty girl in black uniform blocked Philip's path and started scolding him. She had a mature appearance and a dignified aura. "What are you staring at? How disgusting, you rogue! Hurry up and get out!"

Lily Simmons shot a hateful glare at Philip, thinking that she had seen enough delivery men in her life. thinking that she had seen enough delivery men in her life. thinking that she had seen enough delivery men in her life.

## Chapter 2

Philip's expression changed, frowning slightly. Seeing Philip in his delivery uniform, looking shabby, Lily pointed at the door and said, "Get out now, we don't allow delivery men here."

"I'm not here for delivery," explained Philip. Lily tidied her bangs before crossing her arms and said icily, "This is not the first time I hear this. Everyone that comes in here says they're not delivery men. Please!" "I'm not. I'm here to see George Thomas." Feeling exasperated, Philip headed inside after saying that. "F\*ck! Are you mad? Didn't you hear what I was saying?" Lily was furious. It was her first time seeing such a shameless delivery man who would just force his way in after being denied entry. Just then, a department manager seemed to have heard the commotion and came out with an ugly

expression. "What's going on?" "Manager Stuart, this delivery man is trying to force his way into our office!" Lily pointed at Philip and then continued with much disdain, "I'll get security to chase him out immediately!" The manager frowned and sized Philip up before saying, "Our company doesn't allow delivery men inside. Please leave." Stuart showed more courtesy, but his tone and attitude did not sound friendly. This man was a department manager of a company listed in the Fortune Global 500. To be this polite to rubbish delivery men was already very kind. Seeing Philip still standing there in a daze, Lily was anxious to show her authority, so she pointed at him again and roared, "Did you hear that? Get out now!" Philip was annoyed. Did she swallow a stick of dynamite, or is she on her period? This is a company owned by my family, and you're just a watchdog! Who are you to bark at your owner? Damn it! "I've already said that I'm not here for a delivery. I'm here to see George Thomas," Philip answered coldly. George Thomas? The manager was stunned as he stared, bewildered at Philip before snorting out a laugh. "You're looking for our chairman?" "George Thomas, is your chairman?" Philip was dumbstruck. Wasn't that old man a mere secretary? Since when did he secretly become chairman?

No wonder he was brave enough to want to talk about conditions. That means I can't be soft when I see him later! I, Philip Clarke, will never inherit the family business! I'll just take the money and go! Stuart shook his head and laughed sarcastically.

"You didn't even know that President Thomas is our

chairman, and you say you're looking for him? Do you have an appointment?" "Mr. Stuart, stop joking. How could trash like him get an appointment?" Lily mocked as her lips curved into a sarcastic smile. "Alright, alright. Lily, get security to come over." Stuart waved impatiently. "Understood, Mr. Stuart,"

answered Lily in a coquettish voice before she jogged over to the front desk and picked up the phone to call the security department. The manager was about to leave when, suddenly, an angry voice sounded at the front desk. "George Thomas, get down here right now! I'm being held up by your receptionist. If I don't see you in three minutes, I'm leaving.

" The other two people followed the source of the voice and saw Philip just hanging up with a lazy expression as his eyes surveyed the office environment. The mocking smile on Lily's lips grew, and she reproached, "You're even putting on an act now! You deserve to be a delivery man for life!" Her hands then shifted from the phone to take a secret picture of Philip to post on her social media timeline with the caption, '

Disgusting! Met a mad delivery man today and about to get security to kick him out...' On one side, Stuart frowned as he shot Lily a look. The latter understood immediately and gave him an 'OK' gesture. She called the security department and reported, "Hello, come over to the front desk to take care of a piece of human trash." After hanging up, Lily sat back down and started touching up her make-up, ignoring Philip. Soon, the chairman of Apex Group, George Thomas, with his secretary in tow, came jogging out of the elevator and saw their young

master waiting at the lounge from afar! However, what made their eyes pop was seeing three security

personnel about to throw the young master out! That's the sole heir of the family business! George instantly yelled, "Stop!" The three security guards were just pushing Philip out when they heard the order.

They turned to see their chairman rushing over with an enraged expression! Why is the chairman here? 'Thud!' The three men straightened up and saluted. "Good day, Mr. President!" they greeted. However, George did not notice them and went straight toward Philip; his face blooming like a sunflower. The moment Lily noticed the chairman, she quickly hurried over.

And when she saw Philip still standing there like an idiot, her rage grew. "Mr. President!" Lily greeted respectfully before turning to glare at Philip with disdain. "Why are you still here?

Three of you, throw him out immediately!" Lily was enraged.

Were the security team blind? How could they let this trash stand in the lounge when the chairman was here? What if this madman annoyed the chairman? George, however, shot a cold glance at Lily and reproached, "What are you doing? This is the young master of our company, the future president! Who allowed you lot to be this disrespectful?!" Young... Young master? This guy? How was this delivery man anything like a young master? Lily was dumbstruck. She said indignantly, "Mr.

President, are you mistaken? How is he our company's young master?" "I'm not mistaken," answered George coldly as the contempt for this woman grew in his heart. What kind of tone and attitude is this? Is this how you speak to your

chairman? Lily immediately realized her error and bowed in apology. "Mr. President, I'm sorry, I..." The manager, Stuart, from before just happened to come back at that moment. He gave a flattering smile and asked, "Mr. President, why have you come down here?" As he spoke, he noticed that Philip was still here but was not aware of the current atmosphere. His face went red, and he frowned. "Why are you still here? Didn't I tell you that our company doesn't allow delivery men in here?

Get out!" Soon after he spoke, he felt a pair of cold eyes staring straight at him. Oh dear, idiots were everywhere, but they were especially abundant today. "Shut up!" George exploded furiously and roared, "He is the young master of our company!

Both of you are fired!" Philip shook his head, helplessly. "

What a sin it is to be such a snob." "Young Master, this way please." George bowed slightly and gestured him to go inside. This scene startled both the manager and the receptionist. Young Master? Was he really the young master?

Seeing as Philip was about to leave with the chairman, Stuart immediately rushed over to smile apologetically and begged,

"Young Master, I was too blind to recognize you for who you were. Please forgive me this time." Stuart could see how the chairman was so respectful to the young man. Apex Group was ranked seventh in the

Fortune Global 500, and the chairman himself was a prominent figure worth over billions! If a big shot like him said that this young man was the young master, then he was the young master! Lily, too, had rushed over with a docile expression as she apologized, "Young Master, I was

wrong. I won't ever do it again." Philip only glanced at George indifferently. The latter instantly pointed at the security team and ordered, "What are you standing there for? Throw these two out! From today on, don't let them take even one step into our premise!" "Young Master, Young Master, we were wrong, please forgive us..." Stuart and Lily both ended up being tossed out of the building by security. Upon reaching the president's office, Philip sat down at the leather sofa while George stood respectfully at one side with his hands in front of him. "Old George, you're living a pretty luxurious life. This ostrich skin sofa, what great taste!" Philip patted the sofa he was sitting on and exclaimed. George wore a humble expression as he answered, still standing, "Young Master, stop joking with this old man. If you would sign your name in this document, everything here is yours to take." As soon as he said that, the tall secretary with delicate skin, dressed in black formal attire behind him, handed Philip a set of documents. Philip glanced at it in disdain. "It's not like you don't know that I refuse to inherit my dad's wealth. I'm here today to ask you to loan me a hundred thousand dollars." George smiled tactfully and said, "I refuse." "Say that again, old man!"

Philip stood up, abruptly out of anger. George repeated. "I refuse." The older man then continued with a bright smile on his wrinkled face as he tempted, "Young Master, as long as you sign this, forget a hundred thousand, even a hundred million or billions are all yours." "Forget it then! If I sign this document, my name isn't Philip Clarke!" Philip raged. Five minutes later.

"Congratulations, Young Master, you have officially inherited all Clarke family's wealth and businesses. Here is your hundred thousand." How delightful! George stared at the signed document with his face blooming like a chrysanthemum flower.

At the same time, the secretary beside him brought over a briefcase and opened it. It was a hundred thousand in cash! "

George, old man, you're too lavish. This briefcase looks like it

's carrying a hundred million instead," said Philip as he picked up a plastic bag lying beside and put the money in. "I

'll be taking my leave now." "Take care, Young Master. Do you need me to get a car ready for you?" George asked respectfully. "That's okay, I came on my scooter," answered Philip, and he walked out of the office with the plastic bag in hand. After Philip had left, George immediately brought the documents up to the conference room on the top floor and started a video conference. "Master, the young master has finally signed." Old George stood in front of the large screen, bowing slightly as he reported with much enthusiasm and respect. The screen showed an old man in a wheelchair. The old man coughed for a bit before slowly lifting a hand and said in a weak voice, "Then... pass on the message..." "Yes, Master,"

answered George, wiping his tears as he looked at the old man on the screen. In an instant, the top

management of all the businesses under the Clarke family received an email informing them that the sole heir of the Clarke family, Philip Clarke, had officially inherited the family business! These businesses include properties, development, entertainment, production, finance,

investment, information technology, and etcetera... Philip returned to the hospital and rushed over to the ward just in time to see Wynn and Juan leaning close to each other as they chattered happily. Philip frowned as he balled his hands into fists. "Philip Clarke, where have you been?" Upon seeing him, Wynn asked coldly. To think this man still had the heart to run around, ignoring his daughter. Wynn's gaze held disappointment as she looked at Philip. Juan, who was sitting beside him, snorted in laughter. "Philip, were you away trying to borrow money? It's okay; I can foot the medical bills. I'm Mila's uncle, after all." "I don't need you to worry about my daughter's medical expenses; I can pay up." Philip walked in with an icy expression. "Philip Clarke, how can you behave this way toward Brother Juan! Apologize to him!" Wynn started scolding him, thinking that she knew her husband well enough to know that he was disrespectful on purpose. Brother Juan was kind enough to help them foot the bill, but this man was sour to him. How rude! Juan feigned kindness and urged Wynn, saying, "Wynn, don't get angry. Philip must be feeling upset because he didn't manage to borrow any money." Wynn shot Philip a furious glare as she looked down on him even more. Philip tried to hold his rage back as he stared at both of them with clenched fists. He wanted so much to throw a punch at Juan's face. Wynn? He's calling her by her pet name so affectionately! Jesus, Wynn Johnston, I'm your husband here. Have you no shame? Juan feigned kindness and urged Wynn, saying, "Wynn, don't get angry. Philip must

be feeling upset because he didn't manage to borrow any money." Wynn shot Philip a furious glare as she looked down on him even more. Philip tried to hold his rage back as he stared at both of them with clenched fists. He wanted so much to throw a punch at Juan's face. Wynn? He's calling her by her pet name so affectionately! Jesus, Wynn Johnston, I'm your husband here. Have you no shame? Juan feigned kindness and urged Wynn, saying, "Wynn, don't get angry. Philip must be feeling upset because he didn't manage to borrow any money." Wynn shot Philip a furious glare as she looked down on him even more. Philip tried to hold his rage back as he stared at both of them with clenched fists. He wanted so much to throw a punch at Juan's face. Wynn? He's calling her by her pet name so affectionately! Jesus, Wynn Johnston, I'm your husband here. Have you no shame? Wynn? He's calling her by her pet name so affectionately! Jesus, Wynn Johnston, I'm your husband here. Have you no shame? Wynn? He's calling her by her pet name so affectionately! Jesus, Wynn Johnston, I

'm your husband here. Have you no shame?

### Chapter 3

"It's just money. Who said I didn't manage to borrow any?"

"Philip glared viciously at Juan. Juan was dumbstruck as his expression froze. When the surprise was still evident in his eyes, Philip tossed the plastic bag in his hand in front of him and Wynn. The bag fell with a loud thud and rolls of cash appeared before their eyes. The corner of Juan's eye twitched slightly as



his lips trembled. His hands had subconsciously balled into fists.

Wynn was surprised. She stared at the money Philip had tossed in front of them, confused, but then her expression immediately turned cold as anger surfaced in her eyes. Where did Philip get all this money? If he had this, why didn't he take it out earlier?

I even had to keep another man company by chatting happily with him! Doesn't he know how tiring it is? "Here's a hundred thousand. I'm paying you back all at once, including the past loans! Don't ever come here again," said Philip coldly. Juan did not take the money. To be frank, this hundred thousand did not amount to much in his eyes. He only thought of it as a charity to the poor. "Well done, Philip. You manage to fund this much in such a short time. But I'm curious, who would lend you so much in such a short amount of time?" Juan asked ambiguously, feeling his ego being shaken. He had stayed there just to wait for Philip to come back so he could ridicule him. Besides, he wanted to show Wynn just how terrible the man she had chosen was! But now, the words that Juan wanted to say were all stuck in his throat. This feeling of discomfort and a lump in his throat made him antsy. "Does it have anything to do with you?" answered Philip indifferently. Wynn could no longer stand it. She stood up and yelled at him, "That's enough, Philip! Brother Juan has helped us out so many times now, so how can you say that?" "Did I ask him for help? Don't you have any idea who he's doing all this for?" Philip retorted, his rage barely visible in his eyes.

Wynn was stunned. Of course, she knew why Juan cared for Mila

so much. However, being exposed so directly by her husband hurt her pride. She accused, "What do you mean by this?"

Philip took a deep breath to calm his emotions. He had been arguing with Wynn a lot more recently. "Aren't you leaving?"

"He moved the conversation back to Juan. Juan snickered. He then picked up the money and left without saying more. Wynn shot a furious glare at Philip before chasing after Juan. "

Brother Juan, let me see you out!" It was finally quiet. Philip sat down beside Mila's bed and watched his daughter sleeping soundly. He felt immense guilt. "Mila, is it hard for you to be with Papa? But I'll tell you what, from today onwards, you'll be a little princess." Philip stroked his daughter's forehead gently with great affection in his eyes. Just then, Wynn returned to the room. She asked coldly, "Where did you get the money from?" Philip answered without ever looking up. "I borrowed it." "From who?" "Howie." Wynn breathed a sigh of relief.

She had thought that he borrowed it from a loan shark. "You

've already borrowed from him too many times. You can't keep troubling him. Make sure to return it to him soon. I heard he's getting married." "I know. I'll return it to him as soon as I can." Philip finally looked at Wynn. This woman was really beautiful. Even with her brows pinched together, there was still a charm to her. It was just a pity she did not know that her good-for-nothing husband, who had collapsed after one setback, was now the heir to the world's wealthiest family. He could now summon

clouds and rain with just a nod of his head.

Wynn's gaze gradually fell darker. She looked at her daughter

lying on the sickbed and said, "Philip, you managed to borrow money this time, but what about the next? Will you have to borrow money every time Mila gets hospitalized?" The old Philip had been vigorous and spirited back then. It was also the reason why she fell for him. But after he had failed in his startup, Philip could not pick himself up again, and he became more and more wretched. Philip was slightly irritated. "I know what to do." Wynn kept quiet for a moment before continuing to say,

"Philip, even if it's not for yourself, think of it as doing something for Mila. Come with me to my father's birthday this weekend. Apologize to my parents." Philip kept quiet, only clenching his fists. Seeing him unwilling to say anything, Wynn grew more annoyed. She stomped her foot, took her bag, and scolded him, "Then, just keep being this wretched for the rest of your life!" After watching Wynn stomp out of the room in anger, Philip finally let out a helpless sigh. Life without money and prestige sucked. Would his father-in-law ever approve of him? In the afternoon, Philip had some urgent matters to take care of, so he got the nurse to look after Mila. Wynn was busy with work, so she was already back at her office. Philip got onto his scooter, refreshed his delivery list to start working again. He received a delivery task at Intercontinental Hotel. The people who could afford a room here were mostly rich. Upon reaching suite room number 8808, Philip knocked on the door. "Hello, your delivery is here." Following a click, the door was opened, and a fit woman came into view. She was wearing a crop top with spaghetti straps and black shorts. There was a tattoo of a

rose on her thigh, and her hair was disheveled, her make up exquisite. "Hello, your..." Philip handed her the delivery with a bright smile before stopping halfway. "Ruby... Ruby Ford?"

"Philip?" The girl standing in front of him was Howard's girlfriend, Ruby Ford. She was staring at Philip with a surprised expression as suspicion and anger flashed in her eyes. "Ruru, are you done? I can't wait any longer! You have even brought bunny ears today, hehe..." Coming from within the room was the revolting voice of a middle-aged man. Ruby shot Philip a glare, snatched the delivery from him, and slammed the door shut. Philip stood dumbfounded outside the door for a long time before he regained his senses. Shit! Why is Ruby here? She

's even in a room with another man! Should I tell Howie? Half an hour later, Philip met Ruby at the lounge downstairs. The latter had put on a black trench coat and trotted over in her high heels before sitting on the opposite of Philip. She took out three hundred dollars from her purse and placed it on the coffee table, saying coldly, "This is for you." Philip stared at the three hundred and snorted. "Is this a bribe?" Ruby frowned and dug out another two hundred to toss onto the table. "Five hundred! Is that enough? This is worth two days of your salary." Well, that escalated quickly! Philip stood up, looking furious and said through gritted teeth, "Ruby, how could you do this to Howie! He has worked so hard for you, and you two were going to get married by the end of the year!" "

So what? Who says I will marry him?" Ruby snorted and lit a ladies' cigarette, saying nonchalantly, "Philip, why don't

you just mind your own business. You keep coming to borrow money from Howie, and that's starting to irritate me. "You'

re a man, don't you have any sense of shame? It's no wonder your wife wants to divorce you, trash!" Ruby then stood up and crossed her arms, staring proudly at Philip. "Don't say a word about what happened today, or I'll get someone to break your leg." After that, Ruby went over to the plump middle-aged man who was waiting aside, and both of them left the hotel, arm in arm. Philip clenched his fists tightly. After he took the money on the table, he left the hotel and made a mental note to tell Howie about it. Just then, Philip's phone rang. A glance at the caller ID showed that it was a call from his manager, Wilson Young. The moment he answered the call, a thundering rage exploded from the other end. "Philip, what the fck are you doing?! I've received more than ten complaint phone calls! Were you delivering to Mars? Come straight back after your delivery, then pack up and get lost!" Wilson was going insane with anger. In just half an hour, he had received more than ten complaint phone calls about Philip. It was driving him crazy! Was this trash trying to work at all? "Mr. Young, you can stop scolding me because I fcking quit! I just fired you!"

"Say what? Philip Clar-..." Philip hung up. To begin with, he was already mad, and now a mere manager was scolding him to boot. Life had forced him to tolerate it all back then, but things were different now. He had been made to inherit his family fortune and was now the heir of the world's biggest consortium, so how could he let just anybody berate him so

simply? Philip dug out his phone and called George. "George, I want to repurchase my company, can I?" George answered,

"Young Master, that company was originally founded by you, but you ended up selling it due to bankruptcy. If you want to repurchase it, just say the word." Philip said calmly, "Okay. In ten minutes, I want to become its owner!" Two minutes later, George sent Philip a short message: Young Master. It's done.

You are now the owner of Gopher Delivery Services. Philip nodded. George was very efficient. Philip got onto his scooter and went straight to the office. Wilson Young, wait for daddy!

Just wait and see how I'll skin you alive! Gopher Delivery Services was the company Philip had founded. However, due to poor management, he went into bankruptcy and had to sell it off. Overnight, Philip had turned from a boss to a lowly staff. He lost all his glamour and was left with only endless mockery and cold reception. At Gopher Deliver Services Limited Liability Company, Wilson Young stared at his phone in the lounge, throwing a fit of rage. "Shit! This Philip is just looking for trouble! Just because I can't fire you, who are you to speak that way to me?" The several staff members standing aside were all shrinking their necks, afraid of getting caught in the fire.

Just then, the main door of the company was pushed open, and a middle-aged man walked in. Upon seeing the man, Wilson instantly put on a flattering smile. "Boss, why didn't you tell us you were coming? I could have gone to welcome you." It was the company's owner, Kevin Tank. Mr. Tank glanced at him before saying, "Everyone, prepare yourselves to welcome

the new owner." Wilson was stunned. "The new owner?" Mr.

Tank said, "Someone has spent ten million to buy this company." Wilson asked cautiously, "Who is this new owner?"

"Should we prepare something?" Mr. Tank frowned and answered, "I'm not familiar with the new owner, so everyone, be on your toes later." After that, the staff followed Mr. Tank to standby at the main entrance of the company. Wilson was instead showing off his authority by saying, "Everyone, keep your spirits up! The new owner will be here soon. If you perform nicely, you might even get a raise or a promotion! This is about you and your wallets!" "What a scoundrel, only knowing how to kiss up!" "He must mean 'this is about him.' What bootlicker!" A few staff were gossiping quietly. This was not the first time they felt contempt for Wilson Young. The man was just like them before, a mere delivery staff. But he was such a shameless bootlicker that he had ended up securing a manager position only by sucking up to the higher management. Just then, a black Bentley stopped steadily in front of the company

's entrance. After some thought, George had decided to come and take a look at the company in person, thinking that he could be of help to the young master. If it could put the young master in a good mood, the young man might even make a trip home. Wilson was standing behind Mr. Tank, rubbing his hands in anticipation. "He's here! He's here." He knew that the arrival of the new owner meant the arrival of his opportunity to show his performance! Just then, Philip, too, arrived and stopped his scooter right in front of the Bentley. The moment

he saw Philip, Wilson's whole body trembled with rage. He pointed at Philip and yelled, "Philip Clarke, why are you here?"

"Hurry up and get out of the way!" too, arrived and stopped his scooter right in front of the Bentley. The moment he saw Philip, Wilson's whole body trembled with rage. He pointed at Philip and yelled, "Philip Clarke, why are you here? Hurry up and get out of the way!" too, arrived and stopped his scooter right in front of the Bentley. The moment he saw Philip, Wilson's whole body trembled with rage. He pointed at Philip and yelled,

"Philip Clarke, why are you here? Hurry up and get out of the way!"

#### Chapter 4

Wilson was now boiling with anger! That madman blocked the new boss' Bentley! Was he looking for trouble? "Philip Clarke, what are you still standing there for? Get out of the way!"

Wilson pointed at Philip and barked at him. Philip had only just parked his scooter when he received another round of scolding from Wilson. "Oh no! Philip's done for this time. Brother Wil

's going to have a fit." "Ten complaint calls, and this crazy guy still has the guts to come back!" "This will

cost at least two hundred in deductions, that's a day's work!" A few staff were gossiping quietly, and some others were enjoying the show. Among them were some old staff who used to work for Philip. When they saw the man reduced to the point of having to become a delivery man just like them, they started becoming more mean toward him. Philip was already used to it. Just then,

Mr. Tanks glanced at Philip coldly. He looked annoyed and asked, "Manager Young, is this your staff?" Wilson quickly answered heavy sarcasm in his tone, "Boss, you don't come here often, so I forgot to introduce you. This is Philip Clarke, our company's ex-owner. He's now just a lowly delivery man here." Wilson deliberately emphasized the word 'ex-owner'

as he said it with thick mockery. Oh, Philip, you'll be getting what you deserve thanks to karma, hahaha! Mr. Tanks'

expression darkened. He frowned and said, "Clear out that good-for-nothing so we can welcome the new owner." He finally remembered Philip, the sad young man who had sold him this company years ago. Unfortunately, Mr. Tanks had great wits but a short memory, so a man like Philip who was on the lower level in society never left too much of an impression.

Mr. Tanks then straightened up his suit and moved toward the Bentley with a massive smile. Upon receiving the order, Wilson immediately assumed authority and pointed cheekily at Philip.

"Philip, pack your bags and go!" Philip rolled his eyes and stared at Wilson like an idiot before spitting a single word, "

Lunatic." Everyone present had heard his response, and their expression turned odd. Wilson immediately flared up. His finger was so close to poking Philip's nose as he bellowed, "F\*ck!

Try saying that again!" Philip then let out a cold laugh. "As you wish then, you lunatic! Your whole family is crazy!" "You

're a dead man, Philip! You are now fired, and you need to reimburse the company for the losses you have made!" Wilson said through gritted teeth as he glared at Philip with widened

eyes. This man doesn't know his place! He should be reminded that he's no longer the boss of Gopher Delivery Services, but he's so arrogant! Just wait and see how I'll deal with you later! Suddenly, the Bentley's door opened, and an elderly man with a walking stick came out with a furious expression. "

Who dares to fire him?!" The elderly man then walked past Kevin Tanks, who had come to receive him with a smile on his face, and to everyone's surprise, stopped in front of Philip. He straightened up, bent over slightly, and lowered his head. His actions were fluid, showing great respect. "Young Master, sorry I was late," said the old man. His voice was not loud, but it sounded like a pin dropping in the silence. Young Master?

Everyone was stunned! Had Philip Clarke suddenly become a young master? What was going on? Kevin Tanks was dumbstruck as the smile on his face stiffened. Wilson instead was so shocked that he let out a

huge laugh. "Old Mister, are you our new owner? You can stop joking around. This Philip is the lowest level of staff in our company, so you must be mistaken!" George merely glanced at him coldly, thinking, how could an ordinary fellow like him understand his young master

's greatness? Kevin frowned slightly and jogged over before ardently saying, "President Thomas, please don't joke with us like that. Come, let's talk inside." Kevin Tanks was an entrepreneur, so he could recognize George Thomas. The man was the president of Apex Group! An overpowering figure in Riverdale City! However, George remained rooted to the spot, glaring coldly at Kevin and Wilson with a dark expression. "

Who's joking with you? This is your company's new owner!

" How was that possible? The new owner was Philip? Wilson did not believe it, and neither could Kevin. "Brother Will, didn

't you just say that you want to fire me?" Philip looked at Wilson, trying not to smile. "Philip! Are you asking for trouble?

Don't call me 'Brother Will'!" Wilson roared. He hated that nickname. "You better scam now and reimburse the company

's loss! That'll be ten thousand!" Wilson smiled sardonically.

Hah! How could Philip be the new owner of the company? With the likes of him? Don't make me laugh. Philip, however, was still staring at Wilson, trying not to laugh. "What are you staring at? Hand out the money now!" Wilson sneered. "What

's wrong with me staring?" Philip smiled. "You're just looking for trouble, aren't you? I'd just be doing you a favor if I didn't fire you for what you have just said." Wilson stood his ground, snickering. He was the company's manager, so he naturally had the authority to fire a staff below him. "Then, I'

ll tell you what, Wilson. I'm firing you now, so you can beat it.

" Philip leaned against his scooter with his hands stuffed in this pocket as he said nonchalantly. This Wilson Young was an idiot.

He still could not figure things out at this point, but Kevin Tanks, who had been standing on the side, had finally come to a realization! Shit! Philip is the company's new owner! At this thought, cold sweat started to form on Kevin's forehead as he looked away, reluctant to face this scene. He wanted to strangle Wilson. "What did you say? You fire me?" Wilson laughed with a twisted expression. Did this Philip hit his head

somewhere to be able to spout such nonsense? At that moment, George, who had been standing beside Philip, shot Wilson a cold glance. "If our young master says to fire you, you

're fired!" George's expression was dark. To think that someone would have the audacity to humiliate

their young master, what a fool! Wilson then realized that his new boss was standing right in front of him. But before he could react, Kevin had thrown a tight slap across his face and roared, "Wilson Young, get lost this instant! You're fired!" This Wilson Young was an idiot! Kevin wondered how he had believed this man and had even promoted him to a manager position in the first place. "Boss, what do you mean by this?" Wilson held a hand to his cheek, staring at Kevin in disbelief. "What I mean is that Philip Clarke is the new owner, and since he says you're fired, you're fired!" Everyone was stunned at Kevin's words! Wilson's whole body was trembling as he shouted, "

Impossible! He's already bankrupt, so how could a broke man like him be the new owner?" Kevin frowned. "He's not as simple as you think he is!" Wilson turned to look at Philip, his expression faltering. He finally realized that the old man standing in front of Philip was President Thomas of Apex Group!

A rich man worth billions and the wealthiest man of Riverdale City! And if he addressed Philip as his young master, then... "

Wilson Young, from now onwards, you're fired. Beat it!"

Philip straightened himself up. After he spoke, Wilson stood rooted to his spot, dumbstruck. Weren't you just enjoying yourself scolding me earlier? You were even trying to fire me.

But, too bad for you, I'm the new owner here. If I want you gone, you're gone! There was a loud thud. Wilson fell to his knees and clung onto Philip's leg. "Mr. Clarke, I was too blind to recognize you for who you were. I was too full of myself.

Please don't fire me. Seeing that we used to be colleagues, please let me stay in the company. I'm willing even to make deliveries!" Philip snorted. "Now you know that you're at fault. But, would you have forgiven me if this didn't happen?

Your wrongdoings will only bring about self-destruction!"

Philip had pushed Wilson over a cliff with just a few words. After that, he turned to look at the company's staff and said, "I know that a lot of you had looked down on me when I was in my darkest moments, but that's okay. From today on, all of your salaries will be doubled!" In an instant, the staff all went into an uproar! Double pay! "Mr. Clarke is awesome!" "I love you, Mr. Clarke!" Philip then looked at a beautiful woman standing at the back of the crowd and announced, "One more thing, Wilson's manager position will be replaced by Miss Agnes Summer." "Swish!" The crowd turned their heads back to look at Agnes, a woman dressed in a black uniform skirt set that accentuated her perfect figure. Agnes stared at Philip in surprise, unable to catch her breath until Philip was about to leave. Seeing as he was about to disappear into the Bentley, a peculiar emotion sparked in her eyes. Agnes ran to the car and stopped right in front of the car window, her chest almost falling out. She pursed her lips then said, "Philip... No, Mr.

Clarke, are you promoting me to become a manager?" Philip

's eyes indistinctly stole a glance at Agnes' fair bosom, then he smiled and asked, "Sister Agnes, what's

wrong? Don't you believe in your abilities?" This woman, Agnes Summer, was sensible, had a great figure, and was beautiful. She had been working under Philip before this, so promoting her now was not unexpected. This was the privilege of being the boss.

"I... I'm just afraid I might not be good enough." Agnes sounded conflicted. She had never imagined that Philip would become the new owner so suddenly. Although he was already the owner before this, the company was tiny, with only a few staff. The company's turnover had now exceeded five million every year! That must mean that Philip had spent billions on buying over the company today! "Relax, Sister Agnes, take your time to get used to things, and don't worry." Philip smiled, and that served as a tranquilizer for Agnes. As she watched Philip leave in the Bentley, Agnes pursed her red lips as she pondered. Just who exactly is he? Why did he have to act poor if he was so rich in the first place? Inside the Bentley. "

Young Master, there is an investment project tomorrow, and you have to meet the other company's boss." A smile appeared on George's wrinkled face. "I'm not going,"

answered Philip crisply. He did not want to care about any of this. I was forced to inherit the family wealth, so don't even think about asking me to go anywhere! "Then, Young Master, please return that hundred thousand to me," said George calmly. Philip's eyes widened in shock before finally answering, albeit reluctantly, "Fine, fine, fine! I'll go, okay?"

To think that the heir of a wealthy family like me has to bend over backward for a hundred thousand! How sad! Sigh! "

Alright, Young Master. I will come and pick you up tomorrow."

George smiled. As soon as he got out of the car, Philip heard a puzzled voice. "Philip? Why are you here?" Philip subconsciously turned to see Wynn with a confused expression as she stared at him with an odd gaze. Philip panicked internally. Oh no! Wynn is going to find out about my identity!

## Chapter 5

"Why are you here?" Wynn frowned and glanced at the Bentley beside Philip. Did he just come out from that car? Is this my wretched husband? Or do delivery companies now deliver meals in Bentleys? "I... I uh..." Philip stammered then swept a look at George who was smiling like a flower through the window. The old man quickly put out a hand and said, "Young man, thank you. It's thanks to you that I finally found this place. Let this old man treat you to a meal next time to show my gratitude." Philip smiled and nodded politely. "That's okay, sir. Please take care on your way back." The tone of his voice hinted to the elderly man to leave quickly. George did not say anything but smiled and nodded at Wynn before



asking the driver to move away. Wynn froze in shock! Wasn't... wasn't that the chairman of Apex Group, President Thomas?! The wealthiest man in the city! And Philip was just in the same car with him! "Do you know George Thomas?" Wynn looked back at Philip, surprised. Philip shrugged. "No, I don't. That old

thing was lost, so I just led the way." That old thing? The corner of Wynn's mouth twitched. He had called the wealthiest man in the city 'that old thing'? How rude! "What do you mean by 'old thing.' That man is the wealthiest in Riverdale, the president of Apex Group!" Wynn rolled her eyes at Philip. This man was senseless. The more Wynn looked at him, the more contempt she felt. She merely said coldly, "Philip, don't forget that my father will be hosting a get-together this weekend at Virtuous Court. Prepare some gifts." "I never said I would go," answered Philip. "You!" Wynn was irked. She had put in a lot of effort to persuade her father, telling him that Philip would come and apologize to him, and she hoped that her father would not give him such a hard time. But, what was with Philip's attitude? Forget it, forget him. She must have been blind back then to fall for this man. "Do as you please then!" Wynn's temper flared up, and with a twist of her slender waist, she turned to leave. As Philip watched her leave, he noticed that she had changed clothes. She even seemed to be wearing perfume and had makeup on. Philip was puzzled as he saw her enter a large building. He started pondering, Didn't

t Wynn say she was going back to the office? Why was she here?

And where was this? It's Hilton Hotel! At the thought of that, Philip felt anger rise in him. He was putting in so much effort at work, but she came to a hotel? This would not do. He must follow her and see what was going on! Wynn was very stressed out today. First, her daughter's heart disease had relapsed under the care of that irresponsible Philip. Next, she had to

worry about that whole matter with Juan Parker, and after she returned to the office, one of her projects was facing some challenging patch. The president of this project stood her up and insisted that she come for a discussion at the Hilton. Wynn had wanted to refuse, but the client was using the project to pressure her, so she had to show up. This project was worth a million! Just then, her phone rang. "Hello, President Warren, I

've arrived. Where are you?" "I'm waiting for you at the restaurant on the sixth floor." The mellow voice of a man sounded from the other end of the call. "Alright, President Warren, I'll be over soon." Wynn smiled. After she hung up, Wynn let out a sigh, looking a little hesitant as she stared at the elevator before finally deciding to go upstairs after all. The moment the elevator doors closed, Philip appeared in the lobby and saw that Wynn had gone up from afar. He ran after her, but a cold, mocking voice stopped him instead. "Wow, isn't this my cousin brother-in-law who works as a delivery man? Are you delivering to the Hilton?" Philip turned his head to see a gorgeous and fashionable couple, leaning close to each other.

The girl had her arms crossed with a mocking expression as she leaned into the arms of a tall and handsome man. "Lynn Johnston?" Philip frowned before taking note that the elevator had stopped on the sixth floor. The girl walked over with a taunting look and laughed. "What a coincidence to see you here. It looks like your area of coverage is extensive." This girl was Lynn Johnston, Wynn's younger

cousin sister. She was only a freshman in college, but she looked like a fine woman. “

Lynnie, who’s this?” The handsome man beside Lynn signaled her with his eye and asked. Lynn immediately snorted.

“He’s my cousin brother-in-law. Didn’t I tell you before?”

The one whose business failed and had to do deliveries for a living. He even borrowed a few thousand bucks from me but hasn’t returned it yet.” Lynn had always looked down on Philip because he was just rubbish! She always felt that a frog like him did not match up to her cousin. While the man did marry her cousin sister, it was more accurate to say he married into her family instead. How shameful. “Haha, this is the cousin brother-in-law you’ve been talking about?” The man laughed out loud, the mockery visible in his eyes. Philip was starting to get annoyed. He was Lynn’s cousin brother-in-law after all, so what was she trying to achieve by getting outsiders to humiliate him too? “I’ll return you the money, but I have something to do now. So, I won’t keep both of you company.” Philip forced out a smile. Lynn was still Wynn’s cousin sister, so as an elder, Philip felt that he should exercise more tolerance. If she knew that he was now the heir to the world’s largest consortium, he wondered what expression Lynn would have right now and how would she react? Humans are always superficial and ignorant.

“Return me the money? I’m not counting on it. With your pay as a delivery man, would it even be enough to cure Mila?” Lynn asked sarcastically. Her cousin brother-in-law was trash! And that little bitch should have never been born! Lynn did not think much of Philip, so naturally, she felt the same for his daughter. When Philip heard this, his expression gradually turned cold. “Lynn Johnston, I am still your cousin brother-in-law. Don’t you think you’re too rude?” “Hah!” Lynn snorted. “I’ve never acknowledged you as my cousin brother-in-law. You just happened to be clinging onto my cousin sister and married into our family, nothing more.” How shameless! Who did he think he was to use his identity to pressure her? “Wow, he’s a live-in son-in-law?” Lynn’s boyfriend laughed, sounding surprised. How wretched was this man to be able to stoop so low? Lynn waved her hand before tugging her boyfriend’s arm and said, “Forget it, let’s go, Hugh. Standing beside a person like this makes the air all greasy and smelly.” Philip’s eyes darkened. His hands balled into fists as he watched Lynn swaying her hips and walking away with her boyfriend in tow. The two people were still mumbling to each other. “Your cousin brother-in-law is worthless.” “He’s not my cousin brother-in-law. If you keep saying that, I’ll stop talking to you.” Philip took a deep breath to calm his emotions. He should not be bothering himself with brats like them. He then turned around and ran into the elevator to go up to the sixth floor. Philip had circled the whole area before finally noticing Wynn’s silhouette inside a Western restaurant through a glass wall. What the fck! What angered him was the sight of a bald and oily fat man sitting across Wynn, reaching out his arm as he tried to touch Wynn’s hand with a disgusting expression on his face. Oh, a cuckoo bird! Wait, where is it going? This is not a beautiful sight at all! Philip was furious! He dug out his phone and called Wynn immediately. Inside the restaurant, Wynn

tactfully rejected Manager Warren’s goodwill countless times, but the man was unwilling to give up. He was even trying to touch her hand! It was at this moment, her phone suddenly rang. This was her chance to take a breather. “I’m sorry, Manager Warren, let me take this call,” said Wynn, and she stood

up to walk out of the restaurant. Manager Warren's tiny eyes narrowed as he stared at Wynn's back profile. He could not stop himself. He was thinking to himself that he will surely punish this proud woman tonight! "Hello, Philip, is something up?" Wynn stood outside the restaurant. "I'm in front of you." Wynn then abruptly looked up to see Philip staring coldly at her. She frowned in confusion. Why was he here? "Are you following me?" Wynn walked over with a frosty expression and asked icily. She had just run into Philip downstairs, and now he was here at the restaurant entrance. What was this if it was not stalking? Excellent job Philip, you're even starting this disgusting hobby of stalking someone now? Philip laughed. "I don't have that kind of time to be following you. I just happened to pass by." He then glanced over at the fatty inside the restaurant and asked, "Who's he? Is he more important than Mila?" To come out and meet this fat man instead of going to the hospital. You're something, aren't you? Wynn was annoyed by Philip's interrogative tone, but she explained nonetheless, "A business partner. We're here for a business discussion." "A business discussion? I saw him making moves on you. Are you having a business discussion or a date?" Philip questioned. Wynn's expression darkened. She crossed her

arms and said in a hateful tone, "Philip Clarke, what are you trying to say? Are you suspecting me of an affair? I grind myself away every day, working just to earn money to cure Mila! But, what about you? Does making deliveries every day earn you a great future? I have asked you to apologize to my parents, but have you done that? You're just a coward!" As she spoke, Wynn grew more agitated as tears started to pool in her eyes.

She turned away and sniffled. "Forget it. It's no use telling you anything. I'm not coming back tonight." Was she not coming back? Philip was dumbstruck. Did she mean she was going to stay out tonight? With this fatso? "What if I can help you?" asked Philip. Seeing Wynn in this state, Philip could easily guess that this discussion was not easy. That business partner must be threatening her. At the same time, he felt guilty, realizing that his attitude had been inappropriate earlier. "

What can you help me with? Can you bring me a one million dollar worth of order?" Wynn laughed. Her tone was cold. She never counted on Philip to be able to help her with anything. "

It's just a one million dollar order, I can-..." said Philip. He did not lack the money now. With just one sentence from him, he could even buy over Wynn's company, much less a million-dollar project. It was a piece of cake! "Philip, that's enough. I don't need you to worry about my troubles," answered Wynn coldly before turning around and going back into the restaurant. Don't need me to worry? But, you're my wife! Philip stared after Wynn with a bitter smile and then took out his phone.

## Chapter 6

Philip casually made a call to George Thomas. "George, help me check for the latest projects that Wynn Johnston is handling within Beacon Pharmaceutical. Is there a million-dollar order? Let me know who is the client and the person in charge." From the other end came George's respectful voice, saying, "Young Master, Beacon Pharmaceutical is one of the companies that the Clarke family invests in. I'll get President Hall of Beacon to visit you personally." Huh? Beacon Pharmaceutical is actually one of the companies our family invests in? My dad is too awesome! Philip suddenly regretted not inheriting the

family business earlier. “No need to.

Investigate quickly and have the client smoothen the whole process so that they won’t give Wynn a hard time,” said Philip calmly. “Young Master, I recommend you to just buy over that client’s company. You don’t lack the money,” George suggested. What the fck! Buy over? As expected of a butler from a wealthy family. Oh George, old man, do you really talk this big now? “It’s called being low profile, do you understand? If I wanted to buy it, would I have waited until now?” Philip answered indignantly. “Alright, Young Master. Please give me ten minutes,” George said sheepishly. As soon as he hung up, George immediately got his secretary to contact Beacon Pharmaceutical’s chairman, Derrick Hall. When Derrick received the call from George’s secretary, he was trembling with excitement. “President Thomas, do you need me for something?” It was a call from the richest man in Riverdale City! The chairman of Apex Group! Countless people wished to have a meal with him. “President Hall, it’s not me who wants something from you, but my young master.” George’s voice sounded calm through the phone, but his tone was forbidding. He was, after all, the richest man in Riverdale City! He had to sound respectful in front of the young master, but toward other people, he was the boss! And a boss naturally needed to behave like one. “Young... Young Master?” Derrick was currently sitting inside the president’s office of Beacon Tower, stunned as he started to break out in cold sweat. President Thomas’ young master! The richest man in the city still had a young master! That was just too scary! “Then, what would the young lord like from me?” Derrick asked carefully, terrified of enraging George if he was not cautious enough. “There’s a Wynn Johnston in your company. Who is the client she has been in contact with lately?” asked George. Derrick knew Wynn Johnston. She was the deputy manager of the marketing department, a strong woman, and he had had his eyes on her for a long time now. But sadly, she was married, although it did not matter. Derrick immediately jogged over to the marketing department with his head drenched in sweat. When the staff of the Beacon Pharmaceutical marketing department saw Derrick, they all kept quiet. “Where is Deputy Manager Johnston?” asked Derrick. “She went out for a business discussion,” a staff member answered. “Who is the client?” asked Derrick. “Manager Maury Warren of Victory Pharmaceutical,” the staff member answered. Derrick brought the phone back up, turned around, and respectfully reported, “President Thomas, it’s Maury Warren from Victory Pharmaceutical.” “Alright, got it.” George directly hung up after that. Next up, George used his own authority to give Victory Pharmaceutical a warning. He had served as a butler for so many years now, he could naturally figure out what his young master was thinking. This Maury Warren from Victory Pharmaceutical must have offended the young master. Six minutes later, Philip who was making his way to the hospital received a call from George. “Young Master, everything has been taken care of.” “Okay. Don’t tell Wynn about this, and shut everyone else up. I don’t want to hear even a peep about it,” said Philip. “Understood, Young Master. Low profile.” George chuckled. After hanging up, Philip looked at the hospital building in front of him and smiled bitterly. Oh, Wynn, you keep saying that I can’t help you. I’m telling you now that I can assist you with simply one sentence. If you ever found out one day that I’ve been supporting you, how would you react? Moving back to the Western restaurant on the sixth floor of Hilton Hotel. Maury Warren had had too much to drink and now his hands were starting to misbehave. “Deputy Manager Johnston, you just keep eating but you won’t touch your wine. Are you looking down on me?” Maury put on a long face, his voice sounding dark. Wynn flashed an apologetic smile and explained, “Manager Warren, you’re mistaken. I’m just unwell these few days, so I can’t drink alcohol.”

This shitty fatso keeps trying to touch me, he's so irritating! "Hmph! Since you've put it that way, I don't think there's anything for us to talk about anymore." Maury snorted before threatening Wynn. "Deputy Manager Johnston, you should know that not only Beacon is trying to cooperate with us. There are a lot of people begging to see me." At his words, Wynn frowned and looked hesitantly at the red wine on the table. "Alright then, I'll just have one glass," said Wynn. She took the bottle of red wine and poured herself a glass. Maury was all smiles as he looked at Wynn. This woman was so endearing under the dim lights. Wynn drank the whole glass at one go. "Manager Warren, will this do? Let's talk about our collaboration..." "Deputy Manager Johnston, don't be in such a rush. Why don't we talk about this slowly upstairs?" Maury Warren revealed his real agenda for the night. Soon after he spoke, he put his hand onto Wynn's thigh and wanted to go further in! 'Slap!' Wynn had stood up directly and gave the man a furious slap. "Manager Warren, that's enough!" "You btch, how dare you slap me!" Maury glowered furiously and stood up. He lifted an arm and was about to slap Wynn when... 'Ring ring ring!' The sound of a caller tone interrupted him. He grabbed his phone as he watched Wynn leave, roaring into his phone, "Who's this?!" "Maury Warren! Is that how you should be speaking to me?" On the other end came a similarly enraged roar. "President Lewis, I'm sorry, so sorry. A few promoters kept calling me just now. What do you want with me?" Maury immediately sounded like an obedient little kid. This man, President Lewis, was the chairman of Victory Pharmaceuticals, his boss! What was he calling him for? Although the man had now ruined his plans, Maury did not dare to complain. "You're asking me? Did you deliberately try to trouble Deputy Manager Johnston on our collaboration?" President Lewis asked, sounding exasperated. Just one

moment ago, he had received a call from the wealthiest man in Riverdale City, George Thomas. The man's words were filled with provocation. Damn it, this Maury Warren! He had the audacity to offend such a prominent figure! Was he looking for trouble? "President Lewis, how do you know about this?" Maury was stunned. Could Wynn have told on him? But, she was only a mere deputy manager of the marketing department, it was impossible for her to be in contact with President Lewis. "You're even asking me this? Are you trying to get yourself fired?" President Lewis flew into a fit of rage and roared, "Our collaboration with Beacon is approved!

And you better apologize to Deputy Manager Johnston immediately, in person! Without her forgiveness, don't even think about coming back to the company. You can just scram!" 'Thud!' The call was ended and Maury Warren was flabbergasted! He could tell that President Lewis was really furious. Without another word, he dashed out to chase after Wynn. "Deputy Manager Johnston, please wait!" Maury was now behaving like an obedient child, lowering his head, bending over slightly with his hands held together to show his apology. "Deputy Manager Johnston, I'm so sorry, I was muddled earlier. I'll sign our collaboration agreement immediately. I hope Deputy Manager Johnston can forgive me for being blinded by desire."

Wynn was stunned. She stared at Maury in shock and confusion. "Manager Warren, do you mean it?" This was the order she had been working on for a whole month. A hundred thousand! Her commission alone was worth tens of thousands! They could finally pay Mila's treatment fees. In just ten minutes, Maury and Wynn signed the agreement. Everything happened so fast that Wynn still could not regain her senses. "President Warren, you mentioned that your chairman has approved of this personally,

right?”

Wynn asked, feeling confused. Maury had been giving her a flattering smile the whole time. “Yes, Deputy Manager Johnston. You should have told me that you were an acquaintance of President Lewis. We almost had a misunderstanding.” Wynn nodded, still puzzled. How could she be acquainted with President Lewis of Victory Pharmaceutical? That must

mean someone had helped her! Could it be Juan Parker? She had mentioned this to him in the morning. I must ask him! thought Wynn. She subconsciously compared Philip and Juan in her mind and the contempt for Philip grew. Her husband was just too useless! On the other hand, Philip was still not aware that after helping Wynn with her problem, the latter had misunderstood and thought that his rival, Juan, had helped her instead. If he found out about this, he might just vomit blood. The next day in the afternoon, Philip got into a Bentley after leaving the hospital. He had made an appointment to meet someone with George today. After Philip left in the car, a girl who was standing a little too far away mumbled suspiciously,

“Why does that back profile look like Philip...” Lynn Johnston was here at the hospital today to visit her cousin’s daughter. She had been unwilling to come, but her parents said that it was rude of her not to visit a Johnston family member. However, upon reaching the hospital entrance, Lynn happened to witness Philip getting into the car. But, she assumed that her worthless cousin brother-in-law could never afford a luxurious car like a Bentley, so Lynn never gave it another thought and went into the hospital’s inpatient department. Inside the moving Bentley, Philip asked lazily,

“George, who are we meeting today? Are they troublesome?” George answered respectfully, “Young Master, it won’t be troublesome. He’s a collector in our country, considered a friend of mine.” “Why am I meeting your friend then?” Philip asked, instead. Good ol’ George, is this a reenactment of the brokeback mountain? You’re already at this age, and you’re still getting involved in things like this? George was all smiles.

“Young Master, this is only a small business worth a billion. You need to learn from experience so you can inherit the family fortune as soon as possible.” This answer made Philip look up at George. A business worth a billion was a small business? He held back the urge to roast him and said,

“George, do you know how the cow died?” Oh no, after not meeting for seven years, this old thing was getting more and more pretentious. As the heir of an elite family, Philip had the misconception of being frightened.

## Chapter 7

The Bentley soon arrived at Riverdale Virtuous Court. This was a famous restaurant in the city where only the wealthy and prestigious could dine.

Virtuous Court also required a membership reservation where the minimum requirement was to spend at least one million to keep the membership. At that moment, standing at the entrance of Virtuous Court was a well-known entrepreneur. The chairman of Civil Trading Group, Russell Field. The company

specialized in import and export business, mainly dealing with artistic pieces. As the company chairman, Russell himself was a wealthy man worth three billion! He was also a nationally famous collector! A well-known figure within the local collector's community. Russell had brought more than ten personnel from his highest management to wait respectfully at the entrance of Virtuous Court with him. This scene caused quite a shock to the patrons dining at the restaurant. There were even bursts of exclamation. "Isn't that the chairman of Civil Trading Group, Russell Field?"

Who is he waiting for with this extravagant display?" "What a rare sight! A billionaire like Russell is waiting so humbly at the door of Virtuous Court."

"Is there a prominent figure coming? Whoever it is, they must not be from Riverdale." The moment Philip saw a crowd of well-dressed elites waiting at the entrance of Virtuous Court, he frowned inside the Bentley. "Didn't I say to keep a low profile? What's with this extravagant display?" George smiled sheepishly. "Young Master, President Field must have wanted to give you a surprise." "Surprise my foot! I don't like it," said Philip coldly.

"Head to the parking lot and inform your friend to meet us in private."

"Understood, Young Master." George nodded. The car drove away into the parking area. Russell had been standing tall in front of Virtuous Court as he was patiently waiting for the guest of honor today. He had gone to shamelessly beg his friend for this opportunity. Standing beside him was his son, Tyler Field. The young man had his hands stuffed in his pockets as he spoke, sounding displeased, "Dad, just who are we waiting for? Aren't they

too arrogant? It's already been twenty minutes." Russell shot a sideways glare at Tyler and said in a hushed voice, "Behave yourself. If they show up and you make a mistake, just see how I'll take care of you later." Tyler let out a disgruntled snort, feeling more upset. He had already made plans with his friends to go clubbing, but his old father had dragged him over to meet some big-shot investor. However, there was not a shadow of the person even after this grand display. Just then, Russell received a phone call and then solemnly turned around. "Alright, everyone, let's go inside. They are already here." Already here? Many of them were confused but mostly annoyed. Tyler was more furious. He grumbled under his breath, "What the fck? Who is this person? I've waited for a whole day now, but I didn't even catch a glimpse of them." However, he did not dare say anything in front of his father, so he could only sulk and follow Russell into the restaurant. Once Russell received the phone call, he took his son along and hastened to the private room in a corner. The moment the door was pushed open, Tyler saw two people standing inside, but his gaze fell on Philip. The fck? Is this that big-shot investor? Dad can't be this blind, can he? Which part of this guy looks sophisticated? He looks like a migrant worker in the streets. Tyler could not resist a snigger as his dissatisfaction grew. It was thanks to this guy that he could not go out and have fun. Instead, Russell had reached out with both his hands and a face full of smiles as he went toward George, who was standing with a walking stick. "President Thomas, you're finally here."

George smiled and nodded, extending only one hand for the other man to shake. Russell's gaze then turned to the young man standing beside George.

“This is...?” “This is my young master, Young Master Clarke. He’s also the investor this time around.” George introduced with a smile. Young...

Young Master? George Thomas, President George’s young master?!

Russell was a company president, and he was worth three billion. He was also a prominent figure in Riverdale City. Although he could not compare to George, who was worth more than ten billion, he was at least acquainted with the world. It was said that George Thomas came from working for a

hidden wealthy family. And that family was in control of more than half of the world’s assets. That must mean that the young master of this family was of a fearsome existence! He had to be very cautious. At the thought of this, Russell held out his hands in great trepidation. “This humble servant, Russell Field, has been too dense to recognize Young Master Clarke. I hope that Young Master Clarke can forgive me.” Philip nodded faintly and shook his hand before saying, “President Field, I still have some things to take care of, so let’s make this quick. I heard from ol’ George that your company requires financing. Give me a figure.” Russell glanced at George, but he realized the latter had been resting his eyes. Russell then said, “Young Master Clarke, our company is preparing to open up the art pieces market to international countries. The channel sales in America and Italy have been doing extremely well, so as an estimation, we would require one billion in financing as an estimation. Please don’t worry. We will give you 25% of the shares and a bonus at the end of the year.” One billion was not a very small amount. Even if Russell was worth three billion, he dared not gamble away his one billion. “One billion...” Philip mumbled, frowning slightly as he seemed to be in deep thought. This made Russell anxious on the inside. To ask for one billion at the start was a little too much. Other than Apex Group, there might not be another person in Riverdale City capable of helping.

However, Philip’s next words stunned Russell for the longest time. Even Tyler who had been looking down on Philip ever since he entered the room was shocked! “I’ll invest two billion, but I want 40% of the shares.” Philip smiled like he was merely talking about numbers. Two billion? Was this a dream? Russell felt like he was being watched over by Lady Luck. What a surprise this was! His company assets only amounted to a little over three billion, but they had easily offered to invest two billion dollars! Scary! This was too terrifying! Was this the financial power of the hidden elite? 40% of the shares were still an acceptable condition for Russell. “Young Master Clarke, are you sure you want to invest two billion?” Russell was barely able to speak from the excitement, but he still calmed himself down

immediately to ask. “Too little? I can add a bit more,” said Philip casually.

A... a little more?! Russell could barely stand straight now. He quickly answered, “No, no, two billion is enough.” It had to be enough. With these two billion, Russell had full confidence that he could conquer both the American and Italian markets. By then, his own company would be able to go up to over ten billion! Russell then got his secretary to hurry in with an exquisite long box in hand. Russell took out a scroll from the box, unrolled it, and smiled. “Young Master Clarke, this is an authentic painting by the famous Tang Bohu of China. I’ve kept it for many years now, and today I’d like to present it to you as a token of my appreciation.” As a famous art collector within the country, the paintings Russell gifted were naturally authentic! In the market, an original Tang Bohu painting could go up to over ten million in



worth! However, for Russell, in comparison to Philip's investment, this painting was worth nothing. Philip merely glanced at it and nodded. "You have my thanks, President Field." He then held the rolled-up painting under his arm and left the private room with George. The moment they exited the room, Philip saw a middle-aged man donned in a full suit coming over with a smile on his face. "Young Master Clarke, please wait. I am the owner of Virtuous Court, Javier Morris." Both Philip and George stopped in their tracks, looking at the middle-aged man in confusion. When Javier saw George standing behind Philip, he felt a huge shock! It was true!

President Field had been right! The young man who could have the wealthiest man in the city stand beside him was indeed extraordinary.

"Young Master Clarke, President Thomas, I didn't know that both of you were coming, so I have failed to welcome you. This is the platinum VIP

membership card of Virtuous Court. If Young Master Clarke doesn't mind, please take this," said Javier. He was set on making Philip's acquaintance tonight! Philip looked at Javier briefly before taking the membership card and said in a casual tone, "Thanks." After that, he shuffled his feet to start walking again, leaving the rest to ol' George to take care of. George waited for a bit before saying to Javier, "Mr. Morris, my young master doesn't like

to be too conspicuous. If anybody asks..." "Understood, understood!

President Thomas, please don't worry. No other soul besides me will know of Young Master Clarke's identity." Javier immediately guaranteed. Back to Philip. Once he left Virtuous Court, he did not choose to ride inside George's Bentley but was about to rent a bicycle. However, the moment he stepped out of the door, he coincidentally ran into Wynn Johnston! Shit!

How was he going to explain meeting her here? "Philip, what are you doing here?" Wynn was leading a group of well-dressed men and women as they appeared at Virtuous Court. As she was staring suspiciously at Philip, the latter quickly explained in panic, "I'm here for a delivery." Delivery? Food delivery to a restaurant? Wynn frowned slightly, her expression cold. She was starting to get irritated when she saw his weak appearance. What made her even more anxious was letting her colleagues see Philip. However, a hostile male voice suddenly spoke up at this moment. "Deputy Manager Johnston, is this delivery man the husband of yours? He looks only so-so.

As expected of a kept man."

## Chapter 8

This voice was unpleasant. Philip lifted his head and saw a fat man with a protruding beer belly staring at him with a mocking expression. What does it have anything to do with you, whether or not I'm a kept man? Do I even know you? Philip pouted, planning to ignore him, turned to leave. The fatso, however, did not plan to let him off so quickly. He went over to block Philip's way and ridiculed him indirectly. "Ignoring people now? Great personality! I heard that your business failed, and now our Deputy Manager Johnston is the one paying for your living expenses. A grown man like you has some nerve to

become a kept man.” Philip frowned, looking extremely displeased. He recognized this man, Gavin Zach, the marketing manager at Wynn’s company. The man had tried to harass Wynn, and Philip had taught him a lesson. And now that he saw Philip in a low place, the man started to

mock him unscrupulously. Wynn’s other colleagues were now looking at Philip with a weird look in their eyes. They, too, knew a little about Philip, who had been an enthusiastic entrepreneur but had now dropped to the low status of a delivery man. Wynn stood among the crowd, frowning hard as she looked at Philip and felt embarrassed. “Philip, go back quickly,” said Wynn. When Gavin heard this, he raised an eyebrow as the disdain in his eyes grew thicker. The other colleagues snickered. Even his wife was embarrassed by him now. What a failure of a man! Philip did not want to stay for a minute longer, so he turned to leave. But Gavin would not let it happen. “Don’t go, Philip. Why don’t you have a meal with us? Your wife just signed a one hundred thousand dollars worth of contract yesterday, something you can never achieve with ten years of delivery service. Don’t you want to celebrate together?” A hundred thousand dollar contract? So, Wynn managed to get it. Philip already knew, but he did not plan on staying.

Even his wife was urging him to leave, so why should he wait to bring contempt upon himself? Oh, Wynn, if only you knew that I was the one who has facilitated this contract of yours, what reaction would you have? “No need. I still have to go to the hospital,” said Philip calmly. Gavin did not allow him room to reject and simply dragged Philip into the restaurant, even draping an arm around his shoulder and said, “There’s no need to be shy.

Your wife is treating, after all. It’d be a waste not to eat.” You’re just a kept man, who are you to be picky? And so, the crowd entered Virtuous Court with Philip being forced to stay. However, he was standing alone in a corner while Wynn was huddled around her colleagues as they chatted excitedly about how she had managed to close the deal. “Deputy Manager Johnston, you mentioned that you closed this deal because someone has helped you?”

One of the beautifully dressed women asked in shock. Wynn nodded.

“Manager Warren of Victory Pharmaceuticals was giving me a hard time.

You guys, too, know that he had been trying to ask me out for meals. But yesterday, after getting a phone call, he suddenly said that he would sign the contract and had even sincerely apologized to me.” As she spoke, Wynn

subconsciously looked at Philip who was standing absentmindedly in a corner. She could not help but feel sad and disappointed. She had hoped that that person would be Philip, but she knew that it was impossible. “Wow, who’s this that has a crush on our deputy manager? To even help you with this hundred thousand contract!” That woman squealed intentionally in a loud voice so that Philip would hear. Look at you, you worthless thing! Your wife is being courted, but you’re still standing there like an idiot! How useless! As the crowd chattered happily, Gavin walked over with a conflicted expression and said, “We can’t eat here. They require reservations, and only members can walk-in.” Gavin could not believe that Virtuous Court actually required reservations and that a membership application required

minimum spending of one million annually! Those who could spend a million to dine here were wealthy! Wynn stood up immediately with a troubled expression and said, "What do we do? Shall we switch to another place?" She had promised to treat everyone today, but to think this place required a reservation... It was Wynn's first time here, and a colleague had even suggested it. "Huh? Are you serious, Manager Zach?"

"We've come all this way!" "Manager Zach, think of something. I heard that the food at Virtuous Court is especially delicious." "If it really can't be helped, then let's switch to someplace else." Some of them were starting to get upset and made a fuss. Gavin was feeling helpless. He had done so much just to win Wynn Johnston's favor. But, where was he going to get this million-dollar membership card? "Why don't we switch to Noble Manor?"

"This place requires a reservation, so I can't do anything." Gavin shrugged.

The woman who had been speaking loudly earlier was Rose Stewart, Gavin's secretary. It was as the saying goes, 'if there was something to be done, the secretary will do it; if there was nothing to be done, do the secretary.' Rose shifted her long legs, moving to Gavin to hook onto his arm as she said coquettishly, "Manager Zach, it's my first time here. Didn't you say that you know the manager here? Get him to open up an extra table for us." Upon hearing this, Wynn and the other colleagues turned to look

hopefully at Gavin. The latter was now in an awkward position. He did not know any manager. He was only bragging when he said that. "Uhm... Isn't that a little inappropriate? Let's not trouble them and move to Noble Manor."

"It'll be my treat," Gavin answered immediately. Noble Manor was not as pricey. A meal for seven or eight pax would cost only about a thousand. He even went with the flow and offered to treat, so perhaps Wynn would thank him for this. However, a few of the colleagues were visibly upset. Rose glanced at Wynn and said in dissatisfaction, "Deputy Manager Johnston, you promised to treat us to Virtuous Court, so isn't this a little too disappointing?" Rose was envious of Wynn. The woman was deputy manager at such a young age and was favored by both Manager Gavin and President Hall. Why? Just because she's pretty? Aren't I pretty? I'm not just pretty, so why don't these stinky men care that much for me? "Alright, alright, Deputy Manager Johnston didn't know that this place required reservations either. Let's go to Noble Manor," Gavin quickly spoke up for Wynn. His tone was firm. Wynn bowed to apologize. "I'm sorry, I'll treat Noble Manor. I was supposed to treat anyway, so I don't want to trouble you, Manager Zach." A few colleagues shot cold glances at Wynn before turning away to leave unhappily. They were all filled with anger now, so who cared about eating anymore! Just as the crowd entered this downcast atmosphere, a voice broke the silence. "I have a membership card. Do you guys want to use it?" Philip who was standing in a corner spoke. He could not resist, after all. Wynn was still his wife, and to watch her being dismissed by her colleagues made him uncomfortable. "You have a membership? Philip, it wouldn't kill you if you didn't lie. Do you know where this is? Virtuous Court! Membership requires a minimum spending of one million a year!" Gavin's ambiguously, sinister words could be heard.

The colleagues around him, too, looked at Philip disapprovingly as mockery crept into their expressions. Wynn, too was stunned. She stared at Philip awkwardly before going over to tug at him, wanting to pull him away as she said in a hushed voice, "What are you doing? Go back to the hospital to keep

Mila company." Are you trying to chase me away because you're afraid I'd embarrass you? Philip did not explain. Since she did not want his help, then he would leave. However, Gavin was amused and laughed scornfully.

