

## Chapter 501

It was raining cats and dogs. A clap of thunder rumbled across the sky. There was an austere atmosphere inside the courtyard house. The two forces were in a standoff. Jay lifted his head to look in the direction of the sound. Then, he saw a young man under the umbrella. There was a cigarette dangling from his lips and blood on his shirt. He was also wrapped up in bandages.

However, this young man's eyes were like the shooting star across the sky.

There was a very strong aura and deterrent force in them. The two forces were staring each other down. There was a veranda between them and a bronze cauldron. The rain splattered into the bronze cauldron and overflowed. It sounded as if someone was frying beans. It was extremely loud. Jay's face was gloomy. He stared at the uninvited guest who appeared in his courtyard out of nowhere and said frigidly, "Who are you? How dare you barge into my courtyard? You're pretty ballsy." Jay was not an idiot.

These uninvited guests just barged into his house like this. Did his men outside let them in? There was only one explanation. Something must have happened to his men! This also meant that these people were here to ask for trouble. Philip took a drag of his cigarette and exhaled. Under the black umbrella, he looked up at the lightning that flashed across the sky like a dragon above the veranda. The thunder rumbled in his ear loudly. "Jay Drago, disband the fraternity." Philip said calmly. His voice was soft.

However, when it was accompanied by thunder, it sounded terrifying.

Hahaha! Roars of laughter. Jay looked at Philip like he was a buffoon. He held his woman in his arms and said coldly, "Kid, do you know what you're saying? You're asking me, Jay Drago, to disband the fraternity?"  
For 20

years, no one dared to say this to me. Who do you think you are? You're asking for death!" However. In the next second, a man covered in blood was pushed to the front from behind Theo. Thud! Mitch fell down on the veranda with one arm broken. He fell into a puddle, and the puddle turned red immediately. "Master Drago! Master Drago, save me!" Mitch knelt on the

floor limply. His body was drenched in rainwater. He looked at Jay while trembling and screaming for help. "Mitch Potter! What the f\*ck did you do?" Jay roared, his eyes red. Mitch was his right-hand man, but now, one of his arms was broken. This was a warning. It was a brazen threat! At that moment, Jay's eyes were filled with rage as he glared at Philip under the umbrella. He yelled, "Don't think about leaving now that you've entered my courtyard!" Damn it! Who were these people? Theo was standing next to Philip. At this moment, he opened his mouth, "Master Drago, long time no see." Finally, Jay shifted his attention to Theo. He furrowed his brows together as a cold smirk appeared on his lips. He said, "Well, if it isn't Theo?

You brought so many people here, could it be that you're here to drink and chat merrily with me?" Jay scoffed. His eyes were traveling between Theo and Philip heatedly. Theo was holding the umbrella for this young man.

Judging from his gaze, Theo looked like he treated this man with the utmost respect. This was a huge problem. Even though the fraternity was not afraid of Theo and was indeed stronger than him, if both parties were to start fighting, neither would benefit from it. Plus, the taboo right now was overstepping boundaries. Before this, his men told him that Mitch brought his men to Riverdale to mess up Theo's place. Was Theo returning the favor now by bringing his men here to mess up his place? "Master Drago, your men did something they shouldn't have. They crossed someone they shouldn't have crossed." Theo said coldly. Flames of rage were burning in his eyes. Back then, Theo was always being pressured by the underground forces of the South River District, especially the fraternity. They kept on overstepping and did a lot of despicable things in Riverdale. Theo had always kept one eye closed. However, it was different now. With Mr. Clarke around, Theo was fearless. Jay guffawed. He pointed at Theo and roared, "You have no right bossing my people around!" Woosh! In an instant, all of the guards in Jay Drago's courtyard came out from every door, window, and crevice. They were all muscular and heavily tattooed men holding sabers and clubs. These people were the fighters of the fraternity. From an aerial

view, it could be seen that the courtyard had been surrounded completely by Jay's men. Even the alleyways, streets, and junctions outside the courtyard were all filled with over 100 thugs with sabers and choppers. They were charging toward the courtyard in the storm. There were densely packed heads all over the place. The sounds of them stepping into the puddles were so earth-shatteringly loud. The rain was pouring heavier and heavier. The sky and ground looked like they were connected together. There was an austere aura of death inside and outside of the courtyard. Jay stood at the entrance of the middle hall while holding a sweet beauty in his arms. He kissed her a few times and chortled. He said, "You barged into my place, so you deserve to die!" The reason he was rambling on for so long was so that his men could ask for more backup. Philip stood under the black umbrella.

The rain fell onto the umbrella with loud pitter-patters. They sounded rhythmic. His eyes scanned the courtyard coldly like lanterns of intelligence. They had been surrounded. These men were all thugs who were holding sabers. They were all glaring aggressively at him and the seven to eight men behind him.

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"Are you scared?" Philip asked all of sudden. Next to him, Theo was the first one to answer him, "I strive for the utmost for Mr. Clarke!" "I will strive for the utmost for Mr. Clarke!" In an instant, the fighters in black suits behind Philip all yelled at the same time. Philip smiled and threw away his cigarette butt. It landed into the bronze cauldron. Crash! A sudden clap of thunder! Jay roared, "Kill them!" He did not have time to idle talk with Theo and his gang. His venues were in trouble, he had to go take a look. After that, Jay grabbed his woman and turned around. He was about to leave from the backdoor of the middle hall. There were more than 100 men inside and outside. Even if Theo was so powerful and had his men waiting outside, it would still be futile. Jay was not bothered by this. It was just a few lives. If they were to start something, he would not mind charging to Riverdale and

taking over Theo's territories. When the time came, with the South River District combining with

Riverdale, he would have a chance to reach new heights. However, in the next second! When Jay got out of the backdoor, he immediately backed into the middle hall again. In a flash, a group of fully armed men barged in quickly from the backdoor. They were all wearing black combat outfits and berets. They had bulletproof vests on and protective goggles. They were also holding guns! "Squat down! All of you!"

"Put down your weapons! Stop resisting!" One team! Another! In an instant, armed forces barged in from all over the place. The entire courtyard had been surrounded by more than ten black armed vehicles. One armed man after another was jumping out from the vehicles and running toward the courtyard with guns. "Go! Go! Go!" "Drop your weapons! We'll kill anyone who resists!" "Drop your weapons! We'll kill anyone who resists!" Those thugs with sabers were all stunned when they saw these people. They were scrambling away like animals. Bang, bang! The gun fired! The thugs who tried to escape collapsed one after another after being shot. They were all exiles and knew what would happen to them if they were caught. Hence, they decided to take this risk. However, it was all futile. Splash, splash, splash! Thud, thud, thud! The concentrated sound of combat boots stepping into puddles reverberated in the courtyard. In an instant, an armed force appeared behind Philip. They were all either standing or squatting. The muzzles of their guns were pointing outward as they protected Philip with him standing in the middle. "Drop your weapons! Cover your heads! Squat down!" "Drop your weapons! Squat down! All of you!" "Anyone who resists will be shot immediately!" In that instant, the entire inner courtyard was being taken over by the armed forces. More than ten thugs dropped their sabers and were squatting on the floor with their hands on their heads. Jay wanted to keep going, but one of the armed men kicked him on his chest heavily. Smack! Jay flew backward out of the middle hall like a kite with a broken string. Then, he fell into the puddle on the veranda. Two to three of his ribs were broken from the impact. Jay did not get up after a long while.

Splash, splash, splash! Sound of shoes stepping into puddles. Jay lifted his head and saw a tall figure half a meter in front of him. Philip was looking down on Jay who was drenched in rainwater and lying in the puddle. Theo was holding a black umbrella next to him. He said coldly, "Jay, from this day on, there will be no fraternity in the South River District." Jay gritted his teeth and glared at Philip. Finally, he lowered his head that had been held high for more than 20 years in defeat. At that moment, he looked like he had aged ten years. His domineering aura also vanished immediately. Philip turned around and said coldly, "Go to the Andersons' place." When Jay heard that, he laughed while still sitting in the puddle. He said, "Even though I don't know who you are, I'm warning you not to enter the Andersons' pool.

You might die in there." Philip turned around and looked at Jay who was looking back at him with a sinister smirk on his face. He replied, "Thanks for your reminder. However, I'm interested to see if their pool can drown me or not."