"Deputy Manager Johnston, what's the rush? Since your husband says he has a membership card, just let him book a table for us." The mockery was apparent on Gavin's face. He just wanted to watch Philip make a fool of himself. Didn't he hear just now that a regular silver membership card in Virtuous Court required minimum spending of one million a year? Doesn't matter. Just let him make a fool of himself in front of everyone. That way, Wynn would probably be very disappointed with him. And that means I'll have a chance to make the cut! "Philip, stop fooling around! Hurry up and go back!" Wynn said coldly, trying hard to suppress the rage inside her heart. Why did he have to pop up at a time like this? Was it fun to be this shameful? She already could not raise her head whenever her colleagues talked about her husband, and now he was adding fuel to the fire. This was driving her crazy! "Wynnie, I do have a membership card," said Philip calmly. He then dug out a card from his pocket and waved it in front of everyone. Gavin and the group were shocked. Did he really have a card?

However, after a little thought, Gavin's expression looked even more taunting. "Philip, this isn't the membership card for delivery men, is it? It won't be right to con someone with this." Gavin mocked ignorantly.

However, Philip was looking at Gavin with a straight face like he was staring at an idiot. This irked Gavin. Why was he so calm? Could the card be real? Impossible! Just then, Rose went over in her high heels, swiped the card from Gavin's hand and laughed arrogantly. "Since Deputy Manager Johnston's husband says it's a membership card, let's try it." She then took the card to the front desk. Wynn could not stop her in time when this happened. She could only stomp her foot in anger and glared furiously at Philip. "Philip, you're just too disappointing!" This man was still trying to put on an act at a time like this! And now that his lie was about to be revealed, not only would he be shamed, she too would have to face the same!

The mockery on Gavin and their colleagues' faces grew even more. "Come, come, come, we're benefiting from Philip's association today, so let's see if the reservation gets through." Gavin was ecstatic, impatient to watch Philip make a fool of himself. He had prepared a lot of things to say so he could ridicule him later. A few others snickered as they surrounded Philip and Wynn, escorting them to the front desk like they were afraid that both of them would run away.

## Chapter 9

At the front desk, Rose was waving the card as she swept an arrogant glance at Philip before saying,

“Help me check if this card can reserve us a private room.” Everyone was holding their breaths, waiting to watch Philip make a fool of himself. The girl at the front desk received the card, swiped it, and all of a sudden, her expression looked nervous. She asked, “Miss, is this your card?” When Rose saw this, she shook her head. Extending her hand

with red painted nails, she pointed to Philip, who was being surrounded and laughed tauntingly. “It’s not mine. It’s his.” Haha! What a joke! Philip is going to make a fool of himself, and Wynn would lose all face along with him! This is too great. There’s actually a man who would publicly ridicule himself. Rose was dying of happiness. She glanced happily over at Wynn who was looking sullen and mocked, “Deputy Manager Johnston, your husband sure is an excellent man.” Wynn was extremely embarrassed. She shot a vicious glare at Philip, ready to reprimand him when the girl at the front desk suddenly ran out. She then stood respectfully in front of Philip and said very politely, “Sir, you are our restaurant’s platinum member.

There is a special room specially reserved for you. Please follow me.” The mocking snickers around them immediately stopped! That all happened too suddenly! Everyone could not regain their sense. What was happening? A special room...? Rose was the first to speak, agitated as she pointed at Philip and nagged, “Hey, hey, hey, are you mistaken? He’s your restaurant’s platinum member?” “Take a closer look. He’s a delivery man. A kept man even! How could he be a platinum member?” Gavin, too, was dumbstruck.

He had prepared a lot of sarcasm, ready to unleash! But this sudden revelation of Philip being a platinum member caught him off guard that he felt a lump stuck in his throat. Wynn was looking at the female staff, confused, and then turned to look at Philip. Was her husband a platinum member at Virtuous Court? She just heard from Gavin that a regular membership required one million in annual spending. Did that not mean that a platinum membership would cost at least a few million? The female staff smiled politely and said, “I’m not mistaken. This is a platinum card, and our restaurant has issued only eight pieces where each cardholder has a private room specially reserved for them.” “Woah!” The crowd gasped. One private room for each cardholder! This was a service fit for a king! Was this... still Wynn’s wretched husband? “Sir, this is your card. Please follow me,” said the staff respectfully. Philip took the card then looked at the crowd who was staring wide-eyed and gritting their teeth at him. He explained, “It’s not

mine, it belongs to my company’s boss. I’m just here to make a reservation.”

Phew! Upon hearing Philip’s explanation, Gavin and Rose let out a sigh of relief. So, it was just a case of jobbery, taking his boss’s card to put on a front. Fck! Rose’s knees even went weak from the shock.

Gavin shot Philip a furious glare then taunted, “And here I was wondering why, so it was just dishonest advertising.” At this, the others sniggered. But, since the room has been reserved, it was a waste not to use it. Philip did not explain. He only said to Wynn faintly, “Take them to dinner. I’ll go back first.” Then, without waiting for Wynn to persuade him to stay, Philip had already walked out of Virtuous Court with the box of painting in his hands. Although Wynn felt terrible, she could not resist her colleagues’ urges, and they followed the staff into the private room. Gavin and Rose naturally did not enjoy this dinner very much because it was only made possible by Wynn’s useless husband. A few moments after Philip

had left Virtuous Court. He received a short message from Wynn: Thank you. Philip looked at it and smiled, replying: No problem. Philip still felt guilty toward Wynn. He was actually the heir to the world's largest consortium, but because he was unwilling to inherit the family business, he had come to Riverdale City to experience being poor. So, when would he tell Wynn about this? Maybe after a little while. After renting a bicycle, Philip headed for the hospital. On the way there, as Philip made a right turn, a motorcycle came speeding his way! The buzzing sounds of the motorcycle's engine rang in his ears, and in an instant, Philip felt a strong breeze beside him as the motorcycle swerved right. Following a crashing sound, the riders and the bike fell into the grass beside the road. "Oh no!" Philip tossed his bicycle away and rushed over to see if the occupants of the bike were hurt. A man and a woman climbed up from the grass. The woman's black skirt had been torn by the tree branches and she looked frightened. The man had his hands on his waist as he bellowed, "Are you trying to kill yourself? Fck!" Philip quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, I didn't see you there. Are you guys alright? Do you want to go to the hospital? I'll compensate for the bike." Upon hearing this, the man exploded

in a fit of rage and started scolding Philip. "This is a Harley-Davidson Sportster Iron 883 Custom! It's worth two hundred thousand! Can you afford to compensate for it?" Philip answered, "I'll compensate you three hundred thousand. The hundred thousand is for medical expenses." The man broke into a sarcastic laugh before giving Philip a furious shove. "You think you have a lot of money? Three hundred thousand? Can you pay up? What are you pretentious for?!" Philip staggered backward from the shove. He frowned and said, "You're the ones running a red light. I'm already kind enough to not argue with you on that, don't push it!" Philip was not in the wrong for turning right. The rider was just trying to run a red light. If they were to be reasonable, it was the rider's fault. "You said I'm running a red light? Which eye did you see it with?" The biker let out a sudden outburst and roared. Just then, the girl behind him finally regained her senses. She took off her helmet, looked at Philip, and screeched, "Why are you here?"

Philip looked at the source of the voice to realize that the girl was Lynn Johnston! The atmosphere immediately became awkward. "Brother Jacob, don't let him off so easily!" Lynn shouted harshly. This man was Jacob Wells, the son of a wealthy man. As Philip looked at Lynn, feeling a little hesitant, Jacob pointed at Philip's nose and asked Lynn, "Do you know him?" Lynn nodded, glaring at Philip. "My cousin brother-in-law, but we're not close. He's a kept man." "Shit! A kept man was trying to act all pretentious in front of me? Are you tired of living?" Jacob scolded before taunting Philip, saying, "Alright then, didn't you say you would compensate three hundred thousand dollars? Pay up!" A contemptuous smirk appeared on Lynn's cold expression. Three hundred thousand? Hah! Where would useless trash like Philip find three hundred thousand? Philip had initially wanted to pay up, but now he did not want to. "I don't feel like it anymore because you guys were the ones running a red light." If Lynn had not been here, Philip might have paid up to settle the matter quietly. But now, he could not do so. Lynn let out a cold laugh. "Haha! I think you just don't have the money. Weren't you doing really well in your act earlier? Why

back down now?" Jacob roared, "Three hundred thousand! Pay up or I'll call some guys over." Call some guys over? Philip was not at all afraid.

“Call them then,” said Philip calmly. “Alright, you’re a tough brat! Don’t run away in shock later!” threatened Jacob as he pointed at Philip. The former then took out his phone to make a phone call, sounding furious as he said, “Brother Kyle, bring some men over to Silverstone!” After hanging up, Jacob stared straight at Philip and said, “My bros will be here soon. Get ready to beg.” Philip looked indifferent. There was no telling what he was thinking. He finally let out a helpless sigh and took out his phone to call Agnes Summer. “Agnes, bring some men over to Silverstone. The more, the better!” As soon as he hung up, Jacob practically split his sides with laughter. “Hahaha! You’ve called someone too? Hilarious! Okay, let me see just who you managed to get.” Lynn was only watching quietly at one side.

Philip had been staring at her for a few times now, making her uncomfortable. What was Philip thinking? He was, of course, thinking that Wynn’s cousin sister was really awesome to be able to change boyfriends so quickly. He should tell Wynn so that she could school her cousin. If she did not learn at a young age, she would get into trouble in the future. At Gopher Delivery Services, Agnes immediately spread the word after getting the call from Philip. In an instant, all the delivery men in the city under Gopher Deliver Services got onto their standard red scooters, put on their bright red vests and helmets, and drove past streets and alleyways, heading for Silverstone! From an aerial view, it looked like countless red dots were moving slowly to assemble at Silverstone. Back at Philip’s side, the men that Jacob called for were already here. Four Harley Davidsons! There were eight people, a mix of men and women, all wearing stylish biker outfits, looking very cool and fashionable. They had driven over with deafening buzzing sounds of their bikes. Their leader was a 1.8 meter tall and handsome man. He was buffed, sporting a buzz-cut, and very handsome.

“Jacob, what’s going on? Your ride’s trashed.” Kyle Lyon strode over obnoxiously with his group in tow. He swept a glance and Philip, easily

figuring out the situation. “You did this?” Kyle asked in a deep voice as he stared at Philip. Philip kept quiet. “Brother Kyle, it’s him alright! Don’t let him think about leaving without coughing up three hundred thousand!”

Jacob called out from the background.

## Chapter 10

Philip glanced over calmly and expressionlessly. Kyle was looking at Philip, clearly displeased. This guy seemed so normal, how could he be so calm?

Interesting! “Bro, can you pay the three hundred thousand?” Kyle was not a gangster who would just start getting physical for no apparent reason.

Three hundred thousand was a humongous sum for a normal person. Kyle felt that a man like Philip could never afford this amount, but he still had to ask. Diplomacy before violence. “I’m sorry, but he ran a red light and should take full responsibility. What’s more, we didn’t really hit each other,” said Philip calmly. Jacob pointed at Philip and roared furiously, “Does that mean you won’t pay up?” Philip stared

quietly at him, not answering. Kyle frowned slightly, shifting his gaze to the wrecked Harley on the ground and said, "Bro, three thousand won't cost much. Just a leg." This was a threat.

Philip's gaze went cold as a glint appeared in his eyes. As the heir to an elite family, did that three hundred thousand matter to him? It did not. But, he could not let himself be taken advantage of. "What if I told you I don't have any money?" Philip replied. The group of bikers was snickering as they

stared at Philip like he was an idiot. Kyle rubbed his nose before draping an arm over Philip's shoulder, flashing him an insolent smile. "Uncle, do you know who I am? I'm Kyle Lyon of Lord North Street. Everyone shows me respect by calling me 'Brother Kyle'. It would be unreasonable if you didn't compensate for a single thing today." Kyle was amused. It was his first time meeting such a foolish guy. Was his head made of iron? Or did he think he was a honey badger? Hilarious! "Brother Kyle, just one look at his outfit, and you can tell that he's broke." "This idiot might not even know what a Harley is, hahaha!" "Uncle, quickly call someone to bring you some money.

Our Brother Kyle doesn't hold back in a beating." The group of bikers jeered continuously. The girls crossed their arms with an indignant expression while the guys leaned against their bikes, smoking. Lynn was among the group, watching coldly. She leaned against one of the girls who was wearing tight leather pants and a cropped camisole. "He's my cousin brother-in-law, a wretched piece of trash living under my cousin sister's expenses." Lynn suddenly interrupted, saying this like it made her seem more superior. "Shit, a kept man! Uncle, you have quite the skills. Why don't you teach us?" A few of the bikers started cracking up again. Kyle stifled a laugh and shook his head. He scorned men who relied on women the most. "So, what is your decision, Uncle?" asked Kyle. He smirked and was ready to get physical.

Philip remained silent without saying a word. A mental calculation told him that it was about time. All of a sudden, Philip's pupils contracted as he saw a great number of red-colored scooters speeding over from afar! "Why are there so many delivery men?" Without knowing who shouted, everyone turned to look. The sight of red scooters, red helmets, and red vests filled their eyes. It was not just ten units. The whole crossroad was filled with the red delivery service fleet! There were almost fifty units! The scooters immediately surrounded this whole area. "Shit! What gives? They're all cheap scooters!" yelled Jacob. He then turned to Philip and asked, "Did you call for them?" Philip nodded. "Yeah." "Hahaha!" There was a burst of laughter. "You think that calling a bunch of delivery men over would be

useful?" Jacob laughed out loud as he belittled. Kyle was too lazy even to ridicule him, only shaking his head. Was this guy really an idiot? To actually have the guts to do such an embarrassing thing. Was this a popular method nowadays? To call for delivery services to save yourself. It was hilarious.

Lynn was among the biker's team. When she saw this scene, she could not resist laughing out loud. This cousin brother-in-law of hers was just too much. How could her cousin have fallen for such a man? He was garbage!

Just then, from among the delivery fleet, Agnes came out in a black skirt suit. Under the headlights of the scooters, she walked toward Philip. Philip only gave her a signal with his eyes and Agnes understood.



Philip had explicitly told her before that his identity was not to be revealed. This man was really low profile. Agnes then turned around to face Kyle and his group, saying leisurely, "I am Philip's manager. If you have a problem with him, you can talk to me." Kyle's eyes scanned Agnes up and down. This woman was exquisite. She was better than the young girls around him. "Okay, I'll talk to you then," Kyle answered happily. "Three hundred thousand. Once we get the money, he can leave." Agnes frowned slightly. She looked at the Harley on the ground and said coldly, "Sure. But, we choose to settle it with a police report." Police report? Kyle frowned immediately. The police were the most troublesome existence for a biker gang. Moreover, what happened tonight was mostly Jacob's fault. If they made a police report, he would not have it well. The most important thing was Kyle did not bring his driving license out today. "Babe, talks don't work this way. It's too insincere."

Kyle's expression darkened. The people behind him started cracking their knuckles. However, the moment they took a step forward, the delivery men in red vests around them rolled up their sleeves furiously, ready to dole out a beating. How could they still negotiate? It was ten people versus over forty greasy grown men. There was nothing left to negotiate! Kyle knew that this situation was not favorable for him. He gritted his teeth and said, "Fine. You win in numbers. Let's go." He then led his group onto their modified bikes and drove away. While they were still in view, Kyle lifted a middle finger

at Philip. Lynn had shot Philip a cold glare, despising him even more. What was he arrogant about? A shitty delivery man like him actually needed a woman to fight for his honor. Serves him right to be a kept man for the rest of his life! After the biker gang had disappeared into the distance, Agnes finally let out a sigh of relief. She turned to ask respectfully, "Boss, are you okay?" The crowd of brothers started chiming in to ask about his well being too. "I'm fine, I'm fine, you guys can head back now," said Philip. After making sure that Philip was alright, Agnes led the team away. This crisis went away as quickly as it came. Philip got onto his bicycle and went back to the hospital. Wynn had come to the hospital later that night and got into bed with Mila after freshening up. Philip, instead, sat on the long bench outside the ward to pass the night. \*\*\* Today was the old man, Charles Johnston's birthday. After giving it some thought, Philip decided to make a trip over. As for his birthday present, Philip had brought along the Chinese painting, that Russell had gifted to him. Russell was a famous collector within the country, so the paintings from him were definitely genuine and could fetch a high price. However, Philip knew that whatever gift he brought, it would still be scorned upon. But he did not mind it. It was just a token of his regard. At the entrance of Virtuous Court, the place where Wynn had said to meet up, a beautiful silhouette of a woman was standing beside the door, evidently anxious. Wynn Johnston had especially worn a long black dress today with her hair combed up. She looked gorgeous and elegant. But, this woman was cold to Philip. Philip walked over, lazily, and teased, "Hey, are you waiting for me?" Wynn frowned and shot Philip a look of disdain. "Did you bring a gift for my dad?" Philip showed her the long gift box in his hand. "Yeah, I did." Wynn did not even bother to look and just turned around to strut into the restaurant in her high heels. She had to beg her father for a long time before she was allowed to bring Philip along. "Once we get inside, don't say anything rash. A lot of my family members and my father's friends are here today, and if they say anything about you, just bear it. You just have to remember one thing today, that is

to apologize to my parents. If you can do that, I won't divorce you," urged Wynn. Philip chuckled, not

taking her words to heart. If the old man knew of his identity, he might have been so frightened that he would come out to receive him at the door. Seeing Philip keep quiet, Wynn looked back and glared at him, asking sternly, "Do you understand?" "Got it," answered Philip. When the two of them entered the private room, the Johnston family and Charles's friends have already gathered. It was lively inside. "Look who's here, the Johnston's great beauty." "Wynn, you're late today, so you have to drink as a penalty." "Sister Wynn, sit with me." The crowd was ardently greeting Wynn and completely ignoring Philip who was following closely behind her. He regretted coming now. Although Philip was already used to the Johnston family being cold to him, to be publicly ostracized was still upsetting. Charles Johnston and his wife, Martha Yates, were sitting at the head of the table, talking cheerfully to the people around them. However, when they saw Philip, Charles gave a cold snort before ignoring him altogether. This son-in-law was too much of an embarrassment. There were not only family members here today but his friends as well. If it were not for his daughter, Charles would never have let Philip take one step inside.

Just then, the door of the private room was pushed open again and a well-dressed man in a branded full suit stood at the door. Philip had seen this man once or twice before. The man was from a wealthy family. His family had a solid background and was an influential bunch in Riverdale City. This man had also been pursuing Wynn for a long time now.

## Chapter 11

Sigh! His wife was just too beautiful that so many people were trying to court her. It gave Philip a headache. "Hey, Aiden's here! Come, come, come and sit beside your Uncle Johnston." Martha was clearly enthusiastic as she welcomed him. "Why did you have to bring gifts? You're just too kind. Just your presence would have been enough!" "It's Uncle Johnston's birthday, after all." Aiden smiled and walked over to sit beside Charles. At this, the crowd started shooting mocking looks at Philip. This son-in-law of the Johnston family was just too wretched. Even an outsider could sit beside Charles Johnston, but as a son-in-law, he had to sit closest to the door. This difference in treatment was just too obvious. Martha was smiling with her eyes as she looked at Aiden like she was looking at her future son-in-law.

"It's thanks to Aiden reserving this private room that we get to dine here at Virtuous Court today." The crowd then looked at Aiden in adoration. To be able to reserve a private room at Virtuous Court was a member's only privilege. And that membership required a minimum spending of one

million annually! He was truly a wealthy man! Aiden quickly waved his hand. Although he sounded modest, he could not conceal the pleased look on his face. "Oh, it's nothing. It's no trouble at all. Our company just earned a little more, and it is really thanks to my father that I have managed to book this room." He was blatantly just showing off this wealth and family background. However, no one would expose him. Instead, they ardently complimented him. "Aiden is a competent young man." "Whoever

gets him as a son-in-law must have great karma." Aiden was immediately shown great respect and admiration. Philip, who had been sitting quietly in a corner, was instead looked down upon. They were both men, but the differences were too great. "The way I see it, if Wynn had married Aiden back then, she would've been a rich wife by now." No one knew who had said this deliberately, but the family members were now taking great pleasure in mocking Philip. "Look at his wretched appearance, how vexing." "A good-for-nothing that only knows how to make deliveries!" "I heard his daughter is a medicine junkie. She has congenital heart disease and can't be cured." Those familiar words from familiar faces made Philip's eyes turn cold, but he did not say anything. He had already gotten used to it for the past two years. Wynn did not have it any better. Her face was burning as she sat beside her husband. She stomped furiously on Philip's foot under the table and shot him a glare to vent her frustrations. After being ridiculed by everyone, Philip could actually still sit there like he was fishing. His expression looked calm. Seeing as Philip did not respond, the others went back to their drinks, no longer ridiculing him as an amusement. Just then, with a seemingly caring expression, Aiden asked, "Philip, I just happen to have a vacancy in my company. Why don't you come over and help out? I should be able to give you six or seven thousand a month. It would definitely be better than making deliveries." "That's okay. I'm doing very well with my delivery job," said Philip calmly. If I told you that I'm the heir to the world's largest consortium, you'd all be kneeling in front of me right now.

But money is just a number. "Forget him, he's a lost cause," scolded Martha

before turning to look at Aiden with bright eyes. "Aiden, what about that matter I've asked you about before?" Aiden immediately replied with a smile, "Aunty, you can relax, it's been taken care of. Uncle Johnston's collection gallery is fine." Charles, who had been fuming earlier, immediately perked up at this. He smiled, "Little Addy, thank you so much.

Come, let's drink." The two then toasted. After his drink, Aiden purposefully looked at Philip from the corner of his eyes, trying to look as arrogant as he could. His eyes then shifted longingly to Wynn. He had liked this girl for the longest time, but she had actually gone and married a piece of trash! Wynn Johnston, I will make you understand the difference between that useless Philip and me! "Wynn, see how much Aiden cares for your father. A man like this can't be found easily anywhere, and others can't even begin to compare." Martha was extremely pleased with Aiden. The man was from a wealthy family, had a business of his own, and a great network in society. If her daughter had married him, she would definitely be able to live leisurely. Martha then shot a hateful glance at Philip. Wynn was already dejected enough, so she could only force out an awkward smile. Philip, however, could not care less. They could just say whatever they want.

"Charles, is it about your personal collection gallery?" Many of Charles's friends were looking at him with envy. Collecting ancient artifacts and paintings was a norm in their little circle. However, to be able to build one's own collection gallery was a grand matter. When Charles saw the jealous look on his friends' faces, he felt even more delighted and his favor for Aiden increased. At the same time, he looked down on Philip even more.

He wondered why he had agreed to let Wynn marry him in the first place.

But now, he must force his daughter to divorce this wretched man! Halfway through the feast, Aiden seemed to have recalled something and ran outside.

He came back with a long gift box in his hand and said to Charles, sounding like he was flaunting, "Uncle Charles, I brought you a special gift. I'm sure you'll like it." Everyone in the room perked their heads up, curious about what was inside Aiden's long gift box. Charles had had a lot to drink. He

was already in a great mood about being able to start his own collection gallery, and now that Aiden was giving him a gift, it was a surprise on top of another surprise! He was ecstatic! "Oh, Addy, look at you. You've reserved a room for me, prepared the gallery, and even given me a gift. It's just too inappropriate." While Charles seemed to be refusing the offer on the surface, he was impatient to see what was inside the box. Since Aiden had said he would like it, could it be a painting? Aiden opened the gift box and carefully brought out a scroll of painting. He sounded pleased as he said,

"It's the painting from China's famous Tang Bohu. I've spent a lot of effort to buy it from a friend to give it to Uncle Charles as a birthday gift." Aiden then raised an eyebrow to glance cheekily at Philip, who had his head buried in his plate. This piece of trash still has the mood to be eating at a time like this. Is this his first time at Virtuous Court? However, in that instant, Philip felt his heart drop. Companionship on the Spring Mountains? That was the same painting that Russell Field had given him. But, Philip believed that as a famous collector in the country, Russell would not have given him a fake, so he did not plan to say anything but only push his gift box under the table to keep it hidden. Wynn noticed Philip's movements and asked with a frown, "What's wrong?" Philip shook his head. "Nothing."

"Companionship on the Spring Mountains?" Charles was shocked, instantly sobering up. That was a treasure! There were many paintings by Tang Bohu, but only this piece, had had a lot of counterfeits on the market. It was said that this painting was bought over by a great collector within the country at a high price! The amount had easily started at around three to four hundred thousand dollars! Charles took the painting from Aiden with great sincerity and excitement. He went over to an empty table, unreeled the painting, and borrowed a magnifying glass from the waiter to start examining it carefully.

A few of his friends crowded around him and started examining it as well.

Tsk! Tsk! How extraordinary! "Wonderful! This painting is a fusion of the south and north drawing style. What fine brushwork and a sparse layout.

The style is handsome and elegant. The figures have inherited the traditions

of the Tang Dynasty in this brightly colored and elegant piece. This freehand brushwork is simple and deep. It's no doubt a piece by Tang Bohu!"

Charles's old pals were all collectors. After seeing this piece, they only had compliments to give. "Wonderful, how wonderful! To be able to lay eyes on this is a miracle!" "Charles, you're going to be famous around the country now." "You have to display this painting in your upcoming gallery.

We'll definitely come over to support you, and I think all the prominent figures in Riverdale will be

coming too!" The bunch of old friends was really envious. Charles was so excited that his breathing quickened. He asked, "Addy, this is an authentic painting from Tang Bohu! You must have spent a lot on this." These words stunned the whole room. As the head of the four great talents in China, Tang Bohu's authentic painting was worth a lot! Just last year in a city auction, calligraphy by Tang Bohu went up to seven hundred thousand! "It's not much as long as it makes you happy, Uncle Charles." Aiden was well-mannered enough to not mention the price.

But, those who understood knew that this painting would not cost less than five hundred thousand! This young man of the Grant family had spent a fortune this time! Just then, among the crowd, Lynn deliberately asked loudly, "Cousin brother-in-law, I saw you bringing something with you. Is it a gift for my uncle?" As soon as they entered, Lynn had noticed Philip carrying a gift box. Just how much would a gift from this trash worth? When she recalled the incident last night, Lynn was furious. 'Swish!' In an instant, all eyes in the room were on Philip. With a mocking expression, they were ready to watch the show. Philip smiled awkwardly. "It's not worth much, so there's no need to look at it." "I know it's not worth anything, but since it's a gift for Uncle, why don't you show it? Do you think we will laugh at you?"

Lynn's eyes narrowed, unable to conceal the mockery on her face. She wanted to watch him make a fool of himself, and see just what he could afford to give! "I don't think there's a need to." Philip took a sip of water and refused. In the public's eye, they thought he felt guilty. That gift must be rubbish. Aiden was already waiting for this chance to humiliate Philip,

so he interrupted and said, "Philip, take it out, humor Uncle Charles. I'm interested to see what you've prepared as well." "Yeah, take it out and show us." The crowd of people started to cause a commotion.

## Chapter 12

Watching everyone causing a commotion, Wynn felt like she was sitting on needles. Although she did not know what Philip had prepared, he had told her that it was a painting. Philip was not a complete idiot, so he had brought the painting that Russell had given him. But sadly, Wynn did not know. She only thought that Philip had simply bought a random decorative painting.

Now that Aiden had brought out his famous Chinese painting and received great comments from everyone, the painting in Philip's hand paled compared to a treasure like that. He would be humiliating himself if he took it out. "It's just a gift. There's nothing to see." Wynn chirped in for Philip before shooting him a vicious look. If he humiliated himself in front of everyone today, she would hate him forever! She would never be able to lift her head up again in front of Aiden. "Sis, you're just rude now. We can't ignore Cousin Brother-in-law's regards," Lynn giggled as she said. She then walked over and snatched the long gift box from under the table that Philip had kept hidden. "Hey, it's also a long gift box. Could it be a painting as well?" Lynn deliberately dragged her tone as she filled it with sarcasm.

Philip did not know what to say, so he just kept quiet. "You didn't buy this

from a two-dollar shop, did you?" Lynn shook the gift box and taunted. "I bought it from an antique market," said Philip. As soon as he said that, the people in the room glanced oddly at Philip. An antique market? How shameful! They were looking at Philip with laughter in their eyes. Charles, however, relaxed a bit, changing his views on Philip. This son-in-law at least knew of his hobbies, so it was already good enough. But that was all.

Compared to the treasure that Aiden had gifted him earlier, something from an antique market was not worth mentioning. "Hahaha! How amusing! Did you buy this from an antique market? Aren't you just being disrespectful to Uncle?" Lynn mocked. "I've heard that goods from an antique market are all counterfeits, and most of them are just dirty." This term 'dirty' struck a nerve. Charles's expression immediately fell dark. He could understand the usage of that word in the inner circle. It was true that a lot of goods from the antique market were 'dirty'. If one was not careful when buying, it would bring about misfortune. Charles then snorted while the positive view he had for Philip earlier disappeared. Wynn quickly stood up to snatch the gift box back from Lynn's hand. "Then, don't look at it." "That won't do. We have to look at it. I'm curious to see what he has bought." Lynn turned around and hastily opened the gift box to take out the painting scroll inside. A painting? When the crowd saw this, their gaze alternated between Philip and Aiden. It was no wonder Philip did not want to take it out. What painting could compare to that treasure earlier? Lynn was amused to see the mocking looks on everyone's faces and then Wynn's dark eyes. She unreeled the scroll with a swift movement, and the painting appeared in front of everyone's eyes. The crowd craned their necks to look at it and was first captivated by the exquisiteness of the painting. The character portrayal was rich, the colors bright, and the lines were soft and delicate. It was a great piece! But the more they looked at it, the more confused they got. "This...

Isn't this the exact same painting as Aiden?" A young lad among the crowd exclaimed with wide eyes. In an instant, everyone came to realize that this was the exact same painting, ! With a turn of their heads, they looked at

Philip. Was this a joke? He just bought a ? This was clearly a counterfeit!

The moment the painting was exposed, Aiden already recognized that it was the same painting as his. He was initially stunned, but after that, he laughed coldly. Even the heavens are on my side, hahaha! Oh, Philip, you're done for! To bring a counterfeit for the old man as a birthday gift is a brave move!

Lynn purposefully shrieked loudly, "Cousin Brother-in-law, why is your painting the exact same one as Brother Aiden's? Could yours be fake?"

Everyone had the same first thought. Philip's painting had come from an antique market, so it must be fake! "How do you know that it's fake?"

Philip's voice suddenly rang through the whole room. The crowd was first stunned, and then they stared incredulously at Philip. Was this guy nuts?

Among these two paintings, one was by Aiden, who had spent a few hundred thousand to get it while

the other was bought in an antique market.

It was easy to tell which was real and which was fake. Wynn nervously kicked Philip under the table, signaling him to stop saying nonsense. She had already told him before they came here, asking him to tolerate, so why did he not listen? He was really embarrassing! Lynn immediately laughed out loud. "Philip, are you saying that your painting is the authentic one?"

"That Brother Aiden's is fake?" Hilarious! "Maybe," Philip added, completely ignoring Wynn, who was pinching him under the table.

"Hahaha!" The crowd laughed out loud, shaking their heads helplessly as they looked down on him even more. Charles, at the head of the table, snorted coldly, completely giving up on this son-in-law of his. "If that's the case, why don't we get Uncle Johnston and the uncles here to take a look at it?" asked Aiden, looking very pleased with himself. He was confident. He had spent around two million to buy it from a friend. To think Philip was trying to steal his spotlight with a counterfeit that cost about ten bucks from an antique market! Dream on! Lynn immediately took Philip's painting to Charles and the few uncles who were all collectors. "Uncles, please take a look." Charles took it unwillingly. After a few glances, his eyes widened!

His other friends too quickly took up the magnifying glass to get closer

looks after sweeping a few glances at it. The more they looked, the more surprised they felt. This... this drawing style definitely belonged to Tang Bohu! This painting looked genuine too. But that was weird. These two paintings looked so identical like they were printed from the same copier.

Charles and his friends exchanged glances and then bent over the table to study it closely again, not letting go of even a single detail. At this scene, everyone was shocked. Could that useless Philip's painting be the real thing? Aiden was starting to panic as well. Uncle Charles's expression looked like he was seeing the real thing. But it was impossible! He had spent two million dollars. It could not be fake! Wynn's heart had already leaped up to her throat. She looked at Philip to see that he was sitting there quietly, looking calm like there was nothing to worry about. "Philip, where did you buy this from? This counterfeit is really well made, it could almost be passed off as the real thing," Charles said through narrowed eyes. "This counterfeit is really well made. If we weren't here, this could have really been passed off as the real thing," Charles's other friends chimed in. To be honest, they were not sure themselves, but they impulsively leaned toward Aiden's painting because his painting was expensive. Upon hearing this, everyone let out a sigh of relief as they looked down on Philip even more. It was a fake, after all! Aiden, too, felt relieved as he looked cheekily at Philip. Philip frowned his expression looking a little odd. Was the painting Russell gave him a fake? But that was impossible. Was he passing off the fake as a genuine piece? Philip immediately realized that the old men must have noticed that the two paintings were just too similar, but they leaned toward Aiden's piece. The reason was probably because Aiden was from a wealthy family while he was the broke son-in-law, so how could he have afforded the real thing? At this, Philip shook his head helplessly and gave up. Lynn, however, laughed out loud and mocked, "Philip, you're really something."

Who were you trying to cheat with a counterfeit?" She then mocked her cousin, "Sis, your husband is really something. He thought he had actually gotten the real thing." It was the first time, but Charles was speaking up for

Philip. "That's enough, Linnie. Philip can't be blamed for this. He was only buying it. He didn't know how to check the authenticity." The group of people did not continue, but they started distancing themselves from Philip even more, thinking that it was shameful to dine with such a person. Wynn could not take another bite. She pulled Philip away immediately. "Of all things, why did you have to give a fake painting? I'm completely humiliated by you!" Wynn accused him furiously. Philip could only lower his head.

"I'm sorry." "This is so frustrating! I get more annoyed whenever I look at you. Go back and take care of Mila!" Wynn bellowed through gritted teeth before returning to the private room. Philip stared after her disappointing silhouette and let out a soundless sigh. Oh, Wynn, my painting was the real one. But sadly, these people can't tell. When Wynn returned to the room, everyone else noticed that Philip did not follow her in. Martha asked,

"Where's Philip?" Wynn forced out a smile and answered, "Mila's still in the hospital, so he has gone back first." Haha! Must have fled because he was too embarrassed. Just then, the door was pushed open, and Javier Morris led in several waitresses who were carrying various exquisite delicacies and fine wine. "You must be Mr. Johnston." Javier walked over to Charles and politely shook his hand. "You are?" Charles was stunned. He did not know this man. "I am the owner of Virtuous Court, Javier Morris. Today is Mr.

Johnston's birthday, so I've specifically brought over some special dishes prepared by our French, German, and English chefs. Here are eight bottles of Lafite from 1982 and two bottles of Chinese National Treasure Liquor,"

said Javier with a smile. The crowd looked at the plates of delicacies and fine wines being placed on the table and were all too shocked to speak! The owner of Virtuous Court had personally come to deliver gifts! This was too shocking. The 1982 Lafites were already extremely rare. There were even two bottles of China's nationally treasured liquor! They were the most expensive liquors available in the market, and one bottle could go up to two million in an auction! It was a drink fit for a king! "Here is a platinum membership card as a little token of my regard for Mr. Johnston. You will

have a specially reserved room the next time you dine here and a five percent discount." Javier took out a membership card and ceremoniously handed it to Charles. By now, Charles was already too shocked for words. He could only reach his hand out shakily and asked, "Mr.- Mr. Morris, thank you so much, but we don't really know each other. Who sent you here?" "Is Mr.

Clarke not here?" asked Javier as he scanned the room. He did not see Philip anywhere. Mr. Clarke? Charles was stunned. No one in this whole room had

'Clarke' as the last name, and no one thought of Philip. Wynn was dumbstruck. She had immediately thought of Philip, but that was impossible. Chapter 13



“Since Mr. Clarke isn’t here, I won’t disturb you any longer. Please have a great time.” Javier had come so suddenly and left after delivering gifts, leaving the crowd shocked. Charles coughed with the card still in his hand and asked, “Does any of you know this Mr. Clarke?” Everyone shook their heads. A figure powerful enough to have the owner of Virtuous Court personally bring over delicious food and great wine was not someone they could be acquainted with their lowly status. “Could it be Philip Clarke?” No one knew who had said this for fun, but the whole room burst into laughter.

“Stop joking, how could it be that trash? If it were him, I’d eat these wine bottles.” “Other than having the same last name, what else does our cousin brother-in-law have to show for?” A few of the youngsters were mocking without reserve. Wynn found it hard to bear, so she scolded furiously,

“That’s enough! What are you guys saying? He is still your cousin brother-in-law no matter what!” Tsk! A few of the youngsters cocked up their eyebrows arrogantly but said nothing more. Charles chimed in and asked everyone to stop making a fuss. Charles’ friends were now extremely envious of him. “Charles, my man, how could you? You know such a powerful figure, but you didn’t introduce him to us.” “This too much. First, it’s a treasured painting. Now, there’s a ‘Mr. Clarke’.” “Come, come, come,

forget about all those. These are precious liquors, a king’s drink, waiting to be tasted.” Charles felt it a waste to consume them all now, so he kept one bottle and opened the other. The others did not say anything because being able to have one taste of those liquors was enough to last them a lifetime.

Just then, Aiden said, “Uncle Johnston, I might know this Mr. Clarke. The boss behind the art gallery has ‘Clarke’ as the last name. Could he have known that it was your birthday today, that’s why he has sent the gifts?”

Aiden was only guessing, but the boss of the gallery was named ‘Clarke’.

Although he had never met him before, the secretary who liaised with him told him that the man’s name was ‘Clarke’ and he hoped to keep a low profile. “Really? Then, I must thank Mr. Clarke properly. He’s just too kind.” Charles was visibly excited. He then tugged Aiden’s arm and said,

“Addy, you have to arrange a meeting for me with this Mr. Clarke. I can tell that he’s also a collector.” “I will, surely,” Aiden happily promised. To be able to be held in such high regard by Uncle Johnston was worth the labor.

“Sigh, some people have the same last name but they work as a delivery man,” Lynn spoke up at an inappropriate time, and it was like a thorn stabbing into Wynn’s heart. Wynn gritted her teeth, took one sip of her drink, and then stood up. “Dad, I’m going to visit Mila at the hospital. I’ll be taking my leave now.” Charles knew that it would just be torture for his daughter to keep staying here, so he waved to allow her to leave. The distance between his daughter and himself had grown a lot in the past two years. This was all thanks to that useless Philip. “Sis, are you in a rush to get back? Remember not to scold our cousin brother-in-law,” Lynn continued to mock. “His gift was quite nice, although it’s a fake.” Wynn had just reached the door when she heard this. She clenched her fists and left without ever looking back. As soon as she left, the group started discussing this mysterious Mr. Clarke while belittling Philip. Not long

after he had left Virtuous Court, Philip received a text message: Mr. Clarke, this is Javier Morris. Everything is going well, and your father-in-law is delighted. Javier Morris? Oh, right, the owner of Virtuous Court. It seemed like this Javier

Morris really knew how to win favors. Philip replied: I won't look into how you managed to get my phone number, but you better not have exposed my identity in this incident. When Javier received Philip's reply, he quickly responded out of fright: Mr. Clarke, don't worry. I definitely did not. Philip nodded without replying to him after that and headed to the hospital. Back at the hospital, Philip sat down at the side of the bed as he watched his adorable daughter sleep. Her tiny nose looked like her mothers, her little mouth too, but her eyes looked like his own. My daughter is so good-looking, she'll definitely be a beauty when she grows up! Not long after Philip arrived, Wynn came back with a frosty expression. She sat down at the side of Mila's bed and looked at her daughter. Philip had just come back from getting water at the pantry. When he saw Wynn, he smiled and said,

"You're here. I can take care of things here, so go back home to get some rest." Wynn kept quiet as she looked at her daughter with reddened eyes. It seemed like she was trying very hard to suppress her emotions. "What's wrong?" Philip noticed Wynn's odd behavior. "Philip, do you plan to let Mila stay this way? Don't you want her to get better treatment? Didn't the doctor say that as long as we can pay one million, Mila can get her surgery done?" Wynn's eyes were completely red. "Mila's three years old now. It's the best time for her to get treatment." Philip looked at the sleeping little girl and said, "I know. I'll find a way." "Find a way? What ways can you possibly think of?" Wynn scoffed as tears rolled down from her eyes.

"Philip, I'm begging you, apologize to my parents, okay?" "Wynn, trust me.

I have a solution," said Philip. My dear, you just don't know that I've already done something. Mila is the daughter to the heir of the world's largest consortium. She is a heavenly child, a noble young lady.

"Solution?

Other than embarrassing me, what else can you do?" Wynn accused Philip furiously. "At my father's birthday today, forget giving him a cheap gift, why did you have to give him a painting? It was even a counterfeit! Do you know what they're saying about me? I've had enough of you Philip Clarke, can't you think of me and Mila a little more?" Philip knew that Wynn had

experienced a lot of hardship and grievances in the past two years. They have been mocked and ridiculed, but he had his reasons that he could not help it. However, now that he had inherited his family fortune, things were going to be different. "Wynn, trust me. I will definitely give Mila the best treatment, and I will definitely make up to the hurt that you've been feeling for the past two years." Philip hugged Wynn's shoulders but the latter pushed him away. Wynn was extremely disappointed. He was always saying this, but not once did it come true. "Enough, I don't want to hear anymore. I will discharge Mila and take her with me tomorrow. I will find a solution myself." Wynn wiped her tears and said resolutely. "Wynn, I'm actually..." Philip could not resist. But the moment he spoke, Wynn shot him a glare. "You're what? You're a useless piece of trash!" said Wynn icily. Philip was then pushed out of the ward while Wynn stayed inside with Mila. In the long quiet corridor outside the ward, Philip

recalled how disappointed Wynn had looked at him. Wynn, I'm actually the son of the world's wealthiest man. I have trillions in assets. Philip left the hospital himself and called George. "George, how is the arrangement going for my daughter's treatment?" On the other end, George respectfully answered,

"Young Master, it's already been taken care of. In a few days, the internationally famous cardiologist, Professor Henry Turner, will come to Riverdale City. I will arrange for him to come to the hospital to perform surgery on the young miss on the pretense of giving a lecture." "Okay, I'll leave it to you. Make it as natural as possible without any fuss," said Philip.

"Don't worry, Young Master, your identity won't ever be revealed. It will be a coincidence. After the surgery, I've arranged a funding activity, especially for children with congenital heart disease. That way, no one will suspect a thing." George added, "Oh, right, Professor Turner heard that you are in Riverdale City and would like to meet you alone." "We'll talk about that when the time comes," replied Philip before he hung up. He was in a bad mood now. George then called another number. "Henry, old pal, I've already informed my young master, so the rest will be up to your

performance." On the other end, inside the president's office of Turner's Hospital at Golden City, Henry Turner abruptly stood up from excitement after receiving George's phone call. "Great, great, great! Thank you, Brother George, I'm indebted to you." After he ended the call, a young doctor sitting on the sofa inside Henry's office asked immediately, "President Turner, who was the call from that made you this happy?" Henry chuckled out loud.

"Director Stanley, in three days, I will go to Riverdale City. There's a special patient that requires surgery, so we have to bring along our best doctors. Go and make the arrangements." Director Stanley said 'okay' and went off to get ready. Philip got another call after he had hung up. It was from a woman with a sweet voice, sounding like the spring breeze. "Hello Mr. Clarke, this is Anna Carter from Civil Gallery. The gallery has now been transferred to your name, and Mr. Charles Johnston's personal gallery event has been set for Saturday. Would you like to come and take a look?"

Philip had been reluctant to go, but after some thought, he answered,

"Alright, I'll take some time off to visit." It was, after all, the old man's personal collection display. He had to make sure it was perfect. "Alright, Mr. Clarke, I will make the arrangements." Anna's sweet and gentle voice added, "Oh, yes, Mr. Clarke, the liaison in charge of this event, Mr. Aiden Grant, would like to request an audience with you. Should I make the appointment?" Aiden Grant? Right, almost forgot that he said he would arrange for it. Tee-hee. He would never have guessed that the gallery he had been racking his brains to rent was bought over by me, Philip Clarke, to rent it to him especially. Should I meet him or not?

## Chapter 14

Philip pondered before saying, "I won't meet him for now. Let's talk about it in the future." Anna replied,

“Understood, Mr. Clarke.” After the call ended, Philip sat in the corridor and slept the night away. The next day, early in the morning, Wynn said to him coldly, “I’m taking Mila home in the afternoon, will you be coming with me?” Philip nodded and gave her a bitter smile. “I’ll go and apologize to Father.” Wynn’s heart skipped a beat when she heard him, but her expression remained indifferent, only nodding without saying anything. In the afternoon, Philip and Wynn brought Mila to the Johnston family home. The atmosphere in the house was cold as soon as they entered. “Dad, I’m home.” Wynn feigned composure. No one came out to greet them. Charles was sitting on the sofa wearing reading glasses as he read the paper while Martha was busy in the kitchen. Philip put Mila down, and the little girl immediately hid behind her father’s leg, hugging Philip’s leg tightly. She looked up with her big innocent eyes and mumbled in a small voice, “Daddy, do Grandpa and Grandma dislike me?” Philip squatted down and lovingly caressed Mila’s tiny head. He shook his head and smiled gently at her. “That’s not true. Hurry on inside and greet Grandpa and Grandma.” Little Mila’s big eyes were shining like obsidian gems. She carefully albeit fearfully glanced at Charles, who was reading his paper before moving her tiny feet to run to him, calling out in a crisp voice,

“Grandpa, Mila is here.” Charles then put down his paper, stood up, walked away from his sofa, and entered the study without giving her so much as a glance. Bam! The door of the study closed shut. That sound crushed down heavily on both Philip and Wynn’s heart. Wynn looked at Mila, who was pursing her lips, about to cry and quickly ran over to carry her daughter up.

She brought her into her bedroom. Philip frowned slightly, feeling irked.

His father-in-law was too cold to his daughter! But he still went into the kitchen to help, although he ended up being scorned by his mother-in-law.

“Philip, I don’t need you to help me. I really don’t. You can just go back to where you came from. We don’t welcome you here,” Martha said without reserve, not showing Philip any courtesy. “Mom, I’m sorry.” Philip lowered his head. He knew what he had come here to do today, and he did not want to give Wynn any trouble, so he chose to compromise. “Oh dear me, I can’t possibly accept that.” Martha scoffed. She mildly cocked her eyebrows up as she wore an arrogant expression. Just then, the doorbell rang. Martha shot Philip a glare before rudely pushing him away as she ran to the door, looking delighted. In a cheery voice, she called out, “Coming, coming! Is it Aiden?”

When the door opened, Aiden appeared in a handsome suit with gift bags in his hands. “Hello, Aunt Martha.” “Oh my, come on in, quickly,” Martha chirped happily as she took the gift bags from Aiden. “Why did you have to bring gifts with you, you’re too kind.” “It’s my first time visiting, so it’s the least I can do. My parents send their regards as well,” said Aiden generously.

When Martha turned around to see Philip sitting on the sofa in the living room, she felt annoyed and barked at him, “Can’t you see there’s a guest?”

“Why aren’t you preparing tea? Such poor sight!” This rubbish of a son-in-law should take a look at Aiden. The man had brought gifts while he came empty-handed and had even brought over extra baggage!

How frustrating!

Philip looked at Aiden to see the latter staring at him proudly. His eyes conveyed the message, 'Hey trash, your mother-in-law is treating an outsider like me better than she treats you.' Philip did not make a fuss. He got up to prepare the tea. By then, Charles had already come out of his study as he chatted enthusiastically with Aiden in the living room. Philip instead was standing in a corner, listening quietly. "Uncle Johnston, where's Wynn?

I don't see her." Aiden scanned the house, squinting. Charles yelled,

"Wynnie, we have a guest in the house!" The door of the bedroom opened.

Wynn had spent a lot of effort to coax her daughter to sleep. When she saw Aiden sitting in the living room, she was mildly stunned. "Why are you here?" Wynn's tone was cold. "Why can't he be here? Should we be letting you bring home trash instead?" Martha came out of the kitchen with a plate of fruits as she glared viciously at Philip, who was standing in a corner, smoking. She looked evidently crossed. "We don't allow smoking in the house. If you want to smoke, do it outside." "I'm sorry." Philip immediately stubbed out the cigarette and opened the windows to let the smoke out.

Wynn shot him a glare, wanting to drag him out this instant in case he embarrassed himself again. "Aiden, I just bought these fruits this morning, they're really sweet." Martha pushed the fruit platter to Aiden like she was trying to flatter him. "Thank you, Aunt Martha," answered Aiden politely.

Philip felt uncomfortable when he saw this scene. When Mila was here, there wasn't a piece of fruit in sight. She's still your granddaughter no matter what, so why do you have to be such a snob? "Oh, yes, Uncle Johnston, the decoration work has started for your gallery. The invitations have been sent out and the gallery will open at ten sharp on Saturday morning." When Aiden spoke, he shot a cheeky glance at Philip as he gloated. It was clear that he held a higher position in the Johnston family than this son-in-law.

"Great, great, thank you so much, Addy." Charles looked delighted as he imagined how grand it would be when his gallery opened. His old friends have already started to spread the word for him. A lot of aristocrats in Riverdale City have now heard that the ex-section chief of land development planning had gotten an authentic painting by Tang Bohu! And this had caused a great uproar within the city. For suspense's sake, they had refrained from saying which painting it was so that they could shock the guests at the coming event. "You're welcome, Uncle Johnston. It's what I should be doing." Aiden humbly added, "As for your request to meet with Mr. Clarke, I've already told the person in charge. You can meet him, but the time has not been set yet. You should know that a man like Mr. Clarke is quite busy."

What the f\*ck! How shameless! Philip cursed internally. Since when did he

say he would meet them? This was blatantly a lie to win favors, and he had said it so tactfully. 'They could meet, but the time has not been set yet'.

Aiden was so great at pleasing Charles that the latter just kept holding him in higher regard and favored him. "Philip, look at Aiden. You should learn from him if you have the time instead of wasting your life away. If you really can't make it on your own, get Aiden to get you a job. You'll look more proper that way," Charles finally spoke on behalf of Philip's future for the very first time. It was a great start, but Philip felt uncomfortable listening to it. Aiden Grant's company was worth only about a few million. It was not even enough for his allowance. "Philip, what are you standing there for, hurry up and beg Aiden." Martha glared hatefully at Philip. What an idiot!

Her husband had already spoken up for him, but he was still just standing there. He deserved to be looked down upon! On the other hand, Aiden sat up straight, with his eyes narrowing slightly as he waited cheekily for Philip to come and beg him. He was feeling great! Although Wynn did not like Aiden, she felt that it was a good opportunity as well. However... "No need.

Thank you, but that company's a little too huge, I can't get used to working there." Philip calmly refused. Charles and Martha's faces immediately darkened. Charles snorted while Martha started berating him, "Philip, how can you be so insensible? Leave this instant, our home doesn't welcome you." That was an order to leave. Philip was immediately pushed out of the house by Martha. Bam! The door closed, and Philip shook his head, smiling bitterly. He took out his phone to give Anna Carter a call. "I don't really like this Aiden Grant." Anna was at the gallery, busy with decorations. When she received this call, she immediately answered, "Understood, Mr.

Clarke." She then immediately stopped the people working in the gallery and called Aiden's number. Aiden was currently boasting to the Johnston family when he received a call. Seeing that it was from the representative of Civil Gallery, he immediately flaunted it to Charles. "Uncle Johnston, look.

It's a call from the gallery representative." "Hello, Manager Carter... Has Mr. Clarke agreed to see us?" Aiden was ecstatic and pleased. He spoke

loudly. "Mr. Grant, we regret to inform you that we can't rent the gallery to you anymore." "What?" "This is Mr. Clarke's intention. He seems to be a little upset, so the gallery will not be opened to outsiders," said Anna coldly.

Her tone was apparent. Toot! The call was cut off and Aiden's face froze in an instant. His expression turned ugly.

## Chapter 15

Aiden, who had been looking cheery, was now in a daze. What was going on? Mr. Clarke was upset, so the gallery was not to be opened to the public.

Could there be any other reason more random than this? No, he must have done something wrong. "What's wrong Addy, did something happen?"

Charles and Martha found Aiden's expression a little odd. "Oh, it's nothing, nothing at all. They're just reporting the gallery's situation to me." Aiden forced out a smile then added, "Uhm, Uncle Johnston, I have some urgent matters, so I will be leaving now." He then stood up to leave. "Oh, Addy, is it really urgent? Won't you be staying for dinner?" Martha followed closely behind him and saw him out the door. "Maybe next time. Goodbye, Uncle

Johnston, Aunt Martha." Aiden hurried away. Of course, he would be in a rush. If something happened to the gallery booking, he would lose all face in front of his future father-in-law. He had to rush over to the gallery to see what was going on. After seeing Aiden off, Martha came back inside with a smile on her face. When she saw Wynn carrying Mila, she suddenly burst out scolding, "I won't be raising this little bastard." "Mom, what are you saying? Isn't Mila still your granddaughter?" Wynn was vexed. She had been coaxing Mila to sleep in her arms. How could her mother say something like that? This was her daughter's flesh and blood, after all.

Charles, too, felt that Martha was going overboard. He removed his reading glasses and interrupted. "That's enough from you. Clean this up quickly and bring me the painting from Aiden. I'm going out for a spin." Charles was heading out to show off, of course. He wanted to let his friends take a good look. He carefully hugged the gift box, hummed a joyful tune, and went out the door. He was feeling delightful, very delightful, indeed! \*\*\* After he left the Johnston family house, Philip hailed a cab to Civil Gallery. Since he had already bought over the company and no longer needed to make deliveries, he now had time to go over to the gallery and take a look. He did not really plan to close it to the public. He just wanted to teach Aiden a lesson. Upon reaching the gallery's entrance, Philip only knew how stylish the gallery was. It was not flashy but luxurious and had a depth to it. The whole structure was designed by line patterns with monochrome as the main color. It looked extremely elegant and stylish. On both sides of the door was a small gallery paved with monochrome cobblestones, giving it a simplistic Western beauty. Right in front of the door was a black granite sculpture.

This was a piece made by the master architect who had designed and built Civil Gallery, Sirius Burton. This internationally famous architect only produced one piece of artwork every year, and thousands of people sought after his work, getting into disputes just to buy it. Civil Gallery was Sirius Barton's final work. Hence, to host an exhibition in this Civil Gallery would bring about great prestige and fame. Philip stood in front of the sculpture,

stared at it for a moment before mumbling to himself, "To think this is something that that old thing made. Looks normal to me." Philip recalled some memories. Back then, Sirius had been chasing after him, begging Philip to allow him to build something for him. Philip found his daily visits annoying, so he gave the man three hundred million to let him build Philip a mansion on top of a hill, mainly to keep his sports cars and private jet. Oh, how I miss those beloved cars of mine. Philip exclaimed internally then headed toward the gallery entrance. "Good day, sir. The gallery is temporarily closed to the public." It was a young and beautiful receptionist dressed in a monochrome business skirt set with a scarf embroidered with gardenia flowers tied around her neck. She had an impressive figure. Philip was stunned before looking inside and said, "I'm looking for someone."

“May I know who you are looking for?” The receptionist did not treat Philip any differently just because he was in casual clothing. Instead, she had asked very politely. “I’m looking for...” Philip was just about to answer when a tall woman walked over haughtily from within and interrupted him. She was wearing the same outfit, but the scarf on her neck was embroidered with blue enchantress hydrangeas. “Jasmine Conner, what are you doing? Didn’t I tell we’re not open to the public today and not to let anybody in?” The woman with the cold aura got closer and swept a look at Philip as she spoke arrogantly to the receptionist. “Sister Allison, he says he’s looking for someone.” Jasmine was apparently afraid of this woman, as she explained with a frightened expression. Allison Cooper was the leader of the female receptionists at Civil Gallery. She was a proud person and would not hesitate to order her subordinates around. Hence, she had a hidden nickname called

‘the witch’. Allison looked at Philip icily, sizing him up and asked suspiciously, “You’re looking for someone?” This man looked so broke wearing an over-washed T-shirt, a pair of faded jeans, and sandals. A typical get-up of migrant workers. He must be one of the construction team workers. “That’s right. I’m looking for...” Philip smiled, revealing his pearly whites. “Okay, okay, I got it. Follow me.” Allison abruptly interrupted Philip’s words. She turned to shoot a vicious glare at Jasmine and said, “Guard the door properly and stop letting in random strays.”

Jasmine lowered her head and bowed, apologizing profusely. She then stole a glance at Philip and smiled at him. Philip smiled back. This girl looked young but had a pleasant personality. Without thinking much, he followed Allison inside. Philip could not help looking at Allison’s back profile. This woman had a great figure that most men could not resist. “What are you staring at?” All of a sudden, Allison turned back with a frosty glare, staring hatefully at Philip. “Ah, no... nothing.” Philip felt awkward. He was caught red-handed. Allison let out a cold snort. “I’ve seen enough of you migrant workers with your snooping hands and dirty eyes. If anything goes missing in our gallery, you’ll be the first I’ll catch!” She then turned to moved forward as the disdain and contempt for the man behind grew in her heart.

Migrant worker? Philip was fuming slightly. Did she get the wrong person?

Allison led him to a construction site and started ordering him pompously,

“Hurry up and get to work. Finish it before sundown. And you guys over there, don’t even think about loafing on the job. I’ll be here to supervise. If anyone slacks, your salary is gone.” The few workers started working harder upon hearing this, terrified of their salaries being cut. Philip was confused.

They were painting this area. So, am I here to work? “I’m sorry, are you mistaken? I’m not here to...” Philip turned to the woman beside him.

Allison narrowed her eyes and barked, “You’re not here to what? Stop with all this nonsense and start working!” “I’m not here to work. I’m here to look for Anna Carter.” Philip was displeased with Allison’s attitude toward him.

What’s with this woman’s eyes and tone. How rude! He had asked George to purchase this gallery not long ago, so he was surprised there was a snobby staff here. “You’re looking for our manager?” Allison



sized Philip up again and snickered. "You want to see our manager, with the likes of you? Why?

Trying to complain to her?" What gives? This man was not even working, and he was trying to complain now. "What?" Philip was puzzled. What was she talking about? "I'm telling you now, and the rest of you there, listen up!

Our Civil Gallery does not lack workers. There are tons of migrant workers out there fighting to work here. Don't think that just because Manager Carter takes care of you, you can slack off. In my, Allison Cooper's eyes, you're all rubbish, do you understand?" Allison then snorted. "Especially you. Who do you think you are? Even asking to see our manager. If you're not going to work, then scram!" Allison put her left hand on her waist while her right hand pointed at the door. Philip was outraged now. Forget being mistaken as a migrant worker. He was now even lectured by an unreasonable woman.

No matter how good his temper was, it was now about to burst. "Your name is Allison Cooper?" Philip asked darkly. "That's right. Why? Upset? Wanna beat me up? I can call security and throw all of you out immediately!"

Allison crossed her arms and narrowed her eyes. What a bunch of garbage who doesn't know their place. With just a little money, they'd come swarming over like dogs. Growing up, Allison's environment had made her develop a habit of being arrogant. "Great. I don't think you have the right to stay in Civil Gallery." Philip nodded, the dissatisfaction was clear in his eyes. Upon hearing this, Allison immediately held her sides. "Hahaha! What a fool! I don't have the right to stay here? And what, can you fire me?"

Suddenly, a crisp voice sounded from afar. "What's going on Allison?

You're so noisy. It's unsightly!" A beautiful silhouette was strutting over from a distance. She wore a white women's suit while largely curled brown hair flowed behind her. Her fair earlobes were decorated with hoop earrings.

She was overflowing with elegance. "Manager Carter, you're finally here.

There's someone causing trouble here." Allison quickly jogged over, trying to flatter.

## Chapter 16

"Causing trouble?" Anna frowned. Her aura became colder as the temperature around fell by a few degrees. Whoever dared to cause trouble at Civil Gallery must have eaten a bear's heart! When Allison saw Anna's reaction, her mouth curved into a cruel smile. She pointed to Philip, who

had his hands stuffed in his pockets as he stood leisurely, and said, "That's right. It's that migrant worker over there. He's not only causing trouble but was even delusional, saying that he wants to see you. I scolded him for a bit, but he said I didn't have the right to be at Civil Gallery. Isn't he an idiot?"

Anna glanced coldly at Allison. Although she was not fond of Allison's condescending tone, the girl was

still one of her people, so she kept quiet.

Anna then strutted elegantly over to Philip and asked with a straight face,

“You’re the one causing trouble?” Philip glanced at this woman in front of him. She’s Anna Carter? Not bad. Gorgeous and very endearing. Philip did not answer but quietly took his phone out. Allison was furious when she saw Philip’s nonchalant expression. She pointed at him and bellowed,

“Manager, look! He’s blatantly disrespecting you! I’ll call security immediately to throw him out.” Anna nodded. She, too, was unwilling to deal with a person like this. She had just come out of her office to welcome an honored guest at the door, the new owner of Civil Gallery, Mr. Clarke!

If there was any delay, she might even lose her position. Anna had never seen the new owner. She only had his phone number. And it was only after begging President George Thomas for the longest time that he finally gave it to her. “Allison, come with me to welcome a guest. Our new owner is coming to check on the work progress.” Anna turned over to Allison.

Allison nodded before jogging off to call for security. Just then, a melodious ringtone rang across the room. Everyone was stunned. Anna quickly took out her phone from her pocket. The caller ID showed that it was from Mr.

Clarke! “Hello, Mr. Clarke. Have you reached? I’ll be out immediately to receive you.” Anna’s tone instantly changed from ice-cold to sweet and respectful. Yet, the voice from the other end sounded displeased. “Look behind you.” Look behind? Anna was stunned and immediately turned around. Only about seven workers were painting the walls behind her. Oh, there was another young man with a frosty expression holding a phone.

Wait! Anna felt like a bolt from the blue struck her! It was him! He was the new owner! Without another word, she ran over to Philip and bowed ninety

degrees in apology. “Mr. Clarke, I’m so sorry. I was too blind to recognize you. Please forgive my recklessness.” “Anna Carter,” said Philip coldly.

“I’m not very satisfied with you.” Anna’s legs were trembling in fright, and her palms were covered in sweat. “Mr. Clarke, please forgive me. I didn’t know you would be here early.” Anna straightened her back, but was still bowing slightly. She looked terrified. This was the new owner! A prominent figure who held the world in his hands. Riverdale City’s wealthiest George Thomas had had to come here personally to buy the gallery from the previous owner. It should be noted that the previous owner was a vicious man in the city, the underground emperor who was influential in both the legal and the underground world, Theo Zander! Who was Theo Zander? Not a single person in Riverdale City did not know of him! Born as a ruffian, he had climbed his way up, step by step, to the throne of the underground world! Both the legal world and the mafias feared this man. There was nothing he cannot do in Riverdale City with just a few words. Hence, after serving Theo for so many years, Anna’s social standing had risen as she got to meet more powerful figures. Her ambitions, too, grew more prominent.

It was precisely because of this that she can understand that seemingly ordinary Mr. Clarke in front of her was the real deal! Because when Theo saw George, he became like a little chick before an eagle and humbled himself to a great extent, while George had only said a few sentences back then. 'Whatever my young master requested is not to be publicized. Keep a low profile!' The young master of the city's wealthiest man! Just what kind of person would he be? It was just too frightening! It was after that meeting that Anna knew she had to take great care of this Mr. Clarke. If possible, she would be willing to dedicate her chastity that she had protected over twenty years to this man! All for the words that Theo had once told her after he was drunk one day. 'I, Theo Zander, have only managed to reach this spot today, all thanks to President George's support! However, President George is only here to keep his young master company and kill time. He had founded a company and became the wealthiest man in the city.' It was

frightening! Just too frightening! Philip calmly glanced at Anna, then shook his head. "Forget it. Let this be a lesson learned." At that moment, Allison just happened to return with two security personnel. She walked over with a sneer and pointed at Philip. "That's him, throw him out! And while you're at it, search him to see if he has stolen anything from our gallery. With that sneaky look in his eyes, he must be a thief!" Philip's gaze went cold as his eyes narrowed. He let out a cold snort and said to the woman beside him,

"Deal with it." Anna's body straightened up. With glaring eyes, she walked over to Allison in her high heels and lifted her hand! Slap! The crisp sound of a slap resonated throughout the whole room! "The nerve of you! Who dares to throw Mr. Clarke out?" Anna glared furiously at Allison, threatening to tear her apart. Allison held a hand to her immediately swelling cheek, asking incredulously, "Manager, why did you hit me? I didn't throw Mr. Clarke out." Allison was infuriated. She was fuming from receiving a slap from her manager for no apparent reason. Hence, she directed her anger to Philip and yelled, "What are you guys standing there for? Throw this trash out this instant!" As soon as she finished talking. Slap! It was another smack. Allison was not dumbstruck. Both her hands covered her cheeks.