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Jay snorted and said, "You brassy kid, do you know who's behind the Andersons?" The Andersons. That was the number one family in the South River District! They had more than ten billion in assets! The person in charge of the Andersons, Greg Anderson, knew a lot of the upper management of South River

S. His connections and status were beyond one's imagination. Plus, a huge family was supporting the Andersons. Jay was unworthy to look up to such a huge family. They were too powerful!

"No matter who's behind the Andersons, I'll destroy them." Philip said calmly, "Don't forget how your fraternity crumbled in a matter of seconds when it got into my hands. When Jay heard this, his body shook. Exactly!

In the face of this young man, the fraternity crumbled in seconds! Jay's eyes widened at this. He glared at Philip angrily and yelled, "Who are you? Who the hell are you?" He had been in this field for more than 20 years and finally became the monopoly he was today. However, a nameless rascal destroyed what he built in the blink of an eye! He even had no chance of fighting back.

Looking at the entire courtyard filled with armed forces, Jay started to feel scared. A man like that was definitely not a nameless rascal. However, Philip chuckled coldly and left the courtyard with his men. There were two black Maybachs at the entrance and behind them were more than ten black commercial cars. Then, they started driving toward the Andersons'

extravagant villa in the South River District. In the car, Theo asked, "Mr.

Clarke, do you really want to start a fight with the Andersons?" "Why not?"

Philip asked him. He could see that there was a hint of nervousness in Theo's face. After all, he had stayed in Riverdale his entire life. He did not have the ambition and courage to take over the world. "Mr. Clarke, you might not know about the power of the Andersons in the South River District. The South River District is much bigger than Riverdale. It might even be double the size. This is an enfeoffment for the succession of the rich and powerful. History states that the aristocrats, generals, and ministers used to gather here. The Andersons are the largest family with the most power of speech until this day. They're also the only aristocratic family that was inherited through generations. It can be said that the Andersons are on both the bright and dark sides. Even if their relationship with both sides is stopped, it'll still remain the same. It can also be said that the Andersons are the local tyrant of the South River District. There's not only Greg Anderson in the Anderson family, there's also Old Master Anderson. He's a person who had made contributions during the war. "No one dares to touch the Andersons here. If we start a war with them, it'll be equivalent to starting a war with the South River District. Mr. Clarke, are you confident enough?"

Theo finished saying all that in one breath. His face was filled with worry.

Despite knowing that Philip had extraordinary power and status, if they were to fight with tigers like the Andersons, not only would the Andersons counter-attack, but they might even suffer great losses. Philip was quiet for a while. He was feeling worried. He did not care about the Andersons. He was concerned about how this would affect the South River District. He was

worried if Uncle Tim would be able to stall Giada. After a while, Philip said,

“Call Greg Anderson.” Immediately, Theo called Greg’s number. The motorcade stopped at one of the roads in the South River District, causing a huge traffic jam. The call went through and there was a solemn voice on the other end of the phone. He asked in annoyance, “Who’s this?” “Philip Clarke.” Philip replied calmly. “Philip Clarke? You have the wrong number.

I don’t know you!” Greg said coldly. At the same time, standing in front of him was a woman with a glamorous body and a pair of long, slender legs. It was Giada’s personal assistant, Vivan Wallis. She was the death warrior brought up by the Wallises. She was also Giada’s personal assistant. It could be said that she was the Wallises’ machine. She was also Giada’s right-hand woman. At this moment, she was in the Andersons’ villa. It meant that Giada was here, and at the same time, it displayed the Wallises’ determination.

Philip snorted and got out of the car. He walked to the car with Noah inside and said, “Greg, you’re a smart man. The Andersons are such a big family.

I know you won’t come empty-handed. Since the Andersons are the representative of the South River District, then I will only talk to you. Your son made a mistake. How do you intend to solve this?” On the other end of the phone, Greg fell silent. After a while, he said slowly, “Young man, even though I don’t know who you are or who’s backing you up, but I’m warning you to let go of my son and leave the South River District. If not, you’ll regret it!” Greg was not someone who would admit defeat easily. Since he could build the Andersons up until this stage, then it was only natural that he had confidence and courage. “Is that your answer?” Philip said coldly.

At the same time, he yanked Noah out from the car and kicked him on the ground. He stepped on both of his bloody arms. “Talk to your father.” “Ah!

It hurts!” Noah yelled with no integrity, “Dad, come save me! I don’t want to die! He’s the devil! He’ll kill me!” Woosh! On the other end of the phone, Greg stood up from the sofa instantly. His face was dark as he roared in a deep voice, “Young man, I’m warning you, don’t go overboard! This is the Andersons’ territory. This is the South River District! If you dare to touch

my son, I’ll promise that you won’t leave this place alive!” “Hehe!” Philip chuckled coldly. “I don’t think you know me very well. I hate it the most when people threaten me!” After he said that, Philip took out the dagger that was sheathed on Theo’s waist.

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Stab! The dagger stabbed right into Noah’s shoulder. With a crack, it broke his scapula! Then, Philip started a video call and recorded this to Greg. “Ah!

Dad, save me! Dad!” Greg stood in the gigantic hall of the villa and watched as his son screamed while covered in blood. His entire body was tense as he yelled angrily, “Stop it! What do you want?” After he said that, Vivian, who had been standing there quietly for some time, said coldly, “Greg, don’t forget

Madam Wallis' order." Greg was on the brink of an eruption.

However, when he heard the words 'Madam Wallis', he had to control his anger. He looked at the video and said in a deep voice, "I'll give you one billion. Let my son go and leave the South River District with your people.

The Andersons will never step foot into Riverdale and all of our properties in Riverdale will also belong to you!" That was Greg's condition, but at the same time, it was also Madam Wallis' order. He was slicing his flesh. This would cost at least a billion bucks. However, to Greg's surprise, Philip replied, "I'll give you 20 billion in cash for the Andersons to get out of the South River District. As soon as you nod, the money will be sent to your front door." Greg's face fell. His entire body was trembling. 20 billion? Who was Philip Clarke? How could he say something like that so confidently?

The Andersons had been in succession in the South River District for generations. Now that it was in Greg's hands, the Andersons were flourishing. They gained wealth and status like never before! However, all of his assets combined were only 70 to 80 billion. This man in front of him was promising him 20 billion without even hesitating. Greg's gaze landed on Vivian. He asked probingly, "Miss Vivian, who is Philip Clarke?" Vivian did not tell Greg Philip's true identity. She only told him what Madam

Wallis wanted. He had to protect the Andersons and the South River District. When necessary, they had to sacrifice Noah! However, how was that possible? Noah was his only son. He was the future and hope of the Andersons. Vivian's voice was icy as she said, "Don't ask what you shouldn't." Greg frowned. He knew he was at a difficult spot now. When they decided to depend on the Wallises, Greg knew that this day would come. "Young man, you're just showing off your abilities. I'm still going to tell you the same thing, it's better to squash enmity rather than keep it alive.

Anyone can make mistakes, you need to forgive them when possible. One billion in cash and all of the Andersons' properties in Riverdale will belong to you. Let my son go," said Greg. However, what Philip said next rang the death knell for the Anderson family in the South River District. He said,

"Your son shouldn't even think about plotting against my wife. No one in this world is allowed to lust after my wife! Today, I, Philip Clarke, will say this only once. I don't care who is behind the Andersons and I don't care how many achievements the Andersons have. If you made a mistake, you have to suffer the consequences! If the Andersons don't get out of the South River District in half an hour, then get 23 coffins ready for these corpses!"

Slam! After he said that, Philip hung up the phone. The rain stopped. Neon lights were flashing in the street. There were a lot of civilians here. All of them knew Greg and were discussing amongst themselves. "Isn't that the young master of the Anderson family?" "Who's that man? How can he beat the young master up?" "I don't care who he is. He'll die if he touches the young master! According to his accent, he doesn't sound like he's from here.

What a reckless fool!" There was a smirk on Philip's lips. He did not pay attention to these people. He walked back to the car and drove to Andersons'

villa. Half an hour later, Philip's motorcade stopped in front of the entrance of the Andersons' villa. At this moment, the Andersons' villa was armed with impenetrable defense. There were fighters who were trained by the Andersons both inside and outside the villa. The villa was impenetrable from their protection. Philip got out of the car. When Greg saw Philip from

inside the villa, he was shocked. That was such a young man. Who was he?

He even alarmed Madam Wallis. At the same time, one car after another sped toward the Andersons' villa from all the main roads in the South River District. All of the car plates from the cars were enough to startle the entire South River District! They were all from the upper management! They all had eminent statuses! There were a lot of cars from the leaders of the underground forces. There were also car plates with red words on white backgrounds! Just five minutes ago, Greg made a phone call. All of the bright and dark sides from the South River District had come out from their dens! The storm had arrived in the Anderson family in the South River District!

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Greg walked out of the villa. He came to the entrance while being heavily protected by his fighters. The smell of rain and soil lingered in the air. The entire Anderson family's villa was somber. Its atmosphere was extremely intense. Greg looked at the 100 plus people behind Philip. They were standing in an orderly fashion and did not look like people who were hired randomly. However, Greg was not afraid. This was the South River District.

This was his territory! Plus, this was the Andersons' villa. It was the symbol of the entire South River District. The entire villa was built on a hill. There was another symbolic building in the villa, the Andersons' shrine. At nighttime, the lights of the shrine could be seen from tens of miles away!

Even normal civilians would stop and mourn for a few seconds when they passed by the Andersons' shrine. That was their way of paying respect to the Anderson family. The reason was that the Anderson family was the savior of the South River District. They were the ones who started the development of the South River District. The Anderson family were like gods over here. Everyone was willing to be their soldiers, and they were willing to fight all the Andersons' enemies. This was the prestige of the local tyrant who got their status through succession. Looking through the densely

packed crowd, the entire Andersons' villa was filled with people. They were all the fighters trained by the Anderson family. They were all holding weapons that looked like choppers. "You're Philip Clarke?" Greg's gaze was heated. He glared intensely at the young man who was standing at the entrance with his windbreaker. His eyesight was good. The crowd was only one step behind the young man. Click! Theo stood beside Philip. When he saw Philip taking out a cigarette, he took out his lighter and lit the cigarette for him. Greg's eyes went cold. He knew Theo. They had seen each other before. Why was he here? Plus, he was lighting Philip's cigarette for him!

"It's me." Philip took a drag of his cigarette and said calmly. His eyes were frigid. The Andersons' villa

was gigantic. It was a symbol of extravagance and wealth. Plus, it was also extremely luxurious. It seemed that the South River District had been personalized. Philip heard about the rumors of the Andersons while he was on his way here. He felt helpless. It was a family that had been mystified. This was a frantic exploitation of capitalism.

“Alright, I don’t care who you are. Now that you’re in my territory, I order you to let my son go. If you do, I’ll let you go scot-free and I’ll pretend this never happened!” Greg looked at Philip with a solemn face. He was not worried that the other party would fight back. What if he did? He had more than 100 fighters in his villa. There were more than 100 people coming over right now. When the time came, this place would be impenetrable! Even if the other party knew how to fly, it would be impossible for him to escape.

Plus, he had already ordered them. Now, the upper management and underground forces of the South River District and even the leaders of the special forces were coming over as fast as possible. One might well ask, who would be able to escape from such an inescapable trap? Who would dare to go against the Andersons? The Anderson family was the undefeatable presence in the South River District! Philip chuckled coldly.

His men behind him dragged Noah out of the car. His entire body was drenched in blood. Then, they threw him in front of Philip like he was a dead dog. “Dad! Save me, Dad! Kill him! Kill him! He crippled me! Avenge

me! Avenge!” Noah had lost his flashy exterior. Now, he was only a prisoner of the lowest rank. He was covered in mud and blood. Noah swore that throughout his entire life, he had never been so wretched before. This was such a colossal shame! Thud! Then, Philip kicked Noah in front of everyone. He stomped on Noah’s chest heavily. He towered over him and said, “Are you not afraid of death?” After Noah heard that, his entire body trembled. He could see the threat of death in Philip’s eyes. There was a bone-piercing coldness coming from Philip. Noah’s every organ was trembling. Noah would never expect that a spineless bum who depended on his woman to be so savage! He despised the Wallises now. If the Wallises had not ordered him, he would not have provoked Beacon and he would definitely not have crossed this grim reaper in front of him. “Yes, I’m terrified. What do you want? Don’t kill me. We’re in the Andersons’ villa, you can’t kill me!” Noah yelled timidly. His pupils constricted, and he was scared that Philip would kill him in the next second. “I’ll let you live. Kneel and beg me.”

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When Philip said that, he lifted his eyebrow and looked at Greg opposite him. Everyone understood what Philip meant. He wanted to get back at Greg in the Andersons’ villa! Greg’s face turned red and purple from holding himself back. His son was in Philip’s hands, so he did not dare to be impulsive. “Noah, no!” Greg roared. Woosh! However, in the next second, a dagger appeared in Philip’s hand. Stab! He lifted the dagger and dropped it onto the ground next to Noah’s ear. In a blink of an eye, one of Noah’s ears was cut off. “Ah!” A blood-curdling scream. Noah clutched his bloody ear and got up



challengingly without a second thought. He knelt in front of Philip and kept on kowtowing. He began to plead. "Please don't kill me.

Don't kill me. I'm kowtowing to you..." Thud, thud, thud! The sounds of his forehead against the ground hammered on everyone's hearts. Especially when it got into the ears of Greg and the 100 plus fighters who were working

for the Anderson family. They sounded ear-piercing. That was Young Master Anderson. That was the son of the person in charge, Greg Anderson.

In addition to that, he was the future heir of the Anderson family! At this moment, he was kneeling in front of the enemy like a dog wagging its tail while begging for mercy. There was a shadow inside all of the Andersons'

hearts. Could a young master who was clinging abjectly to life inherit the entire Anderson family in the future? "Noah Anderson! You're my son!

You're the heir of the Anderson family! How can you kneel in front of someone else?" Greg was livid. His chest was filled with rage and reluctance. At the same time, there was also disappointment. He knew his son, and his son was used to indulging in sumptuous entertainment. At this moment, his actions disappointed Greg a lot. Was the Andersons' dynasty ending? No! He would not allow this to happen! "Philip! I want you to let my son go now! If not, don't even think about leaving this place alive with your men!" After Greg's roars, more than 100 fighters in black rushed out from inside the villa and the roads leading to the villa. They surrounded Philip and his men instantly. The scene looked extremely intense. From afar, only a sea of heads could be seen. Everyone was holding sabers and choppers. This looked like the standoff scene between two forces in movies.

The atmosphere in the Andersons' villa was extremely heightened. It could be said that they were on the verge of attack. Philip looked at the crowd around him calmly. He calculated that there were at least a few hundred people. What a scene! "Greg, what a scene. But is this all the Andersons got?" Philip said coldly. There were no worries nor concern in his eyes. The fighters in black suits behind him that were called over by Theo all took out their batons and daggers from their waists when he said that. "So what? It's your honor to be able to see this in your lifetime." Greg chuckled coldly. At this moment, he was extremely confident. They only had a little more than 100 men, but Madam Wallis was so scared that she even asked Vivian to come over. She was arousing too many people to do this relatively small task. Greg could take care of him easily. "Hehe!" Philip chuckled coldly.

He said, "Greg, I'm giving you a choice. You can get out of the South River District with your family and transfer all of your assets under my wife's name. If you do that, I might consider sparing all 23 people in your family."

Hahaha! Greg lifted his face to the sky and guffawed. That was the most hilarious joke he had heard in forever. "So basically I have no more choices.

If that's the case, I'll make sure you won't get out of here alive. You'll die in the Andersons' villa today,

Philip Clarke.” Greg yelled angrily. He waved his hand and roared, “Go! Kill all of them! Bury them on the spot!” In a blink of an eye, more than 100 fighters charged toward Philip and his men from all directions of the Andersons’ villa. In the crowd, Philip and Greg stood there calmly while watching their people fight and snarl at each other.