"Allison Cooper, you're fired! Get lost immediately!" Anna bellowed as she pointed to the door. She would not let this idiot drag herself down with her.

"Manager, why are you hitting me? What did I do wrong? You're the one who asked me to chase him out. And what rights do you have to fire me?"

"I'll have you know that my boyfriend is the operations director here!"

Allison was furious. She had despised Anna for a very long time now. This woman was always hanging around her boyfriend. There was a time when they went to a hotel. Her boyfriend even called out this woman's name!

How vexing! "What rights? With my rights as the manager here!" said Anna coldly. "Shit! Anna Carter, don't get too cocky. My boyfriend is a director here, so don't think you can just do as you please. I'm going now to get my boyfriend to complain to the owner about you!" Allison stomped her foot in fury and turned to walk away. B\*tch! I'm going to get my boyfriend now,

and you'll be screwed! Anna shook her head and smiled bitterly. Get the owner? The owner was right in front of you, but you could not tell. After that, Anna turned to stand respectfully beside Philip. "Mr. Clarke, please follow me." Philip grunted a response and followed Anna to the lounge room in the innermost area of the gallery. The lounge room was gorgeous.

There was an open yard with a small pond and a fake mountain. There was even a small bamboo forest. It was like a world of its own. Not just anyone could enter this lounge room. Anna had taken off her coat, leaving only her black undershirt. She sat on her knees in front of the tea set as her fair hands skillfully prepared the tea. She had first washed the tea leaves, steeped the tea, then poured it. Everything was done smoothly. She then took the cup in her hands and, with gentle steps, walked over to Philip, who was studying some paintings on the wall. "Mr. Clarke, please have some tea." Philip took the cup, had a sip, and complimented, "Manager Carter's tea-making skills are superb. This must be a Maojian Green Tea. It has a sweet aftertaste and is delicate." "Mr. Clarke, you're too kind. I didn't know that Mr. Clarke is well-versed in tea as well." Anna smiled. "No, I've just drunk too much, so my mouth is a little picky." Philip waved his hand. Anna was stunned. How much would a person have to have consumed to become this knowledgeable about taste...? "How did you deal with Aiden Grant?" asked Philip. "He has called me quite a few times, but I've declined them all. I think he must be very anxious now," Anna answered. "Okay. Ignore him a little longer. When the time comes, just do as you see fit," said Philip before getting up. "If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving then. Don't publicize the incident today.

I don't like to be disturbed." Anna nodded. "I understand, Mr. Clarke.

President George has instructed us accordingly." Just then, the glass door of the lounge was pushed open. It was Allison who had left furiously earlier following behind a middle-aged man who was balding and had a fat belly.

Allison was crossing her arms with a proud look. The aggrieved expression she had had earlier completely disappeared from her face. "Anna Cooper, what are you trying to do? What rights do you have to fire Allison?" The fat

man roared as soon as they entered. He then plopped down on the pure white couch, took up the cup of tea Philip had taken a sip from, and scolded, "What kind of trash is this? It's so bitter!"

## Chapter 17

"Lloyd Zalman, who allowed you to come in here?" Anna denounced icily.

She despised this shitty fat man because he had been coveting her for a long time now. Whenever he had time, Lloyd would come into her office and shamelessly tried to take her to a dinner date. He was also underhanded, always trying to bring his friends and family members into Civil Gallery through his connection. For example, Allison Cooper was one of the people he had brought in. "Anna Carter, what's with your attitude? As the operations director of Civil Gallery, can't I come here to take a rest?" Lloyd Zalman settled himself comfortably into the sofa. Like a huge pile of meat, he had layers of fats on his

stomach that his shirt was threatening to burst open. "This is not somewhere you can enter. Leave immediately," Anna pointed to the door and said coldly. The new owner was right here, but this idiot was so presumptuous. Lloyd chuckled then glanced at Philip and teased shamelessly, "You're really something, Anna. I never thought you would be this lonely." Anna frowned. "Lloyd Zalman, what did you just say?!"

This bastard knows no shame! "I don't want to waste time on chitchat. Allison is under me. You can't fire her," Lloyd said blatantly. Allison standing nearby swept a mocking glance at Anna and Philip, feeling contempt for them. Anna, you're such a whore, even bringing this wild man into the lounge area. What a bitch! "Haha," Anna chuckled. "Lloyd Zalman, don't forget that I'm the manager here. I have that right!" "Carter! Don't get too cocky. Brother Lloyd's not afraid of you!" Allison crossed her arms with a condescending look on her face. "You're already going against the rules by bringing this migrant worker in here of your own accord. If this gets out, I don't think you can keep your manager position." Allison then sat down beside Lloyd and leaned into each other's arms, ignoring the other occupants in the room. "Anna Carter, think of it properly. It's not worth offending me for a migrant worker." Lloyd smiled menacingly as his heated gaze locked onto Anna, wanting to devour this woman alive. He had desired this woman for the longest time, but she was an ice queen, constantly ignoring him. What a bitch! She usually acted so cold and honorable but was really a whore underneath. If Allison never came to him today, he would have never known that Anna brought a migrant worker into the lounge. At this thought, Lloyd hated Philip even more! "What do you want then?" asked Anna with a straight face. She had been observing Philip's expression and realized that the man was indifferent. She knew that Philip did not want to get involved in this. Lloyd licked his lips, staring at Anna with greedy eyes. "It's simple, have dinner with me tonight." "What did you say?!" Allison burst out immediately, glaring at Lloyd darkly. Lloyd quickly explained, "I'm just joking, baby. What do you suggest?" Allison arrogantly pointed at Philip and said with a cold snort, "I want him to kneel and apologize to me!" Allison knew that it was impossible to get Anna to apologize to her, so she would humiliate the person Anna had brought in instead. She could tell that Philip was Anna's lover. Philip was stunned. He could not avoid getting caught in the crossfire after all. Anna was shocked as well. She glared furiously at Allison. "Allison Cooper, you have no right to speak here, shut up!" "Manager Carter, I'm already doing you a favor not asking you to apologize. He's just a bum, why do you have to shield him? Or is he really your boy toy? Although his looks are only average," Allison mocked. "Shut up! Do you have any idea who he is?" Anna raged. "Could he be our new boss?" Allison snorted. What did Anna mean by that? What special identity could this guy have? Suddenly, Philip smiled faintly and asked, "Are you sure you want me to kneel and apologize?" "That's right! Kneel, and apologize right now!" Allison looked proud. Her whole body was emitting an air of arrogance. "Not just kneel, you have to crawl over and prostrate," Lloyd added in contempt. He was too lazy to deal with people himself, so he often used his authority to pressure others instead. And it worked every time. "Your name is Lloyd Zalman, the operations director here?" In contrast to Lloyd, Philip did not seem angered. He had instead asked with a smile. "That's right. I'm the operations director here. Are you feeling afraid now? Apologize to my girlfriend this instant!" Lloyd crossed his legs and looked smug. Yet, Philip suddenly turned to Anna with a frosty expression. "Fire both of them and check if he was involved in any corruption or had abused his power. I hope to see this taken care of immediately." Anna respectfully nodded. "Understood, Mr. Clarke." Upon hearing this,

Lloyd cackled. He asked in contempt, "What did you just say, brat? Do you want me fired, and investigate me? Are you a fool? Do you know where this is? Do you know who I am?" He dished out a chain of questions. Lloyd held his face in his hands as he continued to laugh like he had just heard the joke of the century. Allison, too, snickered. "Shit! What an idiot! Did he hit his head on the door?" Lloyd and Allison had never seen such a fool. Did this man think he was the owner of this place? Hilarious! However, in an instant, Anna flashed a cold smile and called the security department. "Send some people over and inform the financial investigation division to hand over all the evidence of Lloyd Zalman's corruption cases and abuse of power to the police." In regards to Lloyd Zalman, Anna had already taken action a long time ago. She had collected a lot of evidence. It was just that they had never interfered with each other at work, so Anna had let him be. However, she would not do that today because he had offended the new boss. And that was a death penalty! An ugly death at that! Immediately after she spoke, Lloyd's laughter stopped. His face went dark and asked, "Anna Carter, what do you mean by this? Are you really trying to provoke me?" Anna kept quiet. A few security personnel rushed into the room in less than two minutes and seized both Lloyd Zalman and Allison Cooper. "Don't you know who I am? Unhand me!" Lloyd roared as he struggled. However, the security guards ignored him. They were all under Anna and would only listen to her. By now, Allison was still ignorant of her own mistakes. She yelled out loud, "Brother Lloyd, they're all crazy! Fire all of them!" At that moment, Philip was sitting calmly on the sofa while Anna brought over a piece of document that she had just printed. "Boss, this is their termination notice." Philip nodded and calmly replied, "Put it up at the door." Lloyd and Allison were dumbstruck. Boss? Did Anna just call him 'boss'? The two people finally started to break out in cold sweat. Thud! Without an ounce of hesitation, Lloyd fell to his knees and crawled over to Philip. He hugged his leg and cried, "Boss, Boss! I'm sorry, I was wrong! I was too blind to recognize you early. I'm at fault!" Lloyd started slapping his face. Allison's knees felt weak. Her whole body shivered, and she fell to the ground, paralyzed with fear as she sat. He's... the boss? Impossible! Just then, the people from the finance division led the police into the room and handcuffed Lloyd without a single word. "Boss! Please forgive me! I won't do it again!" The last of Lloyd's yell of struggle resonated in the room as he was dragged away. Now, only Allison was left, still paralyzed on the floor. Philip shot her a cold glance then got up to leave. Anna followed closely behind him, wanting to see him out. Thud! Allison threw herself at Philip, hugging his leg as she begged in tears. "Boss, I know my mistakes now. Please forgive me this time." Philip did not even spare her a glance, only said coldly, "Her position shall be replaced by that girl at the entrance, Jasmine Cooper." "Understood, Mr. Clarke," replied Anna, and she quickly got security to drag Allison away. After they left the lounge, Anna accompanied Philip, chattering happily as they made their way to the lobby. Then, an unexpected encounter happened. "Philip, why are you here?" This voice sounded familiar. Philip turned to look at the side door to notice Aiden staring at him in confusion. The man's eyes were also sparkling with hate. Chapter 18 Philip smiled. "I'm here to take a look." What a coincidence to run into Aiden here. "Take a look? What's there for you to see?" Aiden sounded displeased. "Do you know where this is? Is this a place someone like you can enter? Get out this instant!" Aiden hated Philip. The broke man had stolen his goddess from him, and now, he even came to Civil Gallery for a stroll. Did this man not realize that he was tainting this gallery with his existence? Philip frowned slightly, feeling irked. "Why can't I be here to look?" This Aiden Grant had no idea that the man standing in front of him was the new owner of Civil Gallery, so he still had the gall to look down on him. Philip felt disgusted. "Hahaha!" Aiden laughed out

incredulously. "Philip, you're such a fool. Do you know what kind of people are allowed in Civil Gallery?" "This, I really don't know," Philip calmly answered. Aiden tipped his chin up, already forgotten what he came here to do. When else would he humiliate Philip if not now? "The people who are allowed here are all prominent figures of Riverdale City. Their net worth starts from at least ten million." Aiden cocked an eyebrow and mocked, "Trash like you at the lowest level of society don't even have the right to stand at the entrance, do you understand? "I don't even know why Wynn would marry you. I feel sorry for her." Ruthless mockery and words of contempt. In Aiden's eyes, Philip was only a tiny ant while he was an elephant. He could easily squash him dead. "Oh, is that so? Is there a rule like that?" All of a sudden, Philip turned to ask Anna who had been standing beside him. Aiden then finally noticed the beautiful and endearing woman next to Philip. This is... the manager of Civil Gallery, Anna Carter! Aiden immediately put on a smile, wanting to shake her hand. However, Anna shot him a look of disdain before answering Philip, "There isn't." This Aiden Grant really had guts. He had been begging to meet Mr. Clarke, but he did not know that Mr. Clarke was now standing directly in front of him. He had even mocked him! Aiden was stunned and confused. "Manager Carter, what do you mean there isn't? Doesn't this rule exist since the founding of the gallery?" The previous owner, Theo Zander, had set this rule for Civil Gallery. No one in Riverdale City dared to oppose it. "Oh, it's non-existent now," answered Anna coldly. Bullsht! Aiden was dumbstruck. What was going on today?

The great manager of Civil Gallery, Anna Carter, was speaking up for penniless trash. "Manager Carter, you..." Aiden did not know what else to say. He glared at Philip with envy and hate. "What are you still standing here for? Beat it!" He loathed Philip. Anna frowned hard. The way Aiden was scolding her boss irritated her. However, it seemed that Mr. Clarke wanted this settled quietly, so Anna spoke up, sounding annoyed, "Mr.

Grant, your attitude is very displeasing. Mr. Clarke has specifically told us not to discriminate people, so the rules of Civil Gallery have changed."

"Right, right, Mr. Clarke is absolutely right." Aiden, who had been so arrogant just a second earlier, was now nodding like an obedient child.

Although he was more successful than Anna, in terms of fame, he still lost to her. She was a follower of Theo Zander! And the manager of Civil Gallery! Civil Gallery itself was already enough to make someone show respect. However, Anna's next words were like lightning bolts striking down on Aiden. His face turned an uncomfortable green. "But I find Mr.

Grant's attitude earlier dissatisfactory. Our Civil Gallery will never rent out our space to people who look down on others, so please leave," said Anna.

Aiden flared up upon hearing this. He had come to plead today, but he ended up digging his own grave. At the same time, his hostility for Philip grew! It was this poor man's fault that he could not control himself. Aiden shot a vicious glare at Philip, who seemed to stifle a smile then humbled himself to say, "Manager Carter, I think we can still negotiate." Anna kept quiet like she was in deep thought. Aiden was so anxious like he was standing on needles. "Manager Carter, how about this. I'll do anything you ask of me. I only hope that the exhibition on Saturday can proceed as planned. Please help me, Manager

Carter, to put in a few good words with Mr. Clarke.”

Anna feigned consideration then nodded. This made Aiden happy. “Alright.

If Mr. Grant can do the following task, I will promise to allow the exhibition on Saturday.” A cunning glint flashed in Anna’s eyes. “Please tell me. I can definitely do it,” said Aiden anxiously. “Apologize to him.” Anna pointed at Philip. Aiden’s eyes immediately widened, and he shrieked, “Apologize to him? Manager Carter, are you kidding? That’s a delivery man!” How could I ever apologize to the likes of him? “Occupations are not divided into classes. Are you saying you can’t do it, Mr. Grant?” Anna gave a cold smile.

“I...” Aiden hesitated. His face was scrunching up. Philip was instead stifling a smile as he pretended to refuse. “I... don’t think that’ll be necessary. He’s the president of a company after all. Why should he apologize to a poor man like me?” Aiden was gritting his teeth in anger at this. So, you do realize that you’re a poor man! “That won’t do! Mr. Grant has to apologize to you today! Mr. Clarke has instructed us that Civil Gallery is never to allow the vulgar individuals who look down on people into the premise,” Anna said sternly. She did not look like she was acting at all.

Aiden was now nervous. Cold sweat covered his forehead as he kept quiet the whole time. “Since Mr. Grant doesn’t plan to apologize, I won’t force you. Please leave, Mr. Grant,” said Anna harshly. Aiden immediately said,

“No, no, I’m willing to.” Then, feeling extremely conflicted, he turned to look at Philip and hastily said, “I’m sorry.” “What? I didn’t hear it.” Philip shrugged. There was something wrong with his apologizing attitude. Failed!

“Philip!” Aiden was gritting his teeth, looking furious. “Don’t get too cocky!” “Manager Carter, this...” Philip turned his head, pretending to look aggrieved. Anna snorted. Aiden immediately started trembling. He clenched down hard on his teeth and said out loud, “I’m sorry!” “It’s not sincere.”

Philip shook his head. “You!” Aiden tried his hardest to suppress his emotions. His fists were clenched tight. This piece of trash is getting really cocky under someone else’s power. “Mr. Grant, since this is so hard for you, I think we can just forget about it,” Anna spoke up at just the right time. Her gaze was cold. Aiden’s heart dropped to his stomach. He knew that offending Anna meant offending Mr. Clarke of Civil Gallery. It also meant

offending the underground emperor, Theo Zander. After giving it a lot of thought, he finally bowed and said earnestly to Philip, “I’m sorry.” Philip waved and said generously, “It’s nothing. You’ve worked hard, Mr. Grant.”

With that, Anna finally nodded. “Well done. Your sincerity is quite admirable, Mr. Grant. I think we can have our discussion now.” Philip felt better now. He then left Civil Gallery under the watch of the people around.

When Philip left, Aiden shot a hateful and suspicious look at Philip’s back.



He felt extremely annoyed. Did the man know Anna Carter? But it was impossible! Half an hour later, after a round of negotiation, the exhibition would be held as planned. Aiden left the gallery with heavy thoughts. As soon as he left the gates and got into his Benz, he made a call. "Do another detailed investigation of this Philip Clarke. The faster, the better!" At the same time, shocking news spread across Riverdale City! Turner's Hospital of Golden City will be opening a branch hospital at Riverdale City! Turner's Hospital was famous within the country, and the president, Henry Turner, was internationally prestigious for his medical skills. He had personally cured many prominent figures from both within and outside of the country.

Professor Turner could be said to have God's healing hands! When this news came out, all medical-related companies and hospitals of all sizes rushed over to the temporary office Turner's Hospital had set up in Riverdale City to ask for collaborations. Needless to say, the entrance of that temporary office was almost torn down in less than half a day. At Beacon Pharmaceuticals, President Derrick Hall had given the order to secure the collaboration deal with Turner's Hospital. For this reason, managers of all departments successively visited the temporary office but ended up being rejected. Not only Beacon Pharmaceuticals, but all the companies that went over were also all rejected. Inside the conference room, Derrick sat at the head of the table, looking at his staff, who seemed to be in terrible shape. "We have to secure the collaboration with Turner's! This will be a great opportunity for our company! I do not wish to see this opportunity snatched away by our competitors." "President Hall, our legs are almost coming off, but we can't even meet the representative at Turner's." "Yeah!

They're just too arrogant. I've seen more than ten companies going over, but they all came out disappointed." "I think they're just trying to keep us hanging so they can maximize their profits." Seeing the crowd dispirited, Derrick slapped the table and bellowed, "It's only been half a day, and you're all giving up? I don't care even if your legs come off and your mouths tear. You guys have to secure this collaboration!" Everyone was quiet. The task was just too hard. Turner's Hospital of Golden City was a famous hospital within the country. The hospital was a grand existence, just like a great king! "We have to decide on a representative from our company to meet with Turner's representative," said Derrick. "I know this task is grave, so I hope that one of you can volunteer." Everyone exchanged glances but said nothing. Just then, Gavin gave Rose who was sitting beside him a look, and the latter immediately understood. "Mr. President, I think it would be most suitable for Deputy Manager Johnston to represent our company,"

Rose suddenly suggested. After her suggestion, people started endorsing her idea. "Yeah, Deputy Manager Johnston is good-looking and has great verbal skills. She would be a great choice." "And Deputy Manager Johnston is the goddess of fortune in our marketing department. She was the one who secured the deal with Victory Pharmaceutical, so I think she can make it this time as well." "What's more, Deputy Manager Johnston really needs this opportunity. Doesn't she have a daughter that needs help? I think we should let Deputy Manager Johnston go." Wynn avoided eye contact. She knew this deal was too important, and she did not have any confidence. She was just about to refuse when Derrick said, "Alright then. Since everyone recommends Deputy Manager Johnston, then we'll have her represent our company to strive for this deal." Wynn had no other choice but to brace herself and agree to the task.

Upon seeing Wynn's agreement, Gavin, who was sitting diagonally opposite her, could not conceal the smirk on his face.

After the meeting adjourned, Gavin went into Wynn's office, saying to the troubled woman, "Deputy Manager Johnston, you have to give it your all for this deal with Turner's Hospital. As far as I know, this collaboration involves a thirty million contract. If you manage to secure it, you will have one million dollars as commission! You won't have to worry about your daughter's medical expenses then." One million dollars. Daughter's medical expenses. Wynn's heart wavered. Gavin did not stay any longer but left immediately after saying that. Late at night, in some club. Gavin had two sexy ladies in his arms as he sat with a middle-aged man in his forties opposite him. Jeffrey Scott was the representative sent by Turner's Hospital to Riverdale. "Uncle, what do you think of this woman?" Gavin asked with a smile. The man across stared at the photo in his hand for the longest time before reluctantly putting it down. He flashed a dirty smile. "Wynn Johnston, what a fine woman." Gavin's forehead relaxed almost instantly.

They were both men, so he knew what his uncle was thinking of. Wynn Johnston was a beauty and had a great figure. He had had his eyes on her for a very long time. "Uncle, this woman has a useless husband and a daughter with a heart disease. She's in dire need of money. This deal will be her lifesaver." Gavin smiled coldly. "Great job, you rascal!" Jeffrey teased. "Once I've had my fill, you'll get yours. I know you're interested in her." Gavin licked his lips.

## Chapter 19

Today was Saturday. Wynn got up very early to start putting on makeup in the bathroom. Philip came out from the bedroom to coax his daughter, who was making a fuss. "Isn't it your off-day today? Why did you wake up so early?" Philip was carrying his daughter as he stood at the bathroom door and asked. Wynn answered without looking at him. "I have to go back to the office today and meet a client in the afternoon." She then looked at herself, left and right in the mirror. She put on her lipstick, then pursed her lips. This woman was gorgeous. Even with light makeup, she was still as endearing as a fairy. Wynn squeezed past Philip, hastily took her bag and put on her high heels. "Oh, right. Go over to the gallery today to help my dad out. Let Lynn look after Mila. I've already informed her last night. She will be over at about ten." "Come back earlier, Mama." Little Mila was still

in Philip's arms as she waved at Wynn with her adorable and fair little arm.

Dimples appeared on her tiny cheeks as she smiled innocently. Wynn had been rushing about, getting ready to leave. When she heard that gentle word

'Mama', she kissed Mila on the cheeks before reluctantly leaving. Before she went, she reminded Philip, "Don't forget to help my dad out." Philip replied, "Got it. Come back soon." Standing at the door of their

tiny seventy square foot house, Philip watched Wynn leave. Philip lovingly patted Mila's tiny head then said, "Play with Papa." "Okay, Papa! I want to ride a horsie."

Little Mila waved happily. This little house was Philip and Wynn's nest.

The renovations were simple because they did not have a lot of money back then. Philip had taken the money to start a business. Although the business failed, they still had a house, a home. But this home was now in danger of being torn apart. After staying with Mila for about two hours, the doorbell rang. The door opened to reveal Lynn standing there haughtily in thick makeup. She shoved Philip aside as she went in. The girl was wearing extremely short leather pants and a black lace top. Isn't this a little too much? Do young girls dress this sexy nowadays? Without waiting for Philip to speak, Lynn had already gone inside and plopped down on the sofa. She first glared at Mila, who was playing with her toys at one side, then she glared resentfully at Philip. "I'll only stay for two hours. I've made plans with my classmates for the afternoon." Philip smiled sheepishly and took out the snacks he had prepared like he was coaxing his great grandmother.

"I'll be back really soon." Philip then walked over to Mila, who looked a little scared. He squatted down to pat her head and smiled. "Mila, Papa is going out. You stay with Aunty and be a good girl, okay?" Little Mila nodded, catching a quick glimpse at Lynn, who was watching TV while eating chips. The little girl then took tiny steps to hand the toy in her hand to Lynn, saying in a babyish voice, "Aunty, this is for you to play." Lynn shot her a scornful glare without taking the toy then said coldly, "Play by yourself." A little while later, Philip went out. Only Lynn and Mila were left inside the house. The two girls, one an adult, the other a child, did not

connect in any way. Lynn kept complaining to her boyfriend about having to take care of a brat through a video call. When Mila ran around the house, Lynn would yell at her. When Mila wanted a drink of water, Lynn had Mila get it herself. When Mila broke the glass, Lynn got up and kicked her, yelling, "Little btch! Your dad's trash, and so are you! You can't even get a glass of water!" Mila started crying out of grievance. When Lynn saw her cry, she got more agitated. She went over and slapped Mila a few times on her tiny face, scolding viciously, "If you keep crying, I'll sell you off! Btch!" Mila pursed her lips. Her aggrieved eyes were filled with tears while her tiny cheeks were swelling red. She mumbled, "Papa, I want Papa."

Lynn was tired of listening to her and locked Mila alone inside her room.

Poor Mila patted the door and cried, "I want Papa, I want Mama...

wuuuu..." After half an hour of crying, little Mila was tired and fell asleep on the bed. Lynn was enjoying herself with her video call in the living room.

"I don't think I can make it today. There is an annoying little bastard that needs taking care of." "You can't. We're all waiting for you here. Bring the brat over. It'll be fine." On the other end of the screen was Jacob in a karaoke room. "Alright, I'll be there soon." Lynn happily ended the video call. She opened the bedroom door and barbarically woke Mila up. Staring down at the little girl with narrowed eyes,

Lynn said, "Btch, you're coming with me outside to play. But I'm warning you, if you make a fuss, I'll sell you off!" Little Mila meekly nodded in fear. Five minutes later, Lynn took Mila and left. Back to Wynn who had left early this morning. She had first gone back to the office because last night, Gavin told her that he had gotten some info on the collaboration with Turner's. A little while after she reached her office, Gavin came in with a bright smile and sat on the sofa, looking composed. "Deputy Manager Johnston, I'll let you in on a piece of good news. The representative that Turner has sent is actually my uncle." Gavin could not conceal the smile on his face. Wynn looked delighted at this. "Manager Zach, are you serious? This is great! Manager Zach, you have to help me with this negotiation." "No problem. As long as Deputy Manager Johnston knows what to do, I will definitely help you," Gavin said smilingly and patted the seat beside him, hinting Wynn to sit next to him. Wynn frowned slightly but sat down. This was, after all, a thirty million dollar contract with one million commission. She would be able to pay for Mila's surgery fees. "Manager Zach, tell me what I should do." Wynn smiled. She was wearing a white business suit today. He smiled. "I've made an appointment with my uncle to meet at Celestial Club. We'll talk over there later." Wynn pushed Gavin's hand away and said, sounding troubled, "Manager Zach, isn't that a little inappropriate? Let's talk in the office." Gavin's face immediately darkened. He said in a threatening tone, "Deputy Manager Johnston, you should know that even though the representative is my uncle, we might not be able to secure the deal. So many other companies have their eyes on this huge slice of cake. But if Deputy Manager Johnston is not sincere about collaborating, then I have nothing else to say." Gavin then got up to leave. At this, Wynn got anxious and quickly said, "Manager Zach, wait. I'll give it some thought." One million dollar commission! Mila's surgery fees! Wynn comforted herself that way. She thought that she only needed to drink and sing a little. They might not do anything out of line. Gavin's eyes narrowed as his smile deepened. He pointed to the box on her desk and said, "Think carefully. That's my gift for you. Once you've made up your mind, wear it and come with me." Wear it? Once Gavin left, Wynn fearfully opened the box. It was a set of clothes! Wynn felt her knees go weak. Her pupils contracted, and she clenched her fists in fury! Just then, she received a text message from Gavin: Deputy Manager Johnston, this is a gift from my uncle. You have to wear it. If you do, I guarantee you that this deal will be yours! Oh, and I forgot to tell you. If this collaboration fails, you might be relieved from your deputy manager position. Think carefully. After sending the message, Gavin was laughing brutally inside his office. The pure and untainted goddess of the company! Bullsht! When Wynn finished reading the message, she felt her body go weak. She was so helpless and enraged. Bastard, they're all bastards! Not long after Gavin returned to

his office, Rose barged in fuming. "Gavin Zach, what is the meaning of this?"

"Why are you helping that witch, Wynn Johnston?!" Rose asked angrily.

Gavin beckoned Rose with a huge smile. The latter went over nonetheless and was pulled into his arms. "My dear Rose, you are my woman, so how could I be helping another woman? Relax, I'm only helping my uncle with this." Rose coquettishly swatted his hand away and asked with a straight face, "What do you mean?" Gavin told Rose the whole plan, only concealing the part where he would get his share. After hearing it, Rose's eyes sparkled.

She asked excitedly, "Doesn't that mean that your uncle will...?" "Ahem, it's not too much for a woman

to contribute to secure a deal." Gavin smiled.

Thinking that he could spend the night with Wynn made him ecstatic.

"What's more, I will have to be the one to secure the deal with Turner's anyway. Wynn is only a present for my uncle." Gavin let out a cold laugh.

Poor Wynn was completely being toyed in the palm of his hands. Rose nodded and smiled darkly. "This is karma! Karma! We should have done this earlier to that witch!" At the thought of Wynn's misfortune, Rose felt an indescribable pleasure in her heart. "Manager Zach, would it be troublesome if Wynn's husband found out about this?" Rose was worried.

"He's just a piece of trash, what's there to be afraid of?" Gavin could not care less. "If he really comes to look for trouble, I can deal with him."

Philip? Hah! A wretched piece of trash! Gavin could not wait to see the angered look on Philip's face if he found out how his wife was being treated.

Hahaha! Rose nodded. She hugged Gavin's neck and said, sweetly, "Then..."

Manager Zach, when that witch gets fired, the deputy manager's position..." Rose had been coveting for the deputy manager's position for a long time now. Or else, she never would have bent over backward to become this greasy and balding fat man's lover. "Hahaha, don't worry. That deputy manager's position is definitely yours!"

## Chapter 20

At the same time, Philip had reached Civil Gallery. Today was his father-in-law's exhibition, so he had come to help out. As soon as he entered the door, Philip noticed that the hall had been luxuriously decorated. There was quality and taste. It was definitely not done simply. It seemed that Anna had put in a lot of effort. Jasmine then noticed Philip, who was looking around at the door. She walked over with a smile and greeted, "Hello, do you need my help with anything? Uhm, you are..." The exhibition today was extremely important. Manager Carter had instructed that everything had to be perfect as the guests today were all prominent figures in Riverdale City.

Hence, all the staff had to be respectful and humble. They should never judge a person by their looks. Jasmine had thought that Philip was a guest here for the exhibition. After all, she had already received a few, and they were now waiting at the resting area in the next hall. But to her surprise, it was him. Philip looked up and smiled faintly. "Hello, we meet again. I'm looking for Charles Johnston." "Mr. Johnston?" Jasmine asked curiously before she put on a smile. Bowing slightly, she said, "Follow me, please."

Philip nodded. This young lady was not bad, after all. She was very sincere.

However, they had only taken a few steps when a mocking voice called out from behind. "Yo, you're

here, Philip?" Aiden was leading a few people into the gallery, looking very smug. Philip turned around and answered with a smile, "I just got here." Aiden walked over. He was dressed in an expensive navy blue suit, looking very handsome and emitting a domineering aura. He reached out to pat Philip on his shoulder and insulted him, "You shouldn't be here today. It's just a disgrace. The guests here at the exhibition are all prominent figures of Riverdale City. Wouldn't a useless son-in-law like you just put Uncle Johnston to shame?" This Philip

still had the guts to show up. It's like he can't gauge his own worth. Philip frowned. He had no intention to respond to Aiden and turned to leave.

Seeing this, Aiden flared up. This rubbish actually dares to be this arrogant!

Can't you see that I'm talking to you? What's with your attitude? "Mr.

Grant, your friend seems to be looking down on you." The few people behind Aiden teased. "Philip, stand there!" Aiden was furious. When he recalled what happened yesterday, he got even more annoyed. He rushed over, clamped down on Philip's shoulder, and said viciously, "A trash like you has no place inside Civil Gallery. Get out this instant!" "Shit! Is this Philip Clarke, the one you said who gave out a counterfeit painting?" "He looks really broke. With this poor getup, he looks like a farmer." "A defect like this is actually Wynn Johnston's husband? What a pity." The few friends Aiden had brought over started insulting Philip. At this, Aiden finally felt a little better. Look at you, Philip, you're such a disgrace. Wynn has lost all face just by being with trash like you. Philip frowned. His expression was a little dark. "I'm here to help." "Help?" Aiden laughed out loud. "How hilarious! Is there a need for wretched trash like you to help out here? Can't you see where this place is? Or what? Are you here to deliver food boxes to the prominent figures?" Aiden was now exposing his occupation to humiliate him. "Mr. Grant, he's a delivery man? You didn't tell us!" "No wonder he smells like sewers." "Chase this person out immediately. Don't let him taint the air inside." The few people ridiculed without holding back. Philip frowned hard. He glared icily at Aiden and said, "Occupations are not divided by class. I don't think making deliveries is dirty." These people are real snobs. What's wrong with making deliveries? Is it shameful? How many white-collared workers do you think waits for us, delivery men, to bring food over? Do you think I got arrogant from it? This won't do. I need to change everyone's views on delivery men.

I need to spare some time to switch out the vehicles for everyone in the company. Scooters definitely won't work, but Harley's, maybe. Seeing Philip's frowning expression, Aiden laughed coldly. He patted Philip's

shoulder heavily and said, "Trash will be trash. They will never be presentable." He then turned to Jasmine while pointing at Philip and said,

"Why are you letting trash like him inside? Isn't it just an insult to Civil Gallery? Hurry and chase him out." Jasmine's expression darkened. "I'm sorry, Mr. Grant. Our manager has instructed that everyone who comes here are guests. Please forgive me for being unable to comply." Unable to comply? Fine, fine, fine! Aiden swung his hand away. After shooting Philip a vicious glare, he led his friends away. He was in a rush to flatter and boast in front of Uncle Johnston. After Aiden left, Philip courteously said to Jasmine,

“Thank you.” “There’s no need to. Let me take you to the resting area.” Jasmine smiled. Her slender body turned, and she walked ahead.

Philip studied her back profile. Although this young lady could not compare to Wynn, she was still gorgeous. She was sincere and polite to people as well. She was a nice girl. Back to Wynn. She was in the washroom, staring at her reflection in the mirror. Beside her hand was the box Gavin had given her while inside. It was a humiliating dress. “Huuu...” She heaved a heavy breath. Wynn mumbled to her reflection, “For Mila, I can do this for this home.” This pitiful and foolish woman unwillingly changed into the humiliating outfit Gavin had given her. Fifteen minutes later, Wynn put on a trench coat, left the company building, and directly got into the Benz waiting at the entrance. Just in case, Wynn had typed out a message to Philip. She then carefully placed her phone in her bag. Gavin was sitting in the back seat. When he saw Wynn walking over in sensual steps, his mouth cracked into a hideous and lustful smile. Hahaha! Wynn Johnston, you wore it, after all. The door closed, and the car immediately took off for Celestial Club. In a private room, 888, of Celestial Club. Gavin pushed the door open, leading Wynn inside and called out, “Uncle, look! This is our Deputy Manager Johnston, Wynn Johnston.” Wynn followed Gavin in. The room was huge, dimly lit with colorful lights. Sitting on the sofa was a man in his forties with sexy ladies in both arms as he smoked a cigar. Jeffrey courteously stood up to welcome her. “I’ve heard of Deputy Manager

Johnston before. After meeting today, I can see that you’re a real beauty.

Come, come, have a seat.” “Mr. Scott, you’re too kind.” Wynn took a seat and shook Jeffrey’s hand. This dirty old man was still longingly holding onto Wynn’s hand with no intention of releasing her. Jeffrey squinted as he scanned Wynn over and over again. Wynn tugged her hand back awkwardly and gave a small smile. “Mr. Scott...” Jeffrey noticed that he was forgetting his manners and quickly let go. He sat down with a smile. “Deputy Manager Johnston is just too enchanting. Come, come, this is a French wine I’ve brought over, Remy Martin. I’m sure Deputy Manager Johnston will love it,” said Jeffrey with a smile and a cigar in his mouth. He poured a full glass for Wynn. However, Wynn did not take it. She refused to. “Mr. Scott, I can’t drink.” She then tugged on her trench coat to cover her legs because Jeffrey had been staring. Seeing Wynn hesitating, Gavin sitting nearby, said with a cold laugh, “Deputy Manager Johnston, my uncle has personally poured you wine. Isn’t it inappropriate if you don’t drink?” Jeffrey put the glass down on the coffee table and leaned back, saying coldly, “Deputy Manager Johnston, are you looking down on me? If that’s the case, we don’t need to talk about the collaboration anymore.” A blatant threat. Just moments through the door and already, he was showing his true colors. After Wynn pondered, she quickly took up the glass and said, “Please don’t get upset, Mr. Scott. I’ll drink.” Then, with a frown, she drank the whole glass of Remy Martin in one go. This was all for Mila, for her family. “Mr. Scott, here, this should do it, right?” Wynn wiped the corners of her mouth and gestured to the empty glass. Jeffrey clapped, smiling to his eyes. “Deputy Manager Johnston has great alcohol tolerance.” For the next half an hour, Wynn was continuously forced to drink by Jeffrey and Gavin until she felt her head spin and fell to the sofa, mumbling drunken words. Gavin and Jeffrey exchanged glances. The latter immediately got up and walked to Wynn, flashing a dirty smile. “Deputy Manager Johnston... Deputy Manager Johnston, why don’t we play something else...” Jeffrey impatiently reached out to remove Wynn’s coat. “What are you doing!” In

her drunken state, Wynn saw doubles and abruptly shrunk away in fright.

She grabbed her coat tight and yelled out helplessly, scared. "Don't come closer. I... I'm going back..." Wynn dragged her heavy body and staggered to get up. She ran to the door but... The door would not open. At that moment, Wynn cried out to the heavens and earth, but no avail. Behind her, Jeffrey was now acting like a pervert as he hugged her. He buried his face into her hair like a creep and took a deep sniff. "Deputy Manager Johnston, you can't run. If you serve me well, the collaboration will go well." Jeffrey gave her a dirty smile. Wynn's whole body froze. After a struggle, she shoved Jeffrey away and slapped him. She grabbed her bag and dug out a fruit knife, powerless and helpless as she leaned against the wall, enduring the splitting pain in her head. "Don't you come any closer, don't come closer..." Jeffrey licked his lips. The pain in his cheek induce his urge to conquer, and he bellowed, "Stupid b\*tch! Stop acting pure!" Jeffrey rushed over and snatched the fruit knife from Wynn's hand. He then grabbed her hair and gave a vicious slap. Slap! Wynn winced as the back of her head hit the wall. She fell powerlessly to the floor, feeling dizzy. Gavin, who was sitting nearby, was watching everything with a cold smile. Jeffrey went over and grabbed Wynn's ankle, laughing out lecherously. Wynn yelled out weakly, "Help, help..." At that moment, she only thought of Philip!

Struggling with her life, she fumbled in her bag and pressed on the send button with all her might. 'Swosh!' Grabbing onto Wynn's ankles, Jeffrey dragged her to a sofa beside. Gavin, too, stood up, and the two men with malicious expressions laughed lecherously as they looked at Wynn, who was out cold with blood trickling down her forehead. At the same time, in Civil Gallery, Philip was about to enter the lounge when his phone rang.

Feeling confused, he opened the message to see it was from Wynn. The content was simple but made his eyes widen, and pupils dilate. 'Philip, Celestial Club, save me!' Just the five words almost made Philip go insane!

Shit! Wynn... Wynn's in trouble!Chapter 21

At Celestial Club! Why would Wynn go to such a place? Wasn't she meeting a client? Philip did not have time to think. He dashed out of the gallery, his heart flaring up like a ball of flame. Please be safe. Please be!

Jasmine did not know what was going on but saw Philip running away in a hurry. Where was this guy hurrying off to? Upon exiting Civil Gallery, Philip was about to hail a cab when a flashy red Porsche 911 stopped in front of him. Anna appeared in a black trench coat. "Mr. Clarke, where are you rushing off to?" Anna looked sideways, about to get out of the car when Philip pulled open the passenger seat and ordered in a hurry. "To Celestial Club!" Anna did not ask more. She quickly started up the Porsche, like a red arrow being shot, the dust flew up into the air as the vehicle disappeared from Civil Gallery's entrance. This scene was coincidentally seen by Aiden, who was looking from the door. With hate in his eyes, he stared at the disappearing headlights, confused. Why is Philip with Anna? He's just a piece of wretched trash. Shit! Could he be having an affair! Great! A frightening chill flashed in his eyes. He will tell Wynn about this, and the two of them would divorce! I'm just so brilliant! In less than five minutes, Anna had brought Philip to the entrance of Celestial Club in her Porsche 911. This drew on a lot of



attention from passersby. Celestial Club was a famous entertainment club within the city. It was a mixture of good and evil inside—both the legal world and the underground mobs. The owner was Riverdale’s famous, Drogo Hanks, widely known as ‘Brother Drogo’.

Although he was not as renowned as Theo, he was still a prestigious man.

Drogo and Theo never interfered with each other’s business, and they both

had their own business turfs. Philip got out of the car. The entrance of Celestial Club was not only occupied by beauties in tight dresses, but there were also two large men whose arms were more massive than their thighs.

It was easy to tell that they were bouncers. They emitted a cold and frightening aura. “Hey kid, where are you from? Can’t you see that we’re on break? Who are you to rush in? Beat it!” Seeing Philip about to dash in, a muscular man stretched out a hand to block him. His expression was fierce. As he spoke, he narrowed his eyes arrogantly at Philip, completely full of himself. Of course, this man also judged a book by its cover. If it were a prominent figure instead, he would have bowed and greeted with friendly eyes. But unfortunately, it was Philip. This brat was only staple goods, so very ordinary. He was not worth respect. Pressuring people with their authority had always been their forte. They would first show off their strength and let the troublemakers know that Celestial Club was not a place to cause a scene, and this would save them the hassle later. But it was clear that the bouncer did not know Philip’s identity. Hence, he was playing with fire. Philip looked up slightly with cold eyes. “Make way!” “F\*ck! You’re pretty cocky, aren’t you? Asking me to make way?” The muscle man raged.

He was staring at Philip with fire in his eyes as he blocked the way with his solid body. With just one arm, he could hold Philip up. “That’s enough!

Who allowed you to speak to Mr. Clarke that way?” Suddenly, Anna’s voice rang from the side. She had just parked the car away when she saw Philip in trouble. She immediately ran over in a panic. When the two muscular men saw Anna walking over with an icy expression, they were stunned! In their line of work, no one could not recognize Anna Carter. She was Theo Zander’s confidante and his only confidante! A woman! Among the underground forces, she was a woman of status. In an instant, the two muscular men put aside their arrogance.

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## Chapter 22

“Sister Anna, why are you here?” The bouncer who had been arrogant earlier was now meek as a child. They were working for Celestial Club, so these men had been used to flaunting their authority. But meeting Anna still made them feel uneasy because if they were not careful enough, they might end up offending Theo. “Hmph!” Anna snorted. After a few more words of reproach, she did not waste any more time with them. She could see the restlessness in Philip’s eyes, so she quickly let Philip inside after

forcing the two men to back down. The bouncers scratched their heads in fear and confusion as they watched Philip and Anna go in. "Hey, who do you think that guy is that Sister Anna would personally escort and protect?" "Don't be so nosy, unless you feel like separating your head from your body." The interior design of Celestial Club was indeed luxurious. Gold was the primary color of the interior with dragons and phoenix as the central theme. The place looked extravagant. Even the front desk was made from Calacatta marble, worth a king's ransom! However, to Philip, these were all rubbish.

Anna and Philip had just entered the lobby when a stunning woman came over. She was wearing red pumps while her voice sounded like a melodious string instrument. "Hey, Sister Anna, what brings you here today?" This woman with a vintage appearance was the manager of Celestial Club, Jade Quinley. Everyone called her 'Sister Jade'. She gave off a vampish and mature vibe. Jade's status in Celestial Club was quite similar to Anna's status in Civil Gallery. She was the confidant of Drogo and his lover.

However, her influence was only limited to within the club. Once outside the club doors, Anna's status could overpower Jade's by a mile. Hence, it was publicly known that Jade disliked Anna. These two women were destined to be rivals. "Jade Quinley, enough with the nonsense. Where is Miss Johnston?" Anna could not get used to the coy look in Jade's eyes.

"Sister Anna, you must be joking with me. There isn't any Miss Johnston on my premises. Only men come here, not women. What's more, isn't it a little inappropriate for Sister Anna to just barge in like this?" Jade cocked an eyebrow, waving her Victorian hand fan with an arm crossed below her

chest. Her contempt for Anna was evident in her tone. Philip had no time to waste in a pointless argument. He asked coldly, "I'll only ask once, where is she?" Jade finally noticed the man standing behind Anna. "Wow, Sister Anna, isn't this little boy toy of yours too ignorant? Is there any place for him to speak up here?" Slap! The crisp sound of a slap resonated in the air.

Jade held a hand to her face, feeling incredulous. She yelled out in fury,

"Ann Carter! How dare you slap me? You're only Theo's dog, what right do you have to lay a hand on me? Don't you have any respect for our Celestial Club?" "That's right," Anna replied icily. This woman had the nerve to call Mr. Clarke ignorant! One slap is already kind enough of me!

Celestial Club? Haha, sorry, but to me, this place is trash! And in Mr.

Clarke's eyes, this place is lower than trash! Philip frowned hard, already losing his patience. "I don't care what you think this place is or who supports you in the dark. I'm warning you, don't provoke me or I'll flatten this whole place! Spill! Which room is Wynn Johnston in?" Philip was furious. The consequences would be dire. If this woman did not know what was good for her, Philip did not mind laying this building to waste. Jade was initially stunned but then quickly laughed and pointed at Anna. "Anna Carter, this boy toy of yours sounds more arrogant than you. Flatten my club? No one has dared to say something like that in a long time. You're the first." Anna smiled coldly. She was not at all worried about Philip's declaration. She knew that Mr. Clarke would do just as he said. Even if he tore half of the city apart, Anna would not be surprised, much less this club. Anna faintly added, looking indifferent.

“Jade Quinley, I don’t want to waste time with you. Lead the way now. Even a second’s delay is not something you can afford to compensate for!” Seeing Anna be this forceful, a flicker of annoyance flashed in Jade’s eyes. “Are you trying to scare me, Carter?”

Don’t think that just because you’re under Theo that I would be afraid of you. I’m telling you, the guest at Celestial Club today is not someone you can provoke. Even if Theo himself is here today, he would have to play by the rules! And you two want to take that woman away? Dream on!” “So,

you won’t lead the way?” Anna’s eyes were ice-cold. She looked extremely aggravated. This Jade Quinley was just asking for trouble. “Heh! I’ll be honest with you Carter, the guest inside is a big-shot from Golden City. As for that Miss Johnston, she sure is a great beauty, very enticing. It’s her honor to be able to serve that guest. Perhaps, by now she’s already...” Jade did not continue but the smug look on her face was apparent that she was provoking them. Anna’s scalp felt prickly. She stole a glance at the man next to her. Philip looked calm but the fury behind his eyes made Anna shiver. Even Jade could now sense the change in Philip. Philip’s expression was dark as night, and his voice was ice-cold. “Don’t challenge my patience.

Take me there now or I’ll make sure you live the rest of your life in pain and regret!”

## Chapter 23

Philip’s expression was cold, his tone chilling. With his stern appearance, his body was exuding a strong murderous intent! Jade was stunned. She backed away a few steps by instinct. This... this brat had a more powerful aura than Brother Drogo! And it was not just a little bit. It was so heavy that she found it hard to breathe. Just who exactly was he? Quickly steadying herself, Jade’s eyes turned cold as a smirk appeared on her face. “Sister Anna, this brat of yours is just arrogant on a whole new level. Doesn’t he know that this is Brother Drogo’s turf?” Anna smiled instead. Drogo Hank?

So what? Mr. Clarke can lay this Celestial Club to waste with just one sentence. Even if Drogo were here today, once he knows of Philip’s identity, he would have to prostrate and ask for Mr. Clarke’s forgiveness. “Jade Quinley, I’m warning you, if you don’t want to get yourself in any trouble, lead the way now! Or else, even Jesus can’t save you!” Anna, too, was running out of patience because she could distinctly feel the cold aura from Philip getting denser. Anna, who was known for her elegance and mature personality, strutted over to the wine rack, grabbed a bottle of wine, and smashed it at one of the gang member’s heads who was here to look after

the club. Blood immediately splattered everywhere! The guy held his head that was dripping with blood as he howled on the floor. “Anna Carter, you’ve crossed the line! This place belongs to Hanks, not Zander!” Jade’s expression changed as she flared up. “I’ll ask you one more time, where is the room?” Anna pointed the broken bottle at Jade. The sharp edges of the glass were directly in front of Jade’s fair and delicate face. This frightened Jade. She had never seen Anna this irritated. This was Brother Drogo’s turf, so her actions were blatantly provoking a feud between Theo Zander and Drogo Hanks! “Sister

Jade!” In an instant, a group of gang members who were here to look after the club rushed out, surrounding both Philip and Anna. They all held something in their hands, ready to attack both of them.

Each member had a vicious look in their eyes, wanting to tear both Anna and Philip apart this instant. The situation was dangerous as the temperature in the atmosphere plummeted. However, Philip, who was being surrounded by gangsters, remained indifferent. There was no fear in his expression, and his deep-set eyes were filled with blazing fire. Anna, who had been following Theo for eight years, had seen too much of these situations. She could not be any calmer. “What’s wrong? Are you trying to prove that I, Anna Carter, can’t win against numbers? Or have you all forgotten Brother Theo’s words?” Jade froze at this. Her expression was mingled with fury and fear. Why? Ever since Theo had risen to his position, he said that whoever touched his men meant offending Theo himself. No matter who they were, Theo would have their whole families destroyed! He was that dominant and vicious! Hence, Jade and the gang members hesitated, looking conflicted. Who exactly was this Theo Zander? He was king of the underground. Although he had kept a low profile in recent years as he focused on growing his legal business, everyone knew that he was a force to be reckoned with. Jade realized that Anna would stop at nothing this time.

Her eyes darkened, then with a wave of her hand, she ordered the gang members to disperse. “Anna Carter, are you sure you want to go in there?”

I’ll say it upfront. The person inside is not someone you can mess with. Even

if Brother Theo was here today, he has to show a little respect. I hope you won’t regret this!” Jade gave her a cold smile. Anna frowned slightly. Jade’s behavior meant that there really was some trouble inside. Just who was this person that Celestial Club valued so much? Is there anyone in Riverdale City that even Brother Theo could not offend? If they were not from Riverdale, could they have come from outside the city? If they really were from an outstation, it might really be troublesome. However, after Anna turned to look at Philip, the worries in her heart disappeared. If Brother Theo was correct, Mr. Clarke could overpower the situation. At this thought, Anna said, sounding annoyed, “Stop with the nonsense and lead the way!”

Jade smiled coldly and said no more. Philip followed her closely while Anna tailed behind. At the same time, Anna had quietly taken her phone out to send Theo a text message. Soon, the three of them reached the largest VIP

room in the club. The majestic, large golden door looked magnificent and luxurious. But Philip did not have the heart to admire it. Right now, he was only thinking of Wynn. Please be safe!

## Chapter 24

Philip lifted his leg and kicked hard at the door! Bam! The door was burst open. Jade was stunned. She never expected the boy toy to be this barbaric and immoral. She would definitely get Brother Drogo to take care of him later! The loud music inside the room muted the sound of the door being kicked open.

The colorful shining lights made it hard to see what was going on inside. There was a crowd of men and women, naked as they drank, played games, and fooled around. Tap! Philip pushed the switch on the wall, and all of a sudden, the whole room was brightly lit, exposing various hideous activities. The occupants of the room shrieked as they picked up their clothes from the floor in a flurry. Philip was dumbstruck by this scene.

He quickly swept a glance around the room in search of Wynn's presence.

Where is Wynn? Where is she?! Just then, a hostile voice rang from within the room. "Anna Carter, this isn't Theo Zander's turf. A bitch like you causing a ruckus here with your boy toy means you're blatantly disrespecting me, Drogo Hanks!" Somewhere below the stairs, sitting on a sofa was a man with a square face, triangular eyebrows, and a beard. His expression was dark. This man was Drogo Hanks, the owner of Celestial Club! He was also one of the five most powerful men in the underground world. He stared darkly at Anna, completely ignoring Philip's existence. Anna Carter was indeed a woman worthy of becoming Theo Zander's confidant. Drogo had long wanted a taste of Anna. Men like him were fond of conquering strong women like her. It gave them a sense of thrill. The whole room was divided into two areas. Up the stairs was another area blocked by bead curtains, and through those curtains was the silhouette of a few people. This was not the room Wynn had initially been in. Drogo knew that he had a valuable guest today, so he came over personally to offer them the presidential suite. Anna's voice sounded cold as she said, "Brother Drogo, we're here for someone. We hope you can take the initiative to hand her over." Just then, all of a sudden, a desolated shrill rang from behind the bead curtains. The voice sounded distinctly helpless. "Ah! No! Go away..." Wynn! Philip flared up in an instant, looking in the direction of the voice. Behind the swaying bead curtains, two men were roughly dragging a woman as they tore the garments from her body. "Fck! Get your filthy hands off!"

Whoever touched the dragon's nerve had to die! In an instant, Philip's eyes turned red. He roared out loud, grabbed two glass bottles, and rushed up the stairs! Drogo barely had time to react when he saw a silhouette fly past him.

How dare he make a move! I am Drogo Hanks! The man everyone has to greet whenever they see me, but this boy toy just went ahead and took action? Before he could react, two smashing sounds resonated from behind him! Simple and rough! Philip smashed the two bottles of wine in his hands onto the balding men's head! The moment the bottles were smashed open, red wine mixed with blood flowed to the floor. "Ahh!" Two shrieking voices rang throughout the whole room. Gavin and Jeffrey both instantly fell to the ground, holding their heads. Blood flowed through from in between their

fingers. It was terrifying. Philip went over to snatch the coat from the sofa and wrapped it around Wynn, whose shirt was torn to pieces. He hugged her tight in his arms and comforted her. "It's okay, sweetheart, I'm here." Wynn was in a state of panic and confusion. She continued to struggle in Philip's arms, screaming as tears poured out. Then, she bit Philip viciously on his arm. It hurts! Philip endured the pain, hugging Wynn tightly as the fury within him threatened to burn a hole in the sky! "Ahh! Wuuu...." Wynn sobbed, eventually regaining her senses. She tilted her head up to look at Philip through tear-filled eyes, mumbling, "Philip..." Just after calling his name, Wynn passed out. Anna had

run over. After a look, she anxiously said, "Mr. Clarke, let's go outside first and send Miss Johnston to the hospital." Philip nodded. He picked Wynn up in a bridal carry and turned, ready to leave. Just then, Drogo came over to block their way. He growled in a low voice, "Leave? Anna Carter, what place do you think this is? You beat up my valuable guest and now you want to leave?" Philip's pupils contracted as his gaze turned cold. Without waiting for him to speak up, Anna replied sternly, "Drogo Hanks, don't think that I'm afraid of you.

Would you even dare to lay a hand on me? Aren't you afraid that Brother Theo would come for you?" Drogo's expression stiffened. Sure enough, he did not dare lay a hand on Anna because she was Theo's follower. Laying a hand on her meant smacking Theo in the face. The consequences would be severe. However, his valuable guests had been attacked right in front of his eyes. If this matter got out, Drogo would lose his standing within the city.

"F\*ck! No one's leaving today!" Jeffrey, whose head had been cracked open earlier, was now getting up shakily. His face was covered in blood and his expression was frightening as he roared, "Drogo, seize that man! I want him dead!" Drogo hurried over and urged, "Mr. Scott, they are Theo Zander's people." Jeffrey raged and bellowed, "Theo Zander? Who the hell does he think he is?" Soon after he spoke, suddenly! Bam! The door of the room was kicked open again. A group of hitmen in black suits rushed in! In an instant, the room was filled with people. Drogo's expression stiffened as

cold sweat rolled down from his forehead. He stared fixedly at the door of the room. A striking silhouette, dressed in a full white suit and white shoes, wearing a white gentleman's man and a cigar in his mouth, strode into the room before everyone's eyes. "Whoever lays a hand on Mr. Clarke is offending me, Theo Zander!"

## Chapter 25

Theo Zander! King of the underground! A dominating figure who was famous within the city. Drogo, who had been full of himself earlier, was now rooted to his spot with a dark expression, feeling intimidated as he watched Theo come in. "Brother Theo, why did you bring so many people into my establishment?" Drogo's complexion looked terrible. He quietly gritted his teeth as he felt irked. Could he go against Theo? The answer was obviously a 'no'. However, Theo completely ignored Drogo, never giving the latter so much as a glance. This made Drogo flare up in anger. I'm still one of the top five most powerful men in the underground world of Riverdale! This man is just too disrespectful! What happened next was a scene that shocked every person in the room! Even if Anna was already aware of Philip's identity, she could not help but feel waves of shock as she saw it with her own eyes. Theo had strode over to Philip, took down his gentlemen's hat, and then bowed to him, showing great respect and humility. "Mr. Clarke, my apologies for being late." This young man was old George's young master, so he shall be Theo's young master as well.

Philip was calm, only nodding faintly. "You should know what to do." "Of course." Theor straightened up and stared at Drogo with a dark glint in his eyes. By now, Drogo was dumbstruck. He could not imagine

how the underground king could be this respectful to a mere boy toy. What the fck was going on? But Drogo was not an idiot. In an instant, he figured that the young man must be someone of a distinctive identity! At that moment, Theo was staring at Drogo with a dark expression. Slap! With powerful strength, Theo landed a tight slap across Drogo's face! Drogo stared at Theo in disbelief. He glared back at the man with venomous eyes and said through gritted teeth, "Theo Zander, are you trying to start a fight?" There was no clamor, but a vicious look on Drogo's face. "Start a fight?" Theo laughed before giving the man a fierce kick in the chest. Then, with the soles of his white shoes, he stepped on Drogo's face. "And can you win against me with the likes of you?" As expected of the underground king, his approaches were always dominant and vicious, never showing Drogo any respect as he taught the man a lesson like Drogo was only a little brat. Theo stared down at Drogo and said coldly, "Today, whoever offended Mr. Clarke has earned their name on my hit list. Not a single one of you can leave!" Soon after he spoke, the men that Theo had brought over pressed all of Drogo's men onto the ground. Devastating screams rose and fell, one after another! Just then, a crisp interrogation sounded from behind the bead curtains. Jeffrey held his bloodied head with a napkin as he parted the bead curtains furiously and roared, "You're Theo Zander? So what you're saying is that you will lay a hand on me as well?" Jeffrey was seething. He was only here to toy with some woman, but he got his head cracked open instead! Drogo, who was still on the ground, smiled darkly. "Brother Theo, don't blame me for not reminding you that Mr. Scott is not someone you can offend. Even if you're very influential within Riverdale, Mr. Scott is from Golden City. Before him, you're nothing!" Mr. Scott? From Golden City? Theo frowned slightly. His foot pressed down harder as he glanced at the man standing above the stairs. Recognizing Theo's confusion, Drogo quickly crawled up and ran over to Jeffrey. He quickly straightened himself up, arranged his suit, and rode on Jeffrey's coattails, saying, "Brother Theo, this is Mr. Jeffrey Scott, the representative from Turner's Hospital in Golden City. He's also Professor Henry Turner's nephew!" Drogo was almost shouting the last sentence out loud like he was afraid no one could hear him. Thump! Theo's pupils contracted as he looked at Jeffrey, his fury had almost dissipated by now. That man was Professor Henry Turner's nephew! Chapter 26 Noticing the troubled look on his face, Philip frowned slightly and asked, "Will this be difficult for you?" Theo walked over to Philip and whispered into his ear, "Mr. Clarke, I don't think we can lay a hand on Jeffrey Scott." They genuinely could not. The main reason was that Jeffrey's uncle, Henry Turner, was an internationally famous medical magnate and was even nicknamed as 'the Healing Hand of God' within the country. The patients that Professor Turner had cured with his hands were the most prominent figures worldwide. Just a few words from these figures were enough to shake up the economy in a location of their preference! Among them included a few individuals who held high authority in foreign politics within their country! For example, the governor of Riverfront Province was also one of Professor Turner's patients. He was a powerful man that no one dared to provoke. Needless to say, everyone had great respect for this magnate of the medical industry. Whoever provoked this tycoon was like inciting the wrath of a magnitude seven earthquake! After his explanation, cold sweat was scarcely visible on Theo's forehead. Complicated emotions surged behind his eyes as he looked at Drogo and the infuriated Jeffrey on top of the stairs. He started to feel nervous. However, beyond everyone's expectations, Philip did not seem the least fazed. He only stared coldly at Jeffrey and said, "There isn't anyone in this world that I can't touch." Theo's whole body trembled as fire returned to his eye! Yet, Jeffrey started laughing out of exasperation. His expression darkened as he said, "Okay, okay, you have a great imagination there, brat. But I refuse to believe that there's a single person

in this tiny city that I, Jeffrey Scott, can't take down!" "Drogo Hanks, I want this man crippled now! And those two women, tear their clothes off! I will fck them silly right in front of him!" There was a dangerous glint in Jeffrey's eyes as he completely ignored Philip. His uncle was Professor Henry Turner, a medical magnate that could, with a stomp of his feet, make the whole Riverfront Province quake! For a boy toy to speak

up so boldly, he must have a death wish! Drogo wore a smirk on his face as he bellowed into the walkie-talkie in his hand, "All of you, get your asses in here and get to work!" Stomp, stomp, stomp! In an instant, a group of muscular tattooed men rushed into the room, confining everyone inside as the whole area became crowded. "Get him! Cripple them all!" Drogo waved and roared. The devilish amusement in his eyes only grew thicker. Theo was shocked. He led his men near and pointed at Drogo. "Drogo Hanks, I'd advise you not to make this mistake. Mr. Clarke is not someone you can afford to provoke!" "Fck you! Is there anyone in here that I, Jeffrey Scott, can't afford to provoke?" Above the stairs, Jeffrey bellowed with bloodshot eyes. It was a frightening sight to see his bloodied face paired with his bloodshot eyes. "Get him now! Kill him!" "Mr. Clarke!" Theo knew the situation had gotten dangerous. He locked on to the hitmen with metal baseball bats in their hands as they rushed toward Philip, and in an instant, a brawl broke out between them! Theo was suited to his title as the underground king. In just a few moves, he had taken down four of the hitmen! Drogo's gaze turned cold at this. He narrowed his eyes and personally led eight of his men over to surround Theo. No matter how fierce Theo was, two fists were no match for eight pairs of arms. He was easily beaten to the ground. Drogo boldly stepped on Theo's back and laughed out madly. "Brother Theo, who knew that a day like this would happen? From today on, the whole of Riverdale City is mine to command!" Theo gritted his teeth and glared furiously at Drogo. "Drogo Hanks, you can deal with me but you definitely can't lay a finger on Mr. Clarke. Or else, you'll regret it for life!" "Fck! You still have the nerve to threaten me!" Drogo stepped down hard, his gaze was menacing. The atmosphere in the room was grim.

Drogo's men had overpowered Theo, Anna, and all of the people they brought over. Around the room, only Philip was left holding his fainted wife. Jeffrey walked down the stairs, step by step. His gaze was fierce as he smirked. "Brat, weren't you so very pompous earlier? Here's another bottle of wine, why don't you hit me in the head with it again!" Philip remained

composed. There was not a trace of fear in his expression. He gently put Wynn down on the sofa then sighed. "Jeffrey Scott, Drogo Hanks, both of you should have never provoked me." Hearing this made Jeffrey flare up in anger. He pointed at Philip and roared, "Drogo, cripple this brat! Make him kneel to speak to me!" He sat down on the sofa, unyielding, with mockery in his eyes as he smoked a cigar. A servant went over the dress the wound on his head. Drogo held the metal bat in his hand as he closed in on Philip with a cold smile. "Drogo, stop! You can't lay a hand on Mr. Clarke!" Theo who was pressed onto the ground yelled out. If anything happened to the young master in this place, he, Theo Zander, would have cut his own throat to atone for his powerlessness. Drogo only flashed a smirk and lifted the baseball bat, aiming at Philip's knees as the latter stood tall. All of a sudden, an ominous ringtone resonated in the room, confusing everyone. Drogo glanced at Jeffrey. Jeffrey was feeling generous and said coldly, "Let him answer it." Philip frowned. He glanced at the caller ID, but it was an unknown number. He then answered the call, ignoring everyone present.