Suddenly! Woosh! There was a rumble hurtling across the sky. Then, there was the earth-shattering sound of an explosion in the Andersons’ villa. The sound could be heard from miles away. Boom! Smoke rocketed into the sky and formed a mushroom cloud. Everyone was startled. They looked over to the sound and saw that the once solemn and serene Andersons’ shrine was in flames. That was the symbol of the Anderson family. It was also one of the landmarks in the South River District. There was a huge hole in the ground. The scattered and smashed shrine and the burnt ground around it was in a sea of flames. From afar, the entire hill was surrounded by heavy smoke and a sea of flames. At this moment, the civilians of the South River District from a few miles away were all looking toward the villa and discussing among themselves. Fear and terror were lingering in the air. No one knew what had happened. That was the Andersons’ shrine, and it was the landmark of the South River District! The construction cost was about one billion bucks! It was a gold pagoda that was built using the gold pouring technique!

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It happened while everyone was in a state of shock. Boom! Another loud noise. The villa behind Greg was razed to the ground, and it fell into a sea

of flames! The impact of this explosion threw everyone backward. At that moment, half of Greg’s men were injured by the impact of the explosion.

Some of them even became ashes as they were standing too close to the villa. However, they deserved this. They were all fugitives. Their dreadful crimes would still rankle even after they were dead. Greg and his men were completely stunned. This was happening too suddenly. Plus, the sea of flames was still sending shockwaves into their hearts. This was too shocking! Too horrifying! At the same time, there was a low rumble coming from the sky among the heavy smoke. It came from afar and slowly got closer. Five military helicopters sped toward the air above the Andersons’

villa. Then, they dove down with the head of the helicopter pointing downward and circled a few times above the villa. The machine guns on the helicopters were all on stand by! They were also fully loaded! As long as they got the command, this gigantic villa would be razed to the ground and be gone forever! A threat! Provocation! Then, these five military helicopters stopped above the villa. Five ropes were dropped down, and in a blink of an eye, a team of more than ten armed men descended from the sky. They landed inside the villa in an instant. They were all from the special forces.

There was a golden island crest embroidered on the chest of their uniform.

These were Tim’s armed forces! Now, they belonged to Philip. They were all the Clarkes’ people. They

would fight and die for the Clarkes. This was not all. In an instant, team after team of armed forces appeared from all over the hill where the Andersons' villa was. There were more than ten armored cars as well. They were all filled with men from the special force. They charged forward like an iron beast. They were heavily armed down to their teeth! They were wearing special black combat outfits with red and black berets. The chest of their uniform was embroidered with a golden island crest. The crest showed a sword that was surrounded with flames above the golden island. All of these armed forces belonged to the Clarkes! There were a few hundred people! "Stop resisting! Drop your weapons! Get down on the ground now!" "Stop resisting! Drop your weapons!" "Get down on the ground! Anyone found resisting will be shot to death!" They managed to take over the scene in a blink of an eye. At that moment, Greg was stunned.

All of the Andersons' men were stunned. Some even started escaping. The Andersons were a huge family, but after they fell apart in mere seconds, everyone started running away once they had served their purpose. The best way to describe the Andersons right now was rats leaving a sinking ship. At the same time, on all of the main roads of the South River District, there were numerous special vehicles with car plates that had red numbers on white backgrounds. There was someone in the car. When they were a few kilometers away from the Andersons' villa, they saw that the Andersons'

shrine was in flames. Then, when they saw the military helicopters circling in the air, the person roared, "Where did these armed forces come from?"

Who do they belong to? Find out for me!" The Andersons' shrine was destroyed! That was such a huge piece of news! Who did this? Who dared to do this? Not just them, the rest of the leaders in the other cars were all livid when they saw the flames and the armed helicopters. This was a rebellion! Who was it? However, in the next moment, all of them received an order on their phones at the same time. After they read that order, the cars with car plates in red numbers on white backgrounds braked suddenly.

They stopped at the entrance below the hill of the Andersons' villa. Then, those cars turned around and sped away. "Damn it! Why are they that guy's armed forces?" "The Andersons are finished! They offended someone they shouldn't have!" "Hurry, go back! Tell everyone to get out of the South River District!" In an instant, all of the leaders of the upper management reached a consensus. All of Greg's connections that he contacted before had turned their cars around. They were fleeing the scene like locusts. They were fleeing that hill and fleeing the South River District! They had all received the same message at the same time. The content was just a simple sentence:

'Get out of the South River District!' They did not dare to disobey because the owner of this number only signed off with one word, 'Wallis'. Back to the red Kawasaki motorbike under the hill of the Andersons' villa. Vivian

was wearing a black leather jumpsuit as she dismantled her phone. She broke the SIM card in half and threw it into the bin. Then, she put on her helmet and got onto the bike with a silver briefcase. Vroom! The bike rumbled and Vivian left. The Andersons were no more, and the madam had lost the South River District. At the same time, the Andersons' villa. Philip looked at Greg and Noah who were kneeling in

front of him. Then, he looked at the other 21 members of the family kneeling in an orderly fashion behind them. He towered over them coldly and said, "I gave you two a chance. Why didn't you listen?" Greg was sweating profusely, and he was trembling all over. He lost! It was also a crushing defeat! He did not expect the other party to be so powerful and terrifying. What was this heavenly tactic? However, the thing that Greg regretted the most was that he never expected Madam Wallis to abandon him at the most critical moment. Now, Greg Anderson was the lone army putting up a brave fight.

## Chapter 508

"Hehe, I'll obey whether you want to kill me or skin me alive. There's no need to humiliate me." Greg chuckled coldly. He looked as if he was not afraid of death. On his side, Noah was like a dog. He crawled in front of Philip and kowtowed. He begged Philip. "Master Clarke, Master Clarke, please let me go. I was wrong. I'm already like this, I'm already a useless man. Please spare me. I'm willing to work for you." "Noah!" Looking at Noah being craven and cowardly, a macho man like Greg started sobbing in regret. He could never imagine his son being so cowardly. The Andersons'

dynasty finally came to an end. Philip looked at Noah who was begging him continuously and Greg who was crying tears of remorse. Then, he shook his head helplessly. If Greg had not chosen the wrong person, the Andersons would not end up like this. This was a man who could do great things.

Unfortunately, the God of Destiny made fools of the people. Philip turned around and looked at Theo behind him. He said, "Chase them out of the South River District. They can never step foot in here anymore." Philip did

not kill them as it was unnecessary. He was tired. He wanted to go back now. In a blink of an eye, the motorcade returned to Riverdale. They stopped in front of the entrance of the Intercontinental Hotel. When Wynn heard that Philip was back, she ran out and jumped into the arms of Philip who just got back. She bawled and said, "Darling, I thought I'll never get to see you again. Do you know how worried I was?" Boohoo... Philip held Wynn and said gently, "I'm fine now, aren't I? Alright now, stop crying. You'll become ugly if you continue crying." After she said that, Philip tapped Wynn's red nose. Wynn glared at him shyly and accidentally touched his wounds. Philip groaned in pain while gritting his teeth. "Ah, what's wrong?"

Let's go to the hospital." Wynn was panic-stricken. She immediately took Philip to the hospital. After an hour of running around, Wynn could finally accompany Philip in the hospital room. At this moment, her phone rang. It was from Giada. "Hello, Aunt Giada, I'm sorry. I said I'd treat you to dinner today, but... Something came up in my office. Can we push it back a few days? I'll invite you over to my house." Wynn walked out of the room and went to the waiting area. "It's fine." On the other end of the phone, Giada's voice sounded gentle. "Right, is Philip... Okay?" Philip? Wynn was shocked. She did not understand what Giada meant. She smiled and said,

"Philip is fine." "Alright, I understand." After she said that, Giada hung up the phone. At this moment,

she was standing in the study of the villa. She was facing the neon night sky of Riverdale. There was a light breeze.

Giada's face was frigid. Behind her, Vivian walked over. She stopped half a meter away and bowed. She said, "Miss, the Andersons are no more."

Giada knitted her eyebrows together. There was hatred in her eyes. After a while, she let out an exhale and said, "Did you get that thing back?" Vivian took out the silver briefcase and took out a few documents. These were the estates that the Andersons gained after working for the Wallises for so many years. They were worth 50 billion! Giada would not allow this to fall into someone else's hand. Plus, there was also an important document inside. It was evidence of the Andersons having secret ties with the Wallises. If this

got out, it would be detrimental to the Wallises. The content of the documents included the leaking of the secrets of some of the Clarkes'

estates. "Miss, what do you plan to do?" Vivian asked. Giada crossed her arms across her chest silently. She looked at the neon lights from afar and said coldly, "If he's going to be heartless, then don't blame me for doing him an injustice." The next day, Martha got Wynn's call in the villa. She said Philip had been hospitalized. "What? He's been hospitalized?" Martha exclaimed, but then, a happy expression appeared on her face. Wynn did not need to remind her. Martha quickly took her bag and left Longford Park.