“Hello, who’s this?” “Mr. Clarke, how do you do? I am Henry Turner. I’ve already reached Riverdale City with my medical team and was wondering if it would be convenient for us to meet you.” On the other end of the call, Henry Turner’s tone was respectful and his attitude humble.

## Chapter 27

Henry had just come out of the airport with a medical team formed by a group of stern and meticulous doctors as they followed behind him. If this scene was noticed by someone who knew the industry, they would definitely be shocked! The infamous medical team from Turner’s Hospital! They were not number one, but the only one! “Henry Turner?” Philip let out a cold laugh as his gaze fell on Jeffrey. “You should ask your nephew if he would let me meet you.” Nephew? Could it be Jeffrey? Henry seemed to have realized in an instant and quickly answered respectfully, “Mr. Clarke, there must be some sort of misunderstanding going on. Please pass the phone to

Jeffrey, I’ll talk to him.” Philip mildly raised an eyebrow but tossed the phone to Jeffrey who was sitting on the sofa. “Your uncle’s looking for you.” Uncle? Jeffrey burst into anger and slammed a hand onto the table.

“Bullsh\*t! Why would my uncle call you?” As Jeffrey bellowed, suddenly a furious reproach sounded from the phone that was shining a white light on the sofa. “Jeffrey Scott! What are you saying? Do you mean that even I can’t hold you down now?” Un... Uncle! It’s really Uncle’s voice! Jeffrey instantly started trembling all over in shock. Cold sweat was pouring as he quickly held the phone up. “Hello, Uncle, why are you...” He was really dumbstruck. Waves of chill seeped out of his skin from his bones. He could not believe that his uncle would actually give this boy toy a call. Before he could finish, Henry had interrupted him furiously on the other end. “Jeffrey Scott, I don’t care how you have offended Mr. Clarke, but apologize to him this instant! Or else, you’ll be in serious trouble!” That ice-cold tone and his words of command made it hard for Jeffrey to breathe. His uncle was furious! “Uncle, you... why would you call this stupid brat?” Jeffrey still could not believe this as he attempted one last time. “Hmph!” Henry, who was hastily rushing out of the airport with his medical team, entered their prearranged Audi A8 L. “What do you mean stupid brat? He’s Mr. Clarke!

How dare you be so disrespectful! Kneel and beg for Mr. Clarke’s forgiveness this instant or I’ll disown you!” Jeffrey gave up completely. His uncle was really mad with anger! How had things turned out like this? He lifted his head. The sweat on his forehead drenched his wound and the piercing pain instantly sobered him up. He ran over quickly to humble himself and said, “I’m sorry, Mr. Clarke, I was being ignorant, I deserved to be punished! I apologize for my rashness earlier. Please forgive me!”

Jeffrey Scott, who had been acting all high and mighty earlier, was now fearfully apologizing. This made everyone freeze in shock! Was this man not Professor Turner’s nephew? A figure from Golden City? Was he not almighty? Why would he apologize? That call earlier seemed to have been from his uncle, Professor Turner. A call to the boy toy? Oh gosh! Just who

was this Philip Clarke? For the medical magnate, Henry Turner, to call him personally and make his nephew fear him so. Especially for Drogo, to see his backer that he had been relying on apologize so fearfully to a young man made him anxious! It made him frightened! Drogo's heart trembled as sweat started pouring down like a waterfall. Just who had he provoked? Theo and Anna had already broken free and were now standing beside Philip, glaring at Drogo with dark eyes. "Drogo, I've already told you that Mr. Clarke is not someone you can afford to provoke!" Thud! Without an ounce of hesitation, Drogo immediately fell to his knees in front of everyone! One of the top five more formidable men in the underground world just kneeled so easily before Philip. He crawled over to Philip's toes and hit his forehead to the floor to beg for mercy. "M... Mr. Clarke, I know my faults now, please forgive me! I was blind to have offended Mr. Clarke, I deserve punishment!"

As he cried out, Drogo started slapping himself. The crisp sound of his slaps resonated throughout the whole room. Philip watched coldly. "Anna, take Wynn away." "Understood." Anna led two men away as they took Wynn out of the room. In an instant, Drogo's men were all squatting down on the floor as they hugged their heads, shivering. This was because the first thing that Theo did after getting up was to order the people outside the room.

Within moments, around fifty men had rushed into Celestial Club and this place was completely surrounded. On the outside, a group of over ten hitmen in black suits could be seen blocking off the club. Inside the room, Philip sat on the sofa as he looked indifferently at Jeffrey who was bowing low and Drogo who was kneeling on the floor with his forehead bleeding from prostrating. "Get over there!" Thud! Gavin was kicked over to the front of the sofa by Theo from behind the bead curtains.

## Chapter 28

His whole body was trembling as his gaze darted around. Upon seeing Philip, he crawled over on his knees and prostrated as he begged, "Ph..."

Philip, Brother Philip! Seeing as I'm a colleague of Deputy Manager

Johnston, please forgive me this time. I won't ever do it again." Philip's eyes were cold with underlying fury. "I do not wish to see him in Riverdale City ever again." "Yes, Mr. Clarke!" Theo was a man of the underground world, so he could easily understand the meaning behind Philip's words.

With just an eye signal, two men grabbed Gavin who was wailing and howling for forgiveness and dragged him to another room. Gavin was so frightened that he wet and soiled himself on the spot, leaving a foul smell in his wake. "It's your turn, Jeffrey Scott," said Philip. Jeffrey hung his head and forced a smile. "Mr. Clarke, since my uncle is Henry Turner and you're acquainted with him, let's not create any bad blood. Let me go this time and I will never again step foot into Riverdale City." Jeffrey had already thought it through. No matter how powerful Mr. Clarke was, he was probably only just a little bit more capable. If Mr. Clarke really did anything to him, his uncle would definitely not let this man off. Hence, he grew a little more confident. "Don't create bad blood?" Upon hearing this, Philip

laughed. "Do you know who that woman you were trying to lay a hand on is?" Jeffrey genuinely had no idea. "It's just a woman. Does Mr. Clarke really want to turn this into a life and death struggle?" "A life and death struggle?" Philip's expression hardened almost immediately as his gaze turned cold. "Wynn Johnston is my wife!" Thump! Jeffrey shuddered. He knew in an instant that things have gotten serious! He had ended up toying someone else's wife!

Sh\*t! "Uhm, Mr. Clarke, it was just an almost. I'll compensate five hundred thousand as an apology, please take it as a mental compensation for yourselves." Jeffrey was feeling anxious inside but he maintained a confident front. To Jeffrey, five hundred thousand was quite a lot. "Are you discussing money with me?" Philip said chillingly. "Theo, give him three million." Theo did not hesitate. He took one man along with him to personally withdraw the cash. The whole process took less than five minutes as three silver briefcases appeared on the coffee table, opened to show that it was all filled with red notes! There were three whole million in here! Cold sweat started to form on Jeffrey's forehead. The corner of his mouth

twitched. "Mr. Clarke, what do you mean by this?" "I'm buying your third leg!" Philip's voice was cold. Right after he spoke, Theo's men pressed Jeffrey to the ground with his back on the floor, and stripped him, leaving only his underwear on. Jeffrey was frightened and in fear. "Mr. Clarke, my uncle is Henry Turner. You can't do this!" Jeffrey yelled as he struggled, but it was futile. "If you lay a hand on me, my uncle definitely won't let you off!" Philip said nothing but closed his eyes. Theo raised the metal bat in his hand and smashed it down on Jeffrey. "Ah!!" A soul-shuddering scream resonated throughout the whole room. Jeffrey's face had turned purple as huge drops of sweat fell from his forehead. His back was arched, unable to speak a word, and could only hum. At the same time, five Audi A8 Ls stopped in front of Celestial Club. Henry got out of the car frantically with the mayor of Riverdale City behind him. Keagan Sanders was drenched in sweat as he brought along his secretary to chase after Henry. "Professor Henry, please slow down." The moment Keagan received word of the medical magnate, Henry's arrival in Riverdale City, he had personally rushed over to the airport to receive the professor. For this prominent figure to visit Riverdale City was a great honor, and Keagan intended to receive him with the greatest hospitality! However, the moment he received him, Henry had chosen to rush over to Celestial Club. Keagan was confused. Just who was it that Henry had to go over to see personally and could make him this anxious. At the entrance of Celestial Club was a group of hitmen in black suits solemnly standing guard. They immediately stopped Henry. "I'm sorry, but this place is currently closed off." Henry frowned. He was about to say something when Keagan rushed over and bellowed, "Who dares to stand in the way?!" Upon seeing the newcomer, the hitman started shivering in fear. "Ma... Mayor Sanders..." Oh God! Why was Mayor Sanders here?

Who was this old thing that Mayor Sanders had to escort personally? In an instant, the hitmen gave way to them and bowed as they let Henry, Keagan, and the rest of their group in. When Keagan saw that the premise was filled with people, a fire started to burn within him! It seemed like he had to hasten to rid the city of evildoers! The door of the VIP room was pushed open.

Henry rushed in to immediately see Jeffrey letting out blood-curdling screams on the floor. However, he ignored his nephew and rushed over to Philip, bowing slightly as he greeted, "Mr. Clarke, my apologies

for being late.” Keagan, who had been following closely behind, felt like his whole being had just been struck by lightning. He was shocked when he saw this scene. Pro... Professor Henry is bowing and apologizing to a young man!

## Chapter 29

Philip nodded faintly, looking indifferent as he stood up and asked,

“Professor Henry, do you have any opinion on this?” Henry glanced at Jeffrey, screaming on the floor, and then replied, “He asked for it. To have Mr. Clarke punish him for his wrongdoing is his honor.” His nephew had just been crippled, but the man said it was an honor instead. Theo inhaled a breath of cold air. He already knew that Mr. Clarke was not a regular man, but he never anticipated him to be this powerful! Henry Turner was the

magnate of the medical world, the Healing Hand of God! He had cured so many prominent figures. The man was a living, breathing network! With just a few words from Henry, Theo could easily fall to the lowest level in society. At that moment, Jeffrey was still on the ground, staring at his uncle as he mumbled, “Uncle... avenge me...” Henry looked furious. Although he did not know exactly what his nephew did wrong, it must have been serious! “Director Stanley, take Jeffrey away and do your best.” Henry then added coldly, “Inform the hospital that Jeffrey Scott has been stripped of all his titles, and from today on, he can only stay in Golden City. If he ever takes one step out of the city, you have my permission to break his legs!”

Director Stanley stepped into the room and bowed. “Understood, Mr.

President.” Jeffrey was then carried out of the room. Keagan, who had just witnessed this whole scene with his own eyes, was standing at the door, staring heatedly at Philip. This young man must be a great figure. After waiting for a bit, Keagan held out both hands and went over with a huge smile, greeting, “Hello Mr. Clarke, my name is Keagan Sanders, the mayor of Riverdale City.” This was an opportunity! Philip shot a hesitant look at Keagan before faintly reaching out a hand to shake his. “I’m Philip Clarke.”

By now, Theo was already too shocked for words! The mayor had come here too! And he was now standing in front of Keagan with a group of his followers in this room. It was clearly a death wish! Keagan, too, had noticed Theo and knew that this man was of a complicated status. Hence, he had not managed to prosecute Theo thus far. “Theo Zander, why did you bring so many people here?” Keagan interrogated. After all, he was the mayor of this city, so how could he let the underground mobs do as they please right in front of him? Although Theo had a complicated background, Keagan figured that he ought to query the man at least since they had finally met.

Theo looked aggrieved as he stared at Philip. “Mr. Clarke...” He had started as a mobster in his early days, but in recent years, Theo had gradually cleaned his hands and was now doing legal businesses. And he was one of the biggest taxpayers with barely any criminal records in his files. Philip

knew that Theo had a complicated background, so he said softly, “Mayor Sanders, Theo is one of my men. If there’s any problem, I can come with him to assist in investigations.” Of course, they could assist in investigations. Theo’s background was now clean, and he was a locally famous entrepreneur in Riverdale City. He had even set up Theodorus Charity Organization. Theo was now considered a legal businessman. He had already taken care of all his previous dark records. Keagan was stunned.

He glanced at Henry, then bloomed into a bright smile and said, “Please don’t say that, Mr. Clarke. If that’s the case, there’s no need for the hassle.”

Philip did not say anything else but left the room with Henry as they discussed Mila’s surgery on the way. Upon exiting Celestial Club, Philip looked at this three-story-tall building icily and said, “There’s no need for a place like this to exist anymore. Destroy it.” Theo bowed and received the order. After one phone call, three bulldozers and forklifts made their way over. There were loud rumbling sounds! Riverdale City’s famous Celestial Club was torn down in a day and laid to waste! This news instantly made its way to the front page of all the news channels. Someone had even snapped a photo of Philip’s back with his party, and it became the local news headlines.

## Chapter 30

Philip got into the Audi and continued discussing Mila’s condition with Henry. Henry had already researched Mila’s condition for half a month now, and the success rate he could come up with was 80%! That meant a very high chance of complete recovery! They went to the hospital to take a look at Wynn. She was now safe but still unconscious due to the shock. Just after Philip left the hospital entrance with Henry, Keagan, and Theo in tow, he received a call from his father-in-law. Charles was furious as he bellowed,

“Philip! Where did you run off to? Where’s the painting I told you to deliver?” Slap! Philip smacked his forehead then remembered that he had left the house this morning to deliver a painting to Civil Gallery. How could

he have forgotten it? Without another thought, Philip quickly said, “Send me to Southville Street.” Theo immediately went up to open the door of his Benz, inviting Philip in. Henry and Keagan, too, wanted to invite Philip into their own cars, but they were not as quick as Theo. “Let’s follow them,”

said Henry. Soon, five Audis followed closely behind the Benz as they made their way to the old housing area at Southville Street. The car did not stop in front of the house because Martha was at home. Philip had the car stopped somewhere else then he jogged over to the old house and knocked. “Mom, I’m here for the painting.” Martha opened the door with a sulky expression and scolded, “Where the hell did you run off to? Were you trying to get me to deliver the painting myself instead? I don’t even know what you’re doing with your life. You only know how to slack around.” As Philip listened to Martha’s abusive words, he only smiled sheepishly and continued to apologize. He picked up the gift box that was readily placed on the coffee table then rushed out the door. Behind him, his mother-in-law continued to

admonish, "Why did my daughter even marry such a wretched piece of trash! She must have been cursed by terrible luck!" Martha's voice could be heard around the end of the street. The mouths of Theo, Henry, and Keagan, who had been standing beside their cars, twitched. This mother-in-law was too much. But, why was Mr. Clarke tolerating her when he was so powerful in reality? "To Civil Gallery. You guys can stop following me. If there's anything, we'll talk tomorrow." Philip looked at Henry and the rest who still looked like they wanted to follow him. After Philip got in, the car drove toward Civil Gallery. Back at the gallery, all the decorations were ready and the place was filled with honored guests. Everything was going well except for the main hall where a crowd of people waited with dark expressions.

Among them was Charles Johnston who was especially annoyed. He put his hands behind him as he said, "This Philip really can't do anything right. He can't even deliver a painting properly after being told to!" The exhibition had already started, but the most significant piece, *Companionship at the Spring Mountains* by Tang Bohu, had not arrived yet. This flustered

Charles! It was such a rare opportunity for him to finally shine in front of his old friends and a few of the famous collectors within the country, but this scene was now made awkward by his son-in-law. How could he not be furious? Aiden was standing beside Charles, unable to conceal the smirk on his face as he said, "Uncle Johnston, I think Philip is blatantly disrespecting you. This is such an important exhibition, but he is late. Isn't he just trying to embarrass you?" This brat was really terrible! He was trying to make the situation worse even at a time like this. "Hmph!" Charles snorted. "I don't have a son-in-law like him!" The people inside the gallery were mostly art collectors as well, and they were getting impatient as they spoke up.

"Charles, we're all here because of your invitation, but what do you have to show us? Where's the painting?" "You're insincere with us. Or maybe you don't really have the *Companionship at the Spring Mountains* and are just trying to bluff us." "The other stuff here isn't much, and we're just waiting for this painting. Tell us how much longer we must wait." As everyone got restless, Charles could only smile and apologize. "It'll be here soon, my son-in-law is on the way." This sh\*tty Philip! Once this exhibition ends, I will have Wynn divorce him! "Hehe, Charles, wouldn't asking that crap of a son-in-law of yours to deliver that painting be a disgrace to the art piece?"

Among the crowd, a balding middle-aged man started mocking. He was Charles's rival, Benjamin Money. They were in the same department in their working days and had always been at each other's throats. The rumors about Charles's son-in-law being a wretched piece of trash was already spread throughout their circle, and people would at most gossip under their breaths.

But for Benjamin to put it out on the table and mock him in front of everyone was going a little too far. Just then, Philip arrived at the outer area of Civil Gallery in Theo's car. Once he confirmed that no one around recognized him, he got out and rushed into the gallery. Theo, too, had waited for a bit before entering the gallery on the pretense of visiting the place as he followed Philip. With the gift box under his arm, Philip jogged over to exhibition hall number one at Area C. As soon as he showed up at the gallery

entrance, Aiden who had sharp eyes called out, "Philip's here!" After shouting out, he rushed over and snatched the painting from Philip's hands and admonished, "Philip, what took you so long just to deliver a painting?"

"You didn't go and mess around with some woman, did you?" Aiden had seen Philip get into Anna's car with his own eyes, so he intentionally said this loudly.

## Chapter 31

Philip frowned at Aiden. The latter glared furiously at him and smirked.

"You're even late at the simple request of delivering a painting. Aren't you just blatantly disrespecting Uncle Johnston?" Slap! Charles had come over with an infuriated expression and slapped Philip hard across the face. He bellowed in anger, "Why do I have such a useless son-in-law like you?"

"You're an embarrassment!" This sudden slap stunned everyone inside the exhibition hall. However, there was not a trace of sympathy on these people's faces. Instead, it was filled with mockery. Watching Charles hit Philip in front of so many people made Aiden ecstatic. Great slap! Trash like this should get slapped more often. A biting chill flashed in Philip's eyes, but he quickly suppressed it. Lowering his head, Philip said, "I'm sorry, Dad. I was a little delayed on the way." "Hmph!" Charles let out a cold snort. He took the painting, composed his emotions, then turned around smilingly to walk away. "Come, come, here's the authentic painting by Tang Bohu, the Companionship at the Spring Mountains." Aiden stood haughtily in front of the battered Philip. He straightened his suit and said cheekily,

"Philip, you have great tolerance. I don't know how garbage like you manage to marry Wynn." Aiden could not resist provoking and mocking Philip. Philip merely gave him a cold smile. "That has nothing to do with you." Aiden snorted. "Unwilling to give up? Why don't you look in a mirror? Uncle Johnston hates you. If I put in just a little more effort, you'll soon be kicked out of the Johnston house. By then, you'll only be a stray dog. I want to see just where your pathetic mug will end up when that

happens!" Aiden laughed out loud before casting Philip a mocking glance.

He then turned around to go and cheer for Charles. On the other hand, Theo had already followed Philip to the hall. That scene earlier made him flare up in anger as he watched. "Mr. Clarke, do you want me to teach that brat a lesson for you?" Theo came over and whispered to Philip. Philip shook his head and frowned. "No need. This is my problem. You just have to do your duty." Theo became nervous and quickly nodded. If anyone else saw this, they would have definitely been shocked beyond words. The mob king, Theo Zander, to be this respectful to a plain young man and even seemed to be a little frightened by him, would stir up great news! Philip took a deep breath then stood in the corner of the exhibition hall, doing nothing. The other side of the gallery was crowded as Charles proudly shared his painting with his old friends and fellow collectors. That overflowing happiness on the older man's face made Philip a little worried on the inside. Would his father-in-law really force Wynn to divorce him? Just how should he save his broken marriage? "Charles, this painting is really great! It's an authentic piece!"

“If you auction it away, it would be worth at least five million!” “I don’t think so. I say it might even be worth ten million!” The crowd was admiring the painting as they discussed out loud. Ten million? Charles felt an indescribable shock and happiness when he heard this. Ten million for one painting! “Addy, are you really giving me this painting?” Charles turned to ask Aiden, who was standing beside him. It was ten million after all, how could the man just give it away like that? Aiden, of course, understood Charles’s meaning behind it. He said generously, “Uncle Johnston, this painting is naturally yours. I’m not familiar with collections, so this painting would only be worth its existence in the hands of a great collector like you.”

Needless to say, Aiden really knew how to kiss up to someone. Charles was overjoyed and patted Aiden on the shoulder with a huge smile on his face.

“Come and have dinner at our house someday. I’ll get your Aunt Martha to cook you some of her best dishes.” Charles could easily tell that Aiden had a thing for his daughter. However, Charles was a proud man. Wynn was

already married to Philip, so how could he force the two of them to part and remarry his daughter to Aiden? That would mean a second marriage, and Charles would be shamed. But perhaps he could ask his daughter’s opinion.

## Chapter 32

At this thought, Charles glanced at Philip, who was standing idly in a corner.

He snorted in annoyance and mumbled, “What a useless man!” Philip noticed his father-in-law looking at him, so he gave him a bright smile, but the older man only rolled his eyes at him. Okay, so the older man really did think nothing of him. Just then, outside of Civil Gallery, a luxurious Bentley stopped at the entrance. A few female receptionists quickly rushed over.

Russell Field had specifically come to Civil Gallery today because he heard that there would be a treasure from China’s Ming Dynasty displayed today.

An authentic painting by Tang Bohu! He was very intrigued. The man was a famous collector in the country, so when he heard that there would be a rare piece on display, of course, he had to see it with his own eyes! Soon after he stepped into the gallery, Russell’s identity caused an uproar. “Oh god! Isn’t that President Field from Civil Trading Group?” “The grandmaster of collectors is actually here!” “This is too shocking. Charles’s painting has even intrigued this great man!” Many of the aristocrats in Riverdale greeted Russell respectfully upon seeing him and started fawning over the man. Not just because he was a famous collector, the man was also president of a company and had a net worth of more than three billion dollars! Of course, the term ‘grandmaster of collectors’ was only an exaggeration by the local folks. Russell was only just a little well-known.

But within the country, he was definitely at the level of a grandmaster, no doubt! By then, Charles had



rushed out from the innermost corner of the gallery with a bright smile. There was a group of people following behind him, all of them his friends. "Oh my, it's an honor to have Master Russell personally visit my exhibition. Please forgive me for not going out to meet you." Charles was very excited. For the grandmaster of collectors, Russell

Field, to make a personal visit, meant that his fame was about to shoot up tremendously for the grandmaster of collectors. "Mr. Johnston, you're too kind. I'm just here today because I've heard great things. I will be imposing on you." Russell politely shook Charles's hand as he smiled. "It is my honor that Master Russell could come. Let me show you around. These are just some of the pieces that I tinker with in my free time. They can't compare to Master Russell's collection." For Charles, meeting Russell was like a beginner meeting a great teacher. Charles was extremely humble toward Russell. Upon seeing Russell, Aiden wanted to get acquainted with him by all means. He went over and ardently shook the older man's hand, saying,

"President Field, how do you do? I'm Aiden Grant, the manager of Stardream Media. It's a pleasure to meet you." Russell politely shook his hand and was about to say something when Aiden continued, "President Field, I was the one who set up the exhibition today, why don't I show you around myself?" Just after he spoke, the facial expression of Charles, who was standing behind Aiden, turned dark. Did this brat not see that he was standing there? Did anyone need him to show the man around? However, Aiden had completely forgotten about Charles by now as he proactively started to introduce Russell around the place. Although Charles was annoyed, he still followed them and added explanations wherever he felt necessary. The group behind Charles kept nodding as they went, acting as Russell's entourage. Many people were mumbling on the sidelines. "Now that Russell Field is here, Charles will surely get famous." "Right?"

Whatever Master Russell admires would at least be worth about tens of millions." "Although the man has a useless son-in-law, he has a rich future son-in-law." The crowd was gossiping quietly with envy and admiration on their faces. Russell did not actually think much of the collection displayed in the outer gallery. In other words, they were trash. After forcing himself to take a look, he came to the most luxurious part of the exhibition hall with Aiden. There was a painting hung behind a glass display. In front of that display stood a young man. When Russell looked over and saw the familiar

silhouette, he got excited! Mr. Clarke was here too! Seeing Philip stand in front of the painting made Aiden flare up in anger. He walked over with a sullen face and pushed Philip away, berating him, "Get lost. Can't you see that President Field is here? What are you standing there for? Do you even know how to admire art?" This trash was acting like a know-it-all! Charles, too, was irked. Everyone had come out to welcome Russell, but Philip was just standing there, dazed in front of a painting. What garbage with poor sight! Philip shot an annoyed glance at Aiden but said nothing. He quietly moved aside. Seeing Aiden behave so rudely and unreasonable to Mr.

Clarke made Russell's blood boil in anger. He was just about to go over and admonish Aiden when he saw Philip frown at him. Russell immediately stopped in his tracks, understanding Philip's message. President Thomas had told him before that Mr. Clarke disliked being conspicuous. However, he had to

think of something to shatter this Aiden's arrogance! Humiliating Mr. Clarke meant humiliating himself!  
"Master Russell, please take a look.

This is the greatest piece of this exhibition, an authentic painting by Tang Bohu, the Companionship at the Spring Mountains." Charles immediately jumped out and introduced his greatest collection with much enthusiasm.

This is too exciting! For Master Russell to see for himself personally would mean that I, Charles Johnston, will henceforth be famous within the collectors' community! However, after he spoke, Russell's expression turned odd. Was this a joke? Companionship at the Spring Mountains...?

As he stared at it, Russell found the painting within the display glass to be very familiar. Was this not the painting that he had kept as a treasure for so many years and then gave it to Mr. Clarke? Wait! No, this painting was a little odd.

### Chapter 33

With just one look, Russell could tell that this was not the painting he gave Mr. Clarke. This was a counterfeit! So, who gave this painting to Charles?

It was even displayed in Civil Gallery, and it seemed like everyone here

thought it was an authentic piece. While Russell was lost in thought, Charles started to talk about this painting ceaselessly, including an explanation of its origins. "Master Russell, this painting is a birthday gift from Addy. It's a priceless piece. Would you like to appraise it?" Addy? Aiden! Russell stared at Aiden, who was smiling to his eyes with an odd look. The latter seemed full of himself. This was the man who was rude to Mr. Clarke earlier! With this, Russell now had a plan formed. Aiden, you're dead meat! I will teach you a lesson in place of Mr. Clarke! Russell walked over to the glass display earnestly and started examining it. Everyone felt the air become tense and mysterious as they watched on. After all, this was Master Russell, a famous collector in Riverdale City. If he, too, held this painting in high regard, it must be an authentic piece! It must be priceless! As he stood beside Russell, Charles was like a little child, unable to conceal the pride and joy on his face. He was already beginning to imagine how his fame would rise up as a collector in Riverdale City. With this thought, he felt greater favor for Aiden and nodded at him. Seeing Uncle Johnston this elated, Aiden was naturally cheerful. He looked at Philip who was standing in a corner and tilted his head up, looking smug. Philip only smiled faintly then lowered his head to toy with his phone. What was he doing? He was, of course, giving Agnes a task. 'Agnes, check where the nearest place that sells Harley bikes is. I will buy them in a few days and switch out all our scooters with Harley bikes.'

The contents of Philip's message were simple but crude. At that moment, Agnes was working in the office. She was wearing a white shirt, a black skirt, and black stilettos. The skin on her legs was soft and smooth like a newborn's. She looked bewildered as she stared at the text message then quickly replied: Boss, do you mean to say that you want to switch out all of our company's delivery scooters with Harley

bikes? Agnes felt her head spin. For the first time, she experienced just how rich Philip was! One Harley bike cost tens of thousands, and the price increased ten folds if it was a better one. There were about a hundred people in the company, so that would amount to ten million in expenses! What exactly was Philip's

identity? To be able to be this rich... 'Okay. Contact them immediately, and it's best to make an appointment. I don't want it to be troublesome later on.'

After replying with this message, Philip put his phone away and sat quietly to watch. Russell's every move attracted the attention of everyone in the gallery. People were even starting to praise Charles, and that made Charles feel even more ecstatic. "Master Russell, how is it? What would this authentic piece by Tang Bohu be worth in the market?" After Russell was done looking, Charles asked impatiently as he smiled to his eyes. Russell pondered for a moment. Everyone grew anxious, looking at him. "Look, even Master Russell is looking stern. This piece must be really great!" "I bet that it'll be worth at least eight million!" As the crowd chattered, Russell said in a deep voice, "Mr. Johnston, this painting would be worth...."

"Hahaha!" Charles could not resist laughing out. However, the continuation of Russell's words made Charles's laughter stop as the latter choked and coughed. "A hundred dollars." Russell's voice resonated throughout the gallery hall. A... a hundred dollars?! Charles was dumbstruck, as was everyone else. Aiden looked most bewildered. I've spent more than two million on this, but it's only worth a hundred bucks? Is he joking? Is this man really THE f\*cking Master Russell? He must be a fake! "Master Russell, please don't joke around. This is Tang Bohu's Companionship at the Spring Mountains, an authentic piece!" Charles's forehead was now covered in sweat as he emphasized the words 'authentic piece'. Russell chuckled then explained, "Then, let me tell you that this painting is a fake."

## Chapter 34

A fake! The crowd in the gallery burst into an uproar. It was actually a fake!

"Impossible! How could this be a fake? We've all seen it before. It's a genuine piece." Charles quickly explained. "Although I'm not as famous as Master Russell, I can still tell a painting's authenticity. How could this be a fake?" Russell knew that Charles would be in denial, so he analyzed the painting on the spot. "This painting could be said to be mistaken for the

genuine piece. It's not surprising if you guys can't tell. But if you all take a closer look, the lines on these few figures are not full enough. There is an obvious gradient shown on the lines and color. This is a defect caused by machines, and it's very subtle so many people can't actually tell..." As the crowd listened to Russell's explanation, they finally realized the truth. "So, it's a fake! Charles Johnston, you're too much!" "Yeah! After a whole day of suspense, you ended up showing us a fake instead! What gives?" In an instant, the crowd started unleashing their dissatisfaction. Charles was now nervous and ashamed. How could it be a fake? How was it possible? Aiden frowned hard as he stood aside, looking at

Philip, who was still standing in a corner. Suddenly, he tugged Charles's arm and whispered into the man's ear, "Uncle Johnston, could Philip have taken the wrong painting?" Took the wrong painting? Charles immediately came to his senses. It must be!

Philip must have taken the wrong painting! No sooner said than done, Charles ignored the criticism by the crowd. He hastened over to Philip, giving him another slap as he roared in anger, "Philip, did you bring that fake painting of yours over instead?! Were you trying to embarrass me on purpose?" Charles was furious. He had gone through so much trouble to plan this exhibition, hoping that it could raise his fame. But now, a colossal misunderstanding had occurred instead. This was just too embarrassing.

Charles considered himself a little well-known in the collectors'

community, so he chose to vent his frustrations on Philip. When Russell saw this, his anger flared up immediately. He wanted to go over to stop Charles, but Philip shot him a cold glare. Philip then quickly said, "I'm sorry, Dad. I took the wrong one. I'll go back now and get it again." "Go, now!" Charles was seething, his gaze ice-cold. How could he have such a useless son-in-law? Aiden was standing behind Charles with a cold smile playing on his lip. The man was overflowing with provocative intentions. After Philip had rushed out, Aiden continued to whisper in Charles's ear, "Uncle Johnston, the way I see it, Philip must have done it on purpose. It's clear that he dislikes you, but you're still his father-in-law no matter what. For him to

embarrass you in such an important event is just..." "Hmph! He's a piece of trash! Once I get back, I'll have Wynn divorce him immediately!"

Charles cut off Aiden's words, still boiling with anger. Aiden was ecstatic.

He had now reached his goal, so he quietly clenched his fists in victory.

Haha, Wynn Johnston will soon belong to me! After Philip left, Charles apologetically said, "I'm sorry everyone, it was the wrong painting. I've already sent my son-in-law back home to get the correct one." As Charles kept apologizing, someone perked up and asked, "Charles, what do you mean by 'wrong painting'? Do you actually have two of the same piece?"

Charles was about to speak up when Aiden cut in and explained with a laugh, "It's like this. It was Uncle Johnston's birthday a few days ago. Me and Uncle Johnston's son-in-law, Philip, had both prepared a present each, which was the painting, Companionship at the Spring Mountains. This fake piece was bought by Uncle Johnston's son-in-law from an antique market to give to Uncle Johnston. As for the real thing, I had spent two million dollars on buying it from a friend to give to Uncle Johnston. And that trash, Philip ended up bringing the wrong one..." After that explanation, everyone seemed to have a better idea. In an instant, the people in the hall started dismissing Philip. "There's someone who would actually buy art from an antique market to give to their father-in-law as a gift! What a cheapskate."

"Sigh, it's not news. Charles's son-in-law is publicly known to be a useless piece of trash." "I think Aiden is a nice young man, and Charles's daughter is beautiful. They should become a couple instead." Among the crowd, Russell's expression darkened as he listened to these discussions. These people did not know

that Mr. Clarke was an elite, rich man who could afford to invest two billion without hesitation! Russell had already figured out the situation by now from the explanations. The painting he had given Mr.

Clarke was the genuine piece, but Charles Johnston, who had favored power instead thought the painting from Philip was a fake. The counterfeit was then treated as the authentic piece while the real thing was cast aside as a fake. The painting that Philip was going home to take now was the painting

Russell himself had given to him. Only, after Aiden's words earlier, everyone now assumed that the one Philip had gone home to take was the one given by Aiden. Russell stroked his chin as a faint smirk appeared on his lips. Alright, he would just put that impertinent brat, Aiden, to shame as a way of helping Mr. Clarke vent. Soon, Philip had returned with another painting. By now, Theo was still mixed in with the crowd as he watched quietly. Charles went over to Philip personally and snatched the painting from him while he berated, "Trash! Go stand in a corner! I'll take care of you when I get back!" Philip let out a helpless sigh and smiled dryly before returning to stand in a corner. The painting was presented again. Charles immediately invited Russell to appraise this new piece. "Master Russell, please take a look at this. This is the real painting." Russell pretended to think out loud, nodding and praising as he looked, "Wonderful, now this is the real thing! It's Tang Bohu's authentic painting!" Upon hearing this, Charles's flurry of emotions finally calmed down, and he could not conceal the smile on his face. However, Russell's next sentence stunned everyone in the exhibition hall. "Mr. Grant, was it? Are you sure this painting is the one you bought from your friend?" Russell smiled at Aiden, who was looking to be very full of himself. Chapter 35

"Of course," answered Aiden proudly. Russell already knew that Aiden would say this. Hiding a smile, he continued to ask, "May I know which friend did Mr. Grant buy this from?" Upon hearing this, the delight on Aiden's face grew. Could Russell want to be acquainted with that friend of his? This was an excellent opportunity for him to befriend Russell.

"President Field, his name is David White, the owner of an antique market.

He's quite famous. I can call him over this instant." Aiden smiled. "There's no need." Russell waved then took out his phone to say smilingly, "I'm acquainted with David White." Of course, Russell knew David White. The man was a famous antique market owner, but at the same time, he had a

notorious reputation within the community. The reason was that David was an expert at selling counterfeits and forged pieces. He often sold off his fakes to people who did not know better, and it looked like David had tricked Aiden. However, Russell did not feel an ounce of pity for him. He dialed the number and said faintly, "Mr. White, how are you doing?" On the other end of the call came the steady voice of a middle-aged man. With the typical tone of a dishonest trader and a voice deliberately pitched high, the man said, "Oh my, why did Master Russell call me up so suddenly today?

Are you coming to take a look at some goods?" David was currently at his antique market shop, sitting on his vintage wooden armchair as he sipped on some tea. "Stop with all that nonsense and make a trip over to Civil Gallery," Russell said rudely then hung up. David was not infuriated by this.

Instead, he quickly started up his Porsche and drove straight to Civil Gallery.

Aiden was still smiling in an attempt to flatter Russell as he said, "Master Russell knows Mr. White too? What a coincidence!" Russell did not say anything but sat down at a coffee table in a corner quietly, waiting for David.

He looked at Aiden like he was staring at an idiot while the boy continued to praise him. Everyone else, too, was standing beside Russell, waiting quietly. Although they did not know why Russell had called David over, it must have something to do with the painting. Suddenly, a phone rang. In a corner, Philip received a text message from Russell, reading: Mr. Clarke, please don't worry. I'll teach this Aiden a lesson on your behalf. Philip looked up to see Russell smiling at him. After giving it a little thought, Philip decided not to stop him. Aiden, who had caught sight of this, was instantly annoyed. He went to Russell's side and gossiped, "President Field, you shouldn't waste your time on that Philip." Russell's expression darkened, but he did not say anything. On the inside, he had already jotted Aiden's name down in his list of hated things. In less than ten minutes, a short, plump man in a suit named David White, appeared at the gallery. This guy's face was glowing as he smiled at everyone he saw, looking like the god of laughter. "Master Russell, I'm here. Do you need me for anything urgent?"

David hastened over to Russell in big steps and a flattering smile. When Aiden saw David, he smiled and nodded at the man as a form of greeting. It was thanks to David's painting that he could earn such high praise today.

Russell glanced at David then said faintly, "Well done, David. Your business seems to be going well." David was stunned. He bowed and answered, "That's not true. It's all thanks to Master Russell's patronage."

"Hmph!" Suddenly, there was a loud thud! Russell had slammed a hand onto the coffee table and pointed to the painting on the wall with great fury.

"David White, is that the painting you sold?" This sudden confrontation made David's whole body shudder as sweat fell like raindrops. The bystanders, too, were stunned at this, unable to understand what was going on. David was naturally afraid because it was Russell who supported him in his earlier days that he had managed to make something of himself today.

After his business had grown, he did not stay in contact with Russell as often, and they were considered to have parted ways. However, David never dared to behave rashly in front of Russell. He quickly turned to look at the glass display, and in an instant, his knees went weak! It was the Companionship at the Spring Mountains! Sh\*t! He could no longer conceal the fact that he had sold a counterfeit. More importantly, the real painting of Companionship at the Spring Mountains had always belonged to Russell, so the one hanging there must be a fake!

“Master Russell, please let me explain.” David was anxious as large drops of sweat rolled down his forehead. Aiden was confused as he asked, “Mr.

White, what’s wrong with you?” David was troubled. He now knew why Russell had called him over, so he quickly said to Aiden, “Mr. Grant, I’m sorry. The painting that I sold you last time was a fake. I’ll refund you the money as soon as I get back.” “A fake?” Aiden shrieked. The crowd of people standing behind him all gasped, looking incredulous. Charles looked especially shocked and was utterly stunned. “Mr. White, what do you mean?”

What do you mean by ‘a fake’? I’ve spent two million to buy it!” Aiden was getting flustered, feeling his body alternate between hot and cold. “And Master Russell had said earlier that that painting is an authentic piece. Are you drunk?” David was now like a cat on a hot tin roof. Upon hearing the words ‘authentic piece’, he rushed over to the glass display and looked carefully at it before exclaiming, “This... this isn’t the one I sold you!” Of course, it was not. The others did not notice it, but David did. On the bottom right most corner of the painting, a few tiny words were stamped there, reading, ‘Received by Russell Field’. Everyone had been too focused on the painting that they did not notice this detail because there were just too many stamps at the bottom. “What? This isn’t the one you sold me?” Aiden was dumbstruck, feeling shocked. He had a bad feeling about this. Charles exclaimed in surprise, “Master Russell, Mr. White, just what is going on?”

Russell snorted. He got up and strode over to David. After glaring at the shorter man, Russell announced, “This painting is genuine, but it’s not the one Mr. Grant bought.” “Impossible, how could this authentic painting be...” Charles frowned hard. He was at a loss for words amidst his confusion. Just then, David had noticed the painting that was discarded on the ground. He picked it up, opened it, then exclaimed excitedly, “This! This is the one I sold to Mr. Grant.” The crowd looked toward the sound source to find that David was holding the fake painting that Charles had tossed into a corner earlier. In an instant, everyone’s expression changed! What was going on? Charles was now trembling in anger. Without caring for appearances, his face was blood-red as he roared, “Aiden, what is going on?!”

That fake painting is yours?” Of course, Aiden refused to admit it. He groaned, “How is that possible? I’ve spent two million to buy that painting, so how can it be a fake?” He then turned to glare at David. “Mr. White, you can’t lie through your teeth. Take a proper look again, that real painting is the one I bought from you.” How could David ever have the courage to lie now? With Master Russell here, he would never dare to twist the facts even if he was given ten folds of courage. David quickly said, “Mr. Grant, I’m

really sorry. You didn’t know anything about paintings back then, so I gave you a counterfeit instead. But don’t worry, I refund you three million later.

That extra one million will be my compensation for you.” “Who the hell wants your one million?!” Aiden exploded in anger. He now understood that the fake painting earlier was actually the one he had bought. And this genuine painting... Everyone shifted their gaze to Philip, who was standing in a corner with an innocent expression. “I... I just bought it randomly from an antique market.” Holy sht! The guy had actually gotten a real painting by randomly choosing one! What a lucky bastard! Although Charles was

irked, at least one of the paintings was real. “Hmph! Aiden, you have actually tried to trick me with a counterfeit!” Charles was furious. “Don’t ever come to my house again, and all those gifts that you’ve brought over, take them back with you!” Aiden was unable to clear his name. He had no idea why David would say this in front of everyone. What would the man get out of it? Clenching his fists in a fury, Aiden glared at Philip before turning to leave. This day was just too embarrassing! More importantly, Uncle Johnston had now completely lost any favor for him. After Aiden left, Charles asked David as he still felt puzzled, “Mr. White, how did you differentiate that this painting is your counter-...” Charles did not finish his words in fear of upsetting David. The man was still a famous figure within the antique market after all. David smiled and said, “Mr. Johnston, this authentic painting had actually always belonged to Ru-...” Ahem! Ahem!

Before David could finish, Russell coughed for a bit, interrupting him. The latter then shot a few eye signals at David. David immediately understood and corrected himself, “How could I not recognize my own forged goods?”

That sounded weird. After this commotion, everyone now knew that Charles Johnston’s useless son-in-law had randomly bought this authentic Chinese painting from an antique market. Such a lucky b\*stard! When everyone was ready to start fawning over Russell again, the man shuffled his feet and walked to Philip with a big smile. “Mr. Cla-... Young man, you have great luck. Here is my name card.” Russell handed Philip a small card. Philip

nodded faintly and took it. He knew that Russell was only doing this for the public’s eyes. “Philip, why are you spacing out? Thank Master Russell immediately!” When Charles saw Philip’s dull reaction, his face darkened.

“Thank you, Master Russell.” Philip quickly smiled. Russell dared not receive it and could barely stand straight, so he only smiled dryly in return.

Philip’s nonchalant attitude earlier had, of course, annoyed a lot of people.

They started mocking him. “Master Russell has actually given his name card to a wretched piece of trash.” “What of it? It’s only a name card. Trash will still be trash.” “Look at that idiotic face. He’s definitely a good-for-nothing.” Philip paid no mind to these insults and mockery. He continued to stand quietly in a corner. Just then, his phone rang. It was a call from Lynn.

After a glance at the time, he figured that Lynn was probably getting impatient about taking care of Mila and had called to chase him home. When the call got through, Philip sounded apologetic as he said, “Lynn, I’m sorry, I’ll be back soon.” “Cou... Cousin brother-in-law...” Lynn was not rude to him like she usually was. Instead, she sounded as if she was crying as she spoke fearfully, “Mi... Mila has gone missing.”



This news came like a bolt from the blue! Philip was stunned for a few seconds before he finally digested Lynn's words. His tone instantly shot up a few decibels. "Mila's missing?! Where are you?" This was urgent! Philip felt like someone had kicked him hard on the chest. His back was now drenched with sweat. "Brother-in-law, I'm at Millennium Amusement Park, I only..." Lynn sounded distinctly flustered over the phone. Her background was noisy with sounds of people frolicking about. "Wait there. I'm coming!" Philip roared. Mila was missing! He no longer had time for the people in the gallery as he hurried outside. Behind him, Russell called out to him a few times, but Philip did not respond. Charles added words of contempt, saying Philip had no manners and that he was rushing to his death.

Philip did not dare to tell Charles that Mila was missing, thinking that the

old man might not even care for Mila's safety at all. To them, Mila's birth was a humiliation to the Johnston family because Philip and Wynn had given birth to her before they had even gotten married. This incident had brought shame to the Johnston family, embarrassed Charles, and caused Wynn significant damage. Upon exiting the gallery, Philip ran into Theo, who had been waiting outside. Philip anxiously said, "To Millennium Amusement Park, quick!" Theo did not bother asking questions. Philip looked so anxious as if the sky was about to fall. After they got in, Theo hastily started up the car and drove them to Millennium Amusement Park.

On the way, Philip kept urging Theo to go faster, so Theo finally asked,

"Mr. Clarke, what's going on? It sounds really urgent. Do you need my help?" Philip immediately calmed down to think. "My daughter has gone missing in Millennium Amusement Park. Get your men to search around quickly. We must find her!" It was no wonder that Philip was so distressed.

Who would not be if their child had gone missing? What was more, Mila was Philip's whole world! If she got kidnapped by a human trafficker, the consequences would be frightening. When Theo heard this, his whole body tensed up. He quickly dug out his phone to call his henchman, "Tiger, hurry, mobilize everyone in the company! With Millennium Amusement Park as the center point, search ten kilometers within the area and find a child!"

"Mr. Clarke, do you have a photo of your daughter? Send me one, and I'll get my people to search. We'll post up a missing person's ad everywhere we can in the city." Philip sent Mila's photo to Theo. Soon, they reached Millennium Amusement Park. From afar, around five young people could be seen standing at the entrance, anxiously waiting for someone. The moment Philip got out of the car, he ran over to them. "Lynn, where's Mila?

Where did she go missing? Did you get the staff to make an announcement?" Lynn clearly looked distressed. She said through sobs,

"Brother-in-law, I... I don't know either. I was playing with my friends, and when I turned around, Mila had gone missing." "Yeah, that kid was just too noisy." "Uncle, you can't blame us for your kid running off on her own."

The other youngsters started pushing the responsibility to Philip, looking like this had nothing to do with

them. Philip frowned hard. He did not have time for any nonsense with them. Watching Lynn's flustered expression and did not dare to meet his eyes, Philip knew Lynn was not honest. "Lynn Johnston!" Philip roared as he closed in a few steps. "You better tell me the truth. Where's Mila? How did you lose her?!" Philip had unleashed the worry and anger he had accumulated on the way here in this one roar. Lynn was immediately stunned and started crying as she pouted. The youngsters behind her got annoyed and started pushing Philip. Particularly a boy dressed up like a gangster with an upturned braid and earrings shielded Lynn like he was the boss and warned Philip, "Hey, hey, Uncle, what are you doing? Who are you trying to threaten her? Your daughter's missing because she deserved it! She kept running around like a little btch!" Slap! All of a sudden, Philip gave the boy a tight slap. The young man held a hand to his hand and looked bewildered as he stared at Philip. "Fck! You f\*cking hit me! Do you have any idea who I am? Just wait, I'll call someone over to beat you up!" Philip's expression darkened. Why are these youngsters all so uneducated? They had caused a person to go missing but was still so arrogant. Theo had now come out from the amusement park office and saw from afar that Philip was getting into a dispute with these kids. "Brat, who were you trying to have beat up? Try saying it one more time." Theo hastened over with a menacing look as he rolled up his sleeves to show his tattoos. When the boy saw the buffed Theo with his frightening expression and tattoos, he instantly shrunk away and mumbled under his breath. Philip had no time for him. He turned to ask solemnly, "Lynn Johnston, tell me the truth! How did Mila go missing?" Lynn lowered her head, not daring to say a word. "Tell me!" Philip roared.

## Chapter 38

Lynn glanced at her friends, looking aggrieved, then finally stuttered, "I...

I accidentally... left her alone. This was all because she kept fussing about

wanting to go home and kept running around, so I taught her a lesson. Have I done anything wrong?"

Lynn was still filled with grievances at the start, but as she spoke, she ended up getting more agitated, as if unwilling to admit that this was her fault. "What's more, Mila's your daughter, not mine. Why should I have to look after her? If she's missing, that's her fault!" Lynn refused to take this responsibility. This had nothing to do with her. It was all Mila's fault! It was because that little btch, who was an embarrassment to the family, was such an eyesore! Philip was really furious. He never expected Lynn to be this unreasonable but still so proud of herself. "Lynn Johnston, I'm warning you. If Mila is not found at the end of today, I will make you regret this for the rest of your life!" Philip pointed at Lynn and admonished. He was now boiling with anger. Had Lynn not been Wynn's cousin sister, he would have slapped her a few times now! Beside him, Theo whispered, "Mr. Clarke, I've already informed the broadcasting room to start searching. Let's go to the control room." Philip nodded, then turned to follow Theo as they rushed toward the control room. Lynn and her friends exchanged glances. Until after Philip was gone, Lynn kicked the air furiously and scolded, "Philip Clarke, who the fck do you think you are?"

That little btch is better off being kidnapped by human traffickers!" Lynn was angry because that trash,

Philip had actually raised his voice at her, embarrassing her in front of her friends. “Lynnie, is that idiot your cousin brother-in-law?” The boy who had been slapped by Philip earlier was staring resentfully in the direction Philip disappeared off to as he asked through gritted teeth. Lynn nodded reluctantly. “He’s just a wretched piece of trash living under my cousin sister’s expenses.” “Sht! A kept man?”

Jeremy Hill got even more annoyed. It was such an embarrassment to be frightened by a kept man, so he had to get his dignity back! “Let’s go and follow them. My dad’s the supervisor of this amusement park. If they want to look for a missing person, they have to go through my dad.” Jeremy said coldly, “I won’t take this lying down. I will have him kneel and apologize or else he can forget about finding that little btch!” Lynn frowned slightly at this. Truth be told, she was against the idea because Philip was her cousin brother-in-law after all. If her cousin sister found out about this, she would be in big trouble. However, Lynn, too, could not tolerate how Philip had treated her earlier. How dare a piece of trash to raise his voice at her? How despicable! “Lynnie, don’t worry. I’ll stand up for you. He’s just a piece of trash.” Jeremy smirked as a plan formed in his mind. With that said, the group followed after Philip and Theo. Back to Philip, once he and Theo reached the control room, they immediately explained their situation. The staff inside quickly started up the surveillance records and Philip stood in front of more than ten videos as he carefully searched for Mila’s silhouette. “Mr. Clarke, please stay here and watch the cameras, I’ll go and get my men,” Theo said respectfully. Philip did not think too much of it and nodded. Outside the door, Theo hastily made a few phone calls, getting all of his men to move out and search! In an instant, the whole of the underground world in Riverdale City was mobilized! In a short span of time, the photo of an energetic and adorable little girl was plastered on the wall of every mall, every shop, and every entertainment establishment. Over at Philip’s side, he was currently staring meticulously at the surveillance cameras, feeling anxious on the inside. Mila was his everything, she was also Wynn’s everything. If Mila was really missing, Philip did not know how he should live on or how he should face Wynn. “This is it, this is the one! Playback!” In the video, Philip could see Lynn and her group with a little girl following behind. The little girl kept looking around, seemingly elated but at the same time, afraid. It was Mila! Due to her congenital heart disease, Philip rarely took her out to play and Wynn disallowed it. The last time Philip took her to an amusement park, that incident happened. To this day, Wynn was still angry at Philip about it. What was more heart-wrenching was that Lynn and her group had completely ignored the little girl behind them. They were only focused on having fun and taking pictures. As for Mila, she had to keep running to keep up with their pace. When she fell a few times, she had slowly picked herself up and then continued to chase after the group. This was too heartbreaking. The little girl was only three years old! That fcking Lynn Johnston! The next few scenes completely enraged Philip. His knuckles turned pale as the fury in his eyes was like turbulent waves! It seemed like Mila was telling them that she wanted to go home. Lynn had slapped her angrily and pointed at her nose as she berated her with unpleasant words. The worse thing was, Lynn had then left Mila there alone and went away with her friends. On the screen, Mila was standing there, crying helplessly as she screamed for her Papa and Mama. After that, she wiped her tears and started walking around the amusement park aimlessly and fearfully. Philip’s heart was bleeding. He could barely control his anger now. Mila, a three-year-old little girl, was just left alone in the crowded amusement park by Lynn and her friends. Philip did not dare to imagine how helpless, how pitiful, and how scared his daughter was. “Lynn Johnston! Screw you!” Philip broke the skin on his lips as he forced those words out

with bloodshot eyes. So what if she was Wynn's cousin sister?

So what if she was the precious treasure of the Johnston family's second uncle? She was just digging her own grave by treating Mila this way!

Suddenly, the door of the control room was pushed open, and about seven people entered the room. Jeremy and his group, too, entered smugly. In the lead was a middle-aged man wearing a navy suit and exuding an impressive aura. "Who is Philip Clarke?"

## Chapter 39

A group of people barged in with the leading middle-aged man looking to be very powerful. He was wearing an expensive suit and had the air of an authority figure as he bellowed the moment he stepped into the room, shocking the staff inside the control room. The staff quickly greeted, "Mr.

Hill, what brings you here?" Harold Hill was the supervisor of Millennium Amusement Park, in charge of the facilities, workers, security, and operation within the park. In summary, other than the owner, Harold was the second in command at Millennium Amusement Park. Harold nodded

slightly. With a sharp gaze, he asked again, coldly, "Who is Philip Clarke?"

Philip mildly frowned and took a step forward. "I am." The few youngsters behind Harold rushed into the room and blocked the exit. The young boy Philip had slapped earlier, Jeremy Hill, was now pointing arrogantly at him as he said, "Dad, it's him. He's the one who slapped me earlier. You have to teach him a tough lesson!" So, they were here to pick a fight. Philip cocked up an eyebrow and glanced at the youngsters. He did not see Lynn among them and assumed that she did not have the courage to come inside.

"You're the one who hit my son?" Harold was furious. His son was his treasure, and he never had the heart to lay a hand on him. But today, a poorly dressed man had actually hit his son! Philip did not bother to explain but asked faintly, "What do you want?" "Hehe, good. I see you have a temper."

Harold looked condescendingly at him. "Apologize to my son and we'll consider this settled. Or else, don't even think about stepping outside this door." At his words, the staff inside the control room scattered away to block off the doors, looking like guards. Harold stared coldly at Philip, but the latter snorted. "Shouldn't you ask why your son got slapped?" How did this man become someone's father? He just came over without clarifying the situation and asked for an apology. It was no wonder his son was so full of himself. He had learned it from his old man. It was such a miracle that this pair of father and son could still live comfortably. "I don't care why. He's my son, and you hit him, so you must apologize!" Harold's voice was deep as he brought out his air of superiority, exerting his dominance. Who was this fool who dared to question him in return? The man clearly did not know his place, such an idiot! With a dark expression, Harold pushed his son forward. "Jeremy, how do you want to take care of this? Dad will let you do as you please. If you want him to kneel, I'll make him kneel even if he refuses.

Didn't he slap you earlier? Go over and slap him ten times. Don't worry. Dad will be here to take care of things for you." Jeremy was now acting like a little drama queen with wings growing on his back. He lifted his chin proudly and pointed at Philip. "You, kneel now, and apologize." He

was so cheeky and arrogant. Feels great to have my old man back me up.

Didn't you slap me just now? I will return that favor to you by ten folds!

Philip frowned. He was worried about Mila right now and had no time for any nonsense with these unreasonable people. He said coldly, "I'd advise you all not to provoke me." If this affected his search for his daughter, Philip would not mind making this pair of father and son experience the taste of a broken family. Upon hearing this, Harold held his sides in laughter. "Hey, bro, are you threatening me? Do you know who I am?" This fool here dared to threaten him. This has never happened in so many years. "I don't care who you are. I have urgent matters now, so please make way." Philip's eyes turned ice-cold, and then, he moved to force his way out. However, with the wave of his hand, Harold ordered solemnly, "Hold him down! Today, I will let this blind fool here know what happens when someone provokes Harold Hill!" In an instant, the staff surrounded Philip, and it seemed like a dispute was about to break out. Suddenly, a stern voice bellowed from the entrance.

"Stop! What are you doing?" Theo had returned with his head covered in sweat. He barged in, shoving the people away to stand in front of Philip, shielding him as he glared at Harold with a menacing expression like that of a venomous snake. What was this group of people trying to do? They had a death wish for attempting to lay a hand on Mr. Clarke! Harold's expression fell dark. He was here to stand up for his son, so why were there so many troublesome issues? "And who the f\*ck are you? Scram!" Harold barked unpleasantly as he boiled with rage. "You don't know me?" Theo asked in return, frowning. Harold was stunned. After staring at Theo for a moment, he broke out in laughter. "Are you an idiot? Why the hell should I know you? Oh, you're his friend? Okay, then don't think about leaving either. You can both kneel and apologize to my son." Harold really had a death wish.

Standing right before him was none other than the mob king, Theo Zander!

When was the last time someone pointed at Theo and insulted him? That would be around the time he started as a gangster. Now, more than ten years had passed and no one dared to speak that way to him ever again. Harold

Hill was the first, and also the last. Because in Theo's eyes, he was already a dead man. However, Harold had no idea how many times he had died in Theo's mind. He really did not know Theo Zander but have only ever heard of him.

## Chapter 40

"My name's Theo Zander! Now take your people with you and scram!"

Theo roared. This was the first time he felt humiliated, and it even happened right in front of Mr. Clarke. Would Mr. Clarke suspect his capabilities because of this? “Theo Zander? What’s that? I don’t know it.” Harold was a short-tempered man. He was the manager of a huge amusement park and had stayed in that high position for so many years now, so it was only natural that his temper was a little shorter. “Stop talking nonsense and quickly apologize to my son, or else, don’t even think about leaving!” Theo Zander?

Why does that sound a little familiar? Forget it! Can he be more powerful than I am? I’m the manager here, the king! Theo was fuming with anger.

With a reddened face, he pointed at Harold and roared, “Just try to even fcking move!” Sht, this guy really thought he was a small fry! “What are you standing there for? Get them! Or do you all want to get fired?” Harold bellowed at his stall. The workers exchanged glances. What was this situation? Yet, they could not disobey because, with just one sentence from Manager Hill, they would lose their jobs. “We’re really sorry, sirs. Or why don’t you guys apologize to Manager Hill?” A staff member forced a smile.

“Preposterous! Whoever lays a hand on Mr. Clarke means offending me, Theo Zander!” Theo shouted. He then took out his phone to make a call, sounding furious as he said, “Tiger, bring some men to the amusement park now!” Seeing Theo calling for backup, Harold, too, wasted no time to call for his. “Get the security team over. I will see just how fcking invincible you are!” The anger from both sides was huge. They were like two barrels of explosives, and what was left was for a comet to crash. Philip, who was standing behind Theo, had no more time to waste. “Mila is still in the amusement park. Get your men here to search the place. I do not wish to have my time disrupted, do you understand?” Theo respectfully replied, “Mr. Clarke, I’m sorry. This incident must have startled you. I’ve already arranged for my men to come over, and we’ll immediately take care of this madman.” Philip nodded and stood quietly aside to watch. Soon, five men in black security guard outfits rushed into the tiny room. They were all holding something that looked like electric shock batons. “Brother-in-law, the second security team has assembled. Please give your orders on who we should take out.” The security guards’ team leader, Darius Ziegler, was standing respectfully in front of Harold, smiling brightly. This man was Harold’s brother-in-law. Harold pointed at Theo and Philip. “It’s the two of them. Grab them and beat them up first. If anything happens, I’ll take responsibility.” When Darius heard this, he immediately smiled as he looked at Theo. With a wave of his hand, he commanded, “Brothers, get to work.” Seeing as the security guards were about to come over, Theo’s eyes widened in anger as he roared, “If any of you dares to do anything, I, Theo Zander, won’t let you off!” Darius and his brother-in-law had the same revolting behavior. He chided, “Theo Zander? Do you think you’re the mob king of Riverdale City? With the likes of you and that tattoo, are you pretending to be some bigshot? I think you just have the same name! Who are you trying to scare? Get you ass over here and quietly prostrate or you’ll get a taste of this electric baton.” The baton in his hand shot blue electric sparks, making a crackling sound. Darius started walking toward Theo and Philip with a cold smile. “Will you kneel, or not?” Just then, an angry roar sounded from behind the group! “Move the fck away!” More than ten muscular men strode over. The leading man sported a buzz-cut, wearing a short-sleeved navy green shirt and long pants. His tanned skin made him look so much stronger and powerful. This line-up looked so impressive, so overbearing! The strong men pushed the few security guards aside like they were little chicks. “Who the fck are you

guys? Can't you see that I'm busy?" Darius yelled in dissatisfaction. "Shut up!" When Harold saw the tiger tattoo on the arm of the buffed leading man, his expression changed. His forehead was covered in sweat, and he gave his brother-in-law a tight slap across his face. "Brother-in-law?" Darius held a hand to his cheek, looking incredulously at Harold. However, Harold had already hastened over to the newcomer with a big smile and bending slightly. "Oh my, Brother Tiger, what a rare guest! What brings you here?" Seeing Harold suddenly put on a smiling face instantly confused everyone. Who was this person? Why did Manager Hill seem to be afraid of him? "Could it be THAT Brother Tiger? The fiercest general of our mob king, Theo Zander?" "Holy sht! That can't be! Brother Tiger? He's the top dog of Lord North Street.

Even Manager Hill has to bow when he sees him!" "Why is he here? Could Theo Zander, Lord Theo, be here as well?" Harold's men were exclaiming in hushed voices. While everyone was still lost in confusion, Brother Tiger ignored Harold who had come up to him and just pushed the man away.

Under Harold's startled gaze, Brother Tiger led his men over to Theo and Philip, then he bowed, saying, "Brother Theo, Mr. Clarke, sorry I'm late."

The muscular men in black clothing behind Tiger bowed in unison. "Hello Brother Theo, Hello Mr. Clarke." The room fell into a pin drop silence.

Everyone present looked incredulously at Theo and Philip. Their eyes widened in disbelief. Jeremy Hill and his father, Harold were both dumbstruck as they stood like statues, rooted to the spot. Their hands were even trembling slightly. They were baffled. Just what was going on?

## Chapter 41

Harold's scalp was feeling prickly. His face was pale. "Brother Tiger, you're..." Tiger Zander finally noticed him. He looked up in surprise and asked, "Manager Hill, what are you doing here?" What the... Harold felt like he was about to vomit blood. Did Tiger really not see him standing there? This was his amusement park, after all, his turf! However, Harold did not have the time to mind that now. When he recalled Tiger's respectful attitude as the man addressed that two people earlier, Harold had a bad

feeling about it. He forced out a smile and asked, "Brother Tiger, these two people are..." "This is my older brother, Theo Zander, Brother Theo. And this is Mr. Clarke, my brother's honored guest," answered Tiger. Tiger Zander was the top dog of Lord North Street, and Millennium Amusement Park was situated in this Lord North Street. Harold had been working here for many years now, so he naturally knew Tiger Zander's strength and influence. He also knew that Tiger's backer was the mob king of Riverdale City, Theo Zander! At this point, Harold's face was pale as a sheet. Oh no...

oh no... Did I just scold Theo Zander? And I even asked Lord Zander's honored guest to kneel and apologize to my son? Wait... My brother-in-law seemed to have said worse things. "Lord... Lord Zander... Mr. Clarke..."

Harold could feel his legs shaking. It's over. Who have I provoked?! Harold was wailing out loud inside. He knew full well that his next actions would determine whether he would survive this incident. By now, Tiger seemed to have realized that something was wrong. Although he was ripped and a man among men, he was quite sensitive on the inside. Otherwise, he would have never become Theo's number one general! Tiger put on a greasy smile.

"Harold Hill, are you the one who provoked Brother Theo and Mr. Clarke?"

His tone was ice-cold and probing. "This... This is all just a mistake, a mistake," Harold quickly explained with a bow. However... Slap! Tiger's expression darkened. He went over and threw a vicious slap across the man's face, admonishing, "Harold Hill, you're able to keep working here because I took care of you! Now that your wings have strengthened, you're off to provoke Brother Theo and Mr. Clarke?" Tiger immediately turned to Theo and said fearfully, "Brother Theo, it was my incompetence that has caused my underlings to offend you. I will take full responsibility for this incident. Don't worry. This guy is dead!" When he saw Tiger with such a humble attitude, Harold felt like his heart had dropped into a frozen abyss.

Jeremy and Darius, who were standing behind him, were like stubbed out explosives. They could only suppress themselves, not daring to breathe another word. Darius was now mentally prepared to die. To think he had

just been scolding Theo Zander, the mob king! Oh god! The person he idolized most was Lord Zander, and he even dreamed of becoming the man's underling! But that was all over now. He had destroyed that possibility with his own hands. Thud! Harold immediately fell to his knees and begged, "Brother Theo, I'm sorry, I was too blind to recognize you, please forgive me this time. But Theo only answered indifferently, "There's no use apologizing to me. You should apologize to Mr. Clarke." "Mr.

Clarke, Mr. Clarke, please have some compassion and forgive me. I won't ever do it again." Harold turned to kneel in front of Philip, crying almost instantly. He was afraid... terrified. Standing before him was Brother Tiger and Lord Zander. With just a stomp of their feet, these people can cause the whole city to quake! His family's well being was now hanging by a thread.

Philip said nothing but glanced at him. Darius, too, was frightened and quickly dropped to his knees, prostrating in apology. Jeremy and his group felt weak in their knees as they trembled in fear. "Forget it, just teach them a lesson or two," Philip said faintly as he looked at Harold. "You, get the amusement park staff to look for my daughter this instant." "Yes, yes, at once!" Harold quickly stood up and led his men out. Before he left, Harold gave his son a hard slap across the face. "Grow some brains and stop provoking people. I don't want to have to clean up your mess every time you cause trouble!" Jeremy dared not retort a single word. He only turned to glance at Philip, still feeling startled. Isn't this guy Lynn's cousin brother-in-law? Isn't he just a piece of trash? How did things turn out like this?



How was he acquainted with a prominent figure like Theo Zander? “Wait,”

Philip suddenly called out. In an instant, the group at the door froze in panic, unsure whether to stay or leave. “Mr. Clarke, do you have any other instructions?” Harold still had a little more guts and could afford to stay composed. “I hope you all will not speak of this incident today with anyone else. I do not wish for my daily life to be disrupted, do you understand?”

said Philip. “We understand, we understand.” Harold nodded continuously.

Philip then nodded, and the group immediately dispersed, almost running away. After they finally got out, Jeremy took a deep breath. When they reached the entrance, they saw Lynn. Jeremy hesitated for the longest time but chose to stay quiet in the end. “How did it go?” Lynn asked anxiously.

To be frank, she was unwilling to watch her wretched cousin brother-in-law punished, so she chose to stay behind at the entrance. Jeremy shook his head and answered, “It was okay.” Okay? Lynn was a little confused. She noticed that her other friend had a heavy look on their faces. “Alright, alright, let’s go for karaoke,” Jeremy suggested. Mainly because the air around them was too dense, and he was afraid that Lynn might notice something was up.

When the rest heard this, they quickly snapped back to their senses and forced a smile. “Sure, Brother Jeremy’s treat!” The group of youngsters finally left. On the other hand, Tiger’s men and the amusement park staff found Mila in no time. To be more specific, a young woman around her early twenties had been looking after Mila as they waited at a dessert shop outside the amusement park. “Mr. Clarke, we found her. She’s at Sweetheart Desserts.” Theo jogged over, ignoring the sweat on his forehead to show Philip the way. As they hurried over to the dessert shop, Philip finally saw his daughter eating cake. “Papa!” When little Mila saw Philip, she pounced into his arms, and as she had just experienced great grievance, she hid in her father’s embrace, holding onto his sweat-drenched shirt tightly. “Papa’s here, Mila, don’t be afraid, Papa’s here.” Philip carried his daughter up as he comforted her. At the same time, he looked at that young lady. She was a very beautiful girl, looked to be around her early twenties with straight and long dark hair. She was wearing a simple and clean white T-shirt with a pair of light-colored jeans and tiny white shoes. Her makeup was light, and she looked like a lovely and pure young lady. “Thank you so much.”

Philip nodded in gratitude. The girl smiled and got up. “It’s no problem. I saw her crying alone in the amusement part and couldn’t find her parents, so I brought her here. “This little girl is just too adorable, so it’s good that

nothing bad happened.” Silvia Hayes tucked a stray hair behind her ear before reaching out to poke Mila’s cheek, smiling sweetly. After she spoke a little with Mila, Philip put her down. The little girl was staring hard at the strawberry cake on the table. “Eat it. I bought it for you.” Silvia pushed the remaining cake to Mila. Mila lifted her head. Tears were sparkling in her big eyes as she looked at Philip as if seeking his opinion. Philip caressed her tiny head and smiled. “Go ahead. Say ‘thank you’ to Big Sister.” “Thank you, Big Sister.” Mila smiled, exposing two adorable dimples before she started eating the cake happily. At the door, Theo, Tiger, and their men were waiting by the road. They did not dare to go inside

in fear of scaring the little girl. Philip kept thanking Silvia and got a clearer picture of the situation from her. "Uhm, if you have time at night, please let me treat you to dinner as a token of my appreciation." This was a nice young lady, very generous and kind. Silvia smiled and said, "There's no need for the trouble. It's nothing much." Since she rejected the offer, Philip did not force her. Just then, he received a call from his father-in-law. Philip apologized before excusing himself to take the call outside. "Dad, what's up?" "Philip, get back here this instant. I want to speak to you!" On the other end of the call, the older man's behavior was awful, and he sounded annoyed. After some thought, Philip braced himself and answered, "Okay, I'll be back soon."

Toot! The call was hung up by the older man, just like that. Philip heaved a sigh, knowing he would not be able to escape tonight. When he turned back into the dessert shop, a shocking incident happened! Out of nowhere, a man appeared, holding a large bouquet of roses, looking to be very handsome and very rich. However, at that moment, Mila was wailing out loud. Her cries then gradually turned into hiccups like she had difficulty breathing.

Silvia was squatting down before Mila, comforting her before shooting a vicious glare at the man. She sounded irked when she questioned, "Leon Larson, why did you hit a child?" The man named Leon pouted, looking angrily at his own navy suit. "This wild brat has ruined my suit. I had hit her to educate her on behalf of her parents. This suit costs forty thousand!" Leon

was furious. This suit he was wearing was a tailor-made Armani suit worth thirty thousand! He had especially dressed up today to confess to Silvia. But this stupid brat had smudged buttercream on his outfit, so just hitting her was already very nice of him! She might not even be enough to compensate for his suit even if he sold her away. Philip, who was just entering the shop, saw this scene. "What's wrong, Mila?" He hurried over to the little girl to find a red slap mark on her left cheek! Philip instantly flew into a rage, especially when he heard Mila's hysterical cries. Philip wanted to stab this arrogant and pompous man in front of him. Philip stood up and glared furiously at the man, saying through gritted teeth, "You, apologize to my daughter, now!" Leon's lips curved into a smirk. "Are you this brat's father?"

Okay, open your filthy eyes wide and look at this. This is a tailor-made Armani suit that costs forty thousand dollars that your daughter has just ruined. If you can compensate for it, I'll apologize to her." Leon had already taken a good look at the man in front of him. The man was dressed plainly, and it was easy to tell that he had no money. He had deliberately said forty thousand in an attempt to scare Philip off, make him back down so he could save the hassle. However, Philip's next words stunned Leon. "Armani?"

Forty thousand? Okay, I'll give you four hundred thousand. Apologize to my daughter at once!" Philip said furiously. His face was red, with his fists clenched tight. When Mila smiled, the world would feel like warm springtime. When Mila cried, he would make the world cry with her!

Regardless of their status, whoever bullied his daughter would have to pay!

## Chapter 43

Leon suddenly started laughing. It was a burst of presumptuous and mocking laughter. "What did you just say? Four hundred thousand? Bro, there should be a limit to your act." Leon continued to mock, "I think what you're wearing isn't even worth three hundred. Oh, right, and with that blind daughter of yours, you two wouldn't even add up to four digits. Forget four hundred thousand, can you even pay up forty thousand?" It was Leon's first

time meeting such a hilarious person. The man was even a father to a child, what an idiot. He must have just been putting up a front to act cool in front of his kid. "Leon, what are you saying? You were at fault first. Why can't you just apologize to the child?" Silvia sounded annoyed. She had never expected that Leon would hit such an adorable little girl. This man was too vile! Thankfully, she had not accepted his confession earlier. However, Silvia was worried about Philip because she knew of Leon's background.

The young man was from a rich family. His family owned a business that was worth about two hundred million. Leon had often boasted about driving a Ferrari and living in a mansion to his friends. A typical rich spoiled brat.

It would be a pain to provoke him. "Mr. Clarke, I'm sorry. Let me apologize on his behalf. He's my friend." Silvia did not hope to cause a scene. She was mainly worried that if Philip and Leon got into a dispute, it would only be unfavorable for Philip and his daughter. However, Philip spoke indifferently, "Thank you for your kind intentions, but he has to apologize to my daughter. I will not repeat this a third time." "This is killing me! Bro, you're hilarious. Do you know who I am?" Leon smirked in mockery. He dug out his Gucci wallet from his shirt pocket, took out a few red notes, and scattered it piece by piece in front of Philip. "Here, is this enough? Weren't you just trying to cheat my money? I know what garbage like you are thinking." Seeing Philip motionless, Leon continued to take out a few more hundred dollar notes and stuffed it into Philip's breast-pocket, saying cheekily, "If that wasn't enough, here's some more. Just give me a number.

Money is all I have." After that, he glared hatefully at Mila, who was in Silvia's arms, and mumbled under his breath, "Little b\*tch." Upon hearing this, Philip exploded. "Theo, get in here!" Philip roared. Theo was smoking by the street. When he heard this order, the man scrambled into the shop, looking nothing like the prestigious mob king. "Mr. Clarke, what is it?"

Theo asked respectfully. Philip turned to smile at Silvia. "Can I trouble you to carry my daughter outside to wait for a bit while I take care of this?"

Silvia frowned a little. She urged in a small voice, "Mr. Clarke, don't push

yourself. If things don't work out, just forget about it." Philip nodded. He then scratched lightly at his daughter's nose and smiled gently. "Mila's a good girl. Papa will punish the bad guy first and keep you company later, okay?" Mila rubbed her big teary eyes and nodded. After Silvia carried his daughter out, Philip glared at Leon. The latter was nonchalant as he mocked.

"Wow, you have even brought in an assistant. Why? Do you still want to lecture me?" Philip put his

hands behind him and asked coldly, "Your name is Leon Larson?" In Philip's mind, he was thinking of making this young man pay dearly. "That's right. The name's Leon Larson, the young master of Prime Harvest Group." Leon introduced himself with a smirk playing on his lips. It was clear that he was trying to oppress Philip. Prime Harvest Group was also very famous within Riverdale City. If a regular person tried to provoke this establishment, it was like throwing eggs at a rock. And evidently, in Leon's eyes, Philip was that egg. Philip shifted his gaze to Theo and asked in a deep voice, "Do you know them?" Theo quickly answered,

"Prime Harvest Group is one of the famous corporations in Riverdale City.

They're worth two hundred million and are focused in the construction materials business. The president, Lewis Larson, had started from a renovation business. They have a few hitmen in their ranks, specially hired to take care of any business disputes." Theo explained with exceptional knowledge for the company. Prime Harvest Group was truly troublesome to take care of. Although Theo was the mob king, it was sometimes hard for him to take care of the ones above ground. Especially for a corporation like this that would easily cost about hundreds of millions to influence, even he had to tread carefully. Although everyone would still show him respect, if they really butt heads, neither side would profit anything. Hence, Theo leaned closer to whisper into Philip's ear, "Mr. Clarke, this Prime Harvest Group will be very tricky. The old man, Lewis Larson, is also a man of power." Philip frowned, not saying anything. It looked like Theo was only dominant in appearances. If Theo knew that Philip saw him that way, the man might probably hate him for being a coward. Leon could not help but

smile. "What? You think that just because you can recite what my family does that I'd be afraid of you? With just a little research, anybody can know about this." What were they trying to do? Trying to scare him? Leon might just go mad from laughing too much. Were these two idiots? However, Philip spoke up calmly, "Theo, I won't trouble you with this, so you don't have to interfere. I'll deal with this myself." Theo breathed a quiet sigh of relief. To be honest, having him go against Prime Harvest Group was like asking him to negotiate with a tiger if they could skin it alive. There would be no positive outcome. Nonetheless, Theo added for the sake of it, "Why don't I contact Lewis to come over and apologize to you? He should be able to show me at least that much respect." "No need. He, Leon Larson, has to be dealt with today. If his old man ends up bringing more trouble instead, he'd have to be dealt with as well." Philip lifted his head and snorted. "I want Prime Harvest Group to disappear from Riverdale City completely!"

Disappear completely? Theo was stunned! He was completely baffled.

Although he knew that Mr. Clarke had a special identity, making a company worth hundreds of millions disappear entirely with just a few words sounded like a joke. Lewis Larson was a man of status in Riverdale City. He was also acquainted with some very influential people. Even a powerful man like Theo Zander would be unwilling to clash with Lewis Larson of Prime Harvest Group because it was not worth it. It was not to say that Theo was not capable. Just that if he were to weigh the pros and cons, he would, of course, choose the more advantageous route. Not bothering with any more nonsense, Philip took out his phone and called a number.

## Chapter 44

It was George Thomas's number. Almost instantly, the call was answered, and from the other end came George's voice, "Young Master, what are your instructions?" "Investigate Prime Harvest Group. I want them bankrupt in ten minutes!" said Philip faintly. "That's a small matter," George answered easily, but then he quickly said, "Young Master, this Prime Harvest Group

seems to be doing well, so I'd suggest that you buy it instead. It's not very expensive too. Their worth on the market now would be... three hundred million. You just have to spend three hundred million to buy them over."

George's suggestion sounded really good. If he had to destroy a corporation, why not buy it over instead and own it? That way, no one would lose their jobs, and it would be good to keep the market stable. "Alright then, buy it over. Have Lewis Larson come to the dessert shop opposite of Millennium Amusement Park this instant," said Philip calmly. "One other thing, I want you to send three hundred million in cash, by car to the dessert shop." When he said this, Philip glanced coldly at Leon. "Young Master, it would be tough to get three hundred million cash in such a short amount of time," said George. "How long will you need?" "Half an hour." "No, send it over in fifteen minutes. If you can't do that, I won't inherit the family business,"

said Philip, and he hung up immediately after that. In the now quiet dessert shop, a burst of mad laughter rang all of a sudden. Leon was trembling from laughing too much as he stared at Philip with a mocking expression. "You're really an idiot. Are you trying to be an actor? Are you going to buy my company with three hundred million dollars in cash? Can you be any funnier?" Leon gave up. This guy did not make sense. Did he know what three hundred million dollars in cash were? Did he know what complicated procedures it would require to cash out three hundred million dollars? And he wanted it in fifteen minutes. Bullsht! He could not even pick out a better excuse when acting. "It's not your fault that you're poor. But it's a mistake for acting in front of me." Leon chuckled freely. "Have you ever seen money? Did you know that you have to make a reservation in advance, even for three million cash? You must have gone mad from being so poor!" However, Philip only quietly looked at Leon, not saying a word. This brat was really arrogant. Philip was wondering what his reaction would be like when he saw the money later. Leon wanted to leave. Today, his goal was to confess to Silvia, so he had no time for any nonsense with an idiot. However, Theo's sturdy build was standing at the door, blocking his way out. "Okay, I'll just see for myself if you can get that three hundred million cash." Leon was annoyed. He plopped down on the sofa, crossed his legs, and opened up the streaming application on his phone to do a live stream. "Brothers, I'm doing a live stream now about meeting a lunatic who says he wants to buy my company." His screen was then filled with popped up comments that read: Awesome! "Here, I'll show you guys that idiot who even said he wants to buy my company with three hundred million cash. I'm waiting here right now to see if this broke rascal can bring over the money," Leon taunted with a cold smirk. "If you guys like this, remember to hit the subscribe button." As Leon streamed, his audience in the live room went into an uproar. "That's too cool, bro! I've never seen three hundred million in cash.

Can't wait!" As he watched the comments popping up on the screen, Leon's smirk deepened. He usually liked to stream about dating girls in his car and similar content, and those were very well-received. Today, it was his first time streaming about someone with an egg on his face, and Leon was ecstatic. How exhilarating! A live stream about someone with an egg on his face! Leon was blooming on the inside, thinking that his fame as a streamer was about to rise. To prove his point, his die-hard fans started sending him virtual gifts. "Thank you, FreckledOlivia, Fred\_Cannon, and SkinnyKimmyNo3 for the gifts, but you guys don't actually have to give me anything. I don't lack money." Leon laughed cheekily as he glanced at Philip, feeling contempt for the man. At the same time, outside the dessert store, a long row of armored cars drove over slowly and abruptly stopped in front of the door! From a distance, there seemed to be more than ten cars! This scene immediately stunned everyone on the streets! These were fcking armored cash carriers... And more than ten cars at that! Why did they stop in front of a dessert shop? Moreover, four SWAT polices in their uniforms, carrying loaded guns, had come out from each of these armored cars, standing ready at the side! They all looked stern and dignified, exuding a cold, murderous aura. In an instant, they had blocked off five meters around the area, not allowing anyone to enter that range! "Holy sht! What's happening? There are armored cars and SWAT police." "Oh dear, what happened?" "There are around thirty cars. If each car carried ten million, wouldn't there be at least three hundred million in cash here?" The crowd went into an uproar. Many people were taking photos and sharing them on their social media. How shocking! It was a rare scene in the country! And this scene was also noticed by Leon, who was inside the dessert shop. His phone had been streaming it the whole time. In an instant, his live room went viral! His fame rate had shot up to millions in popularity! Just what the fck is going on? Leon was dumbstruck. His whole body was shaking, but his final ounce of willfulness had supported him as he stood up to stare, shocked, at Philip as he asked in disbelief, "Are you the one who called these armored cars over?"

## Chapter 45

Leon's mind was now like a roller-coaster, in complete chaos. My name is Leon Larson, and I am now in a state of panic! There are thirty armored cash carriers outside the door, waiting in a line. Beside each car are four SWAT

officers carrying loaded guns. They're all wearing black battle uniforms, black helmets, and carrying black guns. Yes, it's not the regular armored car escorts who carry rubber bullets. These are real bullets. Because the sum was too huge, the bank has contacted the SWAT team urgently, and they have sent more than a hundred SWAT officers over to escort the money.

This was all done in less than ten minutes. Philip calmly looked at Leon whose forehead was now covered in sweat and said, "I called them here."

Boom! Leon felt his mind explode. His hands kept shaking. He was from a wealthy family and knew full well how terrifying a person is to send over so much cash in such a short time! His scalp felt prickly as he experienced despair for the first time. However, he was reluctant to give in. "Impossible, there's no way! There's no way that you're the one who called them!" Leon could barely stand still. He took his phone to

call his father frantically. Find Dad, Dad can definitely solve this! However, before he even spoke, furious yells flowed from the other end of the call, “Stupid brat, have you gone insane? Who did you provoke?” Lewis was currently going mad with anger at the president’s office of his own company. Not too far from him stood an old man in a swallow-tail coat, holding a gold and black walking stick, wearing a calm expression. George Thomas had personally come to Prime Harvest Group. After Lewis roared a few more times into the phone, he ended the call and smiled flatteringly at George. “President Thomas, I’m so sorry. My son has caused trouble. I will personally go and apologize to Master Clarke now.” George shook his head. The tall female secretary beside him immediately handed Lewis a corporate acquisition contract.

“Mr. Larson, our young master plans to acquire your business. This is the agreement with the buying price of three hundred million. Please sign it,”

George said indifferently. His tone did not sound like it was a negotiation, but an order. Lewis’s heart shuddered. Clenching his fists tight, he forced out a smile and asked, “President Thomas, do I need to? Why don’t I personally apologize to Young Master Clarke?” This company was Lewis’s life. While it was true that his company was worth three hundred million, but if he handed it away so suddenly, how would Lewis ever keep his status in Riverdale City? He had a very ambitious goal, which was to enter the national market. “Lewis Larson, this is not a negotiation. It’s my young master’s intention. Please sign it.” George maintained an indifferent attitude. His eyes were narrowed with a barely visible glint. Lewis’s back was drenched in a cold sweat. With gritted teeth, he held up the pen with much difficulty as he signed his name on the agreement. Could he have refused to sign it? This man before him was George Thomas, the wealthiest man in Riverdale, worth more than tens of billions! If his young master wanted to acquire his company, how would he dare to refuse? If he ever dared to, what awaited him would definitely be a devastating blow.

Moreover, his company’s growth was all thanks to President Thomas’s investment and support during its early days. After signing his name, Lewis felt the energy leave his body all at once as he sat, powerlessly onto the sofa.

George smiled and said, “Lewis Larson, you really do have a clear view of things. Now, please come with me.” Lewis nodded. The moment he stood up, it was like he had grown ten years older. That shrewd spark seemed to have disappeared from his muddled eyes. He now resented that good-for-nothing son of his. Back to Philip and Leon. After Leon’s father had admonished him, he was dumbstruck, completely at a loss of what he should do next. The crowd of onlookers outside was getting bigger and bigger as they chattered among themselves. The live room on his phone was a hit. Its popularity had now crossed over millions! The screen was filled with popped up comments like, ‘tycoon’, ‘awesome’, ‘god of fortune, please let me pray to you’ and etcetera. Thirty armored cash carriers were such a spectacular display none of them had ever seen before in their lives! “Leon, I’ve told you before that you have to apologize to my daughter today,” Philip said coldly. “Now, I’m giving you a choice. Either you go outside now and apologize to my daughter in front of everyone, or slap yourself ten times.”

Hehehe! Leon laughed. It was a hysterical laugh. He was from a rich family.

He was the young master of Prime Harvest Group! Of course, he had his pride! “You want me to apologize to that b\*tch? Dream on! So what if you have money? It’s not like you can force me to sell the company!” Leon gave a frightening smirk. He held the phone up, pointing the camera at Philip and said, “Everyone, take a good look, this is him! If anything happens to me, make a police report on my behalf!” A police report? Bam! Philip went over and kicked Leon hard in the stomach, making the boy fall flat on his face.

He then snatched the phone from Leon’s hand, stared straight at the camera, and adjusted the clarity, curving his lips slightly. Philip said politely,

“Everyone in this live stream room, hello. My name is Philip Clarke, Mila Clarke’s father. My three-year-old daughter had accidentally gotten cake on this young master of Prime Harvest Group, and he slapped her. As a father, I can’t tolerate my daughter being bullied. So, I have decided to spend three hundred million dollars to acquire Prime Harvest Group to make this young master here, who was looking down at my daughter and me, apologize to

my daughter.” It was only a simple statement, but that live room instantly went into a great uproar. The man had actually spent three hundred million to buy a company! “Daddy, are you looking for another kid, Daddy? I can be your son.” “Hey, the commenter above me, you’re my little brother, call me ‘Older Brother’!” In an instant, the atmosphere of the live chat room changed, and everyone started attacking Leon while many people cheered for Philip.

## Chapter 46

A father should be willing to risk it all for his child. In their words, if they had three hundred million, they would definitely smash the money, stack by stack at Leon until he apologized. Leon was utterly flustered as he struggled to get up. Philip had already ended the live stream. Theo clenched his fists tight and closed in, step by step. With a swift movement, he pushed Leon against the wall and growled, “Brat, I’d advise you to hurry outside and apologize to Mr. Clarke’s daughter, or else you won’t be able to see tomorrow’s sunlight.” Being disrespectful to Mr. Clarke’s daughter meant being disrespectful to his princess! That was right! In Theo’s eyes, Philip’s daughter was a little princess! Leon struggled as he started yelling, “How dare you! My father is Lewis Larson! So what if you have money? Can you just buy my company as you please? Dream on! If I say ‘no’, who would dare to sell it?!” Leon had thought it through. The man was only rich, but his father was an influential man in society. They even have a bunch of hitmen at home. If they were to really go down, he believed that Philip, too, would have to pay a little price. However, while Leon was struggling and shouting, a few people rushed in through the door. George walked over respectfully to Philip, took off his hat, and greeted, “Young Master, the money is here, and I’ve brought him too.” Philip nodded faintly. As Lewis, who was following behind George, saw this scene. He was stunned beyond words. So this was President Thomas’s young master! The man sure had an extraordinary aura. Lewis strode into the premise, went over indignantly,

and gave Leon two slaps across the face. “Stupid rascal! I’m in trouble because of you! Get outside and



apologize to Young Master Clarke!” Leon was dumbfounded as he stared at his father, who was scolding him. In an instant, he thundered, “Dad, why are you afraid of them? They just have a little more money, so what? If we don’t sell our company, what can they do?” However... Lewis directly kicked the boy a few times. He was so livid with anger. “I’ve already sold the company! Hurry up and apologize to Mr.

Clarke!” “What? You sold it?” Leon exclaimed, his eyes were filled with shock. His father sold the company? Had he gone mad? Lewis had no time for this idiotic son of his. He personally went over to Philip and bowed to apologize. “Young Master Clarke, I’m sorry, it’s my fault for not educating him properly. If you want to punish someone, please punish me.” Philip looked at Lewis and shook his head. “That won’t do. He has to apologize to my daughter. And ten slaps. To himself!” Since Philip had said so, Lewis knew what to do. He personally dragged Leon outside to Silvia and little Mila, who was waiting inside Theo’s car. When Silvia saw Lewis, she immediately covered her hands over her mouth and screamed. It was Prime Harvest Group’s president, Leon’s father! The figure who was worth two hundred million! However, the next scene stunned Silvia so much. She could barely regain her sense. “I’m sorry,” Lewis and Leon were standing outside the door, bowing as they apologized to little Mila, who was inside the car. “Now, do it!” Lewis roared at Leon. “If you won’t do it, I’ll do it for you!” Next, Leon had very reluctantly started slapping himself in the face! That sound was crisp and loud. This scared Mila, and she quickly hid inside Silvia’s arms. Because the door was closed and the curtains had been put down, Silvia had no idea what just happened outside. As she watched Leon slap himself, she was very confused and shocked. A little while later, Philip came over. After speaking a little with Silvia, he pecked Mila gently and caressed her tiny head. “Mila, Papa has already taught the bad guy who bullied you a lesson. No one can ever bully you anymore.” After that, he closed the door once again. Perhaps it might shock his daughter, but he had

to do it! He wanted to tell his daughter that whoever bullied her would be set straight by her father! Once they returned to the dessert shop, Lewis and Leon stood before Philip, not daring to utter a word. Especially Leon, who was now looking deathly pale with his cheeks swollen. However, he was feeling extremely reluctant on the inside. Since it’s sold, forget about it. At least the money’s still here. Yet, in the next second, Philip asked, “Lewis, do you dare to take the three hundred million that I have brought over?”

## Chapter 47

Leon lifted his head to look at Philip with a bit of anger and apprehension.

“Why wouldn’t we dare to? Since you’ve bought our company, this money belongs to us!” The boy was reluctant to give in after all. Philip smirked.

Lewis turned around and gave his son another slap. “Shut up!” Leon was stunned. In all of his life, today was the first time his father had slapped him so many times. He was just about to retort, but Lewis bowed and said humbly, “If Young Master Clarke wants my company, then it will be a gift to Young Master Clarke. Of course, I won’t take the money.” Lewis was not an idiot. He knew that only this way,

he and his son would be able to survive.

Philip nodded and glanced at George. The latter had the armored cars driven majestically away from the door. Yes, just like that, in front of Leon's eyes, the cars drove away, one by one. That was three hundred million, all of Larson's family's assets! "Dad, what are you doing? That's the Larson family's money!" Leon roared and glared venomously at Philip at the same time. Yet, Lewis admonished him, saying, "What do you know?! What do you mean by the Larson family's money? Those are all Young Master Clarke's money! Our business could grow only because of President Thomas's investment. If he wants to buy it, we have to give it!" President Thomas's investment was naturally Young Master Clarke's investment.

President Thomas? At this, Leon finally noticed that the old man standing beside Philip was none other than the wealthiest man in Riverdale City! The legendary rich man! And on Philip's left side, standing a little further behind

was a middle-aged man who looked very familiar. Theo... Theo Zander, Brother Theo?! Leon was baffled. No wonder he thought the man looked familiar from the start. But it was too late for regrets now. A few minutes later, Lewis and Leon were standing at the door of the dessert shop, bowing as they saw Philip and his group out. Until Philip and his people were out of sight, like his spine had been ripped out, Leon fell to the ground, paralyzed. He started mumbling as tears fell, "It's over; everything's over."

A rich kid whose family assets were worth millions became average in just a blink of an eye. This was Philip's approach and rage. Without spending a single cent, he had just changed the ownership of Prime Harvest Group.

Meanwhile, after a day of twists and turns, Philip could finally take a breather. After carrying his daughter out, Philip had Theo send Silvia home safely. And just like that, Silvia was sent home by Theo with a stomach full of questions. Standing at the door of the old house, Philip was carrying Mila as he scratched her nose. After a laugh, he knocked on the door and called out, "Dad, Mom, I'm home." He waited for a brief moment. Clack! The door opened to show Martha with a straight face, staring at Philip and Mila with disdain. She rolled her eyes and said, "What are you yelling for? You have even brought this stupid brat back, what bad luck!" Philip gave her a helpless and bitter laugh. Mila was leaning onto Philip's shoulder, pouting aggrievedly. Upon entering the door, Philip saw Wynn and his father-in-law sitting in the living room. The older man seemed to be very furious. "Why did you come back?" Philip frowned at Wynn. She should be at the hospital, why was she discharged? Slap! The old man slammed hard on the table.

With a vicious look on his face, he said, "Philip, let's be frank today. You and Wynn better hurry to the Civil Affairs Bureau and get a divorce."

Divorce? Wynn was stunned, and Philip was dumbstruck. This was too sudden! "Dad, what are you saying? I won't divorce Philip. This will never happen." Wynn immediately refused. She reached out to carry Mila from Philip. Philip was about to sit down when the older woman yelled, "Stand up! Is there any place for you here to sit? A slacker who does nothing all

day and is good-for-nothing. Did you embarrass your dad today? Now your dad, my old friends, and colleagues all know about it. You have utterly embarrassed both of us!" Philip was confused. Wynn frowned at him and asked, "What's going on? Did you make mom and dad angry again?" Why can't you just cause less trouble? Philip stood helplessly and explained, "I didn't. I just took the wrong painting, but things have been resolved."

"Hmph!" The old man snorted. "Resolved? Thanks to you, my friends are now laughing at me. I've been collecting art for half of my life, but I have to rely on a wretched and useless son-in-law who randomly bought a painting from an antique market to save face." At the mention of this, Charles was boiling with anger again. Although Philip's painting was authentic, he still had to endure the gossip by his old pals. Wynn was puzzled, so after some clarification, she said, "Dad, you can't blame Philip for this. Aiden gave you a fake painting, but you didn't find faults with him."

So, why are you scolding Philip instead?" Wynn felt helpless. Her parents were just too unreasonable. She knew that her parents dislike Philip because of that incident back then, but that was so many years ago. Why could they not let it go? Martha scornfully reproached, "Wynn, are you helping the outsider now? Your dad and I have raised you with so much difficulty, and what kind of son-in-law did you bring home to us? I'll be straightforward and say that you and Philip have to divorce no matter what. Or else, I'll disown you!" Disown her? Those words were just too cruel. Wynn instantly lost patience. She got up with Mila in her arms and said, "Mom, Dad, since you're frank, I'll be frank as well. I will never divorce Philip. You guys can just do whatever you want." Having said, Wynn walked out of the door in her high heels. At the same time, she turned and roared at Philip, "What are you still standing there for? We're going home!" However, Philip stood motionless at the living room, seeming to be lost in thought. "Mom, Dad, I know that you guys are looking down on me, but I'll show you that I, Philip Clarke, am not weaker than anybody else. I will give Wynn and my daughter a good future, so about your request for us to divorce, I, too, refuse." Philip

then turned to follow Wynn out the door. In the living room, Martha was freaking out from anger. She pointed at the door and yelled like a shrew,

"Charles Johnston, look at that! That's your daughter! And that trash, Philip, even dares to say he'll show us how great he is! They have to divorce.

Otherwise, our family shouldn't go to my father's seventieth birthday next week!" Charles felt helpless, as well. He wanted to say something, but Martha made a face, took her bag, and walked out of the door. She had a date with a few of her best friends today to look at some investment plans.

## Chapter 48

After Martha left, she went to the park to meet up with her friends. Upon meeting her friends, they started asking about each other. When they came to the topic about their sons-in-law or daughters-in-law, everyone became enthusiastic because their sons-in-law were doing well, and their daughters-in-

law were filial. Only Martha kept quiet while she smiled dryly. "Hey, Martha, how is your son-in-law, Philip, lately? I heard he's making deliveries." A flamboyantly dressed middle-aged woman suddenly ruthlessly exposed Martha. Because every time they met, they were sure to talk about Martha's son-in-law. It had already become the norm. "Oh, Martha, why is your son-in-law so terrible? Why don't you get your daughter to divorce him as soon as possible?" "That won't do. If they divorced, it would be a second marriage if she remarries. No one would want her. She even has extra baggage, men nowadays don't like single mothers."

"That's true. Who would want to raise other people's children?" The women's comments were harsh. On the surface, they seemed to be thinking of her daughter, but underneath, they were probably enjoying her misfortune. Martha gritted her teeth in anger, feeling utterly embarrassed.

She forced out a smile and said, "I will definitely force my daughter to divorce that trash of a son-in-law! At most, I'll just have to take care of her for the rest of my life." Everyone noticed the dark expression on Martha's face, so they stopped talking about it and changed the subjects until they

reached the finance company. \*\*\* On the other hand, due to the live stream, Philip's incident had gone viral. However, in an instant, every media that reported this incident soon deleted their content. Even the videos were gone.

It was like a rock that fell into the lake. It was unheard of again. Inside a beauty salon, Ruby Ford made plans with a few of her friends for a spa treatment. Ten minutes earlier, her friend, Helen Bennett, wearing a short white robe with her hair up in a towel and a mask on her face, strutted over and said, "Girls, I found a really huge tycoon!" "What tycoon?" Ruby was lying on her back, enjoying the massage services as she asked without even opening her eyes. "Three hundred million! This guy spent three hundred million to acquire our city's Prime Harvest Group!" Helen exclaimed, her eyes were filled with envy and excitement. "You guys all know that rich young master, Leon Larson, right? It's his company that was bought over by this tycoon." At the mention of three hundred million and Leon, the girls quickly sat up and scrambled to take a look at Helen's phone. It was only a short clip, and Helen had downloaded it with much difficulty from a social media site. The video quality was blurry, and it was also watermarked. "Isn't this tycoon so awesome? That was the Young Master Larson from Prime Harvest Group." "Who's that? Do you guys know him? Ask him out to meet us." "I don't know. He doesn't seem familiar." The girls were all snatching the phone, trying to get a better look at the man's face. Three hundred million, how rich must he be! When Ruby saw the video, she frowned hard.

She felt that the silhouette in the video looked very familiar. Philip Clarke?

No, impossible! That guy was so broke he even borrowed money from Howard. Ruby did not think much of it and continued to discuss the man who had just spent three hundred million. He was a father too! How manly!

Back to Philip. Wynn was walking ahead of Philip with Mila in her arms while he followed behind. They kept walking in silence until the gates of the housing area. Suddenly, Wynn stopped. Mila had already fallen asleep in her arms. Wynn turned back to look at Philip and said, "That incident earlier today, thank

you.” Earlier today? Oh, that incident in Celestial Club.

Philip said solemnly, “Wynn, you’re my wife. If anything happens next time, you have to tell me in advance.” Wynn nodded in understanding.

When she woke up from the hospital, she knew that it was Philip who had saved her. But she did not know how he did it. She had planned to ask him tomorrow because she knew that Gavin and Jeffrey were not easy to deal with. With just her husband’s status, he might not have been able to make it. So, Wynn thought that someone else must have helped him. Or perhaps, helped her. Could it be that person who had helped her secure that one million dollar contract with Victory Pharmaceuticals back then? Just who exactly was he? The whole night went on in silence. Early the next morning, Wynn went to work. Philip pretended to be packing up, then he carried Mila, ready to go out. He had just taken one step out of the house when his mother-in-law called. When he answered, from the other end came Martha’s exasperated voice, saying, “Philip, hurry over to Rivercross Street in ten minutes!” Before he could ask for the reason, the call ended. What was the urgent matter that made her sound so anxious? But Philip was already used to it. He looked at Mila and decided to send her to the company to get Agnes to look after her for a bit. After that, he hastily hailed a cab from the office to go to Rivercross Street. The moment he got out, he saw a large group of middle-aged men and women surrounding the tightly closed doors of a finance company as they argued heatedly with a few men and women in suits. “What were you doing? You’re late for five minutes! Growing cheek are you? Just blatantly trying to disrespect your mother-in-law!” Philip had just reached when Martha came over haughtily and started scolding him.

## Chapter 49

Philip smiled sheepishly and asked, “Mom, what’s the urgency?” Martha glared at him. “Stay here to add to our numbers, pretend to protest. You don’t have to care about anything else.” Then, Martha and a few other middle-aged men and women went to join the protest, screaming their lungs out. It was a shocking sight. Philip got some info from the bystanders and

understood a bit of the situation. This was a financial investment company, and this group of older people had purchased some investment plans here.

They were supposed to get their returns today. However, the building was now empty, with only a few lower-level staff left and one manager. By the look of things, that was probably an illegal fund-raising scheme! Here was where the problem got serious. Companies like this usually targeted well-off middle-aged people, and once something took a downturn, they would run away, and the money would be gone. It was no wonder Martha was so anxious. Philip felt a headache coming. He went over and asked, “Mom, what did you buy? How much did you invest?” If it was only a small amount, Philip was not too worried. He was just afraid that his mother-in-law had invested a huge amount. Martha’s voice was almost gone from all the screaming. She glared at Philip but told him nonetheless, “I invested with that house your father and I live in. They said that the house was good for retirement and could rake in huge

returns. If we invested this year, we could have two houses next year.” “What? Mom, you invested with the house?” Philip shouted. He knew that it was over this time. His mother-in-law was a retired university instructor, so how could she be so muddled?

When Martha heard Philip’s exclamation, her face instantly went red, and she went up and hit his head. “What are you shouting for? Don’t you think it’s already embarrassing enough? If it weren’t for you being useless, would I have had to put the house up for investment? I’m just trying to ensure a better life for the future. Or what, should we rely on trash like you to take care of your father and me?” As Martha scolded, she felt panicked inside.

That was the house she had with her husband. If the company had really run off with her money, they would lose the house. How could she not be anxious? Especially at a time like this when Philip still had a nonchalant look on his face, which made her even more furious. “Don’t you tell Wynnie about this. Just stay here and shout. I’m calling Addy over. He should have a solution.” Martha gave Philip a warning glare before she turned to give Aiden a call. “Hello, Addy. It’s me, your Aunt Martha. Are you free right now? Can you come over to Rivercross Street? Yes, yes, there’s something urgent.” Martha’s flattering tone right now made Philip a little annoyed. He was her son-in-law, but she did not treat him as kindly as she did an outsider.

But he could not blame her, because, in her eyes, he was trash. When the call ended, Martha was smiling happily. She then rolled her eyes at Philip and scolded, “What are you, a piece of rock? Start shouting!” Philip grunted a reply and then mimicked the group of older people as he shouted hysterically. Upon seeing Philip this hardworking, Martha finally felt better.

But she still looked down on him as she mumbled, “Good-for-nothing brat.”

After that, Martha went over to her friends to announce cheekily, “Don’t worry, I’ve called our Addy, and he’ll be over in a bit.” “You mean Aiden Grant? Oh my, he’s a really good boy. His family owns a business, so he must have great connections. I heard they earn tens of millions a year.”

“Martha, look at us, we’re all old folks. When Aiden gets here later, can you get him to take a look for us as well?” Martha’s friends started fawning over her. This pleased Martha. “Oh yes, Aiden is a really good kid, but we have to see if our Wynnie wants to marry him. After all, there’s still that useless Philip.” Martha chuckled. She did not mind belittling Philip to raise her daughter and Aiden to a higher status. In Martha’s eyes, Aiden was a rich son-in-law, her future treasure vault. Comparing Philip to him was like comparing mud to gold.

## Chapter 50

By then, Martha’s friends had noticed Philip. They snorted out and mocked,

“Martha, is that your son-in-law? He looks really plain and so absentminded, like a blockhead. Your

daughter is so pretty, she must have been blind to marry him!" "Yeah, such a useless man is a disgrace to us elders. Thankfully my son-in-law is not like him." The group of elders started laughing in mockery. Martha's cheeky smile earlier was now completely gone. She snorted. "That wretched piece of trash is not my son-in-law. In a few days, I'll have my daughter divorce him!" Philip had heard

the insults directed to him by the group. He could only shake his head and smiled coldly. He was already used to insults like this. They called him a wretched piece of trash, but what were they doing here? They had even called Aiden to come over and help. Now Philip really wanted to see just how Aiden can help with this situation. Just then, a white Maserati drove over on the street, looking very flashy. Martha squealed in delight. "Addy, Aunty's over here. Look, our Aiden is here. We can solve this now." Martha emphasized on the word 'our', as if afraid that others would not know. Philip pouted, feeling a little suffocated on the inside. The crowd looked toward the sound source to see a handsome young man wearing an expensive suit coming out from the Maserati. Martha went over with an expression like she was looking at her son and smiled. "Addy, you're finally here. Was it a bother?" After Aiden got out, he politely greeted Martha, "Aunt Martha, it's alright. I just happen to be free today. What's the situation here? Has something bad happened?" After a glance around, Aiden noticed Philip, who was shouting hysterically in the crowd. Aiden's expression immediately fell, and he glared hatefully at Philip. What was that trash doing here? "Addy, something bad happened. My friends and I have purchased a financial plan from this company, and they've said that they would pay out the interest today. But when we came here this morning, the boss has gone missing. Can you tell us what's going on?" Martha clapped her hands together anxiously and seemed to have thought of something. She asked,

"Addy, you own a company, so you must know some people. Can you help me find the owner of this company and find out what's going on?" After taking a look at the situation and listening to Martha's explanation, Aiden roughly understood. This group of older people had definitely been scammed. It would not be easy to help them. However, when he saw Martha's earnest gaze and Philip's expression, which looked like he wanted to laugh, Aiden steeled himself and said confidently with a smile, "Aunt Martha, don't worry, I can take care of this. I just happened to be acquainted with the boss of this company. I'll ask him what's going. You can relax."

"Okay, okay." Martha was excited. She wore a bright smile and tugged at Aiden's arm. "Addy's still the best after all. Better than some wretched trash." Her friends were now fawning over Aiden, praising him for his capabilities. Aiden's heart was blooming. He smiled and looked at the signboard of the financial company, feeling very pleased with himself. He knew that today was his day to shine. After he had lost his favor with his future father-in-law, he would now get it back from his future mother-in-law. If he could have Martha on his side, that meant Wynn was already partially his. After that, he shot an arrogant glance at Philip before taking out his phone to call his father. "Dad, didn't you say that you've dined with the boss of Lucrative Funds Finance Company before? I have something that I need your help with..." After the call, Aiden smiled widely as he looked at the older folks, enjoying how everyone had their eyes on him. He cleared his throat and said, "Don't worry, everyone, my dad knows the boss of this finance company. I've already given my dad a call, so I'm sure there will be answers too. Everyone, please don't worry too much." The crowd of older folks started praising Aiden. The man felt like he was about to float.

Aiden shifted his gaze over to the few staff of the finance company who had stayed behind. "Let me talk to them. Uncles and Aunts, please wait for my good news." Having said, Aiden walked over proudly to the few staff members, hoping to look almighty. However, a small voice from beside rang in his ears all of a sudden. "Mom, that won't do. Aiden has tricked you.

Why don't I make a call, maybe it can help..." Philip's voice was small.

Everyone had their eyes on Aiden, so Philip's voice now sounded especially piercing to his ears. Aiden had wanted to go over to the staff members, but he abruptly stopped and turned to the side, looking annoyed. Philip was tugging at Martha, seeming to be advising her on something, but Martha was reluctant to pay him any mind. She pointed at him and berated, "Philip, beat it! Is there any place for you to speak up here? If Aiden can't help, can a wretched piece of trash like you help?" Not just Martha, now everyone was looking at Philip with contempt in their eyes. So this was Martha's

useless son-in-law. What a chatty brat, he really was useless. Right now, other than Aiden, who was a man of status, who else here could say that they could solve this problem? Upon seeing this situation, Aiden walked over to Philip with a mocking look on his face. "Why? Do you feel upset?

Why don't you take a good look at yourself? Can you solve a problem like this?"

## Chapter 51

Philip felt the hair on his skin stand under the scrutiny of the crowd. He then saw Aiden walking over to him with a smirk. "Philip, try repeating what you've said just now. I didn't hear it clearly." Aiden looked patronizing.

This Philip really likes to speak up wherever he's not needed. Doesn't he know his place? To even dare to spout such nonsense. If I, Aiden Grant, can't settle this, would a piece of trash like him be able to? Philip pouted.

After some thought, he answered honestly, "I said that the matter today would not be as easy as it seems. There might be illegal fund-raising involved in this, so I don't think a favor from someone would be able to solve it. Hence, I'd like to ask a friend for help. Is there a problem?" At this, Aiden immediately snorted. "Holy sh\*t, you're really something Philip.

You even have friends now? Why? Feel like playing hero today? Sure, why don't you handle this?" After Aiden spoke, the older folks around started bombarding insults. "Martha, what does your son-in-law mean? Does he want to take the lead? He looks so shabby, what can he do? Wouldn't this just be an embarrassment?" "This is Martha's son-in-law, a wretched piece of trash who makes deliveries. What can he do? Stop acting almighty and talking big!" "Youngsters nowadays really like to dream too far without being realistic. Perhaps he's feeling upset cause he saw how capable Aiden is." Martha was immediately furious when she heard her friend's mocking Philip. Slap! She threw a hard slap across Philip's face and yelled angrily,

"Beat it! There's nothing for you to do here! One more word from you, and I'll make Wynnie divorce



you!” Philip froze. He could feel his cheeks boil.

His gaze turned cold as a fire burned in his chest. However, he could not show his mother-in-law any temper. After she was done scolding Philip, Martha tugged on Aiden’s arm apologetically and smiled at him. “Addy, don’t listen to Philip’s nonsense. What does a slacking piece of trash like him know? We still need you to help us with this.” This was like a soap opera in the eyes of the crowd. They only found it more amusing as they watched on. The crowd’s insults and mockery became harsher at this, and that pleased Aiden even more. He was here to show off his capabilities and connections to his future mother-in-law today, so how could he let Philip take that glory from him? Moreover, what right did trash like Philip have to put on an act in front of him? At this thought, Aiden lifted his chin and stared down at Philip condescendingly. “Didn’t you say you can solve this? Then, you do it. I want to see just what you, Philip Clarke, can do to settle this issue today.” Philip frowned hard. When he noticed how his mother-in-law was glaring at him like she wanted to swallow him alive, and the dark expressions of all the older folks around as they gritted their teeth, Philip knew that he should not do anything. “I’m sorry, my friend has something up, so he can’t help. Why don’t you do it, after all.” Philip sighed. Aiden chuckled. He gave Philip a vicious shove then said cheekily, “Since you don’t have any capabilities, why did you put on an act earlier? Envious of me?” It’s so obvious that you’re jealous of me. I, Aiden Grant, am so handsome, so rich. What rights do you, Philip, have to act in front of me?

However, Philip merely smiled and stood quietly in a corner. Why should he waste time talking to a narcissist? At this, the crowd burst into laughter.

“There are so many types of youngsters today. Doesn’t he feel ashamed?

He’s dressed so shabbily and even talks nonsense. Now that it’s backfired, he’s behaving like a coward.” “Don’t say that. He’s still Martha’s son-in-law. Although he’s a piece of trash, at least he has good in-laws.” As Philip listened to these baseless gossips, he felt helpless. His mother-in-law was even now cozying up to Aiden, chattering happily with him, seemingly closer to him than she was with this son-in-law of hers. Philip went to a

corner, and when no one was looking, he called Theo. At the same time, within the private room of a prestigious hotel, the interior design was luxurious and there were tall, beautiful staff waiting inside. Theo was enjoying himself, having a drink with a middle-aged fat man. To be more precise, that middle-aged fat man was trying to flatter Theo. The large man was smiling brightly as he took out a silver bank card from his black wallet and, together with a stack of contracts, handed it respectfully to Theo who was currently smoking a cigar. If there were anyone else in the room, they would definitely recognize this large middle-aged man. The president of Lucrative Funds Finance Company, Lamar Collins. “Brother Theo, this is the company’s bonus from last month. There are six million dollars, and here are thirteen real estate contracts,” said Lamar. Theo narrowed his eyes and nodded, asking his men to receive the offerings without restraint. He then patted Lamar’s shoulder with a smile and said, “Mr. Collins, this will be the last time. Don’t look for me again after this. Your company is dangerous, and I’ve already cleaned my hands from this field. I will advise you to convert your business as well. If things get serious, you might need to go to prison.” Lamar answered with a smile, “Don’t worry, Brother Theo.

This had nothing to do with you. So, if anything happens, I will be solely responsible. This is just my little token of appreciation. If it weren't for you supporting me back then, I would have never made it today." Theo nodded and said nothing else.

## Chapter 52

He knew what Lamar's company did. He had told him multiple times.

However, this industry was like an endless pit. He was just going to fall deeper and deeper. Did Theo not contact some people to help him with the incident a few days ago? "How should we take care of the clients?" Theo asked. Lamar chuckled coldly. "It's just a bunch of uncultured old men and women. If they don't want to invest, do they think they can bring their money into the coffin with them?" Lamar said after seeing Theo's face falling. "It's fine, Theo. I know what I'm doing. They are all seniors with no backgrounds." When he said that, Theo felt more relieved. When the two of them were about to drink, Theo's phone rang. He looked at the caller ID.

It was Mr. Clarke! In an instant, Theo picked up his phone respectfully and shushed Lamar. He said, "It's Mr. Clarke." Lamar's eyes gave an ominous glint when he heard that. Theo had told him about Mr. Clarke before. He was an extraordinary person. He wanted to curry favor with him. "Mr.

Clarke, is there anything you want to tell me?" Theo asked respectfully and excitedly. On the other end of the phone, Philip said calmly, "Do you know the president of Lucrative Funds Finance Company?" Clank. Theo started feeling uneasy. He peered at Lamar who was sitting next to him and nodded.

He said, "I do. Did he offend you?" It would not be such a coincidence, right? "No," Philip replied. Theo let out a sigh of relief. However, what Philip said next almost infuriated Theo. "His company scammed a house from my mother-in-law. If you know him, ask him to return the house. Oh, also, there's a group of seniors outside his company. You'd better ask him to take care of that as well." When Philip was done talking, Theo stood up abruptly. He nodded his head quickly while responding, "Alright, I'll get in touch with him now." He hung up the phone. Bam! Lamar was still smiling when Theo kicked him on his body. Lamar fell from the table to the floor.

Theo yelled at him angrily, "Lamar Collins! Do you know what you've fcking done?" Lamar clutched his stomach and threw up the alcohol he consumed just now. He said innocently, "Theo, don't scare me. I didn't do anything." Theo slapped him and yelled angrily, "Did you scam a senior's house?" Lamar nodded. "I scammed a lot of houses from seniors. They were all people with no backgrounds. It should be fine." Lamar was telling the truth. He would not dare to scam people with backgrounds. If not, he would be asking for death. "Bullsht! Do you know whose house you scammed?"

Theo was furious. He scammed Mr. Clarke's mother-in-law of her house!

Did he want to die? "W-who?" Lamar was stunned. This was the first time he saw Theo so mad. "Mr. Clarke's mother-in-law!" Theo roared. Boom!

Lamar fell to the ground lifelessly. His legs were shaking as he muttered,

“No way. How is that possible? They’re all nobodies. I checked.” “Yeah, right. F\*ck off back to your office. If you don’t take care of this properly, you should just kill yourself.” Theo roared and dragged the terrified Lamar out of the hotel. They got into the car and drove back to the company.

## Chapter 53

Now, back to Philip. After he hung up the phone, he went back to where he was. In the end, the seniors around him started to mumble in disdain. They moved away from him as if he was the plague. “What’s going in? He’s an adult and he’s still embarrassing himself.” “Martha is so unlucky to have a son-in-law like him.” “Ew, let’s go. I smell a disgusting fox among us.”

Philip backed away to one side after listening to the cruel accusations and jeers from everyone. He leaned against the wall and crossed his arms to watch what was going on. Aiden saw Philip’s ordeal and was feeling amazing. He flipped him off with glee. Under the heated gaze of the seniors, he straightened his suit and walked over to the manager and staff. “Hello, Sir. Can I help you?” The manager was a woman. Her face was pointy and

she had a tiny waist. She was thin but still looked stunning. She was wearing a black business attire with a white patterned shirt that made her look skilled and experienced. “Are you the manager here?” Aiden asked with a handsome smile on his face. He looked at the woman and thought that she looked pretty. If possible, he wanted to make her his secretary or personal assistant. “Yes, Sir. However, our company is going through some changes these few days. So, if it’s about business, I’m afraid you’ll have to come back in a few days.” Judy Walter answered politely. She noticed that the seniors who were blocking the door had asked this handsome man to help them. Plus, from what she could gather, he had quite a position in society.

He might even know her boss. “I know what your company does. It’s no use telling me that. I’m going to tell you to return the seniors their money. I’ve already asked my father to contact your president. I might have an answer in a while.” “And my house,” Martha stood at one side and said when she saw the opportunity. “Don’t worry, Aunty Martha. I’ll help you ask for it back.” Aiden nodded his head and said. However, his smirk betrayed what he was really thinking. It felt good to be in the limelight, indeed. Judy smiled and apologized, “I’m sorry, Sir. This is business-related, so I have no right to make a decision. Since you know our president, please wait patiently or perhaps, you can ask him to drop by?” It was not strange that Judy would not believe Aiden. Return their money? Sorry, but it was impossible unless the president came here and returned the money himself. After she said that, Aiden’s face fell. He glanced at Judy’s nametag coldly and said, “Manager Judy, right? I’m Aiden Grant. I’m the CEO of Stardream Media. My father is Gordon Grant, and he’s the chairman of Splendor Education Group. You should have heard of it, right? Do you think I’m making this up?” When he said that, Aiden could not hide the glee in his eyes. His father was the chairman of Splendor Education Group. Their asset was worth more than one billion! They were the leading education group in Riverdale! Plus, they had close connections with

the education bureau. It could be said that if you were living in Riverdale and you were educated, then you would be

connected to Splendor. There were more than ten education institutions under Splendor including schools. Splendor was everywhere from kindergartens, primary schools, and even universities. This was why Aiden was superior to most people. Judy frowned when she heard that. She smiled lightly and said, "Mr. Grant, it's not that we're not returning the money. It's just that we have to wait for our president to make a statement. Why don't you call him and ask him?" Judy knew she could not offend Aiden, so she could only decline him as politely as she could. "Alright, just you wait. I'll call him now." Aiden did not want to cause trouble for this woman as well.

He turned around and called his father after taking out his phone. "Hey, Dad.

What's the progress?" "I'm very busy now. I don't have time. Don't call me for minor things like this. I know Mr. Collins from Lucrative Funds Finance Company, but you're just making assumptions about him. Aren't you cutting off his source of income?" On the other end of the phone, Gordon scolded him angrily. "Come back here right this instant. Don't get yourself involved in this. Do you know who's supporting Mr. Collins behind his back?" Aiden was stunned. He did not expect his father to not help him.

Was this little company difficult to deal with? "Who? Are they better than us?" Aiden asked. "Theo Zander!" Gordon said firmly. "That's enough. Get your \*ss back here right now. I won't be able to help you if you get into trouble." Theo's name was enough to get Gordon's attention. A person who was born a thug and ended up with a legitimate business should not be viewed lightly. Aiden was shocked when he heard Theo's name. He started to panic. His face fell and darkened. He hung up the call, and the seniors surrounded him to ask him a ton of questions. "How is it, Aiden? Is it solved? Can we get our money back? Can I get my house back too?" Martha was impatient to know the result. "Hey, it's Aiden Grant we're talking about. If he's willing to stand up for us, then of course he'll be able to solve this! Right, Mr. Grant?" someone asked. "Yeah, Mr. Grant is handsome and skilled. Plus, he's the young master of Splendor. This kind of thing is a piece of cake for him." Looking at the fervent gazes of the seniors, Aiden knew

he was in deep trouble. He had just made a huge promise to them and it would be embarrassing if he said he could not solve it now. Plus, Martha was involved in this.

## Chapter 54

If he embarrassed himself in front of his future mother-in-law right now, it would mean that he would lose his chance with Wynn. When he thought of this, Aiden forced out a smile and said with a quiver in his voice, "Um, ladies and gentlemen, it's done. Don't worry. I called Mr. Collins and he'll come here to handle this in a bit, so don't worry. You can go back and wait for further news." When everyone heard that, they cheered and clapped for Aiden. "Mr. Grant is such an extraordinary man. He managed to solve the problem right after standing up for us. If my daughter was not married, I'll definitely ask her to

marry Mr. Grant.” “Yeah! Mr. Grant is such an amazing young man. You can’t come across this kind of man easily now. Martha, you’ve got yourself a gem!” “Hehe, I remember someone talking big about how he can solve this just now. Now that Mr. Grant has solved this, where’s that person who was talking big?” “Don’t talk about that trash of a man

anymore. He’s just playing to the gallery.” The crowd cheered for Aiden and criticized Philip who was incompatible with the crowd. Aiden did not care anymore. He was enjoying this kind of treatment, especially when Martha was looking at him like he was a block of gold. “Aiden, don’t worry.

I’m going to agree to this thing between you and Wynn now.” Martha grabbed Aiden’s hand and smiled brightly. When she looked over at Philip, she started to feel angry just from looking at that idiot. She wanted so badly for her daughter to divorce Philip and marry Aiden instead. Philip stood in a corner and watched, ruminating as everyone praised Aiden. He knew what had happened, but this man was still acting so shamelessly. Should he expose him? Never mind. His mother-in-law would despise him for that.

Judy stood at the entrance of the office and watched everything happen suspiciously. Did Aiden really call her boss? Why did she not receive any messages? “Mr. Grant, are you sure Mr. Collins will be here later?” Judy asked. This question felt like a splash of cold water over Aiden’s head. He woke up immediately from his enjoyment. “Um, Mr. Collins will be here in a bit.” Aiden decided to just deceive Judy. What else should he do? He was clearly lying. If Mr. Collins did not come here, it would be a slap in his face.

No, he had to call his father again. He had to get Mr. Collins to show his face no matter what. If it came down to it, he would just pay him back with a house. At this moment, a Mercedes-Benz stopped in the distance. A man with a beer belly walked out from the car hurriedly. He almost fell in the process. It was Lamar! At this moment, he was panicking. He had been brought over by Theo. Theo did not get out of the car. He only sat in the car and watched Philip who stood out from the crowd. He hoped he could still make it. “Look, it’s Mr. Collins! Mr. Collins is here!” someone yelled out in the crowd. Everyone looked over at the same time and saw Lamar running over. In an instant, everyone immediately felt extremely grateful to Aiden.

“Look, Mr. Grant is indeed amazing. Mr. Collins is really here!” “We can definitely get our money back now. Mr. Grant, thank you so much!”

“Martha, you have to hold on to Aiden at all costs. He’s such an amazing

candidate for your son-in-law. You can’t pass him up.” Martha was extremely grateful. A flower was blooming in her heart when she listened to the flatteries of the other middle-aged women. However, Aiden was nervous because he knew he had not managed to contact Mr. Collins. Why was he here? Was it Philip’s doing? Aiden’s gaze landed on Philip who was looking bored. He denied that thought immediately. Impossible! He was just a useless piece of trash! Mr. Collins was the president of a company. How would Philip know him? When everyone was gathering around Lamar, he wiped the sweat off his forehead with a handkerchief. Then, he ran over to Aiden and Philip.

## Chapter 55

Lamar ran over hurriedly to see Mr. Clarke. However, the seniors blocked him and asked all at once. “Mr. Collins, can we get the rebate from the money we invested today?” “Can you return our money? I don’t want to invest anymore.” “Our houses too. Please give it back to us. We don’t want to put up collateral anymore. You’re a scammer!” In an instant, emotions were heightened. The seniors were all making threats at Lamar while surrounding him like they were layers and layers of clothes on his body.

Lamar was panicking. He waved his hands and cleared his throat before saying, “Everybody, please calm down. I’m here to return the money and houses to you all. Please go and register over there. I’ll ask my staff to go through the procedure with you all. Please don’t panic, okay? I have to meet someone important right now.” After he said that, Lamar called over his staff who then brought the seniors away. When the seniors heard that their money and houses would be returned, they were ecstatic. They were smiling widely while raising their thumbs at Aiden. “Mr. Grant, it’s all thanks to you.” “Mr. Grant is such an amazing man. I’m so grateful to you. You must have a bright future ahead of you.” Of course, some were also fawning over Martha. They stood around her and said flatteringly, “Martha, you’ve found yourself a rich son-in-law. I know Aiden is not an ordinary man. You have

to keep him by your side.” “Yeah, Martha. If your daughter doesn’t want to marry him, I’ll make my move. Coincidentally, my idiot daughter has no boyfriend yet.” When Martha heard that, she panicked. She said, “Don’t even think about it. He’s my potential son-in-law, and only my Wynn is suitable for him.” When she said that, she looked over at Aiden. She felt such calmness and joy when she looked at him. It was because of him that she was able to show off in front of her friends today. If it was that piece of trash Philip, she would definitely be humiliated. With that in mind, Martha walked over to Aiden and thanked him profusely. “Aiden, it’s all thanks to you today. If not, I wouldn’t have known what to do.” “Aunty Martha, you’re flattering me. This is what I should do,” Aiden said courteously.

Martha was smiling so widely that she could not close her mouth. She looked at Aiden intensely and asked suddenly, “Aiden, are you free tonight?”

“Have dinner at my place. I’ll ask Wynn to come back earlier to accompany you.” The only thing Martha wanted to do right now was to pair up Aiden and Wynn. She could not let this amazing son-in-law escape. What about Philip, though? Martha did not even care about Philip anymore. He was just a coward. He could just go and do whatever he wanted. Aiden was smiling brightly while his heart bloomed. He figured his marriage with Wynn was already halfway done. When Philip saw this, his eyebrows knitted together tightly. He was very unhappy. His mother-in-law was insufferably snobbish.

He was standing right there and she was trying to tie the knot between Aiden and his wife. If this was tolerable, what was not? Plus, did Aiden really solve this mess? Lamar made his way to Aiden and

grabbed his hands. He said with a grin on his face, "Mr. Clarke, nice to meet you. Look, I've returned the houses and money. Are you satisfied now?" Aiden was chatting with Martha when he was interrupted by Lamar all of a sudden. Plus, it seemed like he got the wrong person. "Mr. Clarke? My name is Aiden Grant." Aiden frowned and looked at Lamar. At the same time, he was curious and peered at Philip. What was going on? At this moment, Martha looked at Philip in puzzlement. She said angrily, "Mr. Collins, you've got the wrong person.