She bought some chicken soup on her way and got inside a taxi. Then, she arrived at the hospital. She was delighted. Philip was hospitalized. Did he fight with someone again? Martha could not wait to go and mock him.

Martha got out of the taxi at the entrance of the hospital. Then, she saw a lot of bodyguards in black suits. She could still see a few bodyguards in black suits even when she got upstairs to Philip's room. What was going on?

Whatever. Martha swayed her hips and was ecstatic. She walked into the room and announced in the voice of a matchmaker from a village, "Oh, my poor son-in-law, why are you in the hospital? What happened?" However, when Martha barged into the room with a huge grin on her face, she was stunned. She saw the person she did not want to see the most. Martha was petrified. She lowered her head and tried to leave after turning around.

However. "Martha Yates." A cold voice stopped her.

## Chapter 509

When she heard this cold voice, every hair on Martha's body stood up. She was terror-stricken. She turned around and saw a frigid yet elegant figure standing in the room. She was looking at Martha coldly.

“M-Madam Wallis, why are you here?” Martha smiled timidly. She was forcing the smile on her face. Damn it. Why did she run into this woman here? Martha was scared.

She lowered her head and looked at Philip who was acting indifferent while lying on the bed. Giada crossed her arms across her chest. She was wearing

a long flattering black dress. It made her look elegant and noble. Her eyes were glued on Martha, and she was feeling agitated. It seemed that Martha had not suffered enough. Slap! Giada walked over and slapped Martha across the face. She said coldly, “Did you forget what I said to you last time?” Martha clutched her face, her expression filled with grievance. She said quickly, “N-No, I remember.” She was such a mean mother-in-law.

Eventually, she still crossed someone she should not have. If this was someone else, Martha would have turned the earth upside down and destroyed them. However, the other party was Giada, so she did not dare.

Martha was only unreasonable and irrational in front of Philip and the Johnstons. If the other person was someone with slight power and status, she would be as timid as a rat. “Hmph!” Giada scoffed and said, “I’m warning you, Martha Yates, Philip doesn’t dare to do anything to you because you’re his mother-in-law. However, I’m different. If you dare to order him around, hurl abuses at him, humiliate him, or beat him up, I won’t forgive you!” “No, I won’t dare to do it. I can’t even wait to treat him as my own son.” Martha tried her best to flatter and fawn over Giada. She even showed her the chicken soup in her hands. She said, “I brought him some chicken soup. I made this all by myself.” After she said that, she placed the soup on the nightstand. Her heartbeat did not even increase when she lied.

She had undoubtedly bought it from a random shop on the street. Giada peered at Martha coldly, then looked at Philip who was reading on the bed.

She said, “Don’t forget our promise.” After she said that, she waved her hand and walked out of the room. Martha was left behind in the room. She broke out in a cold sweat as she fell lifelessly on the sofa. Giada had such an imposing manner. It was so strong that Martha almost knelt on the floor.

Now that Giada was gone, Martha finally glared at Philip and yelled,

“Philip, why didn’t you help me? Do you enjoy watching me get slapped?

I’m your mother-in-law and that evil woman is only your stepmother. Is she closer to you or am I closer to you?” Philip lifted his eyebrows as he peered at Martha coldly. He said, “Don’t cause a scene here. Go do it in front of

her if you have the guts.” Martha was blatantly bullying the weak and fearing the strong. Was he not aggressive enough? Was that why she was not afraid of him? “I’m causing a scene?” When Martha heard this, she was unhappy. She threw the soup into the bin and yelled, “I don’t want to let you drink this anymore. You heartless, thankless wretch! To think that I wanted to be good to you. Serves you right that you’re just gonna be a spineless bum for the rest of your life!” Perhaps she was still not

satisfied from just yelling, so Martha stated accusingly rudely. "You're living under our roof but what have you ever done for the Johnstons, Philip? I don't care. I don't like that woman. Either you get back at her for me, or you divorce Wynnie.

I don't want Wynnie to have such a sinister stepmother-in-law!" Martha knew that she and Giada would never get along. She did not dare to get back at Giada, so she could only involve Philip. Would Philip dare to go against her? If he did, then he would ask Wynn to divorce him! Philip was such a good-for-nothing, so she was sure all the Clarkes' assets were in Giada's hands. She could not let this happen. She had to snatch it away from Giada's hands. Martha had a simple thought running in her head these few days. As long as she could snatch the assets away from Giada, then they would belong to Philip. Eventually, they would become Wynn's, which would mean that they belonged to her. Philip shook his head helplessly. He frowned and said coldly, "Martha Yates, please leave." He had enough of his mother-in-law's two-faced behavior. He was also sick and tired of her being an annoying troublemaker. "What? You're kicking me out?" Martha was furious. She walked up to Philip and slapped him across the face. She screeched, "Oh you thankless wretch! You're trying to kick me out now, huh? Don't forget that you're the Johnston's son-in-law and my son-in-law. I'm your mother-in-law! Philip, even if you're different now, I'm still your mother-in-law.

You have to listen to every word I say!" After she said that, Martha grabbed her bag and left. Now, she was falling out with him and becoming hostile again. Philip was done with her. He had to find a chance to teach Martha a lesson. If not, she would be too arrogant. After Martha left, Philip felt more

at ease. He thought about his promise with Giada. As he thought about it, he called Tim and asked, "Uncle Tim, are you back at the island?" "Yeah, there's something going on at home, but don't you worry, I can take care of it." At the other end of the phone, Tim's voice sounded down. Philip did not pay much attention to it at that moment. After he asked more questions, he hung up the phone. In the end, Tim asked, "When do you plan to come home?" Philip pondered for a long while. Then, he replied, "Soon."

Suddenly, a ringtone broke his subjective idea. He saw that it was from a familiar yet foreign number. "Hello, who's this?" "I didn't see you for a few days and you already don't remember me?" It was a sweet voice. Her voice sounded like the spring breeze. Melody! Philip's brain recognized the owner of the voice immediately. Why was this annoying vixen calling him? "Tell me, what's going on?" Philip asked. Melody was acting like a teenager. She was brave and unrestrained by convention. However, Philip could not waste her time. He was married and already had a child. Plus, this was Theo's daughter. If word about this got out, it would be bad. "Can't I call you even if I have nothing going on?" Melody walked out of the hotel. She was wearing a stylish white baseball skirt and a tank top. She also had a white cap on her head. The men who passed by the hotel entrance were all stunned.

. (2)

why not just call theo and tell about his bitchy daughter. is philip suppose to be that stupid?

Jim Castillo

i am starting to hate the story. why the character here are stupid enough to let that martha yates her way. it is getting boring. philip should fight her and kick her out of their lives. people are becoming stupid around her. story is getting boring because of martha yates attitude.

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Chapter 510

Philip was speechless. He could only laugh dryly. "I need to see you. Do you have time?" Melody did not want to waste too much time on this question. She decided to be frank. Philip answered indifferently, "Miss Zander, if you want me to pretend to be your boyfriend again, then no." "No, I don't care. I'm going over to you now." Melody was not courteous at all.

Ten minutes later, when she appeared in the hospital room, Philip was about to get up from the bed. "Why are you at the hospital?" That was Melody's first question when she entered the room. In her eyes, Philip was someone extremely skillful because he knew kung fu! Philip's face was glum as he replied, "I got into a fight." When Melody saw that his face was glum, she asked worriedly, "Who hit you? Tell me, I'll ask my dad's men to avenge you!" Who dared to hit Philip? He was Melody's sweetheart! Philip was startled. He looked at Melody who was looking extremely alluring in front of him and shook his head helplessly. This little lady's temper was pretty bad. "Um, Miss Zander, can you take me to the toilet?" Philip asked all of a sudden. "What?" Melody thought she was hearing things. What was this guy thinking? He was asking a girl to take him to the toilet. What was next?

Should she support him while he urinated? Ah, she did not expect Philip to be someone like this. However, she loved it. Melody's face was red. She looked shy. "Do you really want me to help you?" Philip did not want to, but his legs, arms, and stomach had been stabbed. He had stitches all over, and it hurt when he moved. It was pretty embarrassing. "You can just help me to the door. I can take care of it myself after that." Philip said while bracing himself. Melody raised her brows and bit her red lips. She looked at the door behind her and made up her mind. Her face was red as she said shyly, "I'll only help you to the door. You take care of the rest." She was a girl. Naturally, she could not go overboard. Philip nodded. This was enough.

Melody was still a little bashful. She helped Philip up from the bed. This

guy was pretty heavy. Philip placed his arm across Melody's shoulders. The smell of her perfume invaded his nostrils. He was reveling in her scent that smelled like spring. When he was this close to her, he could even feel Melody's body temperature. He could also feel her shaking slightly. Was this the first



time this little girl got so close to a man? When Philip thought about this, he shook his head. Thank God he only liked his wife, Wynn. If not, he was worried that he would not be able to control himself in front of a little girl like Melody. "Stand there and pee yourself." Melody's face was red. She moved Philip to the toilet bowl challengingly. 'Oh gosh, how embarrassing! Why am I so good to him?' Melody was conflicted. She felt her face heating up. After Philip came out, Melody said, "Go to a dinner party with me after a few days. You can repay me for what I did just now."

After she said that, she skipped out of the room. A dinner party? Philip was turning it over in his head. Was this little girl trying to pull something again?

At the same time, Wynn walked out of her office. The matter regarding the marketing platform for her company's medicine was solved. All of the Andersons' marketing platforms were merged and acquired by another company. They reached an agreement with Beacon this morning. She decided to go visit and thank Mr. Cash for this. However, while she was on the way, she remembered what Philip said to her last night. He was Young Master Clarke of Clarke Group from Capital City! Wynn almost forgot about this. After she drove to Clarke Group's branch in Riverdale, she found Hudson. She did not believe Philip completely. However, she knew that Philip had changed a lot recently. What she was suspicious about was if her husband was truly the young master of Clarke Group from Capital City, then why was he willing to be a useless son-in-law for three years in the Johnston family? "Oh, Madam Johnston, welcome. How can I help you?" Hudson met Wynn in the chairman's office. He was beaming. Wynn sat on the sofa.

After a long while, she finally asked, "Mr. Cash, I'm here to ask you something. Is the young master of Clarke Group in Capital City named Philip Clarke?"

## Chapter 511

Hudson was stunned. He looked at Wynn curiously. After a while, he said,

"Young Madam, you know everything?" Young Madam? When Wynn heard that, her heart skipped a beat. Indeed! Philip was the young master of Clarke Group in Capital City! Why? Why was this happening? The husband who had been sleeping next to her for three years was the young master of Clarke Group in Capital City! He was so normal. Why was he... "Y-Young Madam, where are you going? Let me fetch you there." Hudson got up hurriedly and watched as Wynn stumbled out of his office. He felt helpless.

If the young madam asked him this, did it not mean that she had already known the young master's identity? Why did she look so shocked? "I'm sorry, Mr. Cash. I have something I need to take care of, so I'll go now. Oh right, don't tell Philip that I came to you today." Wynn came back to her senses and bowed to Hudson. Then, she walked out of the chairman's office.

Hudson lowered his head and bowed in fear. He said, "Young Madam, you're tormenting me." When Wynn got back to her car after leaving the Capital City branch of Clarke Group, she was still in a state of shock. Her brain was blank. Philip had lied to her. He was the young master from a wealthy family, but

why did he subject himself to such abuse and stayed in their family for three years? Why had he not told her before? Did he have any unspeakable sorrows? Wynn started crying. She held the steering wheel and cried. Her heart was in immense pain. However, she was happy for Philip. He was not the useless bum who could be humiliated by anyone. He was the young master of Clarke Group in Capital City. Her husband was the one who had been helping her all along. The one billion investor was Philip.

The collaboration regarding the marketing platform was also because of Philip. However, Wynn's heart was still hurting. It was the kind of pain one would feel after being cheated. They were husband and wife! They could face everything together. She cried for a long time before she took out her phone. She found her husband's number. After contemplating for a long

while, she dialed the number. She wanted Philip to tell her himself. She wanted to know if there was anything she did not know. However, she hung up in the middle of the call. Wynn remembered something. Since Philip did not tell her, it meant that he had his own ideas. Was this related to Giada?

Wynn was not an idiot. She could tell that Philip's relationship with Giada was not that good. Giada was also his stepmother. Philip had also mentioned before that he ran away from home. Now, Wynn was suspecting whether the reason Philip ran away from home was because of Giada. Should she pretend to be stupid? At this moment, Philip called her. He said coquettishly,

"Darling, where are you? I miss you." Wynn wiped away her tears and smiled. She said, "I'm in the office. What's wrong? Do you want me to go over?" "It's fine, then. You should focus on your work." Philip said before blowing a kiss from the other end of the phone. When he was about to hang up, Wynn asked suddenly, "Right, darling, do you remember what you said to me last night at the Intercontinental Hotel?" Philip was startled. He remembered telling Wynn about his identity as the young master of Clarke Group in Capital City. Did she believe him? "I..." Philip was stammering.

He started to regret speaking without thinking. It was fine now. It was just his identity as the young master of Clarke Group in Capital City. There was nothing to be afraid of. There were a lot of companies on the same level as Clarke Group in this world. As such, Philip was not worried. It would be fine as long as his true identity was not exposed. After all, now was not the time. However, there was a hint of accusation in Wynn's tone. She grumbled, "Alright, don't lie to me anymore. You're not the young master of Clarke Group in Capital City. Even though I know my husband is not a normal guy, that's Clarke Group! You can joke with me, but don't do that in front of other people." Wynn decided to keep quiet. She decided to pretend to be stupid. When Philip heard that, he let out a sigh of relief. Thank God Wynn did not believe him. "Ah, I'm just teasing you." Philip grinned.

He was relieved. "Alright, I'm hanging up. I still need to take care of something." Wynn said some things before hanging up. The smile on her

face froze. She hoped her husband did not suspect her. She would just pretend to be stupid for the time being. She would only stop pretending when Philip decided to come clean to her. Philip was discharged very quickly. Then, he went back to work in Beacon. The company was not too peaceful at the moment, especially with the Michaels disturbing the peace in Beacon. They were working together with the board

to suppress Wynn's power. Naturally, Philip heard about this. After asking George to investigate this, he found out that Giada was behind this. The Michaels from Golden City were the Wallises' vassals.

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newbz tv

He didnt even lie to her she never wanted to hear him even when he told her the truth many times.

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## Chapter 512

Currently, the Michaels had a large number of funds coming in. They were already at the same level as Wynn. Both of them had 30 percent of the stock rights each! There were two main shareholders in the company now.

Houston Michaels from the Michael family and Wynn. The day Philip was discharged, Nina Jacques was the one who picked him up. It was arranged by Wynn. Since Wynn was busy responding to Houston's cheap tricks, she could only ask her new secretary Nina to pick Philip up. "Hello, Nina."

Philip grinned and said in an easy-going manner. However, when he saw Nina, he frowned. He kept feeling like he had seen this woman somewhere.

Who was she? Philip could not remember, so he gave up. Nina was wearing a cream-colored office suit, but she still looked like a typical woman from the sunny south. She looked as if she had just walked out of a painting. Her long black hair was resting on her shoulders. Her skin was as white as milk

and it was glowy. Her features were petite yet delicate even though her face was small. Her eyes were as mesmerizing as a moon reflected in the limpid autumn waters. She stood next to Philip, and Philip felt as if the air around him had become fresher. She was so beautiful. A woman in an ink and wash painting was nothing compared to her. His wife put too much trust in him.

She even let this kind of ethereal beauty come to pick him up from the hospital. Philip thought Nina had driven to the hospital to pick him up. Who knew that she came here by bus. What was going on? Did he make Wynn angry? When he got on the bus, Nina's beauty attracted everyone's attention. Philip followed behind her and felt as if he was locked in by a few pairs of eyes. There were no more seats on the bus. Plus, there were a lot of people getting on at this stop, so the bus was very crowded. Nina chose to stand near the door and held onto the ring dangling from above. Philip was behind her. He spotted a few tattooed young men trying to stand closer to her. Their eyes were glinting ominously. He smirked and snorted. Then, he walked over while holding the rings and pushed the tattooed young man to the back rudely. That tattooed young man flared at Philip instantly. When he saw that Philip was

bigger than him, he backed away to one side slowly.