This is Aiden. Aiden Grant. He's the one who called you. If not, we wouldn't have been able to get in touch with you at all." In Martha's eyes, Lamar was the president of Lucrative Funds Finance Company. Before this, she would have wanted to win favors with people like him. However, it was different now. Aiden could get Mr. Collins to come over with just a phone call and he could make him return the money and houses. He was even greater than Mr. Collins. As such, she started to look down on Lamar even more. Lamar blinked furiously while looking at Aiden and Martha who looked annoyed. He was curious. Was Mr. Clarke not Mr. Clarke? Was it just an alias? No, that could not be. He was sure of it! Theo had told him that Mr. Clarke liked to keep a low profile. Plus, he was the only rich and handsome young man at the scene. The other young man there did not look as well-off. With such a comparison, Lamar was convinced that Aiden was Mr. Clarke. It was probably just an alias because he wanted to keep a low profile.

## Chapter 56

When he thought about that, Lamar laughed and said, "Oh, Mr. Grant. I'm sorry I called you the wrong name. Please forgive me." When Aiden heard

that, his nervousness vanished. When Lamar had called him Mr. Clarke earlier, he was extremely nervous. He knew better than anyone else that he had not done anything. Did his father do something? Possibly. After all, he was his father. There was no reason for him to not help him, right? When Aiden heard Lamar saying that he called the wrong name, he let out a sigh of relief. He smiled and said, "Mr. Collins, you're so hilarious. I thought that trash over there called you." Philip was just standing there on one side of the room. He frowned when Aiden suddenly mentioned him. On the other hand, Lamar continued to say in a flattering manner, "Mr. Grant, you must be joking. How would I know a poor fella like him?" The man before him, on the other hand, was a very important person. He must get on his good side. He just needed to return the money and houses. It was no big deal.

According to Theo, Mr. Clarke, or Mr. Grant, was someone who could control the world. If he could get his recognition, he would be able to prosper. "Mr. Collins, since you're here, please take care of this mess. I don't want to add more fuel to the fire. Please do your best." Aiden put his hand behind his back and lifted his chin. He looked arrogant and obnoxious.

It was as if Lamar did not matter to him. After all, Splendor Education Group had assets that were worth one billion! Plus, his father knew so many leaders from different industries. If Lamar could come here to return the money, it meant that his father had given him a lot of pressure. Of course, these were all

Aiden's imaginations. He did not know what was really going on. Lamar really thought Aiden was Mr. Clarke. He nodded and bowed before saying, "Of course, of course. You're absolutely right, Mr. Grant."

Martha and a group of seniors were very surprised when they saw Aiden lecturing Lamar like a teacher lecturing his student. As such, Martha was more determined to pair up Aiden and Wynn. The seniors were all praising Aiden while surrounding him. They were talking about him among each other. "Aiden is amazing. It'll be great if my son's like him." "Yeah, he's the president of an enterprise at such a young age. He's also the young master of Splendor Education group. No one can compare to him." "Look at the other guy. He's just standing there like a fool. He was still talking so loudly just now. How embarrassing!" The seniors started criticizing Philip again mid-conversation. Philip was helpless as well. Was Lamar an idiot?

How could he get the wrong person? However, he could not do anything.

Should he go up there and tell him? It would be like asking for death. The seniors would definitely kill him. Never mind, then. Aiden saw Philip's bitter expression and started sneering at him in his heart. He walked to him and patted his shoulder. He comforted pretentiously, "Philip, don't be sad.

Take one step at a time, and perhaps one day, you'll be like me. Even though it might be in your next life, but at least you have a goal now." After he said that, Aiden could not help but let out a huge laugh. Everyone started to laugh along with him. Martha started laughing as well. Her hatred toward Philip was getting more and more intense. She had never treated Philip like he was her son-in-law. Lamar walked over and interrupted Aiden. "Mr. Grant, um, do you have time? Theo is here and wants to meet you. Why don't we talk in the car?" Aiden was shocked. There was puzzlement in his eyes. Who the fck was Theo? What the hell was going on with Lamar? "I don't care if he's Theo or Teddy. I don't know him. Do you think I'll just meet anyone?" Aiden was annoyed. When he said that, Lamar was stunned. He did not know Theo? Lamar started to feel agitated. Then, he remembered what happened earlier when he called him Mr. Clarke. Did he really get the wrong person? At the same time, Lamar got a message on his phone. It was from Theo. "Lamar Collins! You got the wrong fcking person! That one is Mr.

Clarke!" Boom! All of a sudden, Lamar's head started buzzing. His breathing became rapid and his pupils constricted. 'Fck! 'I got the wrong fcking person!' Lamar grabbed his phone and stared at Philip who had a weird expression on his face. Sweat started pouring out from his forehead.

While Aiden was pointing sarcastically and laughing at Philip, a sound was heard. Smack! Lamar was furious. He approached Aiden who was smirking evilly and slapped him across the face. He yelled, "You motherfcker! Who the fck are you?" At that moment, everyone was shocked.

## Chapter 57

What was going on? Why were they fighting? The seniors were so shocked that they were speechless. Aiden himself was stunned for a very long time.



He did not know what was going on. "Fck! Lamar Collins! Are you fcking insane? Why the fck are you hitting me?" Aiden was furious. His face had turned red. This was so embarrassing. In the first second, he had been trying to flatter him. Now, Lamar was slapping him across the face. When Martha saw that Aiden was slapped, she was enraged. She ran over and pushed Lamar. She yelled, "Are you insane? Why did you slap Aiden? If you don't give us an explanation now, we'll stand in front of your office and call the cops on you!" Lamar was livid. He pushed away Martha who was being rude and unreasonable. Then, he roared, "Fck off! How dare this fcker pretend to be Mr. Clarke? I went easy on him! I should skin him alive and pluck out all of his nerves!" When he said that, Lamar glanced at Philip who was standing at one side. Then, he ignored the seniors who were making a ruckus and walked to Philip. He smiled widely and bowed. He immediately apologized. "I'm sorry, Mr. Clarke. I was blind, so I got the wrong person. Are you alright? Should I punish that idiot for you?" Lamar was talking about Aiden. Everyone shut up when they saw this scene. Mr. Clarke? Lamar was insane! He was apologizing to a coward and calling him mister. It was such an insult to call him that. Aiden was livid. He felt that he had lost all respect. He yelled, "Collins, you're fcking out of your mind! What the fck do you mean by Mr. Clarke? His name is Philip Clarke and he's just a cowardly delivery guy! Do you know what you just did? Do you know what you're doing right now?" Fck! Aiden was vehement. Lamar was a huge idiot. He was being so respectful to a coward. Lamar turned his face and pulled on the collar of his suit. He said coldly, "I don't need you to tell me what to do. You're Aiden, right? Why did you pretend to be Mr.

Clarke?" Pretend? Aiden was confused. He pointed at Philip and scoffed.

"Why should I pretend to be that idiot? Can't you see the difference between me and him? He's just a piece of trash. Why should he have the rights to stand here?" After he said that... Lamar ran over to him and punched him in the face. His nose started bleeding profusely. After that, the crowd went crazy. "Fck! Collins, you're a dead man! If you don't give me an explanation right now, I'll make you disappear from Riverdale!" Aiden yelled loudly as he clutched his nose. Blood was seeping out from the space between his fingers. Martha handed Aiden some tissues to stop the bleeding. Her heart hurt from seeing that. At the same time, she turned to Lamar and shrieked, "Call the police! Call the police now! Put this man in jail!" Lamar was furious. He swung his hand and was about to slap Martha across the face. Martha's eyes went wide. Then, she closed her eyes from fear. However... A hand grabbed Lamar's suddenly. A voice said, "Mr. Collins, that's enough. She's my mother-in-law." Who else could it be? It must be Philip. He could not watch this anymore. Lamar's heart fell as he trembled vigorously. His entire body went cold. Fck! She was Mr. Clark's mother-in-law! No way. Why was his mother-in-law siding with an outsider? Before he could think, Lamar bowed and apologized to Philip. "I'm sorry, Mr.

Clarke. I... I had no idea." When he said that, Lamar's voice changed. He sounded terrified. Now, everyone understood. Mr. Collins was scared of Philip. Could it be that Philip was the one who helped them? Everyone including Martha was puzzled. She was in a state of shock right now. Since when did her cowardly son-in-law become so talented? Philip only glanced at Lamar coldly before the latter apologized to Martha immediately.

"Madam Yates, I am so sorry. I was too impulsive just now. I will return your money and house first. I'll even give you an interest of 300,000 bucks!"

Martha was angry, but when she heard the word 'money', she started breathing heavily as a smile blossomed on her face. "Aw, what are you talking about, Mr. Collins? Are you really giving me an interest of 300,000

bucks?" Martha was a money-grubber. She immediately ignored Aiden who was standing behind her when she heard Lamar talking about money. Plus, it was 300,000 bucks. Lamar nodded and said, "Of course! You invested so much. Of course, you'll get something in return." "Great! That's amazing!

Can I have it now?" Martha was so happy that even her smile was crooked.

Before Lamar could answer, the seniors started making noises again. "No way, Mr. Collins. We invested too! Do we get something in return as well?"

"Why is she the only one who'll get interest?" "I was the first to invest in your company. Shouldn't you return my money first?" Everyone was coming in strong. Lamar had no choice but to yell, "What are you doing?"

Madam Yates is Mr. Clarke's mother-in-law. I'm happy to return her money first and give her something in return. That's my business. Just wait at one side!" Even though the crowd was not pleased, their anger was diminished slightly. After all, the president was the one who decided if he wanted to return the money and house or not. They did not dare to be so aggressive.

However, they started to hate Philip even more. This was a trait shared by humans. If they could not get something, they would hate and resent.

## Chapter 58

"What's going on? Aiden's the one who solved this, right? Why is Mr.

Collins here for Philip?" "Are you only seeing it now? Who is Philip? Isn't he just a piece of trash?"

"Martha is unreliable. She's treating us like we're fools!" The seniors gathered together and started gossiping. Their faces were filled with shock and envy. Martha could see it now. Mr. Collins had come here for her son-in-law. She pulled Philip to one side and asked in a flattering way, "Philip, do you know Mr. Collins?" This was the first time

Philip felt this kindness from her. Philip wanted to tell her the truth, but after pondering, he said, "Mom, you're mistaken. How would I know a man like Mr. Collins? I just called a friend of his and coincidentally, he's responsible for this. Maybe he's the one exerting pressure on him?" When Martha heard that, she was not suspicious. She nodded and said disappointedly, "I knew it. You're just a coward. How would you know people like Mr. Collins?"

Philip frowned. His mother-in-law's attitude toward him changed so quickly. "Alright, leave the rest to me. Don't talk anymore," Martha said coldly. She was worried that a foolish guy like Philip would ruin things by running his mouth. Plus, she still wanted to flex in front of her friends. When she thought

about this, Martha walked away with her head held high. She pointed at Lamar and scolded, "Mr. Collins, I think you have to get in touch with your conscience. You can't just give me something, you have to give everyone something too." Actually, when she said that, she was extremely nervous. After all, she did not know the level of Philip's friend. She did not know how much influence and power Philip's friend had over Lamar. When she saw Lamar frowning, she felt even more nervous. She was even ready to change her mind. If it was impossible, then he should just return hers.

Who knew Lamar would soon agree with a smile on his face. "Madam Yates, you're right. I have to tap into my conscience. We'll just go according to our initial plan. Everyone will get returns. Please go register now and I'll ask my staff to get the money from the bank later." Cheers erupted from the crowd after a few seconds of silence. "Thank you, Mr. Collins! Thank you, Lucrative Funds Finance Company!" "Martha, you're so amazing. This is all thanks to you and your son-in-law." "Martha, are you hiding something from us? Didn't you say Philip is useless?" After a while, the entire group of seniors was sweet-talking Martha. She felt like she was about to float away. When they asked about Philip, Martha lied with no shame. "Oh, it's nothing. Philip is still okay. He knows Mr. Collins from a long time ago."

When she said that, everyone started flattering her non-stop. This was the proudest Martha had ever felt. On the other side, Aiden was ignored by

everyone. He glared at Philip with a horrible expression on his face. Then, he snuck away silently. That was so embarrassing! Philip beat him! He even had connections! When he got into the car, he called his father furiously.

"Dad, did you help me ask or not?" "Ask what? Get your \*ss back here right now! Stop getting yourself involved in this! The party with Civil Trading Group is in a few days. Get back here and make preparations," Gordon yelled angrily on the other side of the phone. After he hung up the phone, Aiden punched the steering wheel in anger. He glared at Philip through the car window. "Philip Clarke, I'll never forgive you." When it was done, Martha warned Philip when they were going home. "You have to keep this secret for me, okay? If not, I'll ask Wynn to divorce you! Also, take me to see your friend next time. I have to thank him personally." Actually, Martha already had a plan. She would prepare more backups as her son-in-law. She would not change her opinion about Philip because of what happened today.

Trash would always be trash. With no choice, Philip agreed. After everyone left, he got into the Benz with Lamar. A short while later, the car stopped in front of the entrance of Gopher Delivery Services. Theo and Lamar drove away after Philip got out. When he got to the entrance, he saw Agnes playing with Mila. Agnes was a kind and attentive woman. One could tell that she liked Mila a lot. Today, she was wearing a red girdle skirt. Her long and curly hair that was resting on her back gave her the charm of a mature woman. "Mr. Clarke, you're here." When Agnes saw Philip, she walked over with Mila. She had a smile on her face. "Daddy!" Mila opened her arms and asked for hugs happily. Philip took over and played with Mila for a while. Then, he asked, "How's the progress?" "I made a reservation. We can go get the bikes now," Agnes said before asking hesitantly, "Mr. Clarke, are you sure you want to change all of the bikes to Harley-Davidsons? They cost tens of millions." Philip smiled and played with Mila. He said,

“Yes, change all of them.” In a blink of an eye, Agnes drove her Volkswagen CC

with Philip to the Harley-Davidson shop in Maple Road. Philip walked into the shop first while Agnes went to park the car. When he got in, he heard a

sweet voice. “Hello, Sir. Are you here to look at bikes? Which one do you have your eyes on? I can introduce it to you. This is the latest Harley Cruiser FXDRTM114. The promotion price for it right now is 340,000 bucks.”

“Alright, how many do you have?” Philip asked. “How many?” The salesperson was stunned. What did he mean by how many? When he saw the puzzlement on her face, he explained, “It’s like this. I like Harleys. So, I want to buy 100 for my staff.” He liked Harleys, so he’s buying 100 Harleys for his staff. What did that mean? Was he a nouveau riche?

## Chapter 59

This was the most savage statement Isabelle Ford had ever heard after so many years of selling Harley-Davidsons. He just came up and asked her if they had 100 bikes. Isabelle was stunned. After a while, she said bitterly,

“Sir, are you sure you want 100? And you want 100 of the latest models?”

Philip nodded indifferently. “Right. Do you not have that many? If not, it’s fine as long as they are Harleys.” Isabelle was stunned once again. It was fine as long as they were Harleys? Just how much did this man like Harleys?

“Sir, we only have 32 in stock. We just did the count this morning. We don’t have 100,” Isabelle said sadly. Was this man really a nouveau riche? When Philip heard that, he lifted his eyebrow and looked around. “Only 32?”

According to Philip’s calculation, he would at least need 100. Even though they only had more than ten employees, it would be fine if he hired more

people. This was the first time Isabelle met a client who wanted to buy 100

Harleys in one go. She could not help but look at Philip up and down. What if he was crazy? After looking at him, her face changed. This guy’s outfit was very normal. He was wearing a pair of jeans that were already white from frequent washing and a white t-shirt. He was also wearing a pair of dirty sport shoes, and he had a rough stubble on his face. A person like this could afford 100 Harleys? Was he just here to be pretentious? When she thought about this, Isabelle’s expression fell. After seeing Philip deep in thought, it made her even more sure that this guy was here to cause trouble.

“Sir, do you still want them?” Isabelle asked while controlling her emotions.

Philip frowned and shook his head. He said, “You don’t have 100 anyway.”

Hehe. This time, Isabelle smirked coldly. He had just blown his cover. ‘100?’

I think you can’t even afford one. Why are you still pretending to be rich?’

“Are you sure you’re here to buy motorcycles?” Isabelle said in a despicable way as she crossed her arms. In just a second, she became arrogant and overbearing. “Yeah, I’m here to buy motorcycles. 100. Do you have them?”

Philip frowned. This salesperson did not have the enthusiasm she had just now. “Enough! How long are you going to pretend? 100? I don’t think you can even afford just one! Can’t you see where you are before coming here to put up an act?” Isabelle started shouting in anger. ‘Who the hell is he?’

How dare he come and cause trouble in the early morning? He must be tired of life!’ “How do you know if I can afford them or not? Plus, I made a reservation.” Philip was unhappy. Why was this salesperson looking down on him? Plus, did she swallow a stick of dynamite this morning? Or was she suffering from an irregular period? “Hahaha, are you kidding me? You’re saying you can afford 100?” Isabelle looked at Philip from head to toe and scoffed. “Sir, if you want to buy a car with two wheels, please go out and turn right. Yadea is just right there. A poor man like you should drive a motorcycle like that. Plus, it’s eco-friendly.” “Isabelle, stop joking. A poor man like him wants to buy a motorcycle?” Another salesperson walked over and jeered. “Do you see what he’s wearing? I don’t think he can even afford

a Yadea. He’s just here to take pictures and post them on his social media to show off.” Isabelle chuckled sarcastically and warned Philip. “Get out now. Not every piece of trash can come in here.” Philip was agitated. These people were too snobbish. Did they not know that the rich liked to keep low profiles? Did he really look that poor? Agnes ran in from the door at this moment. She asked, “Mr. Clarke, what’s wrong?” Philip shook his head and looked at the Harleys in the shop. “Let’s go. They don’t welcome us here.”

“Don’t welcome us?” Agnes asked surprisingly. Looking at the overbearing salesperson, Agnes knew what was going on. “Hello, I made a reservation to look at the motorcycles today. Please get your manager for me,” Agnes said unhappily. She was trying to control her emotions. “What reservation?

There are no reservations today. Get out now. These two actors have even started acting. Mr. Clarke? Are you two idiots?” Isabelle scolded like a madwoman. “You!” Agnes was livid. Philip grabbed her arm and said, “It’s fine. We’ll go next door.” Agnes stomped her feet in anger. The two turned around to leave when Isabelle said sarcastically, “Hehe, you have no money for Harleys yet you want 100.” “Yeah, the moment he came into our shop, I knew he was only here to look at the motorcycles. Next time, we have to put a signboard outside of our shop that says, ‘Poor people and dogs are forbidden to enter’.” Philip clenched his fists and suppressed his anger. He walked out of the door and turned left into a shop selling BMW motorcycles.

When he entered the shop, a young salesperson came over. "Sir, do you want to buy a motorcycle?" Philip said flatly, "Yes. I'm buying 100."

"Alright, which one do you like? I can let you know more about it," the salesperson smiled and said. Even though he did not think a person dressed like Philip would be able to afford it, he still had to introduce the motorcycles to him as it was his duty. However... Suddenly... The salesperson was stunned. He repeated while stammering, "100?" "Yes. 100."

"Do you have them in stock?" Philip smiled and said. "Insane. That was insane. 100 BMW motorcycles." "Sir, please wait. I'll go get my manager."

## Chapter 60

Thank God the salesperson was quite smart. He called the manager immediately. The manager was a man in his forties. He had a manner that was out of the ordinary. He was smiling and looked amiable. He reached out his hand to Philip. "Hello, Sir. I am the manager of this BMW

motorcycle specialty shop. My name is John Smith." Philip grabbed his hand. "Philip Clarke." John smiled and said, "Mr. Clarke, please come with me." He led Philip and Agnes to a table and personally brewed two cups of tea. He put them in front of both of them. "Freshly made Tieguanyin." After he sat down, John rubbed his hands together. "I heard from Jude that you need ready stock cars?" Philip nodded and said, "Yes, I need 100

motorcycles for my staff." John was taken aback. "100? Ready stock?"

Philip took a sip of his tea and said, "Yeah, I need 100. However, I don't think you have that many here..." John was smart, if not, he would not be the manager. He gritted his teeth and said, "If you need them, I can get you 100 this week, Mr. Clarke." This was a huge business! An astronomical business! He did not dare to dilly-dally. "One week?" Philip was disappointed. "Yes, I can get you 100 in a week," John said and nodded seriously. A lot of shops would not have this ability, but John was different.

First, he was the manager. Second, this was a transaction that involved up to ten million! The other shops would have to cooperate. "No, I need them

now. If you can get me 100 today, I'll take them. A week is too slow. You should know we're a delivery company. We can't wait for even one second.

"The customers will complain if we're slow." When Philip said that, John was shocked. Today? So fast? Wait! Delivery company? F\*ck! Delivery people usually used battery-powered bikes. Mr. Clarke was insane! He was buying BMW motorcycles for his staff to deliver food! Very rich! He was a nouveau riche indeed!

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## Chapter 61

Agnes' expression changed. How much money did Philip have? "How many can you get today?" "Um... I have to try." John trembled. However, he was fueled with motivation at the same time. If he managed to get this business, he would definitely be the best sales representative this year! Ten minutes later. "Mr. Clarke, the 100 BMW motorcycles you're asking for comes up to a total of 28,570,000 bucks." John walked over with his bill.

He had already contacted the other shops and got them to deliver the bikes today. Philip looked at the time and took out his card for the salesperson.

"Take my card." George had given him this card when they were at the dessert shop last time. He said there was 100 billion inside. He could use it however he wanted. This was the first asset the family gave Philip. To be honest, 100 billion bucks was nothing to him. Before this, he saw his family mining for gold and diamonds in Africa and South America. John was still in shock. He grabbed the card while being in a daze. He asked suddenly,

"Are you not going to take a loan?" Huh? This time, Philip was the one who was shocked. "Take a loan? Why should I? I have the money," Philip said.

Nouveau riche! This was a truly rich man! He was buying 100 BMW

motorcycles just like this. After John swiped the card and Philip signed the contract, the former finally came back to his senses. This man really bought them! 'Fck me! He really bought them! It's a transaction of 30 million bucks! 'Oh my. That man is so willing to part with his money. He instantly bought 100! 'Are they hiring? I want to work for him.' Under everyone's envious gazes, Philip took over a bunch of keys from John and walked out the door with Agnes. A bunch of car keys! However, that was not all. He would come back later to get the rest of them. Behind them, the salespeople stood in one row and yelled in unison, "Congratulations Mr. Clarke for your 100 new BMW motorcycles." They were yelling very loudly. The staff in the Harley-Davidson specialty shop were amused by what they heard, so they ran out to see what was going on. Isabelle was one of them. "Fck me!

BMW sold 100 bikes? That's a 30 million transaction!" "Who's that rich person? Let me see." "Over there! He's coming." The staff from Harley-Davidson stood at their shop and watched the people who were walking out from the BMW motorcycle specialty shop next door.

## Chapter 62

The group of people was squeezing their heads to see what was going on.

They wanted so badly to see who that nouveau riche was. 100 BMW

motorcycles! That many would cost 20 to 30 million bucks! "He's here!"

someone from the crowd yelled. Everyone's eyes were glued to the people who were walking out of the BMW shop. The leader was a middle-aged man. They knew him. He was Manager Smith, the manager of the BMW

motorcycle specialty shop. He was walking with a young man. He was courteous and polite to him. He kept on nodding and bowing. He only stopped until he escorted the man into a BMW X8 that was already prepared prior. This was the level of service for a huge client. They would get a car to drive them around. The people in the Harley-Davidson shop did not even get to see the face of the nouveau riche before he got into the car and left.

There were too many people there, so they could not take a closer look. "I can't see him. Who is that? He's so rich. Why didn't he buy the bikes from us?" someone grumbled. Indeed, 100 BMW motorcycles would easily cost a few million. He was basically giving away money. "I remember now. Is it the one who we chased out just now? Didn't he want to buy 100 Harleys?"

someone said loudly. In an instant, everyone fell silent. Isabelle's face fell.

She only came back to her senses when the car drove away. She yelled,

"How is that possible? How would that person be able to afford 100 BMW

motorcycles? Stop guessing. If he could buy 100 bikes, I, Isabelle Ford, will kowtow and apologize to him!" Isabelle was going all the way with that statement. She had no choice. She did not want to embarrass herself. Plus, that poor man who wanted to buy 100 Harleys just now would not be able to afford those. No way! "Yeah, I support Isabelle. You guys were not around when it happened. His clothing was so shabby-looking. If he really had the money to buy 100 BMWs, why didn't he buy from us?" The salesperson stood next to Isabelle and supported her. However, they forgot that they were the ones who kicked him out. Everyone started laughing and making sarcastic remarks. After the crowd dispersed, they went back to do their own things. However, Isabelle felt horrible. After all, it was 100

BMWs. Their neighbor must be hanging up a banner to celebrate right now.

No, she had to go and ask about this. A nouveau riche like this might come to buy a Harley one day when he was happy. With that thought, Isabelle went to the BMW motorbike specialty shop. Of course, she would not go in. She would just wait at the entrance. She knew the buyer would come back to get his bikes. After all, BMW would not deliver 100 bikes here instantly. She was standing at the only road that led to the shop. She would definitely be able to spot that nouveau riche from here. She only had one chance. She had to grasp it tightly. At this moment, a sweet voice came from behind her. "Belle, what are you doing?" Isabelle turned around and saw her cousin, Ruby. She was with her friends when they walked over, the smell of their perfumes lingering in the air. Her friends were dressed very provocatively and stylishly. Nine out of ten men would turn around to look at them when they walked past. Plus, her friends were not too bad. They had nice bodies and were not stingy in showing the world what their mothers gave them. "Miss Isabelle." The other girls greeted. They all knew each other. "It's



fine. I'm just waiting for someone," Isabelle smiled and said.

"Why are you so free today?" Ruby grabbed Isabelle's arms coquettishly

and said, "My birthday is in a few days. I came here to invite you to a meal."

Isabelle rolled her eyes at her and said, "Sure, I'll go." "You have to bring some rich men over. My friends are in their 'window period'. They're desperate," Ruby said gleefully. Then, the gang chatted with Isabelle for a long while.

## Chapter 63

Ruby was impatient. She asked while looking around, "Belle, who are you waiting for?" "A nouveau riche. Do you see that banner? He bought 100

BMW bikes for 30 million." When Isabelle said this, she could not help but feel envious. Why could she not meet someone rich like that? "What? 100?

30 million?" Ruby's eyes were wide from shock. Her mouth was wide open too. One could fit two eggs into her mouth. "Isabelle, is that true?" "Wow.

What a rich man. Why didn't I come here earlier?" "No way. I'm waiting for him here too. Maybe he'll take a fancy to me?" The few girls started chattering. At the same time, they did not forget to take out their makeup bags to touch up their faces. They were acting like they were going on a blind date. The only downside to this was that the wind was strong, so there was a lot of dust particles in the air. However, they did not care. There was a nouveau riche who could buy 100 BMW bikes with 30 million bucks. As long as they could get their hands on him, they would not mind eating dust out here. Isabelle shook her head helplessly when she saw their excited faces. Was she not just like them? It would be enough for her to meet such a rich person in her life even if it was just one time. Ruby kept looking around. She wanted to barge into the shop and ask about the man's background. If possible, she did not mind dumping that coward, Howard, aside. "Belle, why didn't he buy with you guys if he's so rich? Doesn't your shop specialize in selling bikes like these?" Ruby asked weakly. Isabelle shook her head and smiled bitterly. "If I knew, I wouldn't be waiting here."

Then, she thought of something. She scoffed before saying, "Right, let me tell you guys something hilarious." When they heard that there was gossip,

the girls lifted their ears and listened carefully. They were like baby birds who were waiting for their mother to feed them. They asked impatiently,

"What's so funny? Look at you laughing away." "Yeah, tell us, Isabelle."

Isabelle had successfully elicited the girls' curiosity. "You have no idea.

This morning, a man came to our shop to buy bikes as well. He said he wanted 100 Harleys! I was

shocked, so I thought to myself, 'Are we having a huge client today?' However, we don't have 100 bikes. We only have 32.

So, I told him that honestly, and guess what he said?" "What happened next?

Tell us!" The girls' eyes were wide from anxiousness. "I said we only have 32. That man looked disappointed and said, 'Just 32?' With that tone, I knew he never wanted to buy them. If you were really rich, you'd just say it's fine if we don't have 100. However, did you know that man was wearing a pair of white-washed jeans and had stubbles all over his face? I was furious. He was clearly not right in the head and was trying to cause trouble in our shop, so I kicked him out." When Isabelle said that, she still looked mad. "No way. A person like that still exists?" "I got it. That person must have seen that someone bought 100 BMW bikes, so he purposely went to your shop to pretend to buy too. How cheap!" "Wow, how embarrassing. That man is the scum of society." "If I were him, I would not want to live anymore." "Never mind. He's just crazy. Let's not talk about this." Isabelle smiled. "Right, Ruby, where are we going for your birthday?" "Dunhuang Restaurant,"

Ruby smiled and answered. The girls started chatting again while waiting.

Everyone had their own plans in their hearts. Isabelle did not want to chat anymore, so she kept looking in the direction of the junction. Her heart was on that man who bought the 100 BMW bikes. Humans were selfish. She hoped that the nouveau riche would take an interest in her. If that were the case, she would not have to worry about her livelihood anymore. "Right, Belle, what's the name of that crazy guy who wanted to buy 100 Harleys? I want to know a guy like him. He's so thick-skinned." Ruby joked and looked at the junction. "You have no idea. Howard's friend, Philip, borrowed money from him not long ago and I scolded him. That man is the

same as the guy you saw today. They're all trash." When she thought about Philip, Ruby felt anger bubbling in her heart. She had to ask Howard to stop contacting this friend of his. "Never mind. Those people are just idiots. Why do you want to know him?" Isabelle laughed and scolded. Before this, she heard Ruby complaining about Philip being scum. He kept borrowing money from everyone. She heard he was depending on his wife and had a sick daughter. She wondered how a person like that could bear to live on.

When they were waiting for that person, two figures appeared on the junction. Isabelle's eyes widened as a cold smile appeared on her lips. She said, "Girls, do you remember that crazy guy I mentioned just now? There, that's him."

## Chapter 64

The girls looked over to where Isabelle was looking at and saw a shabby-looking man with a plastic bag. He was walking toward them. After Ruby saw his face, she was taken aback. "Philip, what are you doing here?" He was everywhere. What was he doing here, though? Philip was surprised. He did not expect to run into a bitch like Ruby here. When he thought about what had happened at the hotel, Philip felt

horrible. How should he describe this? Howard was his friend, and he did not know how to tell Howard about this. He could only find a suitable opportunity. "Philip?" Isabelle shrieked. A cold smile appeared on her lips, and her face was filled with sarcasm. "So he's that Philip you were talking about. They're the same kind of people indeed. They're the same person!" "What do you mean?" Ruby was confused. "He's the crazy guy I told you just now. That poor guy who went to our shop to buy 100 Harleys!" Isabelle mocked. Her face was filled with disdain and mockery. "Dang! So he's that idiot!" "I didn't expect to see someone like this. Seeing for oneself is better than hearing from many others!" "He looks so shabby. Look at him. He's even holding a plastic bag. Is he a garbage collector?" In a flash, the women started to ridicule and jeer at him with malice. Each and every one of them was arrogant and obnoxious. They were like rich ladies who just saw a scrap collector. They were feeling extremely pleased with themselves. Ruby did not expect the man in Isabelle's story to be Philip. Her eyes were filled with detest as she said, "How unexpected, Philip. You're in this state now. How embarrassing." "What's wrong with me?" Philip frowned, agitation evident on his face. "Oh, you're still pretending. How shameless. My cousin told us everything. There are not a lot of people like you now." Ruby lifted her eyebrow and crossed her arms. She gave off an obnoxious vibe. "Who are you? What are you talking about?" Agnes had been standing behind Philip the entire time. When she saw that the women were being rude to Philip, she went up and questioned them. "Agnes, let's go." Philip felt helpless. He shook his head and did not want to pay attention to them. He turned around to leave. "Pah!" Ruby spat. She looked at Philip in disdain. At this moment, a familiar voice sounded. "Hey, isn't that the delivery uncle? What a coincidence!" That voice sounded like nails on a chalkboard. Philip turned around and saw three youngsters walking over to him arrogantly. Lynn was there as well. She was following behind the two men. Philip knew those men. They were Kyle and Jacob from the accident that night. "Fck me!

Uncle, are you here to buy a bike? But you're so poor. Can you even afford it?" Kyle approached Philip and patted his shoulder before saying sarcastically. "My, my, Uncle. You ran away last time and I've been looking for you this entire time. I didn't expect to run into you here. You won't be able to run now." It looked like Jacob was trying to block Philip from walking away. This man was poor. He managed to escape last time, so they had to get some money from him this time. Coincidentally, Harley-Davidson just launched their new model and they were short on cash.

However, Philip did not pay attention to them. They were just snotty kids.

He coldly looked at Lynn behind them and noticed that she did not dare to look at him. She must be feeling remorseful. "Lynn, don't you have anything to say to me?" Philip asked coldly. Lynn crossed her arms and did not look at him. She said, "I... What do I have to say? It's not entirely my

fault. Your daughter was the one who ran all over the place. Can you blame me for that? Plus, we found her, so what else do you want?" Lynn complained, her face cold. She was not happy about Philip's attitude toward her. How dare a spineless coward question her? Damn it! "Hey, what are you talking about? Are you trying to cause trouble? Do you believe that I'll slap you? Do you believe that I'll fck you up?" When Jacob saw that Lynn was feeling wronged, he was infuriated. Hence, he pushed Philip. Lynn's brother-in-law? Sorry, to him, he was just a piece of trash who was living off a woman. Coincidentally, Isabelle, Ruby, and the other women were watching what was going on. They scoffed and said, "Look,

he's just a useless bum yet he's talking big about buying 100 Harleys. I've never seen anyone like him." When Kyle and his gang heard that, they started guffawing after being stunned. "What the hell? 100 Harleys?" Kyle laughed and pointed at Philip sarcastically. He was impressed by how he blew his own horn. Isabelle smiled coldly and said, "Yeah, he came to our shop this morning and said he wanted to buy 100 Harleys. I kicked him out in the end." In the next second, the crowd started howling. Lynn could not hold in her laughter as well. She lifted her eyebrow and said in disdain, "Trash will always be trash. I don't know why my cousin hasn't divorced you yet." Then... Philip opened his mouth calmly, "Who said I can't afford them? I've already bought them..." "Hahaha! I'm going to die from laughter." Isabelle interrupted Philip and was smirking coldly. "Are you saying you're the one who bought 100 BMW bikes? Why don't you take a piss and look at your reflection? How dare you blow your own horn here?" When Kyle heard that, he said, "BMW sold 100 bikes?" At that moment, Isabelle told everyone about the mysterious nouveau riche who bought 100 BMW bikes. After she said that, everyone was envious. They had to know who this nouveau riche was. Kyle smirked in disdain and said, "Uncle, you're so shameless. If you're the one who bought 100 BMW bikes, I, Kyle Lyon, will change my last name to yours!" "Me too!" Jacob added while chuckling. In their eyes, Philip was just a joke. This man's life was too lamentable. He was living his life through imaginations. However, things were not as they expected. Philip looked at the crowd coldly and said, "You're Kyle Lyon and you're Jacob Wells?" Chapter 65 "Why are you calling us, Dad?" Kyle puffed up his chest. He looked extremely obnoxious. "I'm sorry, I don't have such unfilial sons like you two," Philip said calmly. In an instant, Kyle and Jacob were stunned. Was this guy sick of living? Suddenly! Philip opened the plastic bag he was holding and a bunch of BMW bike keys was displayed in front of everyone. They were stunned. Everyone was in shock. Isabelle, Ruby, and the rest of the group were wide-eyed as their jaws dropped to the ground. They were speechless. They were shocked to the core! The entire bag of keys with the BMW logos was so dazzling. Did he really buy 100 BMW bikes? What the fck did this mean? Why did he have the keys? However. In the next second, Ruby walked over and snatched away Philip's bag. She smashed it to the ground and slapped him across the face. She pointed at his nose and yelled,

"Have you not embarrassed yourself enough? You're just delivering the keys and you're feeling proud of yourself. Who gave you the courage to pretend to be that nouveau riche? How disgusting!" In the next second, everyone had a sudden realization. They all started humiliating him. "Damn.

I thought he bought them. He's just delivering the keys. You really can see all kinds of weird things if you live long enough." "How embarrassing. Was it worth it to put on an act? See, you're being slapped now." "Lynn, your brother-in-law is really something else." Lynn was feeling helpless. She felt ashamed. She scolded while stomping her feet, "He's not my brother-in-law! He's just an idiot!" Philip's face was red. He did not see that slap coming. Also, he was the one who bought the bikes. The keys were all here.

They did not believe him. At that moment, he felt anger rising in his chest.

His eyes went cold and he said in a low voice, "Ruby Ford, you're asking for death." "Hehe, so what? You can't accept this? I even resent that I dirtied my hand by slapping a person like you." Ruby looked at him with her chin.

She looked very arrogant. Everyone was watching as the drama unfolded.

They were feeling pleased. Smack! Agnes had been watching what was going on. She could not take it anymore. She walked over and slapped Ruby across the face. She said coldly, "You presumptuous woman! How dare you slap him?" Ruby's face turned to one side, and she clutched her face. She stared at Agnes with wide eyes and shrieked, "How dare you slap me? Girls, get her! Throw her on the street naked!" Chaos! It was utter chaos!

Suddenly! A middle-aged man ran over from the BMW motorcycle specialty shop. He yelled loudly, "Stop it! What are you doing?" John had just come back from delivering the bikes when he saw what was happening.

His eyes almost fell out of his skull. That was the nouveau riche who bought 30 million worth of bikes! If he was being attacked in front of his shop, his transaction would be voided! Smack! John ran over while drenched with sweat. He did not even ask what was going on. He just slapped Ruby a few times across the face when he got there. "You mad woman! How dare you be so rude to Mr. Clarke? You're really looking for death!" John was like an erupting volcano. His entire body was burning. He was beyond furious!

## Chapter 66

"Stop fcking standing there! Get those mad women!" John was vehement. He roared at the salespeople at the entrance who was looking at them. After that, he walked over and grabbed Ruby's arm. Then, he did a body slam. Yes! A body slam! Bam! After a scream, Ruby was thrown to the ground. Her face was facing downward, completely covered in dirt. The most important thing was that there was a puddle on the ground. Ruby's face was being pressed into the puddle. It was such a tragic sight. The salespeople saw that their manager going insane, so they rushed out and pressed everyone including Isabelle to the ground without saying anything. They needed to use violence to deal with these btches. In an instant, the scene was in chaos. Those women who were dressed glamorously were all having intimate contact with the ground. Their bodies were covered with dirt. They did not look like the flirtatious women they were before. Lynn and the gang wanted to run, but unfortunately, they were being pressed on the ground as

well. Kyle and Jacob wanted to fight back, but after they were punched a few times, they became more obedient. Lynn's situation was slightly better.

She had squatted down immediately, so nothing happened to her. "F\*ck!

You're all insane! How dare you touch me! I'll kill all of you! I know Tiger!

Let go of me!" Ruby was being pressed on the ground by John. Her face was covered with dirty water. She was spitting out dirt and water from her mouth. She let out a loud shriek. She was supposed to be a goddess who radiated grace and charm. Now, however, she was being beaten and pressed on the

ground. No man would be able to stand this sight. "Let me go, you disgusting pigs!" "How dare you touch me? I'll ask Tiger and his gang to destroy your shop!" "Ruby, go get more people!" The girls did not care about their images anymore. They were all struggling on the ground. "This is what you get for being rude to Mr. Clarke." John yelled and let go of Ruby. Then, he smiled charmingly and nodded to Philip respectfully, "Mr.

Clarke, you're back. Everything's ready." After he said that, John waved his hand and seven to eight tall female salespeople walked over. They were smiling flirtatiously while walking over with top-grade boxes stamped with BMW logos. Then, they opened the boxes. There were 10 BMW keys meticulously placed in each box. They looked dazzling under the sun. "Mr.

Clarke, the remaining 60 keys are all here. Do you need me to take you to see the bikes?" John was smiling respectfully. His face was blossoming like a flower. Isabelle, Ruby, and the rest of the gang were stunned by what they were seeing. After they got up from the ground, they did not even care to tidy themselves up. When they were about to start fighting, they saw the sight before them. They were stunned. Six top-grade boxes. Inside the boxes, there were 60 keys for the BMW bikes. Plus, these were all for Philip! Impossible! Ruby was the first one to reject this. She rushed over and shrieked, "You're wrong! You must be! How can he afford these? He even wanted to borrow money from my boyfriend. He's just a penniless fool!" Ruby lost her mind. She started to make an unreasonable scene and was being deliberately provocative. She pushed those female salespeople

and pushed one of the boxes to the ground. The keys scattered all over the floor. Her face was covered in dirt and water. She was like a monkey that had lost its mind. She pointed at Philip maliciously and yelled, "Impossible!

You're not the one who bought these. No way! You must have fooled them.

It must be! Say, who do those keys belong to? Tell me!" Ruby could not stand this. Isabelle was also so shocked that she was speechless. However, what she saw was real. He was the one who bought them! Suddenly, there was a loud cry. Isabelle broke down and started wailing. She had kicked a nouveau riche out herself. He wanted to buy 100 Harleys! She had sinned!

Why was she so stupid? Why did she look down on him? That was a 30

million transaction. Her commission would have gone up to a million bucks!

"Yeah, it's definitely not him! You must have made a mistake!" Isabelle fell apart. She could not believe this. She grabbed John and shrieked while sobbing. Smack! John was annoyed. He waved his hand and slapped Isabelle and Ruby. Those two mad women's brains started buzzing after getting slapped. Then, he pointed at Isabelle's nose and scolded angrily,

"Isabelle, stop acting crazy in front of me. Remember how you hopped to Harley-Davidson? You should know that better than anyone. I'm being kind for not settling scores with you. However, I have to thank you today. You're the one who gave us such a big client." When he said that, John looked pleased. On the other hand, Isabelle was shaking her head while having an emotional breakdown. She screamed,

“No way! How does he have so much money for bikes?” Chapter 67

She refused to believe this. Ruby did not believe this. Kyle and Jacob did not believe this either. Lynn also did not believe this. She knew what kind of person her brother-in-law was. He was just a spineless coward who lived off of a woman. He even borrowed money from everyone to cure his daughter. How would a man like him have 30 million to buy 100 BMW

bikes? Where did he get the money? However, at this moment, Philip put

his hand behind his back and said indifferently, “I never said I had no money. You’re the one who put a label on me. So what if I have no money?”

So what if I do? Everyone only has one life and this is the first time everyone became human. There’s no reason for me to submit to everyone else because I have no money nor power. Also, there’s no reason to bully someone because one’s rich or powerful. I didn’t ask you to be kind, I just wanted to tell you some principles.” Philip’s voice was resonating. Now that everyone’s eyes were on him, his words were amplified even more. Philip looked at everyone and said with a cold smile, “I, Philip Clarke, has a lot of money. If you’re not convinced, then you should just stay on the floor. If you’re not happy with me, I have all the money in the world to make you kneel on the floor and lick my feet.” He sounded so domineering. He had sounded so righteous in his speech earlier, but in the next moment, he became overbearing. Everyone was shocked. Especially Isabelle and her gang. They were looking at Philip with complicated eyes. Philip was enjoying their gazes on him. They looked like they were in fear and yet, they were unconvinced at the same time. At that moment, a horde of BMW bikes sounded loudly from the junction. The riders stopped and parked the bikes.

Then, they took off their helmets and got down. They were lined up in neat rows. The ones in the shop were also being driven out. They all stopped at the plaza with the engines rumbling. 100! There were 100 bikes! It was such a sight. Everyone took in a deep breath. Several passersby stopped and took pictures of this. Philip said to John, “Drove them to Arc de Triumph Hotel.

We’ll be having dinner there tonight.” After that, John nodded and took out his walkie-talkie. He announced to the drivers that were called in from all over the city. “Hurry, Arc de Triumph Hotel, now!” Vroom! The 100 BMW

bikes drove down the street with their engines rumbling loudly. Isabelle and the gang sat on the ground lifelessly like their spines had been taken out after Philip left. They started wailing loudly without caring about their images. Ruby bit her red lips fiercely. Blood started seeping out from the wound. She looked at Isabelle with red eyes. “Belle, do you believe that he’s

that nouveau riche?” Isabelle said while smiling bitterly, “What else can I believe in? They’ve already driven the bikes away.” She knew she was in deep trouble. She had kicked out such a big client. A discharge letter would definitely be waiting for her. At this moment, John walked over. He patted the dust on his suit in a pleased manner and towered over the wan and sallow-looking Isabelle. “Thank you.” That one statement broke Isabelle’s last defense. However, Ruby still refused to believe this. She got up

and grabbed John. She asked, "I want to know why he bought so many bikes."

John thought Ruby was good looking, but she was too snobbish. He said coldly, "Mr. Clarke has a delivery company. He's changing bikes for his staff. Mr. Clarke is so generous. From now on, all of the delivery guys in Riverdale will be riding the BMW bikes from our shop. How fcking flashy." After he said that, John guffawed and left. Ruby was stunned for a while. Then, she stomped her feet and screeched, "Fck! Philip Clarke! "He lied to all of us! He did not buy the bikes! His company is just changing their bikes! He's pretending to be the boss to flex on us!" Ruby was screaming and shrieking to release her anger. She did not believe that Philip had ten million bucks. She figured that Philip's boss wanted to change the bikes in his company and he was just here on behalf of his boss. Her friend started gathering around. They were all in disbelief. After they understood what was going on, it was like they were being injected with chicken blood.

They pointed and hurled abuses at the figure that was long gone. Lynn and the guys were still there. When they heard that, they let out sighs of relief.

"F\*ck me. Lynn, your brother-in-law really is something else. He's a whole new level of pretentiousness." Kule nodded and smirked coldly. "He's just a good-for-nothing!" Lynn hurled some abuses at him resentfully before leaving with Kyle and Jacob. Her brother-in-law was so devious! On this side, Ruby took out her phone and made a call. Then, she started sobbing and saying coquettishly, "Tiger, where are you? You have to help me. Sob, sob, sob..."

## Chapter 68

On the other end of the phone, a boorish male voice roared, "Which fcker dared to offend you? Do they want to die?" "Tiger, you have to stand up for me. Sob..." Ruby looked so pitiful when she cried. "Okay, stop crying. Tell me who that is and I'll fck him up for you!" On the other end of the phone, a heavily built man and a few of his men were eating at Jade Pavilion. It was none other than Tiger. At that moment, he was shirtless. Tiger was a hot-tempered person, so he was extremely irritable. Ruby was his lover. Anyone who crossed Ruby would be slapping Tiger across the face. He had to find that person! He had to make that person know that no one could touch his woman. He did not care who that was! Half an hour later, Ruby and the girls came to Jade Pavilion. Ruby still looked wretched at that moment. Although she redid her makeup, she also added some fake bruises on the corner of her eyes and lips. When they saw each other, she was like a sticky carp. She slid coquettishly into Tiger's arms. She cried, "Tiger, look! He hit me until I became like this. You have to stand up for me!" Tiger saw the bruises on Ruby's face and flew into a blind rage. He slammed his hand down on the table, making all the wine glasses jump. The wine glasses then fell off the table. He yelled, "Fck! Who the fck is so unbridled? Did you not tell him that you're my woman?" Tiger was livid. Whoever it was, they ruined such a beautiful face. How could he not be mad? This was not about the slapping, but it was about honor. Ruby sobbed and said, "I told him, but he s-said..."

Ruby pretended to stammer from fear. Tiger frowned and roared, "What did



he say? Tell me!” “He said, ‘Tiger who? He’s just a paper tiger. If he has the guts, tell him to come find me and I’ll remove his teeth,’” Ruby said.

She had prepared the script while she was on her way here. She was making this all up. Her friends all nodded and chimed in. “Yeah, Tiger. That guy was looking down on you.” “You have to get him! His name is Philip Clarke.” “I know where they are. They went to Arc de Triumph Hotel.” The women were chattering non-stop. Tiger’s chest was filled with rage and he had nowhere to release it. He got up and kicked the chair he was sitting on.

Then, he roared, “F\*ck! I, Tiger Zander, have been with Theo for seven to eight years and this is the first time I’ve come across someone who looks down on me! Arc de Triumph Hotel, right? You lot, get the boys. We’re going to riot! Get that blind fool back here for daddy!” Of course, Tiger did not know who Philip was. Mr. Clarke? Tiger only knew Mr. Clarke as Mr.

Clarke and not by his full name. Plus, even if he knew that Mr. Clarke was Philip, there were so many Philip Clarks in the world. A roar broke out in the private room. Seven to eight men in the private room got up and barged out angrily. Tiger would not go there personally. He would just make a fool out of himself if he did. Of course, he would ask his men to take care of something as minor as this. Ruby could not hide the cold smirk on her face when she saw Tiger being so furious. She mumbled in her heart, ‘Philip Clarke, you’re dead meat!’ ‘How dare you cross me. I’ll pull out your nerves and skin you alive!’ Back to Wynn. When she got to the office in the morning, she felt that something was off. It was as if everyone was looking at her and mumbling softly about her. When chairman Derrick called for a meeting, Wynn knew for sure that something big was happening. “Did you hear about that? Marketing department’s manager, Gavin Zach, has been fired!” “What? Mr. Zach was fired? No way! He has been working here for so many years. Why was he fired?” “You have no idea, right? I heard he offended someone important in Celestial Club and was beaten half-dead on the spot. He’s still in the hospital. Plus, that person stated that if anyone dares to hire Gavin, there will be only one result—they should just wait for

their company to go bankrupt.” “Dang! Who’s that? Why are they so ostentatious? Tell us!” Everyone in the office was gossiping non-stop.

Wynn heard most of it and was suspicious. At the same time, she believed that the only reason Philip could save her was because of that important person. She was even more determined to know about that person. However, it was unfortunate that no one knew about that mysterious person. Despite that, the more mysterious that person was, the more Wynn wanted to know.

Who could that be? Wynn was in her office. However, her head was somewhere else the entire day. After pondering for a long while, she decided to call and ask Philip. “Hello, honey. What’s wrong?” A familiar voice sounded on the other side of the phone. Wynn was hesitant. She bit her lip and asked, “Philip, I want to ask you about how you saved me from Celestial Club.” It was difficult for her to put that into words. After all, she was almost raped by Rand Turner because she wanted to take on his business. Wynn was still slightly traumatized from that. Philip and Agnes had arrived at Arc de Triumph Hotel. He felt that something was amiss when Wynn asked him that. He decided to lie. “The boss of the

club had some misunderstanding with someone that day. So, I rushed in and saved you without even thinking.” “That’s all?” Wynn asked curiously. It was obvious that she did not buy it. “What’s wrong? Do you not believe me?” Philip laughed and asked. Wynn frowned and said after pondering for a moment, “Alright, I got it.” After she said that, she hung up the phone. She started at her documents and started to space out. Even though that person had not come to save her, it was all thanks to him that she was saved. Who was that mysterious person?

## Chapter 69

Derrick was sitting in the middle of the meeting room. He looked at his staff and coughed. Then, he said, “I’m sure you’ve all heard of Mr. Zach’s dismissal. Don’t make random guesses. The reason he can’t stay as the general manager of the marketing department is because of his health. So,

I’ve decided that Wynn should be the general manager of the marketing department of our company.” After he said that, applause sounded in the meeting room. Wynn was still spacing out. She was thinking about that mysterious man. She only came back to her senses when the person next to her poked her. She stood up hurriedly and said gratefully, “Thank you for trusting me, Mr. Hall. I’ll do my best.” Mr. Hall had already told her about the promotion earlier on. Wynn had already mentally prepared herself. After the meeting was dismissed, Wynn went back to her office. After a while, Rose walked in angrily and shrieked unreasonably, “Wynn Johnston! Why?

You vixen! You must have slept with him! If not, how did you become the general manager? That’s my position, you btch!” Rose was angry. All her time and effort to flatter her way to the top had been for nothing. Plus, she even lost her job now. Human resources told her that she was fired. The first thing she did was to barge into Wynn’s office to create a ruckus. Wynn looked at her indifferently and said coldly, “Rose, don’t you know what you did? You have no right to tell me whether I deserve this position or not. Get out now!” Wynn was extremely frustrated. “Oh? Your tail is starting to show after you got promoted to general manager, huh? You btch! You’re a homewrecker!” Rose did not care anymore. She started yelling and shrieking to make trouble for no reason. When she was pulled out from the office, she was still trying to create a ruckus in the office that was only a few hundred square feet. “Let me tell you all, Wynn Johnston is a btch! She sleeps with the clients whenever she goes out to talk business. She’s a gigantic whre! “Ah! Let go of me! Let go!” “Wynn! Just you wait! I’ll never forgive you!” Wynn grabbed her bag and took a bus to Celestial Club after Rose was dragged out. She wanted to know who that mysterious person was. However, when she got to Celestial Club, she found that it had been demolished. There were a few bulldozers at the scene. Some workers were going on about their jobs. “Hello, can I help you?” Wynn turned around and saw a tall and sexy woman strutting over to her. She was perfect. She had the perfect body and her skin was flawless. From her smile, one could tell

that she was a kind, respectful, and stylish woman. It was Anna. “Miss Johnston, why are you here?” When Anna saw Wynn’s face, she asked curiously. Wynn was shocked. That woman knew her. “Do you know me?”

Wynn asked. "Of course, Miss Johnston. My boss told us specifically to take good care of you." Anna smiled, her eyes turning into little crescents. She looked like she had been kissed by the spring breeze. Wynn's heart trembled when she asked, "Is it the boss who saved me that night?" Anna smiled and nodded. "Miss Johnston, you're hilarious. Do you not know our boss?"

Anna was curious. Were she and Mr. Clarke not married to each other?

Wynn smiled. How would she know that person? She never even saw what they looked like. "Um, can you give me your boss' number? I want to thank him in person," Wynn stammered. Anna pressed her lips together. She was puzzled. However, she still agreed. "Of course." After she said that, she took out her phone and found Mr. Clarke's number. Wynn looked over and saw that it was an unknown number. However, the last four digits of the number made her eyes brighten. 0513! It was her birthday! Was it a coincidence?

After hesitating, Wynn called the number. She was extremely nervous. "I walked past your world and I've lived through it when it was in full bloom.

Please go forward and don't turn back. I'll be the one waiting for you at the end." The ringtone! It was her favorite song. Plus, it was the song Philip sang to her when he proposed to her. Was it another coincidence? Wynn started to feel nervous all of a sudden. She kept seeing Philip's face in her brain. Was it him? At the same time, Philip was standing at the entrance of Arc de Triumph Hotel. Suddenly, his phone rang. He touched his pocket and took out a phone. No, it was not this one. It was the other one. He took it out again and looked at the caller ID. 'Honey.' Suddenly, Philip was stunned. His eyes grew big. How was this possible? She had never called this number before! He only saved her number in his contact list. He never mentioned this number to Wynn before. Plus, he only told this number to three people—George, Theo, and Anna. The people who knew this number

were the ones who knew about his identity! How did Wynn find out about this number? Was his identity exposed?

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Chapter 70

Should he pick up the call? Philip was confused. He called Agnes and told her what was going on. He said, "Muddle through this." Agnes nodded and motioned with her hands to signify 'okay'. She answered the call gracefully,

"Hello, who's this?" On the other side of the phone, Wynn was clearly shocked. She did not expect the other party to be a woman. Plus, her voice sounded nice. However, at the same time, she let out a sigh of relief. It was not him. Had she been overthinking? Hehe, right. Would she not know what kind of person Philip was? She pathetically came up with that illusion despite that. "Hello, Mrs. Clarke. I am Wynn Johnston. Maybe you don't know me, but I was saved in Celestial Club that day thanks to you."

Wynn had prepared a speech on how to thank her. "Oh, it's fine. I'm just happy to help. We're all women, and I hate it when men force women to do dirty things," Agnes said. She was skilled in making conversation. As she said that, she glanced at Philip who was giving her a thumbs up. Why was he hiding this from his wife? "Um, Mrs. Clarke, do you have time? I want to treat you to a meal." Wynn asked probingly. Then, she explained hurriedly,

"Don't worry. I just want to thank you." Agnes did not reply immediately.

She looked at Philip and moved her lips slightly. She whispered, "She said she wants to treat you to a meal. Yes or no?" Philip shook his head. Agnes smiled and replied, "Alright, I'm a little busy recently. I'll get in touch with you when I have time." Actually, Agnes did not even overthink it. She thought Philip had fought with Wynn and they were having a cold war between themselves. She wanted to help them make amends. "Really?"

"That's great." Wynn sounded happy. "Yeah, I have something I need to take care of. I'm going to hang up now." Agnes hung up the phone after she said that. She smiled at Philip and tilted her head. "How did I do?" Philip's face fell. Agnes was taking things into her own hands. However, he could not say anything about that. He could only shake his head and sigh helplessly.

"Never mind. Let's just leave it this way. But please don't make decisions for me in the future, okay? I can't tell anyone about my identity yet, including Wynn." Agnes was shocked. She lost her train of thought instantly. She bowed and apologized. "Mr. Clarke, I... I thought you had a fight with Miss Johnston and that's why..." Agnes' eyes were watery. She looked like she was extremely aggrieved. Philip did not want to scold her anyway, so he smiled and said, "It's fine. Just don't do this again." Then, they turned around and walked into Arc de Triumph Hotel. Tonight, Philip decided to treat the staff of his company to a meal as a reward. When everyone got here, Philip downed his drink. Everyone was curious about how Philip got so rich all of a sudden. "Don't look at me like that. I'm just a normal person. As for the money, they were left for me by my father. I'm still the old Philip even though I'm rich. We're still friends." Philip smiled.

"Philip, what are you talking about? You became rich and you bought our company for ten million bucks. I've never seen you spend money like this."

"Right, but to be honest, you did such a good job of hiding it, Philip. Are you those secretly rich men who only appear in novels?" His old colleagues laughed and said. They were hiding a great deal of flattery in their sentences.

They had no choice. When one became a dragon, millions would want to pay their respects. If even a guy like Philip could become rich, why could they not? However, this was reality. Aside from flattery, they could not do anything else. Before this, Philip had been poor, so they could talk freely. It was different now. They added more respect and flattery in their words.

Philip understood that and addressed this issue. "Alright guys, stop flattering me. Don't you guys know what kind of person I am? Aside from Wilson who always targeted me, everyone else treated me quite

well. I remember all of those. It has nothing to do with being rich or not. It's just a word. I won't forget about you guys because I have what I have right now.

Also, I won't treat you guys unfairly. "So, today, aside from this meal, I also have some little presents for you guys."

## Chapter 71

Philip snapped his fingers. After that, ten tall waitresses with slitted cheongsams walked into the private room in a single file. They were all holding delicate BMW boxes in their hands. When the boxes were opened, the BMW keys were displayed for everyone to see. At this moment, everyone was stunned. "F\*ck me! What is this? BMW... keys? There's about 100 of those. Philip, what are you doing? Are you changing your career to be a key maker?" According to their knowledge of Philip, he would never buy 100 BMWs just because he was a nouveau riche. However, he did spend ten million to buy the company and become the new boss. The BMW keys, though... This could not be... Suddenly, someone from the crowd sucked in a deep breath and yelled, "Gosh! Did you guys forget about the BMW bikes at the parking lot?" At this moment, everyone sucked in a deep breath. Right! There were 100 BMW bikes in the parking lot. They were still discussing heatedly. They were wondering which nouveau riche was hosting a biker party. Was Philip the one who bought all of the bikes?

T-this was unbelievable! "You're right. I bought all 100 of the bikes," Philip nodded and said nonchalantly. Bzz! Everyone was stunned. "Philip, are you for real?" A lot of them were horrified. "What's wrong? I just bought presents for you guys. Plus, we're delivery guys. We have to be fast, right?"

These babies will definitely be as fast as lightning!" Philip said. A few of them had their eyes wide. They were staring at each other in disbelief.

"Philip, are you saying that from now on, we'll be delivering the orders with these BMW bikes?" someone asked with his voice trembling. "Of course,"

Philip said. "From now on, we're going to be the most ostentatious one in our industry. We have to increase our productivity. I have huge goals and I want to be the number one delivery company in Riverdale. Then, I'm going to expand the business all over the country. Agnes, are you confident?"

Agnes was shocked. She got up and nodded before saying solemnly, "Don't worry, Mr. Clarke. I'll do my best." Everyone raised their glasses and promised to work hard and strive for the better. "Sir, your dishes..." The waitress walked into the private room. She wanted to ask Philip about the dishes, but her eyes landed on the keys on the table. She was so shocked that she did not know how to speak anymore. "You can bring them in now.

Right, I said I wanted Lafite from 1982, right? Give me two boxes of them.

Also, give me the best Maotai you have. Give three of them to each table."

“Alright, Sir.” When she left the room, the waitress’s eyes were still on the table. She could not help it. She was so shocked by what she saw. All of the dishes were here. There was shark fin’s soup, bird’s nest, foie gras, Périgord black truffle, shirako from a blowfish, and so on. The colleagues from the company were once again shocked. This was too extravagant. Even Agnes had not eaten a meal as extravagant as this before. “We’ll drink to our hearts’

content tonight. The first glass is to fate. It’s only because of fate that everyone can gather here tonight.” As he said that, Philip lifted his glass and downed the contents. Philip’s alcohol tolerance was not that good, but it was not bad either. It was just so-so. The main point was that his identity right now was too respectable. Everyone had to look up to him. However, despite this, Philip was not snobbish nor arrogant. Everyone lifted their glasses to drink with him. When he saw this, Philip knew he could not escape. He took two tiny sips. When it was time to pay, the waitress walked over with a million-dollar bill. Philip did not even look at it. He swiped his card directly.

After dinner, Philip let Agnes make some arrangements and asked the substitute drivers to drive the cars back to the office. The drivers each got 200 bucks as tips. As he got up, Philip said with a smile on his face, “Let’s have an after-party! Let’s continue this at Smith’s Bar!” “Philip, you’re so

generous!” “Mr. Clarke is so honorable!” “I’ve been wanting to go to Smith’s Bar for a long time, but I never had the money. I heard the chicks there are amazing.” When the waitresses heard that, they all looked envious.

‘Where can I find bosses like him? Give me a dozen of them!’ “Mr. Clarke, do you want to go back to take a look at Mila?” Agnes said in a worried voice when she saw Philip shaking as he got up. “I’m fine. I’m going to let you guys take a two-day leave after this. Paid leaves.” Philip waved his hand. What an affluent nouveau riche! Paid leaves! Did the wind bring him his money? After the battle ended here, Philip and the gang went to another location. However, when he just got out of the door, he heard a curious and mocking voice calling his name. “Philip?”

## Chapter 72

Philip Clarke lifted his gaze and was met with a familiar face. That person was wearing an expression of mocking sarcasm. “Weslie Warren?” Philip frowned. They had been classmates during their university days. In fact, they both fell for Wynn Johnston, making them more of rivals to be exact.

However, Wynn had chosen to be with the talented Philip Clarke in the end.

In regards to that, Wesley still held grudges. He was not any less of a man than Philip was as far as he was concerned. Yet, why did Wynn choose Philip over him? Not to mention, Philip did not have much going for him from what Wesley had heard. Philip’s plan to start his own business failed and he now resorted to earning his keep through delivering food. His daughter was diagnosed with Congenital Heart Defect, and his marriage with Wynn was no longer the way it used to be. The worse the turn Philip Clarke’s life had taken, the more hatred Wesley felt in his heart. It was only normal for men to hold

grudges when the love of their university life was taken away. 'Absolute piece of trash! How dare he make the woman I love suffer!' "Holy sht! It fcking is you, my old classmate!" Wesley laughed heartily as he walked over. Patting Philip on the shoulder, he said, "It has been four years since we last met! I hear you've changed jobs and started

delivering food now? So, how much do you earn a month? Not too bad a salary, I presume." Wesley's tone oozed with arrogant mocking. Philip furrowed his eyebrows and smiled. "It's not too bad." Wesley chuckled.

Knowing that Philip was trying his best not to look weak, he fetched out a shiny golden card and gave it to Philip as one would give beggars change.

Proudly, he proclaimed, "If you ever want to come and eat, simply call my number. I'll give you a discount, seeing how we're old classmates and all."