Then, Philip did not care whether Nina was comfortable with this or not. He stood behind her directly and used his body to create a safe space for her.

That was his wife's assistant, after all. It should be fine if he took care of her. Nina's body tensed up, and she furrowed her brows. When she was about to say something, she saw Philip winking at her and smiling. "It's fine, don't worry. I'm here, so you won't be harassed by those people." Nina looked at the lustful eyes of the men on the bus and frowned slightly. She knew what their gaze meant. She had been harassed by perverts when she was on the bus before. However, she would always keep one eye closed.

However, the biggest pervert right now was Philip! That horrible guy! He was married and was Madam Johnston's husband. Did he want to act like a hero and use this opportunity to molest her? He was just like how they described him in the office. He was a useless bum indeed. Now, she wanted

to add a few more descriptions for him. He was a pervert, a vile character, and a hypocrite! Nina glared at him angrily and shifted her body forward.

She wanted to keep some distance between her and Philip. This was her first time being so close to a person of the opposite gender. She was feeling uncomfortable. With the bumpy ride, she kept feeling some unwanted touches coming from him! Nina's hand gripped the ring tightly. She wanted to get rid of the weird presence behind her. She could feel that her breathing was getting more rapid. Even her face was heating up. She was not a 13 or 14-year-old girl who did not know anything. She knew what that was. That was the male... However, it was as if Philip was nailed to the floor of the bus. He was rooted behind her. Philip was feeling helpless. He felt troubled.

The inside of the bus was too crowded. He was not doing it on purpose. He figured that a misunderstanding was about to happen. What if Nina reported this back to Wynn? His life would be over. Nina was feeling frustrated and annoyed. "Can... Can you back away a bit?" Nina said shyly through gritted teeth. Her face was as red as a tomato. "I-I'll try." Philip was ashamed. He tried to scoot backward and eventually, he bumped into someone. "What are you doing? What? Why are you squeezing me?" A middle-aged woman shrieked instantly. In a blink of an eye, there were all kinds of curses and accusations on the bus. "I'm sorry, I had no choice. We're almost at the next stop." It was human nature. No one could avoid this. When Nina heard this, she pushed a strand of her hair behind her hair. Her ears were red. What was going on with this guy? Could he not feel it? Was he doing this on purpose?

Damn it! What a hypocrite! He was putting on such a good act! Nina gritted her teeth angrily. She swore she would expose Philip's vile behavior.

Moreover, she also wanted to tell Madam Johnston about this! "Right, Nina, have I seen you somewhere before?" Suddenly, Philip asked. Nina shuddered slightly. There was coldness reflected in her eyes.

## Chapter 513

“Excuse me, but I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Nina Jacques calmed herself immediately and smiled slightly. Her voice was sweet and soft like a typical demure lady. “Oh, alright then.” Philip frowned. Did he get it wrong? At this time, Nina was anxious as a cat on a hot tin roof. The alien emotion was almost driving her crazy! Philip paid a bit of attention to Nina. This beauty was only a fist away from him. The fine hair on her pink cheeks was illuminated by the bright lights, reflecting a youthful purity.

Especially her fair neck that was as white as the snow on the Himalayas. It exuded a light and alluring fragrance. He had most definitely seen her before, but he just could not remember where. Screech! Abruptly, the bus came to a sudden halt. Nina, who was already unfocused at this time, immediately fell backward heavily! Boom! She was standing so close to Philip when she lost her balance. This time, she truly felt it! Instantly, Nina’s face flushed red. Her small hand was gripping the ring tightly, and she dared not move at all! Nina could not tolerate such a beguiling atmosphere any longer. Just as the bus arrived at the bus stop, she did not hesitate to rush down! However, a middle-aged woman dashed out first, accidentally knocking into her and making her stumble. Her high heels slipped and she fell directly into Philip’s arms! F\*ck! Philip was dumbfounded. He felt the soft body in his arms, and his nose was filled with the fragrance wafting from her hair. What the hell was going on today? Nina put her hands on Philip’s chest. She felt the heat from his body as the two of them were tightly pressed together! That pose was too provocative! She hurriedly shoved Philip away, straightened out her business suit, and ran out of the vehicle.

She was blushing furiously. Philip felt a little helpless as he chased after her while shouting, “Nina, don’t go so fast. It was just a misunderstanding. If you want to blame someone, blame it on the driver for being so inexperienced!” Nina halted, turned around angrily with a glare, and said,

“Misunderstanding? What misunderstanding? I think you’re just a pervert!

I must tell Chairwoman Johnston about this!” Oops, it seemed that beauty Nina was really mad this time. Philip chased after her and said, “You’ve

really misunderstood me. I was trying to protect you just now. There were so many pairs of eyes leering at you just now. Don’t tell me you didn’t notice anything. Please don’t tell my wife.” “You? Are you really that kind?” Nina pushed Philip’s hands away and sneered while folding her arms across her chest. She looked as if she was looking at an idiot. How should she deal with this pervert? At this moment, not too far away, several figures appeared. Philip’s expression sank. When he turned around, he saw a tattooed youth with two bald young men beside him, chewing gum and acting like loafers. Oh, it turned out to be the tattooed young man that Philip had pushed away on the bus. Nina naturally noticed the three little hooligans too. Afraid, she hid behind Philip until only the top of her head could be seen. The tattooed young man laughed and chewed his gum loudly, yanking his chin to point at Philip. “Hey, brat, weren’t you very sassy just now? But you look so scared now that your face has turned green. Hahaha.” “Alan, is this that kid? He doesn’t look like he can fight.” One baldy next to him glanced at Philip and said disdainfully. “Alan, that girl looks pretty mouthwatering!” Another thin baldy said with a pervy look. “I

didn't lie to you, right? She's top-notch! Settle that kid and the chick behind him will be ours!" The tattooed young man was exultant. In his eyes, Philip would be a dead man soon! He did not take him seriously at all! Nina was still hiding behind Philip. She frowned when she overheard their shameless conversation! "What are you saying! Be careful or I'll call the police!" She could not tolerate insults from others, so she stepped out and held her bag tightly in her arms as if she was going to take out her phone. "Oh no, the chick is scared. Brothers, what are you waiting for?" With a leering look on his face, the tattooed young man rubbed his hands together in an obscene gesture and walked toward Nina. Smack! The crisp sound of a slap rang!

Philip had moved forward and served him a slap that was fierce and decisive! Before the tattooed young man could figure out what had happened, he was already spinning a few times on the spot.

. (2)

Jim Castillo

oh another thing theo is just a fingerling and yet he cant stop theo daughter ganging up on him. so stupid.

Jim Castillo

you are gonna loose one of your good reader because you make philip seem like a fool. i hate it that martha always get away with her fucking attitude and giada is so powerful that philip can only do nothing. wynn is so stupid that she still dont know her husband is freaking wealthy.