Philip glanced calmly at the name on the golden business card before him.

Wesley Warren, Manager of Arc de Triumph. Indeed, one would find it hard to compare to Wesley's family background. It had only been three or four years since graduation, and he had already found himself in the position of Arc de Triumph's manager. Arc de Triumph Hotel was one of Riverdale's famous hotels. With chains all over the country, Arc de Triumph was a five-star hotel! Being its manager evidently implied Wesley's ability in the way he did things. The corner of Philip's lips twitched into a slight smile.

"Thanks." Pride swarmed Wesley's eyes as he smiled. "What's there to thank me for? It's not like you'll come here all the time. I'd say once a year at most, no? We're old classmates, it's only right if I get you a discount. Not to mention, I hardly believe you'll be able to afford the food here anyway with your wage as a delivery boy. I've heard that you need money for your daughter's sickness, and by aiding you, I'd like to think I'm also helping Wynn." Wesley made sure to put extra emphasis on his daughter's sickness and Wynn Johnston when he spoke. Suddenly, a thought came to Wesley.

"Hey, I heard people say you're getting a divorce with Wynn? Is it true?"

Everyone envied your relationship back then. It has only been three years though, why the divorce? "Oh, right! It was a shotgun wedding, wasn't it?"

Good job, man. You got on the train before you even paid for the ticket."

Wesley said with a smile, his words dripping with a thick coat of sarcasm.

Philip replied calmly, "I don't think there's much of my divorce with Wynn that's of your concern."

Wesley did not take the hint, sighing. "Philip, I don't want to say this, my dude. But what good is there from delivering

food? You were our idol back in university with your high spirits and all. I admired you then, but what happened to you? How did you get like this?"

Philip squinted. Wesley was a cheap man. Sure, it might seem that they were reminiscing about the past, yet every word he spoke was one of criticism and mocking jabs. Coupled with his arrogant and provocative expression, he held not even an ounce of respect for Philip. "But that's alright. I believe in you. Even though you're merely delivering food right now, hard work is hard work, right? I'm sure you'll get to deliver parcels soon. By the time your divorce with Wynn goes through, I'll definitely chase her again. I still miss her even after all these years." Wesley shrugged. "Oh yeah. There's a reunion party next month. You've got to come, dude, and remember to bring Wynn too since you haven't joined the last two years. Unless you're afraid that the rest of us old classmates will make fun of you?" Philip smiled.

"What are you trying to say?" "Nothing much. It's just that you know how humans are. When we see something pitiful, we can't help but sympathize.

Seeing your failure, I've found myself more at peace." Wesley roared in laughter. What else could he be saying? He was laughing at Philip! Every depressing and resigned thought in his mind disappeared instantly. Looking at Philip's current state made Wesley's heart fill with glee. He stared at Philip, trying to find even a shred of embarrassment or shame in his expression. However, all that met him was Philip's same expression of calm.

Fine, keep pretending! Philip shrugged. "Do you think you're f\*cking cool, Wesley Warren? The road of life is a long one. What makes you think I won't end up at a higher spot than you in the future?" With that, Philip slid the gold card back into the pocket of Wesley's blazer and turned to leave.

Wesley did not like that. Despite how bad a turn his life had taken, Philip was still being arrogant. Back then in university, he was indeed no match for Philip Clarke. As long as Philip was present, Wesley easily became the side character. Now with Philip's life taking a turn for the worse coupled with the large gap between both their statuses, Wesley felt an unparalleled

sense of calm. He wanted to mock Philip with all he had. He wanted to take back everything he lost back then. Including Wynn Johnston.

## Chapter 73

"Wait, Philip, hold on. Why the rush? It's not always that we get to meet old classmates. Let's talk for a little longer." Wesley ran after him. Philip's eyebrows furrowed further, his expression darkening. There was little he and Wesley Warren had in common. Philip would very much rather not deal with old classmates like him anymore. They had changed—changed into people of greater statuses. Philip shook his head and said coldly, "Back then, you were but a piece of trash to me, Wesley Warren. Though I did not expect that you'd still be a piece of trash now." Wesley froze. "What did you say?"

He did not expect a sentence like that to come out from the mouth of a good-for-nothing like Philip Clarke. He called him a piece of trash? Who was the real piece of trash here? "You think that now you're the manager of Arc de Triumph, you're at the top of the world? So cool now, are you? So you're showing



it off to rub it in my face? What's wrong with us delivery boys?

You think you're fcking better than us?" Philip snorted. He had kept it in for long enough. Not wanting to add fuel to the flames, he did not expect his toleration to result in the other's aggravation. "Haha! Philip Clarke you dumb fcker, are you kidding me?" Wesley laughed, his expression potent with means to mock. "I, the manager of Arc de Triumph, earn a monthly salary of 40 thousand! You're just a delivery boy. Even after working your

ss off, I doubt if you can even earn six thousand. Perhaps you only earn slightly more than five thousand a month. What do you have that's better than me in terms of familial background, status, and contacts? How am I not better than you, Philip Clarke? Yeah, I'm fcking better than you, Philip!

What are you gonna do about it, huh?" Wesley could not tolerate how the other was still pretending to be all high and mighty. "You were fcking great during university. You even had yourself a bunch of juniors falling at your feet. Why're you delivering food now? I'll tell you why. 'Cause you suck! You are all pieces of trash in my eyes! So what if I think I'm better than you all?" Wesley seemed proud of himself. Not only had Wesley offended Philip with what he said, but he also offended all of Philip's colleagues who were present at the scene. Now over 60 people were angry at Wesley! Stomping over to him, they surrounded Wesley with a menacing look on their faces. "Sure, all of us deliver food. So what if you're a manager? You're working for other people too!" "What's this now? I heard someone calling us delivery boys pieces of trash. What are you, some kind of god? Think you're on the top of the world?" "Fck this! I hate people like you, I'm gonna fck you up! Absolutely disgusting!" Instantly, the lobby began to riot. Many had resorted to violence. They were letting their fists do the talking. Right then, tens of bodyguards rushed to the scene. With Wesley protected behind them, the bodyguards stood off against Philip's mob of people. "Fck! They have the fcking galls to hit me! What are you doing? Get this group of busybodies out!" Wesley roared as he straightened his suit and touched the spot on his face where he had been punched. The group of bodyguards had Philip's mob of people surrounded in an instant. Merely surrounded and nothing more. There were too many people, after all. Over 60 of them. All of them stood on Philip's side as they glared at Wesley. "Very well, Philip Clarke. Can't get you to leave on your own, huh? Fine. If you don't want to leave on your own, then don't blame me for not being polite!" Wesley glared ominously at Philip. With that, Wesley pulled out his cell and called security. "I've got work for you. Get here!" Elated was an understatement to how he felt at the moment for he could pretty much already see the scene of Philip Clarke being shamefully thrown out of the hotel. Trying to look cool in front of me with a gang of delivery boys? Fck you! At the same time, the head of security arrived only to see the scene of chaos before him.

Shocked, he quickly ran over. "Manager Warren. What happened?" "You're just in time. Throw this gang of f\*cking \*sshholes out!" "I can't do that Manager Warren. These are our hotel's VIP clients!" The head of security was stunned. Although he had no idea what was going on, it was evident to

him that Wesley was picking on Philip's group of people. "What do you mean you can't? They're merely a bunch of delivery boys, how can they be our hotel's VIP clients?" Wesley sneered, a mocking expression painting his face. He then slapped the head of security, pointed his finger at him, and began

to reprimand. "Who's the manager here? If I tell you to throw them out, you throw them out!" "What a waste of space. Talking back to a superior too!" "Manager Warren, they're really our hotel's VIP clients. There're at least 100 BMW motorcycles outside, all parked under this client's name. I can't be responsible for the consequences if I were to throw them out." The head of security did not like it one bit, but he kept it in. Wesley was always arrogant and domineering, so the staff would usually just turn a blind eye.

Yet now he wanted to throw these people, who were evidently VIPs, out?

He would surely be fired if their boss got wind of this. Wesley burst into laughter after hearing what the head of security said. "What kind of joke is this? 100 BMW motorcycles? Who the fck are you kidding?" Wesley laughed harder. He, too, had seen the 100 BMW motorcycles parked outside and was envious. After realizing that such a nouveau riche VIP client had come to the hotel, Wesley initially planned to make connections. When he saw Philip Clarke instead, he decided to mock him a little. Now, someone was telling him that the 100 BMW bikes outside were being used for food deliveries and that they belonged to Philip. This must be a fcking joke!

Yet, right at that moment... Philip took his phone from his pocket and dialed for George Thomas. "Hey, Old Man George. How much to buy Arc de Triumph?"

## Chapter 74

"Young Master, it'll cost you 18 billion to buy Arc de Triumph as there are 50 branches throughout the entire country." On the other side of the line stood George before the floor-to-ceiling window. He was reading off the data report in his hand. His secretary had gotten him a full list of Arc de Triumph's assets and financial statements pretty much the moment Philip

asked. "I don't care how many billions it costs, I want it bought." Philip Clarke sounded evidently annoyed. "Very well, Young Master," George replied and made another call. Instantly, numerous direct calls were made from Riverdale to Arc de Triumph's headquarters in Capital City. That night, a mysterious force began to operate secretly in Riverdale and Capital City. By the side, Wesley stared coldly at Philip and mocked. "Oh? It has been so long since we met. I see your ability to lie through your teeth has gotten better. Purchasing Arc de Triumph? What a bold statement to make."

'Who does he think he is, buying Arc de Triumph like it's no big deal! 'Is he even aware of Arc de Triumph's market price? '20 billion! 'Putting up a cool front now, are you? Hah. As if you're the only one who knows how.

'Still, if you're gonna lie, at least make it fcking plausible. 'What do you take us for? Idiots? Just buying off the entire Arc De Triumph like that.' Not too long later, another call from George arrived. "All preparations have been made, Young Master. You are now the legal owner of Arc de Triumph. After spending a total of 20 billion, all three main shareholders have sold their shares. You now have 100 percent of all the shares, and therefore absolute authority." "Very well. Good job," Philip Clarke replied

calmly. If anything, George Thomas was an efficient man. "Oh, and have their head come here now," Philip Clarke said. Watching Philip converse with someone cryptically over the phone, Wesley sneered. "Oh? Quite the show you've put on here. So who did you call? You want to buy Arc de Triumph, don't you? Go on, do it in front of me right now. The moment you purchase Arc de Triumph, I'll bow and prostrate to you, Philip Clarke." 'Just this Arc de Triumph branch in Riverdale itself costs around 200 million. 'Let alone the headquarters of the group itself costing 20 billion! 'And now you're purchasing the entirety of Arc de Triumph?' At the same time, George had made a direct phone call with the head of Riverdale's branch. "Hey, Mr. Thomas! This is the first time you've called me. How can I help you?" From the other end of the line sounded a polite and mellow tone of a middle-aged man. "Mr. Yeager, our young master is currently at your hotel. He has requested your presence and hopes to see you in five minutes." Hearing him, Zayn Yeager jolted awake. Mr. Thomas' young master. That was a man of great fcking status. "Of course, Mr. Thomas. I'll be there shortly."

Promising so, Zayn Yeager hung up and made a dash for Arc de Triumph.

Back to Wesley who was still staring condescendingly at Philip Clarke.

"You're still keeping up that facade, Philip? Fine! I'll play your little game.

Let's see how fcking cool you actually are!" Both his hands were in his pant pockets while his expression was one of jeering sarcasm. Philip did not seem impatient. While calmly sitting on a seat by the side, he pulled out his phone to video call Mila. She was currently being taken care of by the company's babysitter. He would pick her up later that day. Due to Philip's working conditions and the fact that his parents-in-law had never bothered to take care of her, Mila spent most of her time away in a nursery. Around five minutes later, Zayn Yeager, the head of the Arc de Triumph Riverdale branch, appeared at the lobby's entrance. Setting his eyes on the scene in the lobby before him, he felt a slight unease. He arrived quickly before Wesley and asked, "Manager Wesley, what seems to be the matter?" Wesley was stunned. He did not expect the head of the branch to arrive as per Philip's request. As Zayn was the person in charge of the group's Riverdale branch, Wesley had no choice but to be humble and smile. "It's nothing I can't handle, Mr. Yeager." Zayn Yeager frowned instantly. "Nothing you can't handle? The security team is here and yet you call this nothing? Forget it, I'll deal with this myself." Should Mr. Thomas' young master be offended, it would be the end of his, Zayn Yeager's, career in Riverdale. Following that train of thought, the hair on the back of his neck stood in fear. As for Mr. Thomas' young master... Well, what better person to suck up to? Quickly taking a step forward to screen the group of people before him, he asked courteously, "Excuse me, which one of you is Master Clarke? Mr. Philip Clarke?" Everyone was stunned. Collectively, all gazes fell on Philip. Chapter 75 'Master Clarke?' Wesley was stunned. What a joke! 'Master Clarke? This fcking asshole?' Then, Philip stood forward. "That would be me. I'm Philip Clarke." With that, he pointed a finger at Wesley and demanded,

"From today onwards, this man is to be removed from Arc de Triumph. I don't want to see him in any branch at all. Can that be done?" Zayn Yeager tensed. Glancing at Wesley from the corner of his eyes, he said, "I'm afraid not, Master Clarke." He knew Wesley must have had a conflict with Philip Clarke. Yet to fire Wesley with just a word, that was something Zayn Yeager could not do. Even after disregarding the

fact that doing so was against the rules of the hotel, Wesley Warren's father was one of the hotel's shareholders. That was a person worth a few hundred million! That itself was enough reason to stop him from firing Wesley. However, Philip's next sentence shook everyone to their bones. "You might not know, but I've already purchased the entirety of Arc de Triumph. I am now the biggest shareholder of Arc de Triumph, holding 100 percent of all the stocks."

Hearing him, Wesley doubled over in laughter. "You bought the entire Arc de Triumph? And you hold 100 percent of the stocks? Please, who are you kidding? I don't think you know, but my father is one of Arc de Triumph's shareholders, okay!" Zayn Yeager frowned as well. "Master Clarke, while I am aware of your relationship with Mr. Thomas, I would not advise that you make such jokes in the future. As far as I am concerned, there has yet to be any changes in Arc de Triumph's shareholders." His expression darkened.

Had it not been on behalf of the fact that this was Mr. Thomas' Master Clarke, he would have thrown this arrogant little sht out already. However, the expression Philip wore was too genuine and calm. It did not seem like he was joking. That was something Zayn Yeager could not seem to understand. There was no Mr. Clarke among the list of Arc de Triumph's shareholders. "Oh, yeah. I just bought it, so I suppose the share transfer form will arrive in a bit." Philip Clarke clarified calmly. "Holy fck, Philip

Clarke! If you're going to lie, at least make it reasonable! My dad owns two percent of Arc de Triumph's stocks. It may not seem much, but that's still 300 to 400 million! Do you get it now, you poor fck!" Wesley sneered. Ding dong! Right at that moment, Philip's cell phone pinged to signify the arrival of mail. Clicking on the notification, he showed Zayn Yeager the mail. Zayn was dazed when he read the contents of the mail. Right before him was Arc de Triumph Group's document of proof for the highest authority shareholder. Written on the document was the name of the newly appointed largest shareholder. With only one name present, Philip Clarke owned 100% of all Arc de Triumph Group's shares. Moreover, the document was stamped with Arc de Triumph Group's seal! There was no mistaking its legitimacy. After all, forgery of legal documents was a felony and a risk not worth taking for the sake of play-pretend. "Forgive me, Master Clarke. But I still have to clarify." Zayn was a shrewd man. Taking out his phone, he walked off to the side. It was simple. All he had to do was ask the shareholders of the company, and Wesley's father was the most convenient option of all. After all, Wesley's father owned two percent of the shares. If the transfer of shares was true, Master Clarke would then be the one man he could never offend. In fact, he would have to treat him like one would a Buddha! "Mr. Warren, something has occurred over here that I would like to verify with you if that's okay? Well, uh, we have a Mr. Clarke here who claims that he has purchased all of Arc de Triumph's shares. And there might have been some sort of conflict between him and your son..." From the other end of the line drifted in a panting baritone accompanied by the soft cries of a charming lady. "What the hell? What Mr. Clarke? Bullsht!

The entirety of Arc de Triumph amounts up to 20 billion. Who in the world has the money to buy it all in one go?! Throw the fcker out and leave me alone!" Slam! The call ended. Zayn's expression shifted at the unexpected turn of events. Back where Wesley stood, he continued to glare at Philip. With a frosty gaze, he scoffed. "Hah. I've got to give it to you though, you just had to lie and be cool didn't you? Don't you know my father's also Arc de Triumph's shareholder?" Philip shook his head and simply claimed,

“Nope. Though I suppose as a small shareholder, the transfer of shares shouldn’t have much to do with him either.” “Haha, bullsht! My father’s shares in Arc de Triumph are worth around 300 to 400 million! 300 to 400

million! Do you have any idea how much that is?! You might not even earn that much your entire life. Perhaps the farthest you’ll go is by lying like this.

So sad.” Wesley shook his head, his expression that of mocking pity.

Brushing off the comment, Philip Clarke stated, “That’s fine. Both you and your father will be thrown out of Arc de Triumph in a moment anyway. So if anything, you should feel sad for yourself.”

## Chapter 76

Wesley Warren flushed a deep red! He had been humiliated! ‘How dare this piece of trash say such things? ‘How dare he threaten to throw me and dad out of Arc de Triumph?! ‘Where did this idiot get his bravery from? ‘Fish Leong? ‘This was preposterous!’ “So Philip Clarke, does this mean that as long as I’m not thrown out of Arc de Triumph by the end of today, I’ll hear a ‘Master Wesley’ from your mouth as you kneel before me?” Wesley was pissed. The corners of his lips lifted into a sneer as he spoke. Perhaps, all that Philip had left was his ability to bluff. “Slim chance. Hardly probable.”

Philip did not want to entertain Wesley either, considering his goal here was to have dinner. He never planned to stir trouble, but the other had done nothing but humiliate him the entire time. To turn a blind eye would be a disgrace to his identity as the heir to his family’s fortune! ‘So Wesley Warren wants to be arrogant? ‘So he thinks he holds the higher ground?

‘Very well. Then I shall take away your status and everything you own!’

Right then, Zayn returned after the call with a sour expression. “Master Clarke, I’m afraid that there has yet to be any confirming replies on my behalf. So...” The implications were clear—‘I have yet to receive any news, so I am unable to affirm your document for the transfer of shares.’ Wesley burst into laughter, his expression sarcastic and unkind. “You hear that? Still

fcking posing are you? You have my respect. Why Wynn would choose a good-for-nothing like you is out of my comprehensive abilities!” ‘Hilarious, fcking hilarious! ‘His lie has been seen through, and here he is still calm and unnerved.’ Philip did not say much. He merely opted to reply nonchalantly, “Give it a moment. I believe the man you called is his dad, Samuel Warren? I do suppose he wouldn’t have much of a say at the shareholder meeting with his two percent stocks. So it makes sense that his father doesn’t know of it yet. It should be any moment now, though.” Philip was right. This transfer of shares was an unanimous agreement made by all major shareholders. Minor shareholders had no say at all. As a result, Samuel Warren had yet to receive a notice. Though it would not be too long before he would. With that said, there was nothing more Philip could do, and so he began to chat with his colleagues. “Quite the poser you are, Philip Clarke. My dad has no right, you say? You’re hilarious. Who do you think

you are? The amazing Jack Ma? Or do you think you're Warren Buffett?

You're nothing but dog sht! Purchasing Arc de Triumph? Do you even have 20 billion? Fcking idiot!" Wesley chuckled coldly at Philip. Philip merely shrugged in response. "What difference are you to that of a frog at the bottom of the well? There is more to the world than either of us know, and I would greatly appreciate it if you would be so kind to stop judging me with the limited knowledge you have. You cannot possibly have an idea about how much money I have, for not even I myself know the exact amount. However, it is likely that the people you've mentioned, Jack Ma and Warren Buffet, do not have as much as I do." Fck! Every word that came out from his mouth was pure bullsht! Did he think he was Takumi Fujiwara from Initial D? What ostentatious bullsht! Though, Philip Clarke was not wrong. Even with the total net worth of all the nouveau riche on Forbes, it might still not amount to half the money his family had. Over 70% of the world's riches belonged to his family. Who could possibly be richer than him? It was just that Philip personally did not wish to take over his family business. "Fine, fine. I'll just watch how the fck you plan to lie your

way out of this!" Wesley was infuriated. 'How dare you, Philip Clarke. 'As competitors back in university, I lost. Wynn Johnston married you. 'Now that I'm the manager of Arc de Triumph, there's no way I can't tower over you with my status and social standing! 'You're not the only one who knows how to look pretentious!' Wesley was enraged at that moment, the raging fire in his heart burning mercilessly. Alas, he knew nothing of Philip's past, nor of the power he held. At the same time, in one of Riverdale's five-star hotels. Samuel Warren laid comfortably on the goose-feather bed. Held lovingly in his arms was his newest female secretary. Samuel's phone rang.

The caller ID showed that it was from Arc de Triumph's general finance manager! No longer paying the woman in his arms any attention, Samuel picked up the call. "Hello, Mr. Zach? Has something occurred? An issue so major that you're calling so late at night?" "Mr. Warren. I'm here with a notice. Arc de Triumph has changed its major shareholder. All shares have been transferred to a Mr. Clark, Mr. Philip Clarke. We've cashed your percentage into your bank accounts, amounting to 300 million. We wish for your kind understanding."

## Chapter 77

Hearing that, Samuel froze in shock! 'There has been a transfer of Arc de Triumph's shares! 'Amounting to 20 billion! 'So Zayn Yeager was speaking

the truth when he called just now? 'All 100 percent of the shares? 'No way!

'We're talking about a whole 20 billion! 'Who the fck swallowed the entire Arc de Triumph in one gulp? 'Not even those on the Orienta's list of millionaires can buy it all in one night!' Fear crept up on Samuel. He immediately recalled how Zayn mentioned something along the lines of Wesley having a conflict with Mr. Clarke! 'Crap! I should call and ask.' Shortly, Zayn received a call from Samuel. "Mr. Warren? Is something of the matter?" "Pass the phone to Mr. Clarke." Samuel was restless. Despite not

understanding the other's intentions, Zayn passed the phone to Philip anyway. "Master Clarke, Mr. Warren wishes to speak to you." Philip took the phone and from the other end came the baritone voice of a middle-aged man. "Mr. Clarke? This is Samuel Warren." "Oh? Hello, Mr. Warren." "Mr. Clarke, I apologize if my son has offended you in any way. He was in the wrong, and if you so require, I shall apologize to you personally." Anxiety brewed within Samuel, stemmed from the fear that his son might have unknowingly offended this new and only major shareholder of Arc de Triumph that had appeared out of the blue! 'For a man of this caliber, one can only imagine the tricks he has up his sleeves and the assets and money he possesses! 'He's definitely not one to be messed with!' "Mr. Warren, to tell you the truth, I wouldn't consider myself a man who likes holding grudges. How about we do it this way, then? You sell me every company you have under your name, and we call it even?" "Huh?" Samuel was shocked. He could not understand a thing of what the other person was trying to say. Sure, there were a few companies he owned, but even all of them together were worth 100 million or so only. Moreover, those companies were flourishing right now. Having received a Series A angel round of 20 million, they were planning to invest in the US market and receive a Series B investment of 100 million! As much as these were opportunities to Samuel Warren, they had also become his life force. After all, these companies could be his path to the Forbes list! There was no way he would sell them. "That's a funny joke, Mr. Clarke. Those companies of mine are merely little assets. I'm sure they're too insignificant for you to consider." Samuel chuckled dryly. "Very well, then. Though from what I remember, those companies of yours are close to declaring bankruptcy, aren't they? If my memory serves me right, you've just received a Series A angel round right? And now you're planning for a Series B worth 100 million? What a shame it would be should they end up bankrupt." Philip said calmly with a smile. In his other hand was his own phone detailed with everything George had sent over concerning Samuel Warren. From the moment he was born to his work experiences to the companies under his name and how they were fending, everything was there, written clearly in black and white. Samuel shivered and his eyebrow twitched. "Mr. Clarke, they say you never know someone 'till you've fought them, but I don't think there's a need for that now is there? You're at Arc de Triumph, aren't you? I'll be there shortly." 'End up bankrupt? 'What a bold claim this Mr. Clarke has made. 'To know of my angel round and the investment in markets overseas? 'And yet...' Philip huffed a breath of laughter. "I don't have all the time in the world, Mr. Warren. How about we do it this way? You have half an hour to consider my proposal. If you've thought it through well, then you'll sell me your company. If not, then I suppose you can just wait to declare bankruptcy." Philip was nothing if not calm. That only lead to Samuel becoming more agitated and restless. "Is this some sort of bad joke, Mr. Clarke?" Samuel chuckled suddenly. He refused to believe that one man would have the power to influence his angel round investment and financing corporations overseas. "I've never been one to tell jokes. You have half an hour to think about whether you'll sell or if you'll declare bankruptcy. Your choice." Philip said in a steady tone and hung up the phone. He was not interested in unnecessary chit-chatting with Samuel Warren. His choices had been presented before him. Philip's only goal was simple. All he wanted was for Wesley to understand that not everyone was for him to play with for his entertainment! Philip was aware that he might have taken it a little too far today. With that being said, he was fine with it. After all, it was not a pleasant feeling to be constantly picked and looked down on. After being hanged up on, Samuel laid in his hotel suite with anxiety tugging at his heart. 'Will we go bankrupt? 'Who exactly is this young man who has just bought the entirety of Arc de Triumph's stocks? 'I don't get it.' However, Samuel had been working

in the market for so long. He would like to believe he had at least learned something from his years of experience. 'Trying to force me into selling my company? You wish! 'I'd like to know just who the fck you think you are!' No longer in the mood for anything, Samuel kicked the lady atop him away. Taking his phone again, he dialed an infrequently contacted number as a courteous smile dawned on his features. "How're you doing, Chief Sullivan? We both know I wouldn't come to you if I didn't have anything to ask, so I'll get straight to the point. Something's occurred and I require your help, Chief Sullivan."

## Chapter 78

"Samuel Warren! Don't just call me when you feel like it and make me clean up after you! This is a difficult time right now. You could put me in danger for this!" From the other end of the line was the voice of a pissed and irked man. Samuel was far from angry and replied in a flattering tone, "Johann, my brother! Something came up, you see. I can only turn to you, Brother."

Johann Sullivan was Samuel's source of power in Riverdale. It was thanks to Johann that he was where he was today. As a result, he had paid a considerable amount of respect in return. It was just that Johann had specified not to contact him unless something great occurred. Johann begrudgingly left his bed and wore his presbyopic glasses. "What

happened?" Samuel was not a horrible person. He knew the rules, so something big must have happened for him to call him this late at night.

"Something's happened to the company, Johann. There's a young man by the name of Philip Clarke who wants to buy our company. He says he'll make us go bankrupt if we refuse to sell," Samuel said worriedly. "Samuel Warren! Is this what you're calling me so late for? What the fck? Did you drink yourself into oblivion or are you sleeping with too many women? It's such a small issue and you find the need to report it to me? Deal with it yourself!" Johann was enraged. 'What the hell is up with Samuel? 'Is he growing old or is he just growing stupid? 'What Philip Clarke? 'Bankruptcy? 'What a joke!' Samuel was quick to reply, "No, no, wait. Johann, my brother, I really don't think I can deal with it myself." Johann frowned as he heard Samuel mutter over the phone. Pulling on his jacket, he walked to the study and asked, "Who is this man? A figure so powerful that you can't deal with yourself?" "You know of Arc de Triumph right, Johann?" Samuel asked. "The hotel group you invested in? The one worth 20 billion in the market, right? What about it?" "That Mr. Clarke, he bought all its shares. All 20 billion of it!" 'He bought it? '20 billion!' Johann's frown deepened as he understood the gravity of the matter. "Why does he want to buy your company, then? Did you offend him?" Johann had an immediate idea. 'The other party wants to buy Samuel's companies, threatening bankruptcy too if he isn't willing to sell. They must have enmity between them.' Samuel muttered, "I don't know yet. But I think Wesley might have had a conflict with him." "Then why the fck haven't you gone over to take a look? Apologize if it's required, compensate if you must. Does someone of his caliber look like what either of us can take? Idiot!" Hanging up, he stood before his window as he smoked, unable to calm his heart.

Then, he dialed his secretary. "Check for a man by the name of Philip Clarke in Riverdale. I need the



information as soon as possible." Samuel did not have time to dally either. Pulling on a top, he quickly left for Arc de Triumph Hotel. At the same time, Wesley stood before Philip and his group with a

face full of mockery. "As long as you prostrate before me and I hear a

'Master Wesley' coming from your mouth, I'll let you go. But if you wish to continue your stubbornness, then I'm sorry, I don't have the time to waste on you!" Wesley was irked for he still had to meet the secret millionaire behind the 100 BMW motorcycles parked outside. 'Who has the time to waste on this fcking idiot?' Yet Philip watched him with an expression of serenity. "What's the rush? Your dad should be on his way over." "My dad? What kind of fcking joke is this? Why would my dad come here for you?

What, are you gonna tell me next that my dad's here to apologize to you?"

Wesley snorted. "You can't possibly think that this is some dumb fcking novel plot where my father comes and begs you for forgiveness, can you? Wake up, Philip Clarke. Stop playing around." Philip did not answer. Instead, he opted to watch indifferently. Right then, the doors to the hotel opened. Outside, a Mercedes-Benz was parking. Out the car slowly jogged a middle-aged man. Clad in a black shirt and white slacks, the man wore gold-rimmed glasses and clutched a briefcase next to his muffin top body. Cold sweat was perspiring all over his forehead. "Dad! Why're you here?" Wesley paled at the arrival of the older man, his heart skipping a beat out of fear. After entering the main doors, Samuel glared at Wesley. Irregarding everything else, he reached before Philip and spoke with a slouch and an apologetic smile, "My apologies for the tardiness, Mr. Clarke." Wesley, Zayn, and everyone else were shocked at the scene before them. This was Samuel Warren, the chairman of Arc de Triumph's Riverdale branch! To think he would bend his back for a young man with the expression to flatter? This was shocking news! Wesley was especially shocked. He was dazed. How could this be? Philip nodded in return. Checking the time, he said, "You're not tardy. You still have 20 minutes. I wonder what you, Mr. Warren, have decided to do in the end?" Samuel Warren would naturally decline the offer. With a smile, he replied, "It's not nice to joke about things like this, Mr. Clarke. Those companies of mine are mere small corporations. They have no future. They've been raking up losses after losses these few years. To sell them to you would be taking advantage of you." Wesley ran up right as his dad finished talking. In a frustrated tone, he yelled, "What the hell, Dad? Why are you being so polite to this dumb fcker? What Mr.

Clarke? He's just a delivery boy! Aren't you mixing him up with someone else?!"

## Chapter 79

Slap! A loud smack rang through the air. At this instant, Samuel's eyes were wide open as his face flared red with anger. He pointed a finger at Wesley and shouted furiously, "Shut up! You're in no position to speak here.

Scram!" He blamed himself for this. He had spoiled his son too much and that was what cultivated this arrogant and defiant attitude of his. "Dad, are you crazy! Why did you hit me?" Wesley felt extremely

wronged as he turned and glared at Philip resentfully before grumbling, "What the fck did you do? Why is my dad speaking to you like this!" Philip said nothing. Samuel, on the other hand, moved first. His hand went for Wesley's cheek once more as he yelled, "Wesley Warren, shut your dmn mouth! How can you speak to Mr. Clarke with that tone? Do you know that the ground you're standing on now belongs to Mr. Clarke? The Arc de Triumph Group is now under Mr. Clarke. Now hurry up and apologize to Mr. Clarke!" Wesley was completely stunned. The Arc de Triumph Group was now Philip's? What...

What was going on? "I'm so sorry, Mr. Clarke. I didn't teach my son how to behave himself. Please tell me what to do and we can settle this however you want." Samuel knew that his move now would determine his life from today onward. Philip stared into Wesley's empty eyes and replied, "It's fine, your son and I are old classmates." Old classmates? Taken aback, Samuel quickly recovered with a smile and said, "Oh, that's good. Wesley should thank his lucky stars for being able to have a classmate like you, Mr.

Clarke." The flattery was making Philip extremely uncomfortable. No way!

Impossible! How did Philip get the money to purchase the Arch de Triumph Group? He did not believe this! He had already experienced living under Philip's shadow during their college days. Was Philip going to crush him once again? He would not accept this! "Wesley Warren, do you remember what I said just now? Life is a long journey. You never know who's going to strike gold, do you?" Philip said with a small smile. Flustered, Wesley stumbled back and fell to the ground. With a finger pointed at Philip's face, he yelled, "That's impossible! I'm Wesley Warren! You'll never be able to beat me!" Philip could not be bothered to entertain him any longer. He knew how unstable Wesley was at the moment. Wesley had thought he was high above everyone else when all of a sudden, everything he once had turned into nothing. It was undeniably a huge blow to his ego. Philip turned around and looked at Samuel. "Mr. Warren, you still have eight more minutes. Have you made up your mind?" The edge of Samuel's mouth twitched as he squeezed out a stiff smile. He was scared to even wipe away the nervous beads of sweat on his forehead. "Mr. Clarke, this isn't right at all. Why don't I get Wesley to apologize to you?" "Hurry up and apologize to Mr. Clarke now!" Samuel yelled at Wesley whose mind seemed to have drifted away.

The confused and absent-minded Wesley was forced by Samuel to apologize to Philip. However, Philip quickly spoke up, "Mr. Warren, sorry to interrupt but your son said earlier that if I can buy Arc de Triumph, he would kneel and kowtow to me." Samuel's mouth twitched once again as his eyes went cold. Still, the smile remained plastered on his face as he responded, "Mr. Clarke, it's not necessary to be so harsh, right? No matter what mistakes Wesley has made, there's no need to humiliate him in public." "That's not right, there's no such thing. If I didn't have the money and power that I have today, I know for sure that Wesley would be pressing my head to the ground and forcing me to kowtow to him at this very moment. "Do the poor deserve to be bullied? "Do the rich have the right to simply humiliate and insult others? "Who gave you guys this right? The other rich people? "Alright, then. Today, I, Philip Clarke, am a lot richer than you, so you must kneel down and apologize to me right now!" Every word that Philip said in this one, long breath hit everyone straight in the heart. Many of the people present right then were just average Joes. They had encountered unfortunate situations where they were bullied by the rich at least once in their life. They never dared to fight back when they got trampled and

humiliated by the rich. Right now, however, Philip was speaking up for them. Naturally, they were happy. "That's right! Brother Phil, you're right! Come on, kneel down and apologize now!" "Dmn! I've never liked this idiot, Wesley. He's always bullying us security guards all day. Does he think that we're his dogs that he can just boss around? Fck him, he deserves to have a taste of his own medicine!" "Kneel down! Hurry up and kneel down!" All of a sudden, the crowd was outraged. Everyone was pointing at Wesley, which only made him even more terrified. "Dad, help me! I don't want to kneel down!" Wesley grabbed his father's arm and hid behind him. Samuel's expression darkened as he said to Philip, "Mr.

Clarke, do you really want to push this to the extreme? I suggest you think this through because I'm not someone to be pushed around. Mind you, I still have people behind me on my side. I'm not someone you want to provoke!"

Clearly, Samuel spoiled his son very much. He would never let his son kneel before so many people to kowtow and apologize to someone else. Philip laughed gently. "Well, I can't wait to find out who are these people you speak about that I can't provoke."

## Chapter 80

Samuel's expression darkened even more after seeing how overbearing the other party was. He gritted his teeth and said angrily, "Mr. Clarke, please forgive where you may. There's no need to be so extreme." Philip stared

back quietly. Samuel could not hold himself back anymore and lashed out in rage. "Philip Clarke, don't you dare push your luck! I have been dealing in Riverdale for many years now. My net worth is beyond hundreds of millions! The people I know are those you absolutely can't afford to provoke! If you know what's best for you, leave this as it is, otherwise, I'll be fighting you to the very end!" He was truly enraged. He had never suffered such an injustice in his life before. Even after taking a step back, the other party still refused to yield a step. However, Philip remained silent.

"Alright, just wait and see!" With that, Samuel dug out his phone and dialed Johann's number. "Brother Johann, you must help me out! There's a kid who's determined to mess with me!" On the other end of the phone, Johann was in his study. With a sullen face, he replied, "Hand him the phone. I'll talk to him." Samuel's eyes flashed and he quickly passed the phone to Philip. "He wants to speak to you." He snorted. Samuel knew that he would be fine as long as Brother Johann stepped out. He believed that nobody could beat Brother Johann! Hence, he quickly added. "Mr. Clarke, I hope that you'll make a wise decision after answering this call." Philip cast Samuel a nonchalant glance before accepting the phone and held it by his ear. Laughter sounded from the other end of the phone. "Mr. Clarke, what kind of trouble are you trying to stir up on this night? If Samuel and his son have done something that has offended you, let me apologize now on their behalf. How about that?" Philip replied calmly, "Mr. Sullivan, what do you think will happen if evidence of your bribes and fraudulent bending of laws are exposed?" It came at the least expected time. Philip's words pounded on Johann's chest like a heavy hammer! Johann immediately panicked. He knew! This man knew what he had done! Bang! Johann stood up from his seat abruptly as

his voice deepened. His eyes went dark and cold in an instant. "Mr. Clarke, if you don't have proof of what you're saying, this is slander." "03762," Philip spat out each digit slowly as he looked at the other phone in his hand. Johann, on the other hand, immediately fell into his seat as his legs gave way. His eyes were filled with fear and panic while cold

sweat formed across his forehead. How was this possible? This was his Swiss bank account! Only he knew about the existence of this account, not even his wife knew about it! Though somehow, this man found out about it!

What kind of power did this man have and where did he come from? Seeing his straightforward manner, it was obvious that this man already knew about his secret deal with Samuel. "Mr. Clarke, I think there's still room for us to discuss," Johann pleaded anxiously as his legs began to tremble violently.

"Mr. Clarke, I won't meddle in your business with Samuel anymore, but why don't we meet each other and have a talk?" It was time to give up a rook and save the king! "Goodnight," Philip replied coldly before passing the phone back to Samuel. Samuel had a smirk on his face. Although he was unsure what had happened over the phone call, his past experiences told him that as long as he had Johann to back him up, nothing was impossible. When he took the phone back in his hands, he quickly said, "Brother Johann, you always have a way..." However, a loud bang that sounded like a door being burst open came from the phone. "Johann Sullivan, you are a suspect of bribery and embezzlement. You are officially arrested. Please cooperate with us in our investigation!" Thud! The phone fell to the floor. An alarming thought immediately weighed upon Samuel's mind. Was Johann caught?

How did this happen so quickly! Johann was his backbone, the one always backing him up! Samuel felt a stinging pinch to his spine. All of a sudden, he fell to the floor. He stared up at Philip with panic in his eyes as he stuttered, "You... Did you do this?" Philip did not respond. He merely looked at the time and sent a text to George. 'It's time.' Seeing the short, simple text, George quickly dialed a number he had prepared earlier. All it took was three minutes. Samuel began receiving multiple phone calls for help. "Mr. Warren, something bad has happened! Our angel investors withdrew their investment. We lost 20 million!" "Mr. Warren, I'm calling from New York. Our Series B funding fell through!" "Mr. Warren, something terrible happened! The Bureau of Industry and Commerce and the Commercial Crime Investigation Department are here to investigate us.

What should we do?" One phone call after another, each of them bearing bad news! Samuel remained slumped on the ground, his face as pale as a white sheet. He was finished. Everything was over now! "Dad, what's going on? Dad, come on, say something!" Seeing the state his father was in, Wesley was shaking with fright. Samuel suddenly jumped up and began giving Wesley bashes and kicks. He yelled, "You will be the death of me, you unfilial son! I'll make sure that I beat you to death!" The scene was total chaos. Samuel began beating his son until the police arrived. They were both taken into the police car. As the police car left the scene, everyone turned to Philip with a look of admiration in their eyes. This man was amazing! Agnes was tense. She had not expected Philip to have such courage and power!

She was by the sidelines the whole time, so she fully witnessed everything Philip had done. This man was truly mysterious!

## Chapter 81

The crowd dispersed and left the hotel. Philip found a corner to smoke a cigarette so that he could relieve the pressure in his chest. However, at that moment, a familiar voice sounded not far behind him. "Philip, what are you doing here?" Philip turned around and saw a puzzled Wynn walking toward him with her bag slung over her shoulder. The look on her face showed that she was displeased. Smoking again! Philip quickly stubbed out the cigarette butt and greeted her with a sly smile. "Oh, I'm here for a company dinner."

Philip was anxious and worried as he thought back to when Wynn contacted his other phone before. He was worried that his true identity had been revealed. Wynn walked closer to him and rolled her eyes as she asked,

"Where's Mila?" "Someone from my company is bringing her. I'm meeting her in a bit," Philip replied with a chuckle. Suddenly, another familiar figure appeared before him. "Philip, I didn't expect to see you here." Juan had just parked his car at the parking lot. The tension in the air instantly thickened as their gazes met. It was awkward yet hostile. Knowing that the two of them were on each other's bad side because of her, Wynn quickly turned to

Philip and said coldly, "Go get Mila, then." With that, she turned around to leave. Philip's expression darkened as he responded in an equally icy tone,

"What about you, then?" Wynn paused before turning around. "I still have something to discuss with Juan, so I'll probably be late tonight. Take care of Mila, will you?" She was coming back late tonight? How late was she talking about? He was her husband. What did she mean by bringing Juan to Arc de Triumph for dinner right in front of his face? Did she not know about the conflict between him and Juan? Philip was slightly mad, so his expression stiffened in a flash. As if on purpose, Juan patted Philip gently on his shoulder. "You should hurry up and go first, Philip. I still have some things to discuss with Wynn. Don't worry, I'll take good care of her and make sure she gets home safely." Smack! Philip swiftly shrugged off Juan's hand and grabbed him by the arm. He stared into Juan's eyes coldly and said, "Juan, I'm warning you, don't you dare try to make any foolish moves!

I can assure you that I'll make you regret it!" "Philip, what the hell are you doing?!" Wynn quickly pulled Philip away. With a stern glare, she ordered,

"This is none of your business. You should go now." Philip was stunned.

He did not expect Wynn to help Juan. His heart ached at this knowledge.

Still, he could not bring himself to hate Wynn. Therefore, he directed his fury at Juan. "Parker, if you have anything to say, say it to me now! Don't think that I don't know what you're thinking about! Mind you, I'm Wynn's husband. Don't you dare try anything stupid on her!" Slap! Wynn was so furious that she slapped Philip. "Are you crazy?! Do you even know what Juan and I are going to discuss? Can you

not be so suspicious all the time?

Quit making stories up in your head!” she screamed. Tears brimmed the edge of her eyes as she forced herself to hold back her emotions. She was meeting Juan today to borrow money! Money for Mila’s medication.

However, Philip did not even try to understand the situation at all. Right then, Juan sneered in an indifferent tone. “Philip, I thought too highly of you in the past. I didn’t expect you to be such a good-for-nothing scumbag! What a true man you are for making Wynn cry! I really don’t understand how

someone like you is worthy of being Wynn’s husband and Mila’s father when you have neither money nor status!” In the past, Juan and Philip were best friends who talked about everything. They were brothers with a bond as strong as steel. However, everything had changed in these past three to four years. These two who were once brothers were now enemies. “Alright, stop it!” Wynn shouted. Then, she turned to Philip with a cold look in her eyes. “Philip, I’m very disappointed in you!” Philip gave a wry, bitter laugh.

He knew his place in Wynn’s heart. He was just a piece of trash. Was he really, though? ‘Wynn Johnston, do you have any idea that your husband is the wealthiest man in this world!’ His family owned 70% of the property in this world! The nation’s economy would stumble if he even just stomped his feet. “Wynn, I know that you think I’m a piece of trash. All these years, I never gave you and Mila a good life, and I know it’s all my fault,” Philip said coldly, “But I’m telling you today that I’m not a useless piece of trash.

I’ll prove it to you right here, right now! Money? Power and status? I have everything!” With that, Philip started walking toward the parking lot. There were almost 100 of BMW motorcycles parked in the lot along with 100

motorcyclists! Wynn’s heart stopped for a second when she saw the scene before her. What was he doing? She could not possibly be held accountable for it if something were to happen. Wynn quickly ran up as she screamed,

“Philip Clarke, are you out of your mind!”

## Chapter 82

Crazy! Philip must have gone mad! Was he allowed to enter that place? Did he not see the parking lot filled with BMW motorcycles? What was he planning to do? Wynn quickly hurried behind Philip, worried that he would do something stupid. Philip, on the other hand, was filled with annoyance.

He strode toward the parking lot and pushed away one of the motorcyclists standing beside his bike. Then, he snatched the helmet away from his hands.

Everyone naturally turned their gazes toward him. With a helmet in one hand, Philip stretched out both arms as a conceited sneer spread across his

face. He gestured to the parking lot full of BMW motorcycles and roared at Wynn who was running toward him and Juan who was standing in the corner, "Wynn, let me tell you this. All the BMW motorcycles in this very parking lot belong to me, Philip Clarke! I bought them all!" His voice was as loud as rolling thunder as it echoed in the parking lot. "And this, the Arc de Triumph Hotel, is mine! I just spent 20 billion to buy it! "Haven't you always thought of me as a good-for-nothing piece of trash? One who only knows how to deliver food? Let me tell you this, then. I spent 10 million to buy over Gopher Delivery Services just half a month ago! Gopher Delivery Services belongs to me, Philip Clarke!" Clearly aggravated, Philip bellowed. Juan frowned as a look flashed in his eyes. Wynn, however, was utterly stunned. A moment later, she recovered and rushed toward Philip, giving him a loud, stinging slap on his face. "Philip Clarke, are you finished!

What the hell do you want? Are you happy now that you have embarrassed yourself in front of so many people!" Wynn was really furious! How could this happen? How did Philip turn out this way? "Stop fooling around and go back now! Go away!" Wynn had burst into tears as she shoved Philip away with all her might. Right this moment, Philip looked like a clown in despair.

He watched as Wynn broke down before him, punching and shoving him fiercely while cursing at him. Philip's breathing became harder and harder.

He was unsure of what to do. Several people had gathered around to watch them as if they were watching a show. They were all pointing and talking about Philip. "Look, that man's crazy. He must be hallucinating!" "I have never seen anything like this. Does he have any shame at all?" "If I was in his shoes, I would certainly dig myself a hole and hide there forever." The crowd stared at Philip and Wynn with an odd, complex look. Right at that moment, a few hooligans ran out from the other end of the parking lot.

Leading the pack was a fierce-looking man with tattoos all over his body.

He pointed at Philip and yelled, "Are you Philip Clarke?" Startled, Philip quickly pulled Wynn behind him as he frowned. "Who are you?" He did not know these people, but he could tell that they were up to no good. "You

don't have to know who the f\*ck I am but Tiger gave out orders today to teach you a good lesson! Come on, beat him up!" The tattooed man waved his hand at the group of burly men behind him. Several men immediately dashed forward and grabbed Philip. Although Philip resisted the attack, he was quickly pressed to the ground by the opponent as he was concerned about Wynn. Philip buried his head in his hands and arched his back involuntarily, allowing himself to be hit by the punches and kicks thrown his way. Wynn had been pushed out of the chaos, but after seeing Philip getting beaten up, she rushed forward as she cried out, "Stop it! Please stop it!" It was total chaos. Among the gang of hooligans, there was one particular person whose mouth stuck out. He had a chin like an ape's. A cold look flashed in the corner of his eyes. Swish! He pulled out a switch-blade knife from his pocket and dashed toward Philip, aiming the knife at him!

However... He missed! Well, not exactly... There was too much going on!

Stab! The switch-blade knife penetrated Wynn's abdomen! Bright red blood flowed from the stab wound and Wynn's white blouse turned red within seconds. Thump! Wynn brought her hand to her abdomen as she fell to the ground with tears in her eyes. Philip was dumbfounded. He dropped to the ground beside her as he stared blankly while Wynn laid in a pool of blood.

At that moment, he forgot how to breathe and his heart stopped beating.

## Chapter 83

"Wynn! Honey!" Philip snarled like a maniac as he pounced forward to hold Wynn, pressing his hands hard on her abdomen. "Don't be afraid, it'll be alright! You'll be alright!" Wynn's lips had turned white as layers of cold sweat beaded her forehead. It hurt! The hooligans instantly panicked as well and fled the scene without hesitation. It was a mess. People were taking pictures and videos to post on the internet but nobody made any calls. Juan chased behind the men but soon returned with his phone. "Hello, I'm calling from Arc de Triumph Hotel. Someone has been injured here, please send help right now! Hurry up please!" Without thinking through, Philip carried

Wynn in his arms and rushed out of the parking lot like a madman. He stopped a taxi and yelled in the driver's face, "To the hospital! Quick, to the hospital!" The driver remained calm and collected as he sped toward the hospital. However, it was the evening rush hour, so traffic was extremely congested! Time was running out! With Wynn still in his arms, Philip jumped out of the car and began running. The stab wound on Wynn's abdomen continued bleeding, turning Philip's sweat-stained shirt a shade of bloody red. "Doctor! I need a doctor here! I need help!" The second Philip rushed into Riverdale Public Hospital, he dropped to his knees on the ground and started yelling. Several medical staff at the emergency room came to help with a gurney and quickly pushed Wynn into the emergency room. ...

Ten minutes later. Philip sat in the corridor outside the emergency room feeling paralyzed. He kept pulling his hair frantically as he muttered under his breath, "It'll be fine, nothing will happen to her." At that moment, his mother and father-in-law, Martha and Charles, arrived at the hospital after hearing the news. "What happened? What are the doctors doing now?"

Martha was as anxious as ants on a hot pan as she hurried past Philip, sticking herself to the emergency room door in an attempt to see what was going on. "Philip, what happened? Can you say something?" Charles shouted angrily at Philip who was slumped on the ground. Right then, Martha came around and rushed over. She pulled Philip up and screamed at him, "Philip, what's going on? Why is Wynn in the emergency room?"

"Talk to me! Say something!" Philip was too shaken to speak. At that moment, Juan arrived as well. When he came over, he flung his arm at Philip and punched Philip in the face. Then, he swiftly grabbed Philip by the collar and yelled to his face, "Philip Clarke, it's all your fault! Why did you tell all those lies? Why! Who are those people? What kind of people have you offended outside? I swear I'm not going to forgive you if something happens to Wynn!" When Martha heard that Philip was the one who caused this



incident, she immediately stepped forward and slapped Philip multiple times. "Philip Clarke, I'll make sure you pay with your life if I lose my

daughter!" Martha's blood pressure instantly rose along with her rage. She clutched her chest as she staggered backward. "Aunty, are you alright?"

Juan reacted swiftly and rushed forward to help Martha sit down. As Martha slowly sat down, she continued scolding Philip, "You... Go away! I want you and Wynn to get a divorce! I'll have her divorce you!" Charles, who was standing by the side, was extremely worried about his daughter's condition and at the same time incredibly disgusted by Philip's presence.

Fuming, he glared at the silent Philip who had his head down the entire time.

He yelled, "I must have been blind to have allowed my daughter to marry a piece of trash like you! Scram! Get away from my sight this instant!" Philip looked up at his furious in-laws and apologized. "I'm sorry, it's my fault.

I'll bear all the consequences myself if something were to happen to Wynn."

Martha's heart ached when she heard his words. She pointed her finger at Philip's nose and continued screaming, "You good-for-nothing piece of trash! You waste your time idling around all day long. Not only are you incapable of doing anything, you just had to stir up trouble outside! How did my daughter end up with someone as useless as you? God, why are you torturing me? What evil have I done to the point that you're punishing my daughter with an unlucky scumbag like him?" "You and that bastard of yours should leave our Johnston family immediately. We don't have a son-in-law with you, nor do we have that granddaughter!" Martha fell to the bench once again, her arm clutching her chest as she panted heavily. Her words were ruthless and harsh. Still, Philip endured it all. He was the one who started all of this. Juan saw everything that happened from the side and sneered coldly. Realizing that he had the upper hand now, he quickly stepped forward and shoved Philip away. "Can you scram now? Or do you want the two elders to die from rage?" Philip knew that if he stayed here any longer, he would only aggravate the two elders. However, he could not stop worrying about Wynn. After approximately half an hour, the emergency room's doors were flung open as the doctors walked out. With Juan's help, Martha hobbled forward. Tears filled her eyes as she asked

anxiously, "Doctor, is my daughter alright?" The doctor nodded in response.

"She's fine now. If the wound had been an inch deeper, it would have been a lot more complicated. Fortunately, she was sent here in time, so we were able to save her. You should go handle the formalities now." Martha gasped in horror when she heard the doctor's words. She grasped the doctor's hands tightly and said gratefully, "Thank you, doctor. Thank you so much!"

Philip's face paled even more when he saw Wynn being pushed out of the emergency room. He wanted to move forward and check on her, but he was immediately stopped by Martha as she sent another slap to his face. "Why are you still standing here? We don't want to see you anymore, you jinx!"

Philip had no choice but to watch from afar. After making sure that Wynn looked fine, he apologized a couple more times before turning to leave.

When he walked out of the hospital, a few black S-class Mercedes-Benzes were lined up right outside the hospital entrance. The shiny cars glimmered in the dark, looking extremely dazzling. Standing by the door of one of the cars was George, decked in an all-black suit. He had his golden-black cane in hand as he waited patiently and respectfully in a deep bow. The instant Philip left the hospital doors, the despair within him immediately dissipated into the air and was replaced with a sense of never-before-seen fierceness.

This sense of fierceness had not once appeared in the past seven years.

George bowed even lower. He knew that the young master of the Clarke family had returned at this moment. Philip got into the car with a steely expression on his face that showed no sign of any emotions. "Where are they?" George sat down beside Philip, his grave expression matching Philip's as he replied, "They have already been caught. They're in the yard now."Chapter 84

Philip's eyes were ice-cold, his demeanor daunting. George dared not speak at all as he kept quiet. This demeanor of his that had disappeared for seven whole years was finally revealed once again at this very moment. Tonight,

the gang of hooligans was about to face the wrath of a dragon that had just awakened from the abyss. "Drive," George ordered. The S-class sedans slowly drove away from the hospital grounds, still lined up together.

Meanwhile, Lynn and her parents who were walking briskly toward the hospital entrance coincidentally passed by Philip's car. Being the money-obsessed woman she was, Lynn could not help but eye the five to six luxury sedans as they drove past her. The cars were especially impossible to miss at nighttime. Who was this rich man? Lynn's heart immediately jumped when she saw the car occupant's face. The person sitting in the car that just drove past her was no other than her good-for-nothing brother-in-law, Philip Clarke. Lynn was stunned in place as her brows furrowed. She turned back to the convoy of sedans that were driving out of the hospital's gate as she wondered to herself. "Is it really him?" How was that possible though? She had to be overthinking. Lynn was clear what kind of person her brother-in-law was. How could he be sitting in a luxury sedan being the piece of trash that he was? Lynn chuckled to herself and shrugged the thought away before running into the hospital. On the other end, the convoy of sedans soon arrived at an estate that had been personally bought by George. To be exact, Philip was the one who paid for it. The estate was located in the most expensive region in Riverdale. Only a total of 30 pieces of land were developed with the cheapest one priced at 30 million! The land which George had purchased was the most expensive one. It was based in the central region with unique features. He had spent a whopping total of 100

million on this piece of land! Of course, the only real estate development company capable of exploiting this piece of land was the best local enterprise in Riverdale—Longford Group. Being a local enterprise that had stood firmly for 40 years, Longford Group always had speaking rights and certain influence in

Riverdale. Nobody could possibly imagine the capital and power that existed behind the scenes. It was not about the amount of money involved but the intricate chain of relationships. In terms of money, George was the richest man in Riverdale. However, in terms of power,

Longford Group was undeniably the local tyrant. Even Theo Zander had to depend on their favor when handling affairs. The convoy of cars soon arrived at Longford Park. There were three gates altogether, each of which was being guarded by specially trained security guards from Longford Group. Safety was certainly not an issue. Eventually, the cars came to a stop in the central region of the estate. They had arrived at First Palace. The name was indeed domineering. Philip got out of the car and was greeted by his security guards, all of whom were dressed in a black suit and black shades.

They stood ten meters apart from each other on either side of the thousand-acre piece of land. Kneeling in the center of the grounds in the headlights were the five young hooligans from before who were now shivering in fright. There was no change in Philip's indifferent expression as he stepped nearer toward them. He grabbed a baseball bat from the hands of one of the security guards and swung it down fiercely on the men! This went on for the next five minutes. Screams and howls broke through the air one after another. Clang! The baseball bat was thrown to the ground as Philip took a seat on the jade white marble bench. With his legs wide apart, he bent his upper body forward as both his arms hung loosely. "Which one of you was the one with the knife?" he asked in an ice-cold tone as he glared at the five men sprawled across the ground. "It wasn't me! It wasn't me!" "It wasn't me either! Brother, please forgive us!" "We won't dare to do this anymore!

"We know our faults now, please forgive us!" Philip's expression remained dark and stern as the men begged and pleaded. He snapped his fingers at the guards and a few of them stepped forward, each one of them carrying a silver box in their hands. They proceeded to lift the lids up, revealing stacks of red banknotes inside. "I have five million here. Whoever speaks up first will have all of it." Although his voice was soft, the effect was astounding.

The young hooligans exchanged glances as each one of them conspired their own thoughts. "I'll talk!" "No, let me talk!" "It was him! Woody did it!"

Within seconds, four of them were pointing their fingers at the same person.

The man who was singled out was terrified and trembling all over. He

continued shouting that it was not him, and he tried to get up from the floor to run away. Thump! A kick sent him flying to the air, making him drop to the ground once again. He clutched his abdomen as cold sweat formed on his forehead. Philip sneered as he remained seated on the jade white marble bench. "I don't want to see his face ever again in Riverdale." As soon as the words came out from his mouth, two of the black-suited security guards moved forward and dragged a terrified and trembling Woody away. Woody desperately begged for mercy, "Brother, please forgive me! Big Boss, I know that I've done wrong. I'm sorry!" Rumble! A muffled clap of thunder echoed in the air, masking all the surrounding sounds. Somewhere in a corner of Riverdale, a black van was speeding under the heavy rain when one of the car doors opened as a body covered with blood was thrown out from the vehicle. Both his legs

were broken after getting thrown into puddles of mud. He was howling in agony. From that moment on, Riverdale was home to another crippled beggar.

## Chapter 85

Back at First Palace. Philip stood firmly under the pouring rain with two of his bodyguards by his side holding umbrellas over him, his demeanor stern and threatening. Meanwhile, four men were left on the grass. One or two were on their knees while the rest were crumpled on the ground. They had no clue that the person they were supposed to beat up was someone who was not to be provoked. They were beyond terrified. "Who's Tiger?" Philip finally asked. His tone was as cold as the devil's, and one could not help but cower at the harshness in his tone. "Tiger, Tiger Zander of Lord North Street," one of them spat out as he continued shaking with fear. A cold look flashed in Philip's eyes. On the other hand, George who was standing behind Philip under the umbrella let out a deep sigh as he pulled out his phone to call Theo. In the meantime. At Theo's manor. It was the middle of the night when he received a call from an anxious Tiger saying that something bad had happened. When he opened the door, he was greeted by Tiger kneeling

outside the door under the heavy rain. "Tiger, what are you doing here?"

Theo quickly rushed out to help him up. However, Tiger remained on his knees under the rain, showing no signs of moving. His head was bowed low, and he was drenched from head to toe. "Theo, I'm sorry. I screwed up,"

Tiger yelled as he tightened his fists. After his henchmen were caught, he began asking around until he received terrible news. The target he had asked his henchmen to go after was Mr. Clarke! At that instant, Tiger felt as if he had fallen into a bottomless pit. What frightened him even more was that one of his henchmen had acted rashly and stabbed the woman who was supposedly Mr. Clarke's wife. He was as good as dead now! Tiger well understood how badly Theo feared Mr. Clarke too. Although he was unsure of Mr. Clarke's true background, the one thing he was certain of was that he was a dead man. Theo panicked and quickly asked, "What the hell happened? Come in and we'll talk about it." Theo had never felt this perturbed. His instincts were telling him that something terribly bad must have happened. Otherwise, knowing Tiger's temperament, there was no way he would be kneeling in front of his door in the middle of the night pleading guilty. Tiger stayed still under the rainstorm as he came clean about everything from the beginning to the end. Kick! Splash! Seething with rage, Theo kicked Tiger in the chest and sent him falling into the puddles of water.

"You idiot! Why the fck would you do such a thing?! Why! Do you have a fcking death wish! You idiot!!!" Theo shrieked at Tiger under the rain, his chest filled with indescribable anger. He could not believe what he had just heard. Tiger had asked his henchmen to teach Mr. Clarke a lesson and accidentally stabbed Mr. Clarke's woman while at it... Damn it! He had literally dug himself a grave! "Theo! I'm sorry, I'll bear all the consequences myself! Please spare my family! Theo, please tell Mr. Clarke to spare my family!" Tiger stayed on his knees under the rain as he slammed his head harshly on the ground, each

kowtow a sharp blow on Theo's chest.

Rumble! Rumble! With the thunderstorm raging on, perhaps God was furious as well. Theo was just about to pick up his phone when it started

ringing. The caller ID showed that it was Mr. Thomas calling. Theo's heart jolted as he quickly accepted the call. "Mr. Thomas, is there anything you need?" His tone was respectful with a hint of fear. "Is Tiger with you now?"

It was a simple yes or no question, yet Theo hesitated for a long moment before replying, "Yes." "Bring him to First Palace in Longford Park immediately. Mr. Clarke would like to see him." Click. The call ended. Theo was stunned for a very long time before he finally recovered. "Let's go, we have to see Mr. Clarke now," Theo said coldly as he started the car and sped toward Longford Park. About ten minutes later, Theo arrived at First Palace along with Tiger who was soaking wet. The rain had gotten smaller by then.

The second Tiger saw Mr. Clarke who was seated on the jade white marble bench, he immediately fell on his knees and kowtowed. "Mr. Clarke, please spare my family. I'll bear all the consequences!" Philip stared blankly at Tiger who was kneeling on the ground before him. He had seen something similar not long ago. The person before him was just a man. A man was bound to make mistakes at times. Philip turned sideways to look at Theo who stood beside Tiger and asked coldly, "Theo, what would you do?" Theo bowed courteously and lowered his head. "We shall deal with this on your terms, Mr. Clarke." Philip said nothing as he got up. He stepped in front of Tiger and looked down at him grimly. "Tiger, why did you send your henchmen to teach me a lesson?" Tiger dared not hide anything and revealed everything about Ruby. When Philip finished listening to his story, he clenched his fists tightly as a cold gleam flashed in his eyes. Ruby Ford!

This woman certainly did not know when to give up! Philip stood quietly, seemingly deep in thought as the silence pressed on everyone's chest like a heavy stone. After a long while, he finally spoke, "You can go, but don't you dare repeat the same mistake." Tiger was utterly stunned for a moment.

He could not believe what he just heard. He swiftly recovered from the shock and kowtowed. "Thank you, Mr. Clarke! Thank you so much!" Theo heaved a deep breath of relief. The load that had been bearing on his mind was finally lifted. He bowed as well and said, "Mr. Clarke..." Before he

could finish his sentence, George sent him a stern glare and Theo quickly pulled Tiger away. When they were gone, George asked, "Young Master, why did you decide to spare Tiger?" Philip replied, "I'm not a person who enjoys the cruelty of fighting and killing. Tiger didn't do it on purpose, so he doesn't deserve to die. Now that Wynn is short of a bodyguard, Tiger can take over and take this as an opportunity to redeem himself." George nodded his head slowly. After a long pause, he spoke again while his hands trembled slightly, "Young Master, you're back." Philip cast him a side glance when he heard George's words. An indescribable look of disbelief flashed in his eyes as his brows furrowed. "I don't really like the me you're talking about."

At this moment, his phone rang. As soon as the call was connected, the angry voice of his mother-in-law,

Martha, boomed through the other end.

“Philip, where the hell did you go? Wynn wants to see you, so get back to the hospital right now!” Click! With that, she ended the call. His cold and chilly demeanor instantly vanished into thin air. All of a sudden, Philip returned to the man who had been constantly humiliated and insulted for the past two to three years. He was just an average man. “Get me to the hospital,” Philip said urgently. George could not help but shake his head helplessly. The young master he recognized seconds ago had disappeared once again. After sending Philip to the hospital, George felt an overwhelming sense of helplessness as he watched his anxious young master scramble down the car. He pulled out his phone and dialed a number.

“Old Master, I think it’s time to tell Young Master everything.”

## Chapter 86

Philip ran straight into the hospital. His face instantly paled when he saw Wynn lying in the hospital bed. There were a few other people gathered in the room. His mother and father-in-law, Martha and Charles, stared at Philip unpleasantly. They desperately wished for this good-for-nothing to disappear from their life forever. Lynn and her parents were present in the room as well, each of them giving Philip an odd look as if he had committed

a huge mistake while they muttered to each other under their breaths.

“How’s Wynn?” Philip asked as he jogged toward the hospital bed.

However... Slap! A crisp smack rang through the air. Martha had slapped Philip across the face angrily. Her face turned red with anger as she set her frosty gaze on him. “How dare you show your face here again? Look what you did to Wynn! I will never forgive you if anything happens to my daughter!” Martha shrieked as she began throwing punches at Philip, venting all her anger and grievances on him. Philip merely endured it. He did not fight back, nor did he move at all. Charles cast Philip an indifferent look as he gently pulled Martha away. He turned to Philip and said in a reprimanding tone, “Philip, we Johnstons can’t tolerate you any longer. I think you and my daughter should get a divorce. You can go anywhere you want and do whatever you like, we won’t care anymore. You should bring Mila with you too. The two of you father and daughter should stop holding my daughter back. I asked you here to tell me this and nothing else. As long as you nod your head this instant, I’ll give you 500,000 for Mila’s medical bills. After all, she’s still partially the flesh and blood of the Johnston family.” The room fell silent and the tension in the air thickened right after Charles finished talking. Everyone was waiting for Philip’s decision.

However, Philip did not say a word. He would never divorce Wynn. At this moment, Lynn added with a sarcastic sneer. “Brother-in-law, I think you should take the offer. You have put my cousin through so much trouble in the past three years, I think it’s time for you to let go. My cousin has a lot of pursuers, so if you love her, you should give her a better future. Someone like you can never give my cousin a good life.” ‘Worthless wretch! How dare you still have the audacity to stand there quietly like a block of

wood!

‘A man like you should be embarrassed!’ She looked down on Philip even more when she remembered what had happened earlier today at the BMW

store. Lynn’s father chimed in as well, “Philip, I don’t want to say too much but you can’t go on like this. You’ll just drag Wynn down with you. Why don’t you get a divorce with Wynn and I’ll give you 100,000 bucks? Just

think of it as some money for Mila’s medical bills. What do you think?”

Lynn’s mother immediately cast her husband a stern glare when she heard his words. She tugged him by his elbow as her expression darkened. “What are you talking about? How are we supposed to dig out 100,000 bucks? Can you think of yourself before you make any silly decisions!” she muttered under her breath. Then, she raised her voice slightly as she continued,

“Philip, we don’t have that much money, so don’t even think about it. Your uncle has had too much to drink.” Obviously, Philip would not think too much about it. He knew how disgusting these people could be. He still remembered how this woman treated him when he went to her to borrow money back when Mila had just gotten sick. Everyone in the room took turns adding their personal input, clearly ignoring Philip. Each of them added a word to his humiliation. He was the most hateful person in this family and everyone thought he deserved to be punished. Philip stood there silently as he endured the harsh words. His fists were tightly clenched while he watched Wynn who was lying on the hospital bed. Philip took a deep breath before finally raising his head. “Father, Mother, I won’t divorce Wynn. I won’t agree with this and I’m sure Wynn won’t either.” “You don’t agree?” Martha’s response came out as a high-pitched screech as she pointed at Philip before cursing at him, “What right do you have to say such things to my face? You and Wynn are getting divorced, and that’s the end of the discussion! I’m taking her to the Civil Affairs Bureau the second she wakes up! There’s no you and me here. It’s just that simple!” There was no hint of warmth in Martha’s eyes, just pure rage. She had tolerated Philip for three whole years. She had held onto hope for three long years. Yet, he was still the good-for-nothing piece of trash that he was. He would never be good enough. If this went on, Wynn would go down together with this pair of father and daughter. That would not do! For the sake of her daughter’s happiness, Martha must settle this tonight once and for all so that she could grow old rest assured. Martha liked Aiden very much. After all, he was a good guy. Though, Wynn did not share the same feelings. Even if Wynn

turned Aiden down, there was still Juan. His family was in the jade business line, so not only was he extremely wealthy, he was one of the prominent figures in Riverdale too. Only a man as outstanding was worthy enough to be Martha’s son-in-law, and only would a man this excellent be capable of providing her daughter a good life. Philip was utterly speechless. He had not expected Martha to be so unreasonable and lash out like that. “Mother, I...”

Philip stuttered. Slap! Martha flung her hand forward until it came in contact with his cheek and screamed loudly, “Don’t you dare call me Mother! I don’t have a son-in-law like you!” How dare he have the audacity to call her that! Martha was so angry that her blood boiled with rage.

## Chapter 87

Listening to Philip's scream felt as painful as having thorns all over your body. When Philip stopped talking, the atmosphere in the ward became heavy. Just then, Juan, who had gone out, returned. He saw that everyone was present, including Philip. "How dare you come here?" Juan grabbed Philip angrily by his collar. "Haven't you done enough to Wynn? Why are you even here?" Juan did not want to see someone as useless as Philip here.

If it were not for him wanting to show off, would Wynn be in the state she was in now? Philip shook free of Juan's grasp and glared at him, his eyes dark as he spoke, "Juan, what business do you have here? Wynn is my wife, you get out of here!" When in front of his in-laws, Philip had no choice.

However, in front of Juan, he could never be vulnerable. "Shut up!" Charles spoke up at this point. He pointed toward the door as he bellowed at Philip,

"You're the one who needs to get out!" Lynn watched in silence as she tapped on her phone, reporting what was happening to her friends in the group chat. The corners of her lips were curled up in a sarcastic smile. She also took a few photos sneakily and sent them to the group. The chat became filled with sarcastic remarks for a short while. Being with such wimps was suffocating. Juan tugged on the collar of his suit, his face full of ridicule and smugness as he said, "Philip Clarke, I despise you. If you're still a man, it's

time to end this today. As long as you divorce Wynn, I'll take care of the expenses required for Mila's treatment, including the cost needed for subsequent treatments." Juan was arrogant and defiant. Standing in front of Philip, he had the confidence to be arrogant. Philip's eyebrows locked together tightly as his heart went cold. Juan Parker had really gone too far!

It was then that Wynn, who had been unconscious on the hospital bed, regained consciousness. Everyone crowded around her concernedly.

However, Philip was excluded from the crowd. Every time he tried to get closer, Martha would glare at him angrily. "Wynn, how are you feeling?"

"Tell me if there's anywhere else you feel uncomfortable, I'll call for the doctor." Martha held on worriedly to Wynn's hand, her concern evident on her face. "Wynn, are you alright? Tell me if you need anything, I'll go buy it for you." Juan seemed to be exceptionally concerned. Standing at the side, Lynn faked a look of concern on her face. "Cousin, are you okay?" Wynn got up slowly and leaned against the bed, looking dispirited and very weak.

The pain that tore through her abdomen made it difficult for her to speak.

"Where's Philip?" That was the first question that left Wynn's mouth. "Why are you still talking about that loser?" Martha sulked as she cursed. She could not believe how foolish her daughter was, asking for



Philip the moment she woke up. It was so infuriating! Wynn's cheeks throbbed with pain, and her face became very pale as she spoke, "Where is he?" At this point, Martha could not say anything else. Philip came forward and stood by the hospital bed under Martha's scrutinizing gaze. "Mom, you guys head out first. I have something I want to tell Philip," Wynn said weakly. Martha did not want to agree, but looking at the expression on Wynn's face, she had no choice and could only relent. Before leaving, she gave Philip a fierce stare while saying in a warning tone, "You'd better mention it to Wynn yourself. Otherwise, don't blame me, your mother-in-law, for not keeping things civil with you." With that, the group left. Only Philip and Wynn were left in the ward. Philip sat nervously at the edge of the bed. He hesitated, not knowing how to begin. Wynn glanced out the window into the night. It was

a while before she spoke weakly, "Philip, I'm sorry. You know how my parents' tempers are. I hope you won't blame them." Philip nodded his head and chuckled before he said, "Wynn, don't say that. They're my parents as well. Of course, I won't blame them." Glistening tears fell from the corners of Wynn's eyes. She sniffled and wiped her tears silently, looking as if she had made a big decision. Everything that happened tonight was unforgettable for Wynn. Philip had changed. He became someone she could not see through. She turned her head, her eyes red as she looked at the bewildered Philip. She said, "Philip, let's get a divorce."

## Chapter 88

A divorce? The way Wynn uttered those words... She seemed so calm.

Philip's heart thudded. Silently, he rested his hands on his knees. He could not stop them from shaking slightly. At that moment, he could only feel a buzzing in his brain. The word 'divorce' would not stop repeating in his ears. He forgot to breathe, and he forgot to respond. Wynn was too disappointed in him. "Philip, I really can't hold on any longer. I don't want to go on like this. I don't want to live in constant fear, worrying about the next day every single day, worrying about Mila's condition every day. I gave you a year, and you said you would give me an answer. Yet, you have let me down so much now." Wynn cried out helplessly, tears dripping from her eyes. The Philip she once loved deeply had become deplorable and dispirited. He had become repulsive, disgusting, and despicable to her.

Philip raised his gaze, his eyes red as he asked, "Wynn, can you forgive me this time? I'll change, I'll try my best." Philip did not want to lose Wynn.

He would always place Wynn and Mila first in his heart. "Trust me, I will definitely give you a future, a future that everyone will be jealous of."

Philip's tone was sincere. However, Wynn laughed as she turned her face to him. She looked like a weeping beauty as she asked, "A future? Philip, don't you think you've said this many times already? But where is the future?"

You're always lying to yourself, always unwilling to get off your high horse.

How many times have I begged you? I told you to apologize to my parents, but what did you do? For the sake of your pathetic pride, you've never listened to me. Now you're talking about a future to me? What's that? The 100 BMW motorcycles? Or the Arc de Triumph Hotel? Wynn had always saved her last ounce of patience for Philip. However, what Philip did tonight caused her to lose her patience. It was just too ridiculous! Even if Philip was in wretched poverty and delivered food for a living, Wynn did not think it was a big deal. However, tonight, to satisfy his urge for performance and his weak ego, Philip actually did something like that. Embarrassing! It was too embarrassing. How else would he lie to himself? Naturally, Wynn no longer believed what Philip had told her at Arc de Triumph Hotel. Philip hastily defended himself. "Wynn, believe me! When the time comes, you will understand." "Philip, that's enough!" Wynn shouted. She became overwhelmed with her emotions and pulled on the wound on her abdomen.

Cold sweat pooled on her forehead from the pain. "Get out of here, I don't want to see you right now!" She pointed angrily to the ward door, determination flashing through her eyes. Philip had no choice. He was worried that Wynn's emotions would affect her body. Giving up, he stood up and said, "Alright, I'll get out first, but I don't agree to the divorce." With that, Philip got up and walked out of the ward unhesitatingly. As soon as he left the ward, he saw his mother-in-law and several others sitting outside the door. Seeing him, Martha stepped forward and asked coldly, "What did you say to my daughter? Did you mention the divorce? I'm telling you, the Johnston family does not want Mila as well. You take that red-headed stepchild with you." Martha was furious. She would like nothing more than for Philip to divorce her daughter immediately and get out of the Johnston family. She had even funded them for their bridal suite. If there was no other choice, she would drive away Philip and that embarrassing scoundrel together! Seeing how Philip did not say anything, Martha then guessed what was going on. She pointed out with dissatisfaction, "You didn't ask for a divorce, did you? Philip Clarke, let me tell you, in this household, it is I,

Martha Yates, who makes the decisions. You and Wynn must get a divorce!

I don't care if you don't agree. I'll take you to the Civil Affairs Bureau in a few days to go through the formalities!" Faced with Martha's unreasonable orders, Philip could no longer contain his emotions. With a chilling expression on his face, he shouted, "Enough! Let me tell you, I will not divorce Wynn!" With that, he left with a foul expression on his face. Martha was furious! That loser actually yelled at her just now! Such disrespectful behavior toward his mother-in-law.

## Chapter 89

Well, you're a tough guy now, huh? You even dare to yell at me now? Philip Clarke, don't you even think about entering my house ever again! There will be no door open for you!" Martha had her hand on her waist as she shouted, pointing at Philip's departing figure. "What are you doing? This is a hospital, shouting is not allowed!" A nurse walked over with a cold expression on her face and reprimanded them. Startled and angry, Martha tugged unreasonably onto Charles as she sobbed, "Charlie, you saw what happened. Philip is so unreasonable now. He even dares to shout at me now.

From now on, in this family, he and I will not coexist.” Martha was simply furious. Since when did a loser dare come up to her and talk to her in that manner? “Alright, alright. Why don’t you stop saying so much as well. Do we have to add to this problem?” Charles said helplessly. After decades, it was natural that he understood Martha’s temperament. Philip was way too rude! No matter the circumstances, she was still his mother-in-law. How could he yell at her directly in her face? However, Charles also felt slightly surprised. It seemed that his son-in-law had become slightly different.

“Don’t you think that Charles is a little different today?” Charles asked.

“What’s the difference, he’s still a loser!” Martha replied indignantly. Lynn and her parents watched in on the fun with a sneer on their faces. Their opinion toward Philip, their niece’s husband, was that he was just a joke. It was pretty fun to curse about him once in a while. Lynn felt very happy

today. Seeing her wimpy cousin-in-law get all sorts of recriminations made her feel relaxed. She did not stop live-streaming about Philip in the group chat. The entire matter was a big deal now. There were even a few people who compiled the videos of Philip getting scolded into a mashup and posted them onto the Internet. That made Philip viral. As such, Philip got the title of being the worst son-in-law in Riverdale. Juan walked over after he paid for the hospital bills. He had been watching from the corner with a pitiful gaze. He felt a great deal of pleasure watching Philip get scolded. That loser would never get any respect from the two elders. “Uncle, Aunty, I’ve already paid the fees. I’ll take care of Wynn these few days. It’s already very late, why don’t you go home first? I’ll be here to take care of things.” Juan behaved graciously with a smile on his face. It made people feel closer to him. Martha hurriedly took Juan’s hand in hers. Smiling from ear to ear, she said, “Juan, how could we trouble you like this? How much was it? I’ll bring you the money tomorrow.” The child was thoughtful, and he was easy on the eyes as well. Her daughter was still pretty attractive, seeing how she managed to attract so many boys to circle her. She honestly had no idea why her daughter insisted on getting married to that little brat Philip. To add on, they even got pregnant before getting married, disgracing the Johnston family and causing her to look bad in her maiden home. It could not be helped. Martha’s maiden family was a large family with strong traditional values. When her daughter got pregnant out of wedlock, she was met with all kinds of spite and scorn from her family members back home. This caused Martha to feel so embarrassed that she could not even raise her head in front of her family members. For the past few years, Martha had not dared to return to her maiden family home, mainly because she was afraid of being shamed. Not this time, however. She had to go back to celebrate her father’s 70th birthday. It was because of this that Martha had been very grumpy recently. Seeing Philip’s dispirited face just made matters worse. Juan waved his hand hurriedly as he said politely, “Aunty, please let me do something for Wynn.” Martha did not continue insisting. Holding Juan’s

hand in hers, she found herself liking him more and more. For the next two or three days, Juan would come to visit Wynn every day. Naturally, Philip would come as well. However, when Juan came, he would be greeted warmly by Martha. When Philip came, Martha would have a foul expression on her face. She looked as if she had a deep resentment toward him. Besides, Martha would always find an opportunity to say something nasty about Philip. The things she said were always horrible. She would criticize him from head to toe. Yet, Philip never said anything. It was because he knew that Martha was

angry with him. As such, he let her vent. On that same day, Philip had just arrived at the hospital with a lunch box in hand when he received a call from Henry Turner. "Hello, Mr. Clarke. We've studied Mila's condition and have come up with a surgical plan. Shall I come over to discuss it with you?" Henry sounded very respectful over the phone. If outsiders knew that Professor Henry Turner, the medical titan of China's cardiology department, actually treated a man like him with such respect, a huge uproar would definitely be caused. "Alright, I'm at Riverdale Public Hospital," Philip replied. After hanging up the phone, Philip walked into Wynn's ward with the lunch box. In the ward, Juan was sitting by Wynn's bedside, talking to her. "Wynn, there's progress with Mila's condition. I got my dad to contact the best doctor in China, Professor Henry Turner. He said he happens to be in Riverdale these few days and should be free to stop by today." Juan was very excited. This was something that he had asked for from his father for a long time.

## Chapter 90

Philip walked in and placed the lunch box on the table. Then, he picked up an apple and began peeling it while listening to Juan and Wynn's conversation in silence. Juan and Wynn pretended that they did not see Philip, treating him like he was thin air. "Are you sure, Brother Juan? It's Professor... Professor Henry Turner?" Wynn appeared to be unusually excited, her eyes sparkling like stars and her gaze burning. She knew about

Henry Turner. He was regarded as the top cardiologist internationally with the title of being a medical titan. Back when Mila first got diagnosed, Wynn had looked up all relevant information. It could be said that Professor Henry Turner was the sage of the medical profession. If they really could get him to treat Mila, then her illness would be 100% curable. However, the catch was that they would have to manage to hire him. Not anyone could meet with a medical titan. Wynn knew profoundly how much energy and how many connections must have been used to get Professor Henry Turner to take a look at Mila's condition. Wynn would not be able to return this favor.

The corners of Juan's lips curled into a smile as he said generously, "Don't worry Wynn, I've always thought of Mila as my daughter. Her business is my business. It just so happens that Professor Henry is in Riverdale for an inspection. You should know something about it, it's at the Riverdale branch of Turner hospital. Your company should have been in contact with them before. "Besides, my father has a personal relationship with Professor Turner. So don't worry, I'll help you make sure that everything about Mila's surgery is seen to." Juan's face was full of smiles, his expression sincere. In front of Wynn, as long as it was something she liked, Juan would do his best to get it done. However, he had only one goal, which was to get Wynn for himself. Philip, who was witnessing the entire thing, felt very unhappy.

What did he mean by thinking of Mila as his daughter? What right did he have to say that? Naturally, Wynn was slightly embarrassed, but her feelings of gratitude overpowered her feelings of embarrassment as she said thankfully, "Brother Juan, thank you so much." While saying that, she shifted her gaze slightly sideways to look at Philip who was peeling apples at the side. She felt somewhat helpless and disappointed. She could not believe that he, a father, was paying less attention to his

daughter's condition than an outsider. Just at that moment. Philip's phone rang. After taking a glance at the caller ID, he turned to walk out of the room. "Mr. Clarke, I'll be reaching the hospital shortly. Where are you?" The sound of Henry Turner's respectful tone came through the phone. He sounded exceptionally

excited. Philip knitted his brows together as he said, "I'm at ward 1302, but don't come here. Wait for me at the rest area." For the sake of preventing unnecessary trouble, Philip decided to meet him in private. "Okay, okay. I'll be there in five minutes," Henry said as he waited for Philip to hang up the phone first. When he returned to the ward, Juan asked snarkily, "Philip, who were you talking to? If you're too busy, you can go back first. After all, punctuality is very important when delivering food. I'll take care of Wynn here." Juan was not treating himself as an outsider at all. On the other hand, Philip had no standing at all in front of Juan. Watching the scene unfold, Wynn's lips fluttered as she wanted to open her mouth, but she held back.

What use was there in speaking up for him? He was still the same person.

However, something surprising happened. Philip smiled as he said, "I got a doctor for Mila, so I was asking him some questions earlier. He'll be coming over shortly to take a look." As soon as this was said, Wynn's heart, which had been unflustered all this while, suddenly began fluttering. She raised her eyebrows as her sparkling eyes stared at Philip. However... Juan instantly sneered as he said to Philip, "You, getting a doctor for Mila? What kind of doctor can you get? Do you know what Mila's condition is? Is it something that any doctor can treat?" The glimmer in Wynn's eyes faded after hearing Juan's sharp reply. That was true. What kind of doctor could Philip get to treat Mila's illness? Could they be any better than Professor Henry Turner? Still, it was not a bad thing that he was concerned about Mila's condition. At the very least, there was still a soft spot for Philip in Wynn's heart. Philip pursed his lips as he said indifferently, "Why can't I?"

Mila is my daughter. Is there anything wrong with me getting her a doctor?"

He was very upset with Juan's attitude. The man was acting as if Mila was his blood daughter. "Alright, I'd like to see how awesome the doctor you found is." Juan stepped forward and patted Philip on the shoulder. There was a provocative look in his eyes. "It just so happens that I have an appointment with Professor Turner as well. Why don't we meet him together? Get the doctor that you found to join us as well, and we'll get them both to come up with a treatment plan. We'll choose the best plan to move forward with." All this talk about choosing the best was just another reason for Juan to humiliate Philip. In his knowledge, Professor Henry Turner, whom his father had contacted through his connections, was a medical titan.

Was there anyone else in the world more powerful than him?

## Chapter 91

The pheasant doctor that Philip hired would probably begin trembling from shock after seeing Henry

Turner. Therefore, it was obvious that Juan said this just to see Philip make a fool of himself. It was simply out of his league to fight with Juan. Philip's brows knitted together. He had only said what he said because he did not want to be underestimated by Juan and misunderstood by Wynn. However, Juan's aggressiveness made Philip feel very uncomfortable. Should he tell them? Philip did not want to burst their bubble. Sighing, he said, "Forget it, as long as you're happy." Philip did not

want to upset anyone. After all, his mother-in-law had been very concerned about Juan lately. If he provoked Martha, there would not be anything good in store for him. Besides, he had gone to the doctor for his daughter. For that matter, Philip did not feel the need to humiliate Juan. However, this was the only exception. "Haha, Philip, you're a funny one," Juan said as he laughed sarcastically. The more he looked at Philip, the more he felt that he was a loser. "To be honest, I'm really curious to see if the doctor you've found is competent. After all, this is a big deal. If some quack treats Mila and something goes wrong in the process, will you be able to take responsibility if something goes wrong?" Philip wanted to kill him! Juan's words were so cruel that even Wynn's heart thumped when he said them. "Philip, thank you for getting Mila a doctor. However, I feel that she needs a more specialized doctor for her treatment. Let's leave this matter in the hands of Brother Juan," Wynn said coldly. She did not want her daughter to die on the operating table. In Philip's ears, her words sounded like great distrust toward him. Philip felt that it did not matter. It was just that he would lose his dignity a little. As long as it was Henry Turner who treated Mila, why did it matter who found him? "Well, say thank you to Brother Juan. What are you waiting for?" Wynn's delicate eyebrows furrowed in dissatisfaction toward Philip's behavior. Juan had helped them so much, yet he was still rooted to the spot like a log. "Thank you," Philip said. As long as it was a request from Wynn, Philip would oblige. A thank you would not deduct his stature. Juan raised his chin proudly as he dusted off his suit. "You're welcome." After staying for a while, Philip made an excuse to find his way to the hospital's waiting area. Henry Turner could be seen in his gray suit, waiting patiently along with his two apprentices. The moment he saw Philip, Henry walked over respectfully and bowed as he said smilingly, "Mr.

Clarke." His two apprentices, who were standing behind him, were shocked.

Their teacher was an internationally renowned medical professor with a great number of disciples. He had saved at least several hundred, if not several thousand, lives. It was surprising that a teacher so highly respected

by everyone and a medical titan decorated with honors would behave so respectfully toward a young man who was dressed ordinarily. Who was he?

What right did he have? Philip inclined his head slightly as he said calmly,

"Time is short. Why don't we get right into it." Henry immediately had one of his apprentices hand over the proposal as he personally explained it to Philip. Finally, Philip nodded his head in approval as he asked, "When will the surgery be done?" "In a week," Henry said. "In the meantime, we will conduct a thorough examination of Miss Clarke and nurse her health. Philip hummed in response as he said, "Thank you for your trouble, Professor Turner." Henry panicked as he said hurriedly, "Mr. Clarke, don't you worry.

This operation will definitely be successful.” As the conversation came to an end, Philip readied himself to leave. He had a plan. Coincidentally, just as he had gotten ready to leave, someone shouted excitedly behind him.

“Professor Turner! I didn’t expect to see you here. It’s so good to see you.”

Juan was just going to contact his father and have him give Professor Turner a call to inquire when he would be free so that he could pay him a visit in person. Who would have thought that he would run into Professor Turner at the hospital! Juan was very excited as he went forth and shook Professor Turner’s hand. He got straight to the point as he introduced himself, “How do you do, Professor Turner? I am Juan Parker, the son of Robert Parker.”

As he spoke, Juan’s eyes drifted to the side. When he saw Philip, who was standing not far away from Henry’s side, his expression changed into one of distaste. He said in surprise, “What are you doing here?”

## Chapter 92

What was Philip doing here? Not only that, he was standing beside Professor Henry Turner. What was going on? Juan was confused. Was it possible that Philip and Juan knew each other? That was impossible! How would a reputable medical guru like Professor Turner know a wimp like Philip?

Professor Henry Turner was startled. He did not know Juan Parker, but he did know his father. To be honest, they did not even really know each other.

They simply had a few connections in common. It was because he liked jade and had bought quite a few jade pieces to display in his house. Once, when he was at Golden City, Henry received a beautiful piece of jade from Robert.

It was an extremely rare piece made from green dragon jade, thus Henry remembered this favor. Just a few days ago, Robert had contacted him personally. He said something about his son’s friend’s daughter suffering from congenital heart disease and begged him to take a look at her condition.

Did they think that any person could just persuade Henry Turner to do something? Only after numerous pleas and taking into consideration that beautiful piece of jade did Henry agree to stop by and take a look. “Do you know each other?” Henry asked as he stared at Juan. That was because he could tell that Juan’s attitude toward Mr. Clarke was not the greatest. Could it be that they have a grudge between themselves? As a result, Henry’s expression on his face gradually grew cooler as his brows knitted together.

If that was the case, then he would not help Juan in what he had asked for.

Juan snorted in response as he sneered. “Of course we know each other, Professor Turner. To be honest, it’s insulting for you to stand next to someone like that. Why don’t we go over there to talk? I’ll host a

banquet in honor of you at Arc de Triumph tonight.” Juan knew in his heart that someone like Philip would not know Professor Turner. At most, he was just passing by. Was it possible that the doctor he found was Henry Turner? Did he have that much honor for that? However, Henry’s expression

immediately soured as he scoffed inwardly. Insulting? It was his good fortune to be able to stand next to Mr. Clarke! Juan Parker was such a narrow-minded person! “No, thank you! I don’t think Mr. Parker is qualified to dine with me yet.” Henry had a chilly expression on his face as he gazed sharply at Juan. It was just a simple expression, yet it scared Juan to the core. ‘You are not qualified’, these four words sounded especially harsh to Juan’s ears. However, he did not dare to show his resentment. Instead, he asked in a panic, “Professor Turner, did I do something wrong? Please tell me, I promise I’ll change!” Juan was panicking. If he had offended Professor Turner due to a small mistake on his part, not only would Wynn’s daughter not be able to receive treatment, but his family’s business would more or less be affected as well. He really could not understand. It was only his first time meeting Professor Turner. They had not exchanged more than five sentences. How did he get into this medical guru’s bad books? In a short while, Juan’s forehead was coated with cold sweat. “Because you don’t know how to respect people!” Henry reprimanded. As he turned his head to reveal Philip’s identity, he saw the latter shake his head. Henry was startled but understood immediately. He turned back to Juan and said, “Even if this... gentleman is ordinary, you shouldn’t insult him in that manner.

People should know how to respect each other.” His tone was not loud, but it was firm. Juan’s entire body shuddered as he listened. There was something just so compelling about Henry’s aura! This was the kind of person who often dealt with the higher-ups. You could not offend them easily. “Yes, yes, Professor Turner. You are right,” Juan said as he nodded his head hurriedly. At the same time, he eyed Philip through the corner of his eyes. He simply hated him right now! That loser was to blame. He was standing in the way of everything! If it were not for him, would he be reprimanded by Professor Turner? He must find a chance to humiliate him.

“Why are you still standing there? Aren’t you going to apologize to this gentleman?” Henry said coolly. Apologize? Juan looked at Philip, a hint of gloom appearing in the corner of his eyes. Juan was very reluctant to

apologize to this loser. However, he had no choice. If he offended Henry, there would not be anything good in store for him. After thinking it through, Juan opened his mouth to say coolly, “I’m sorry, Philip. I hope you don’t take to heart what I just said.” Philip did not want to pick a fight. He nodded his head as he turned and prepared to leave. However, something unexpected happened! Martha came over hurriedly. “Juan, why did you call me to come over so early in the morning?” When Martha looked at Juan, she was full of smiles. Her eyes were filled with fondness as if she was looking at her son-in-law. However, when her gaze fell on Philip, she looked as if she had been pricked all over her body. She cried out in disgust, “Why are you here? Didn’t I tell you not to come anymore? Go, get out of this place!” Martha got angry whenever she saw Philip. This loser was so annoying no matter where he stood.



## Chapter 93

Philip did not say anything. Instead, he laughed in resignation as he turned around to leave. Martha was still muttering to herself. "What a sight for sore eyes." Henry's brows furrowed. Was this Mr. Clarke's mother-in-law? She was so spirited and rude. Mr. Clarke was really unlucky to have such a mother-in-law. "Wait!" Henry called out to Philip and stood in front of him.

He was not happy with the way this mother-in-law was acting. Thus, he wanted to do something for Mr. Clarke. "Who is this?" Henry's tone was cold as he spoke to Juan. Juan immediately responded in a complimentary manner, "Professor Turner, this is..." Before the introductions could be finished, Martha began scolding unreasonably, "Who are you, you old grouch! What, do you want to speak up for that wimp?" Old grouch?

Everyone present was dumbfounded! This was the first time that Henry had been scolded in such a manner in his many years of practicing medicine. At that moment, he was so angry that all his blood rushed toward his head. His apprentices, who were standing beside him, felt the same way. They stared coldly, itching to rip off the woman's mouth. Juan was even more shocked.

He tugged viciously on Martha's arm. "Aunty Martha, don't be rude. He is..." "I don't care! Those who can speak up for that useless fool Philip can't be any better off! Look at you, you're already so old yet still dressed so flamboyantly! What, are you trying to lure little girls? You have no respect for your old age!" Martha was the kind who would not hold back when scolding someone. Her words were so poisonous. "Say something, you old man! Why aren't you speaking anymore? You were pretty fierce just now.

Why don't you dare to say anything now? Did I blow your cover? Shameless old thing! Bah!" Martha tucked her arms into her chest arrogantly as she raised her eyebrows. Her choice of words was as poisonous as a fishwife shouting abuse in the street, cursing Henry to the very core. In her eyes, there was nothing to fear. The entire group was stunned. Juan was so frightened that he had begun shaking. On one side was Wynn's mother, and on the other hand, was a medical titan. "Aunty Martha! Do you know who that is?" Juan had become anxious. He pulled Martha to the side as he

explained. "That's Henry Turner!" "Henry who? I don't care who he is. I don't know him." Martha waved her hand, acting like an ignorant village woman. "Aunty Martha! You're in deep trouble now. Professor Henry Turner is an internationally recognized doctor and a legend within the country's medical community! He's the honorary guest of Hank Moseby, Jace Wade, and Hector Lee! Even the higher-ups in the county are his patients!" Juan was frantic. She had practically dug her own grave! If they offended this person, they would have to behead themselves ten times before they could be excused! "Huh?" When Martha heard what Juan said, she was so frightened that she nearly lost her footing! "This... This... This old man is so powerful?" Martha threw a frightened gaze at Henry who was standing nearby with a stony gaze on his face. As her eyes came into contact with his icy stare, she shuddered. "He knows all the tycoons in Orienta, and the higher-ups in the county are his patients." Martha nearly fainted from shock.

She was used to being arrogant and domineering. Now, in the presence of someone so powerful, Martha did not even dare to breathe loudly. She was so anxious. After he had spoken to Martha, Juan hurriedly made his way back to Professor Henry. He bowed as he apologized profusely. "Professor Turner, I'm sorry. Aunt Martha hasn't heard of you and offended you. I apologize on her behalf." Hmmp! Henry Turner was not an easy person to talk to. He huffed coldly, his gaze chilly. At this point, Martha realized that she should say something. She hurriedly made her way over. Walking forth with an apologetic smile on her face, she made her apologies, "Well, Professor Turner, I'm so sorry. I didn't know who you were. I'll make my apologies here, I'm sorry." Martha was trembling. Although she was usually an arrogant and domineering person, she would only act that way in front of Philip. When she met big shots like Henry, she would also act meekly. "Is an apology enough? Didn't you say I'm an old fool and have no respect for my age?!" Henry's gaze was cold and piercing. Just a simple gaze could give one the urge to kneel. "If I don't teach you a lesson today, I, Henry Turner, will no longer be a doctor!" The group present was afraid to even

breathe! If Henry were to become infuriated, the entire Riverdale would be shocked! Martha felt nothing but desperation at that moment. With a pale face, she very nearly got on her knees! There was cold sweat all over Juan's head. He was already thinking of ways to solve this misunderstanding. "Mr. Turner, for my sake, please let this matter go." Just at that moment, a voice that sounded so plain yet seemed so out of place rang out.

#### Chapter 94

A simple sentence, yet Martha's and Juan's hearts thudded at the sound of it! What did he mean by 'for his sake'? How could that useless bum say something like that at a time like this! Was his honor that precious? Martha was trembling with anger. Philip was a big talker and knew just when to pick his moment. Was he deliberately trying to embarrass himself and offend Henry? Was it revenge? "Philip, shut up! Who do you think you are?"

Do you think you have a say in this matter?" Martha admonished with trepidation. She was really worried that Philip, that piece of trash, would accidentally offend someone as important as Henry Turner. He even asked him to let the matter go for his sake. Did he not know how much more noble this man was when compared to him? Philip's brows knitted together. He had not thought that Martha would be the first to reprimand him. He was trying to get her out of trouble through his kind intentions, but instead, she retaliated. "Why are you still standing there? Aren't you going to apologize to Professor Turner?" Martha had finally found her chance. She did not waste any energy in criticizing Philip, hoping that Professor Turner would

not pay attention to her. The same thing happened with Juan. His gaze grew chilly as the corners of his lips twitched slightly. He felt very displeased. He could not believe Philip. How could he speak so sarcastically at this time!

If they offended Professor Turner, they would all be in deep trouble. Thus, he immediately stepped forward and chastised, "Philip, apologize immediately to Professor Turner. What do you mean for your sake? Is your honor that precious? How dare you say such things!" "That's right, even if you want to die, don't drag us along with you," Martha immediately chimed in, a b\*tchy smile appearing on her face. "Professor Turner, as you can see, it was Philip who disrespected you. If you want trouble, go after him, not me. I've already apologized to you. Surely you won't hold a grudge against a woman like me." Martha was flaunting her vulnerability as a woman. The two echoed off each other as they spoke. In no time, Martha and Juan had criticized every part of Philip. "Professor Turner, Philip is just a clueless person. Please don't stoop down to his level," Juan said with a complimentary smile on his face before he turned to snap at Philip. "What are you waiting for? Aren't you going to apologize to Professor Turner? Do you know what he's here for?" He was the best cardiologist in the country that Juan had hired at a great expense! A medical titan! He was here for Philip's daughter! How dare he show such disrespect! He would have to make sure he told Wynn about this. She would definitely have a bigger problem with Philip after this. Thinking of this, Juan snickered to himself.

However... A scene that amazed them occurred! Henry's eyes grew wide as he glared at Juan. He spoke coolly, "Mr. Parker, have you forgotten what I just told you? You should not judge a person lightly, let alone insult them!

The way you speak makes me think that there is something greatly wrong with your character!" Henry finally understood. This strange mother-in-law and Juan Parker clearly despised Mr. Clarke. They must be blind! If Mr.

Clarke's true identity was made known to them, they would probably be on their knees begging for mercy. Panicked, Juan hurriedly bowed in agreement. "Professor Turner, you're right. I'm wrong here. However,

Philip was disrespectful toward you. I could not stand by and do nothing, that's why I criticized him." However... Surprisingly... Henry addressed Martha in front of everyone present. "Today, for the sake of this... Mr.

Clarke, I won't hold a grudge against you, you country bumpkin. However, don't be too cocky. If I find out that you're still giving Mr. Clarke a hard time, I'll make you regret it!" Martha did not dare to say anything. With a face full of smiles, she nodded her head repeatedly in agreement. They remained this way for a short while. Suddenly, Henry snapped. "Well, what are you waiting for? Aren't you going to apologize to Mr. Clarke?"

Apologize to Philip?! Juan did not dare to utter a word! Martha was dumbfounded! Her, the mother-in-law, was being asked to apologize to her good-for-nothing son-in-law? Blasphemy! Martha nearly went ballistic! She was full of rage! She was so narrow-minded, so how could she apologize to this useless bum? Besides, he was her son-in-law! After stammering for a good while, Martha gave Philip a deadly stare. She wished she could make a voodoo doll of him that she could poke to death! Philip was startled as well. He had not thought that Henry would use his power this way. Thus, he immediately shook his head and waved his hands. "No, no, no, Mr. Turner.

I'm really fine." However, Henry refused to back down. With his expression still chilly, he stared at Martha as he said threateningly, "You can choose not to apologize. However, I would like to tell you that even the reputable people in Riverdale will address me respectfully as Professor Turner." Slap!

This was a virtual slap aimed toward Martha. She was just a civilian woman, so how would she dare to go against someone as powerful as Henry? Thus, although she was reluctant to do so, she had no choice but to say begrudgingly to Philip, "Sorry." Her attitude was not great, but at least she said it.

## Chapter 95

Right at the moment she said it, Martha already had a hundred plans to seek revenge on Philip. However, just as Juan was about to ask about the matter

of visiting a doctor, Henry left. Juan immediately panicked and rushed to catch up. There was only Martha and Philip left in the rest area. The former was staring at Philip fiercely, her eyes filled with a flame of anger. "Mom, you didn't..." Slap! Before Philip could finish speaking, Martha had slapped him across the cheek and cursed, "How about it? Does it feel good to have me apologize to you?" 'I would not be a Yates if I didn't beat you up!' Philip was speechless. His cheek was aching with burning pain, and his fists were pinched tightly in his trousers. "Oh, are you unhappy about it? Come hit this old lady if you can. Come on, hit me." Martha immediately pushed Philip with a challenging look. More people had come to look. Then, Martha gave up. Before she left, she glared at Philip fiercely. She scolded, "Useless! Die early and quickly reincarnate! Bring your bastard child along and go together!" Bastard child? She called Mila a bastard child! Mila was the flesh and blood of her own daughter. Mila was her granddaughter! When Martha had cursed him in the past, Philip would just endure it. Today, it was obvious that Martha crossed the line! "Martha Yates! I'm warning you, you can curse me, but do not curse Mila! She is your granddaughter!" Philip glared at Martha with his eyes red as he scolded. He was furious and did not hold himself back. At that moment, Martha's first reaction was fear. She did not expect Philip, who had always been wimpy, to actually throw a tantrum at her! Was he thinking of going against the sky?! How dare he yell at her!

The last time as well. "Philip Clarke, what did you just call me? Very well, you dare to call me by my full name now. You sure are brave now, even getting angry with your own mother-in-law! Well, well, well... In this family, there can only be either me or you! Take your bastard child with you tomorrow and move out of the house I bought for all of you!" Martha was extremely mad, and she immediately cursed like a shrew. However, Philip said, "Mom, that house was not bought by you alone. You have no right to drive us away. Also, if you really drive me out, you might regret it very much." "Tsk!" Martha smirked contemptuously and said, "Why would I regret throwing a piece of trash like you out? The thing I regret most now is

letting Wynn marry you!" In the middle of Martha's continuous scoldings, Philip had turned and left. "Where do you think you're going? We haven't made clear the matter just now..." Philip went back to the ward and took out the porridge he made. He wanted to feed it to Wynn at first, but she declined

immediately and proceeded to sip the porridge from a bowl herself. Not long later, Juan came in and said, "Wynn, I'm really sorry. Something went wrong on Professor Turner's side, so I am heading over now. Don't worry, I will definitely handle Mila's matters properly." Afterward, Juan left the scene hurriedly. Although Wynn did not know what had happened, she knew that it was definitely something urgent. She said a few words like asking Juan to not push himself too much. Philip had not spoken since the start. He tidied up the dishes and brought them out to wash. As Wynn was leaning on the hospital bed, she looked out of the window and thought of a person in her mind—someone who was possibly able to help her. It was Mrs. Clarke. As she was thinking about it, Wynn took out her mobile phone and found Mrs. Clarke's contact number. After a long hesitation, she prepared her emotions and dialed the number. Come to think of it, as a woman, Mrs. Clarke would probably help her out. "Passing by your entire world, I have lived the fullest for myself. Please go forward and don't look back. I will be the one waiting for you at the end." It was a familiar ringtone.

However, at the same moment when the ringtone rang in the receiver, the ringing of another phone also sounded from the ward. "Daddy, daddy, where are we going, There is no need to fear as long as I am here, Baby, baby, I am your big tree, I will watch the sunrise with you for the rest of my life..."

Too familiar! It was because the song was sung by Philip, Wynn, and Mila.

It was recorded as a ringtone for incoming calls. Wynn was surprised. She slowly moved the phone away from her ear while looking for the ringing phone in the ward. In the end, her gaze was fixed on Philip's jacket which he had taken off when he entered the ward just now. Wynn glanced at the number she dialed in her hand. She had indeed called Mrs. Clarke, not Philip. Was this just a coincidence?

## Chapter 96

Wynn stepped down from the bed and walked toward Philip's black jacket.

The ringing continued to sound in the ward. Just as Wynn picked up the jacket and was about to take the phone out, Philip suddenly walked in and snatched the jacket from her hand. Then, he smiled calmly. "I'm going out to answer the call." After saying this, Philip turned away and walked out of the ward. He took out the phone and had a look at it. It was Wynn's number!

He could only hang up. That was too dangerous! At that moment just now, Philip felt like he had gone to another world. His forehead was covered with cold sweat. It was still not a good time to tell Wynn about his identity. It was not that he deliberately wanted to conceal it, but if Wynn came to know about it, she, Mila, and even the entire Johnston family would be in danger.

Only Philip himself was aware of this danger. Philip had seen that woman's tactics. During the time when he left his family, that woman had more or less been pushing things around behind the scene. In the ward, Wynn folded her arms while listening to the tone from the phone. Her brows furrowed.

'Could it be that she has something to do?' She made another call but was informed once more that the receiver's line was busy. Feeling helpless, Wynn could only give up with a sigh of relief. After all, it was still slightly difficult for her to beg others. At this moment, Philip walked in and said,

“There is something urgent at the company. They need me to go back.”

Wynn did not mind as she was feeling irritated and just nodded a few times in response. Mila’s surgery could not be delayed any longer. Hope could not be placed on only Juan. If worse came to worst, Wynn could only rely on him. However, before Philip left the ward, he said lightly, “Wynn, don’t worry. I will arrange Mila’s surgery. I have contacted a well-known doctor in the country and they have also given a treatment plan. In these next few days, it’ll...” “Okay, I got it.” Wynn immediately interrupted Philip with a cold face. It was not that she did not believe Philip, she just wondered if the doctor he found was useful or not. Philip was stunned, even looking a little

uneasy. Wynn seemed to have become aware of the issue with her attitude and explained in a slightly irritated tone, “Philip, don’t get me wrong. Thank you for your concern about Mila. I’m just... I’m just a little frustrated.”

Philip naturally understood Wynn’s current feelings. “I understand, Mila is also my daughter. If you have any ideas, you can discuss them with me.”

Philip smiled. Wynn smiled back at him too. She nodded and said, “Alright, isn’t there something that your company needs you with? You should go and settle it.” Philip nodded. As soon as he turned to leave, Martha rushed in angrily. Without saying anything else, she came up, pointed at Philip’s nose, and cursed, “Philip Clarke, how did you talk to me just now? Have your wings already hardened? Is that why you did not even put me, your mother-in-law, in your eyes?” He was really going against the sky! This piece of trash son-in-law also dared to yell at her now. As a mother-in-law herself, had she not become so undignified? He must be punished! Philip also knew that he would not get good things from Martha if he offended her, so he could only bow his head and admit his mistake. “Mom, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have treated you like...” “What’s the use of saying sorry now?” Martha was uncompromising and unforgiving. Her face was full of sarcasm and anger.

“Both of you should talk now about when you’ll be getting your divorce.”

Divorce. Again, divorce. Philip was really annoyed. His expression had changed slightly. Wynn, who was at the side, walked over as well and gave a helpless sigh. She asked, “Mom, what’s wrong with you again? Causing trouble here early in the morning... Can’t you just let me have a quiet time?”

Wynn knew her mother’s temper quite well. Causing trouble unreasonably as well as throwing tantrums childishly were her ultimate skills. She had never truly treated Philip as her son-in-law. Everything was because Wynn had a premarital pregnancy with Philip, causing her to be shamed by her family. It was because of this that Wynn and Philip moved out and bought a small apartment for themselves to stay. On usual days, everyone just complied with Martha. Even if she was being unreasonable, everyone would just endure it. “What do you mean I am making trouble? Don’t you know?”

This trash dared to scold me outside just now!” Martha stretched out her hand and pointed at Philip’s nose. “I don’t care what both of you think. In this family, he and I can’t coexist.” Wynn felt helpless. She gave Philip a look and pretended to scold him, “Philip, how did you speak to my mother just now? What

are you waiting for? Quickly apologize!” Philip did not know what to do, so he bent down and apologized, “Mom, I’m sorry.” At this time, Martha was like a big, victorious rooster with her chin held high.

She continued to scold a few more curses at him. Philip also continued to apologize a few more times. Only then was he able to leave.

## Chapter 97

Seeing Philip walk away, she turned her head, took Wynn’s hand, and earnestly said, “Oh Wynn, haven’t I told you? Why do you still want to be with that trash? Are there no good men in this world? I think Aiden isn’t bad. He’s handsome and has a good family background. What counts is that he treats your father and me well.” Wynn felt very helpless. She knew her mother was up to nothing good when she came over. “Mom, please stop talking. I don’t feel like thinking about this now.” Wynn helplessly said. She went up to her bed and lied down sideways. Martha, however, continued talking. “If you don’t like Aiden, Juan is okay too. I see that he’s busy these

days. This type of guy is extremely rare now.” When Wynn did not reply to her, Martha got so mad that she groaned. “This girl! How are you so stubborn? What’s good about Philip Clarke? He can’t earn money and has no social connections. His friends are poorer than the others. This type of man is a scum of society. “I don’t care if you agree or not, you’re my daughter. I call the shots for you. You must divorce Philip!” Martha had secretly made up her mind that for her daughter’s marriage and also for her future happiness, she must take matters into her own hands. Wynn was tired of listening. She ignored her mother and covered herself with the blanket.

Martha whispered a few words, carried her bag in a swift manner, and left the hospital. Philip was ready to return to the company after leaving the hospital. Mila was still at the company being taken care of. Things had been really busy these days and he could not take care of her. While riding the electric scooter, Philip’s phone rang. It turned out that Lynn was the one calling. Why was she calling him? The call connected and Lynn’s cold shout came from the other side, “Philip, come to Starlight Bar! Hurry over in ten minutes! If you dare to be late, I’ll tell on you in front of Wynn!” Snap! The call ended after she finished speaking. Philip had not figured out what was happening. He could only sigh helplessly and ride his scooter to Starlight Bar in a rush. Only when he arrived did he find out that there were seven or eight young people surrounding Lynn and her four friends in the bar lobby.

There were two men and three women. Philip was very familiar with the two men—Kyle Lyon and Jacob Wells. Kyle and Jacob both had injuries on their faces. Their cheeks were red and swollen, and they had bruises at the corner of their eyes. As soon as Philip arrived, Lynn got up and scolded arrogantly, “Half an hour has passed! Didn’t I say to arrive in ten minutes?!”

“Sorry, traffic.” Philip smiled. “Traffic with that broken scooter? You did it on purpose, didn’t you? I’ll go back and tell my cousin that you frequent brothels!” Lynn said mercilessly. Kyle and Jacob also sneered.

“Lynn, why did you call this good-for-nothing? What can he do?” “That’s right, what can this idiot do?” Philip frowned slightly, turned around, and walked away

without saying a word. He did not come here to be bullied! At this moment, Lynn got anxious and shouted loudly, “Philip, if you dare leave, I definitely won’t let you go! As long as I say a few words to Uncle and Aunt, can you still have a good life with the Johnstons?” Sure enough, once these words were spoken, Philip stopped. He turned around and stared darkly at Lynn.

“What do you want? I don’t have the time to accompany you kids doing mischief,” Philip said coolly. At this moment, all seven or eight people there sneered. One of them had red hair and a slanted fringe. They were wearing a floral shirt with an open neckline that revealed a tattoo. They were smoking and looking at Philip with squinted eyes. “This uncle has a big mouth. I heard Lynn say that you’re her cousin’s husband. So she’s your sister-in-law?” Philip frowned. This person was rakish. He guessed that Lynn and the others must have provoked them. At most, it was about money.

“What’s the matter? Just let them go. I have other things to do,” said Philip.

“Fck! Watch how you talk to our Dick Jayson!” “You kids are crazy! You wanna play?!” “Fck your mom! Apologize to Dick Jayson!” All of a sudden, the few young people behind Dick angrily pointed at Philip and swore fiercely. Lynn was also scared to death, so she stood up, pointed at Philip, and shouted, “Philip Clarke, you’re crazy! Why’re you talking to Dick Jayson? Quickly apologize to him!” This Philip Clarke was usually a coward. Why was he so unyielding now? If Dick was offended, they could not leave this place! However, Dick smiled and allowed his subordinates to press Lynn back as he said to Philip, “100,000 bucks! Your sister-in-law owes us 100,000 bucks. As long as you bring out the money, you can take them away.” 100,000 bucks? Instantly, Philip looked at Lynn in surprise.

The latter turned her head indifferently and with not an ounce of shame, she said, “Why are you still standing there? Hurry up and withdraw the money.

I still have class in the afternoon.”

## Chapter 98

Philip’s face darkened. He did not understand. How could Lynn, a university student, owe someone 100,000 bucks?! “What happened?” Philip asked softly. Lynn felt very uncomfortable when she saw the way Philip looked at her. Her whole body felt prickly. It was just like being scrutinized by a roadside beggar. “Hurry up and withdraw the money. Do you still want to see me being held captive by them?” Lynn stared at Philip. He was still standing there dumbly like a blockhead. Although Kyle and Jacob were scared of Dick Jayson, they were not scared of Philip. Since Philip was here, it must mean that this useless bum was afraid of Lynn. It was only natural to make him withdraw the money to save them. “Fck! What are you looking at! Quickly withdraw the money!” Kyle immediately slammed the table and stood up shouting. In his eyes, Philip was an idiot. However, in the next second, Philip looked at Dick Jayson coldly and said, “I don’t have money, but I must take her with me. As for the other two people, I don’t



know them." Everyone was dumbfounded! No one expected Philip to actually say such things in front of Dick Jayson! Long before Philip came, several people got to know him through Lynn. Philip Clarke, this person, was a useless man. That was what they knew him as. The reason why Lynn called Philip was that she could hold him down easily. He was an easy target who would withdraw the money and save her. However, things were different now. Philip gave off an assertive feeling! While facing Dick Jayson of Starlight Bar, there was no fear in his expression at all. At this moment, Lynn was scared and very angry. She got up and walked over. She slapped him and scolded, "Philip, that's enough! Is that how you talk to Dick Jayson? If you don't have money, then get out immediately. Don't embarrass me here!" However, Lynn's slap did not land. Her fair wrist was squeezed by Philip mid-air. "Lynn Johnston, if you still want to get out, just sit there obediently!" Philip's face was dark, his eyes full of coldness. Lynn was so frightened by him that her whole body shivered. She had never felt this kind of vigor from Philip Clarke before. Too cold! How scary! It was scarier than when she confronted Dick Jayson just now. With a puff, Lynn was so frightened that her legs were weak. She immediately sat down and stared at Philip with a flustered look. Was this really the brother-in-law that let others vilify him? Kyle and Jacob also died down at this moment. They could only sit in the corner with their heads down pitifully as they whispered a few words. After all, whether or not they could get out depended on this good-for-nothing. At this moment, Dick sneered and said, "Bro, if you have no money, just get out. Don't get in the way, understand?" Dick was very dissatisfied. However, Dick Jayson was not someone who acted violently at every disagreement. Otherwise, he would not be guarding Starlight Bar. "She is my sister-in-law. I also don't wanna cause trouble. I'll take her away and pretend this never happened. I'll think of ways to pay back the money she owes you," Philip said calmly. 100,000 dollars was really nothing to him, but he had to take Lynn away now. Truth be told, he could have not cared about Lynn's life or death. However, she was Wynn's cousin after all. He would help if he could. Seeing that the other party was silent, Philip glanced at Lynn and said, "Let's go." Lynn hesitated for a moment. When she was about to get up, Dick's thugs who were beside her held onto her shoulders. Dick turned his head, looked at Philip coldly, and said, "Bro, don't go looking for trouble. Since you have no money and capabilities, let your wife or her family members bring the money." With that, Dick snapped his fingers and his subordinate handed over an IOU. "This is the money Lynn Johnston borrowed from me three months ago that amounts to 60,000 dollars. Including interest, the total is 103,000 dollars. It's not like I want this to be a matter of life and death. As long as you bring me the 100,000, you can take them away." After speaking, Dick leaned on the sofa and smoked a cigarette indifferently. "I don't have any money with me, but I can withdraw it for you later," said Philip. Dick lost his patience. He kicked the coffee table violently and said angrily, "What the fck are you doing here without money? To play?! Quickly let this piece of trash go!" As soon as he finished speaking, two people said to Philip, "Brother Dick is letting you go. Can't you hear?!" Philip pointed at Lynn briefly and

slowly said, "She has to come with me." "Quickly go!" These two people were already starting to lose their patience. This idiot was really f\*cking stubborn. Did he not understand what Brother Dick said? Did he need to get his head smashed to know where he was standing? However... Philip very calmly looked at Dick and said, "I'll pay back the money she owes, but you have to let her go." "Me too, me too." "Us too, Uncle." Lynn's friends, as though they had seen hope at this moment, busily interrupted. Dick raised his eyebrows, his expression unhappy as he looked at Philip. Was he looking to die?

## Chapter 99

“Bro, you are so fcking amusing. No one has ever dared to talk to me like this. You are the first one.” Dick lit another cigarette. Taking in a deep breath, he said slowly. As he was saying this, two of his men closed the door of the bar. As it was daytime, the bar was closed. Philip raised his brows. He glanced at the surrounding people. They were all geared up and ready to fight. All of them had a cold smile on their faces. Lynn was also very anxious. She did not expect that it would be a mistake to look for Philip for help. This idiot dared to talk to Dick like that. ‘Get lost if you have no money. Why even stay here pretending to be cool?’ “Philip, if you don’t have any money, just leave. I don’t need you to get in the way,” Lynn said coldly. Kyle, Jacob, and the others also followed suit. “Damn, after such a long time, this idiot doesn’t even have a penny and he’s still trying to be cool in front of Dick.” “Dick, I don’t know this guy. He has nothing to do with us.” “Yeah, Dick. Every injustice has its perpetrator and every debt has its debtor. Him offending you really has nothing to do with us.” These two boys and two girls were trying to cut ties with Philip all at once at this moment. Dick chuckled scornfully a few times. He got up and walked to Philip. Patting him on the shoulder, he sneered. “Look, who even treats you as a person here?” Shatter! The wine bottle broke! Philip had picked up the wine bottle directly from the table. After he smashed it, he pointed it at Dick’s throat. He spoke sternly, “Release her, I will pay the money! If you don’t believe me, I can stay!” Dick surrendered with both hands. With his chin held high, his throat rolled. Cold sweat dripped from his forehead. He joked mockingly, “Brother, be careful. You can’t solve the problem by doing this.” “Fck you! Let go of Dick!” “You’re fcking looking for a death wish!” Dick’s men suddenly went berserk. Pointing at Philip furiously, they shouted. There were two people who were immediately prepared to act against Philip. “Scram! Let’s see who would dare start a fight today!” Philip roared. The mouth of the broken wine bottle in his hand pierced through Dick’s neck. After cutting a layer of skin, fresh blood trickled down. Dick panicked as well. Staring at Philip, he balefully said, “Do you know whose place this is? If you dare to touch me, believe it or not, no one will be able to get out of here!” Looking at Dick calmly, Philip said, “I don’t care whose place this is. In short, if you don’t release her, I promise that you will go out lying down!” Dick stared at Philip for a long time. Then, he suddenly grinned and said, “Okay, I will release her, but you have to stay.” Lynn stood up hurriedly. She took a few glances at Philip in a panic. She then ran out with a few friends. They did not care about Philip’s safety at all. Seeing that Lynn and the others had run out, Dick smiled viciously. “Look, this is your sister-in-law. She ran away. She doesn’t care about your life and death. Is it worth it? “Besides, I heard them say that you’re a good-for-nothing? But I don’t think you look like it at all. You are quite courageous.” Philip did not want to talk nonsense with them at all. He took out his cell phone and called George. “Starlight Bar. Send 100,000 dollars over.” He did not bring the card George had given when he went out today. “Okay Young Master, I’ll send it to you right away,” George responded. Lynn and the others had not run far. Kyle yelled, “Lynn, your cousin-in-law is fcking trying to act cool, huh?” “That’s Dick Jayson. He actually dared to put his hands on him just now. I think he is finished. Even if he doesn’t end up dead, he’ll at least be disabled!” Kai also agreed. “That’s right, a good-for-nothing like him still dares to act cool. He really almost killed us.” Several of Lynn’s best friends rolled their eyes and cursed with disgust. Lynn was having mixed feelings.

Although she looked down on Philip and thought that he was useless, Philip had still stayed there alone for her and her friends. "Enough, you guys. Stop speaking!" Lynn was very dissatisfied with her friends. Crossing her arms in front of her chest, she impatiently said, "I have to go back and have a look. You guys can go first." After that, Lynn turned around. She returned to the door of the bar, standing there hesitantly for a long time. Kyle and the others thought about it for a long time. They also turned back. They were waiting sneakily. At this time, a few black Maybachs suddenly stopped at the entrance of the bar! The sight was very luxurious. From the looks of it, there must be a big shot inside the car! The door opened. The person walking down the car was a middle-aged man in a black suit. He had a chiseled face and a mustache. There was a serious expression on his face. There were two burly bodyguards following behind him. "Holy crap, it's over! It's Master Nino! Now your cousin-in-law is really done for!" Kyle recognized the middle-aged man immediately. That man was Nino Gil, Riverdale's third-largest underground force! He was the boss behind El Ninos! Seven years ago, he led El Ninos on a rampage in Riverdale and carved his own world.

Before that, he was just an ordinary tiler. Then, he gathered gangsters to help developers deal with the demolition problem with violence. He had unshakable support backing him. Due to his cruel and violent methods, he had won many of the developer's contracts for demolition projects. Seven years ago, Nino Gil began to contract a large number of demolition projects in Riverdale. He recruited a group of miscellaneous staff specifically for removing the 'holdouts' of the demolition project. Relying on illegal means, Riverdale Hartford Construction and Architecture Company was established not long after. He was also promoted to the chairman of the company. A big boss like him was definitely not to be messed with! This Starlight Bar was Nino Gil's place! Philip was dead meat!

## Chapter 100

Lynn and the others watched Nino lead his people into the bar. This was one of the underground bosses of Riverdale! The power and capital behind Nino were even more powerful and terrifying! Kyle was so terrified that he had goosebumps all over his skin. His mouth was trembling as he said, "We have to leave quickly. If Master Nino catches us, we will definitely be dead!"

Kyle was scared out of his wits. He was only fortunate to have seen Master Nino show off his power before! Harry, who once caused a disturbance in Riverdale, had knelt and spoke in front of Master Nino. After witnessing this scene, Kyle told himself in his heart that if he were to provoke someone, it better not be Master Nino. He was too strong! Moreover, his methods were extremely vicious! Harry, who had been previously undefeated in the hundred rounds of underground black boxing, did not listen to Master Nino's words and refused to fight with fake punches. In the end, he had his hands and feet broken before getting thrown onto the street. Jacob also turned blue with fright and stammered to the two sisters, "Lynn, let's go. There is nothing nice to see here. Your cousin-in-law himself is courting death by having provoked Dick Jayson. Now that Master Nino is here, he's done for!"

"Yeah, Lynn. Let's quickly go or else you will be inviting trouble on yourself. Do you really want to go back? If Dick Jayson gets caught, we will all have to work in service to pay back the money." "Lynn, if you

still won't leave, we will!" Lynn was also at a loss. Could she really leave Philip like this? No matter how one put it, it was still her who had called Philip here. If something really happened, how would she explain it to her cousin? "No, if something happens to Philip, we won't be able to escape the responsibility.

If you are afraid, then go first. I have to stay," Lynn said solemnly. Did this little lass really care that much about Philip? No! She was just worried that if something happened to Philip, she would be implicated. She wanted to stay for confirmation. If things really went bad, she would just call the police. Back at the bar. Philip stood in the middle of everyone's glaring gazes. With a calm expression, he said, "Dick Jayson, right? The money will be sent right away." Dick drew a tissue, wiped the blood from his neck, and

snorted. "F\*ck! You are the first to do this to me." After that, the two men rushed directly toward Philip and pressed him onto the sofa. "Tell me, how do you plan to solve this?" Dick smiled coldly. "An additional 100,000

bucks for medical expenses," Philip said calmly. Dick smiled and looked around. "Brothers, did you hear that? He said that he's willing to give us 200,000 bucks." After laughing, he stared at Philip coldly and said, "Lynn told us that you are a piece of trash who lives off women. I'm curious where your confidence comes from. And where do you plan on getting that 200,000 bucks?" Dick was not a foolish person. Since Philip's aura and words did not meet the standard of that a wimp, he must have his own confidence. Besides, he really minded the conversation Philip had just now over the phone. He opened his mouth to immediately ask the other party to send 100,000 bucks over. He was definitely not an ordinary person. Was he pretending to be a pig and eat a tiger instead? Dick really wanted to see if a wimp could bring him 200,000 dollars. "You just want money. As for my business, I advise you to ask less," said Philip calmly. Dick shook his head and very naturally, leaned on the sofa. He snapped his fingers and said to his opponent, "Ten minutes. If no one sends the money by then, cripple his arms and throw him out." "Okay, Dick," one person responded with a grin.

However... Philip was laughing disapprovingly. It was also at this time that the door of the bar opened and a group of people walked in. They were led by Master Nino. He walked in with a smile and said, "Dick, why is the door closed in broad daylight?" Dick was still sitting on the sofa. When he saw Master Nino, he stood up like a frightened rabbit. He bent over and smiled,

"Master Nino, you're here. If you had told me about your arrival in advance, I would have gone out to greet you in person." Master Nino smiled, took off his jacket, sat on the sofa, and said, "There are some distinguished guests coming to have fun tonight. You have to make preparations quickly. It must be ceremonious and grand. You understand?" "Understood, Master Nino.

Don't worry, for you, I will definitely make this place beautiful." It was also at this time that Nino discovered the stranger at the bar. He pointed at Philip,

frowned, and asked coldly, "Who is this kid? Is he new here?" It was too unruly. He had already come in, but this man was still sitting. Was he not giving him face? Dick immediately made eyes and motioned to some of his subordinates. He smilingly said, "Master Nino, you've misunderstood. This kid is here to pay

back the money for his sister-in-law.” Saying that, he turned his head and shouted at his subordinates, “Why are you still blanking and not taking him down?” Philip did not want to nitpick matters. When he got up, he was prepared to leave with the others. However, he heard Dick and Nino discussing a person.