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Chapter 514

"Fck! You dare to hit me?" The tattooed youth clutched at his swollen cheek and glared at Philip while gnashing his teeth. "Brother, don't you see that she has a boyfriend? Since you still dare to approach her, who else should I hit if not you?" Philip crossed his arms and sneered at the tattooed youth. Nina got a fright from Philip's fierce retaliation, but a warm current surged in her heart. The look in her eyes as she stared at Philip had also changed. She totally ignored his usage of the word 'boyfriend' just now. The tattooed youth flew into a rage and took out a switchblade from his pants pocket. He glared menacingly at Philip and shouted, "Damn you! I want your life!" With that said, he rushed over with the switchblade and aimed directly for Philip's stomach! The other two bald men also dashed over quickly. Their objective was very simple—to catch Nina. Would the kid not submit to them after that? The stabbing motion of the switchblade had almost reached the mark, but before it could pierce through the target, it was firmly grabbed by an iron grip before it got any further! Philip calmly reached out and grabbed the

tattooed youth's wrist. Then, he exerted some force and with a crack, the sound of breaking bones came from the youth's arm! "Argh!" The tattooed youth was in so much pain that his face had turned maroon. He felt that his arm had been broken just now! The pain was excruciating! The heart-rending screams from the youth were so spine-chilling that a few passersby got a fright and quickly ran away. If a bit more force was applied, the guy's arm could be broken at a 90-degree angle! With a loud clanking sound, the switchblade fell from the youth's hand. "You two, aren't you going to stop? Do you want me to break his other arm?" Philip huffed coldly. The two bald guys who were about to pounce on Nina glanced back at this moment, unconcerned about the safety of their companion at all! They had made up their minds. As long as they got their hands on the beauty, the kid would submit to them obediently! Philip frowned as his anger intensified! For his next moves, he would not consider the consequences anymore! With a violent force, another cracking sound could be heard. The arm of the tattooed youth was bent at a 90-degree angle! The sound of bones breaking blasted clearly in their ears! "Argh, ouch...!" The tattooed youth screamed and knelt on the ground, his entire face flushed maroon! The pain in his broken arm was not something any ordinary person could bear! In the next second! The youth only felt a gust of wind at the front of his head before he was stunned to see Philip standing in front of the beauty. His hands were tightly gripping the two friends by their necks! The two baldies were also terrified by Philip's sudden appearance! They watched helplessly as they got choked by this guy. They were even lifted up! Was this the strength of an ordinary man? He could pick up one person in one hand! Was he still a fcking human? The two baldies were completely distraught. They never should have provoked such a person!

"Since you're seeking death, I'll give you a ride!" Philip dropped these words, exerted more strength into his arms, and choked the necks of the two baldies!

## Chapter 515

After that, Philip spun the two of them around in mid-air like he was juggling fire-sticks! How could an ordinary person perform such an act!

Brother, was that an acrobatic performance? Hollywood special effects?

The two bald guys just looked tough on the outside but were actually useless. They could not withstand such treatment from Philip and started to foam at the mouths. After being thrown to the side casually by Philip, they fell to the ground with a thud and rolled over several times! They did not even have the strength to get up. They just felt like the world was spinning around them. Their guts were rolling in waves and they threw up all the food from last night! Not to mention that one of them had even lost control of his bowel movements! This was not over yet. Philip took a few steps forward, raised his leg, and stomped on the chest of one of the bald guys. A resounding crack was heard. That guy let out a heart-wrenching scream! It was enough for people's hearts to tremble! "I told you, since you want to die, I'll give you a ride!" Philip looked at the three people coldly and said sternly, "Why, do you still want me to greet you one by one? Get lost! If you don't leave now, it won't be as simple as breaking a few ribs!" With that said, Philip kicked the bald guy to the other side. The latter squealed like a pig. His eyes grew

dark before he fainted! The tattooed man and the other bald guy finally scrambled up from the ground with great difficulty.

They hurriedly dragged the fainted guy and wanted to leave. However, Philip suddenly shouted, "Wait!" This time, the two were so scared that their legs shook. They knelt on the ground with a loud thump and wailed,

"Brother, please forgive us. We know we were wrong!" Philip pointed at Nina and barked out an order, "Go over there and apologize!" The two little hooligans exchanged a glance and clambered to kneel in front of Nina, scaring her into taking a few steps back. "Sister, we were wrong, please forgive us!" The tattooed youth and the bald guy apologized sincerely, their heads knocking on the ground with loud thuds! "You... Go now. Don't do this again in the future." Nina went pale with fright, hid behind Philip, stretched her head out, and looked at the hooligans with a terrified

expression. "Don't want to leave yet?" Philip made a move to kick. "Okay, okay, we're getting lost now." The two guys scrambled to drag their fainted companion on the ground, ignoring the curses from the other pedestrians on the road. They rushed to flee this death zone! Before Philip could take a closer look, Nina poked him on the shoulder and said shyly, "Thank you.

I've misunderstood you earlier. I'm sorry." After that, she even bent down from the waist for a bow. Philip quickly stopped her, scratching his head and chuckling. He did not know what to say. Philip grinned broadly and said, "It's fine." If he was not mistaken, he seemed to have caught a glimpse of a blood-red spider on her body! Could it be a coincidence? Philip kept an eye on it. In the end, he and Nina returned to the company in this awkward yet unembarrassed atmosphere. Initially, he wanted to talk to Wynn, but she was away, so he could only sit and wait until she got off work. Philip was bored and watched some videos online to kill some time. In the blink of an eye, it was time. Nina Jacques, the assistant to the chairwoman, came to the marketing department for an unprecedented visit. She instantly attracted the attention of all the male marketing staff! Too beautiful! Too captivating!

Just like an enticing woman who walked out from a painting! Nina strutted in her little high heels, stood at the entrance of the marketing department, popped her head in, and looked around several times. When she caught sight of Philip sitting by the door, her face finally bloomed into a smile as she trotted over. "Hi, Philip, are you free tonight? I want to take you out for dinner..." Nina had mustered up a lot of courage and struggled for a long time before she finally decided to approach Philip! Even her voice was brimming with bashfulness. Nina's heart was in turmoil at the moment. Her alluring and big bright eyes were staring at Philip for fear that he would decline her invitation in his next sentence, so she hugged the folder in her arms tightly. It was nothing. She just wanted to invite Philip for a meal to express her gratitude for the incident during the day and to clarify the previous misunderstanding about him. She might not realize that she was a little in love with the feeling of being protected by Philip. Oh, it was so

embarrassing! She was so nervous! Not only was she nervous, but all the male employees in the marketing department were nervous too! What was the situation? The belle of the company, beauty Nina Jacques, visited the marketing department just to invite that good-for-nothing Philip Clarke out for a meal?! A dinner at that! They must be crazy! They almost wondered if their ears were playing tricks on



them! No, it must be an illusion! Even though he was useless and had nothing to do in the company, he was the chairwoman's husband! Despite that, was this really all right? Could it be that Nina was actually a superficial wh\*re in the guise of a sweet innocent girl? Philip was a bit startled. He looked at Nina who was smiling amicably in front of him and hesitated. The more he dithered, the crazier the other male employees became. Was he hesitating? As expected of a man who lived off his wife... He was afraid that Wynn would come after him afterward. This was the great beauty Nina Jacques who personally invited him for dinner and he was actually hesitant! Countless people could not wait to replace Philip at this moment and say that they were free. However, Philip's next sentence made more people go berserk!

## Chapter 516

"Umm, I'm not free tonight. Can we do it another day?" Philip could not help it either. When he said this, he felt countless daggers staring into his back. Nina's expression changed slightly, but she controlled her somewhat disappointed emotions very well and replied, "In that case, let's do it another day then." After saying this, Nina trotted away from the marketing department. She had no idea how she managed to escape from such immense pressure. She just felt extremely fatigued. This was the first time she had invited a guy out for dinner and it was in front of so many people too. However, she had been rejected. "Is it because I'm ugly?" Nina hid in the bathroom, patted her delicate face, and forced out a smile to calm herself down. However, the smile on the corners of her mouth carried a trace of frigidity and the chill of conspiracy. At this moment, the entire marketing

department had already gone crazy! All the male employees surrounded Philip and frantically chastised him for the refusal. This was a God-given opportunity and this beast actually refused with one sentence! Being encircled by them, Philip finally ran out of the office with great difficulty.

As soon as he reached downstairs of the company, he saw Melody Zander who had already been waiting there. This young lady wore a sky-blue long skirt paired with beige high heels. Her slender figure was leaning against the door of the BMW, and she was looking at Philip with a huge smile.

"You're here so early?" Philip put one hand in his pocket while the other hand waved a greeting. Little Melody was like a sprite, and every time he saw her, she exuded a different charm. Before this, she was like a mature lady. After that, she was like a domestic girl. Now, she was like a pure and fresh nymph! She was perfect from every angle! Today, she had also put on exquisite makeup. She had the poise and appearance of the new generation of idol celebrities! "I just reached here," Melody said with a smile. Her lips were red and her teeth were white. Her long eyelashes flickered like stars under the sunlight, it was mesmerizing! "Now can you tell me about it?"

"What's up?" Philip shrugged and asked. Melody opened the door and said with an impish smile, "Get in the car. You'll find out when we get there."

Philip pursed his lips. Although it was blissful to ride in a car with such a beauty, he felt that Melody was making use of him somehow. Forget it, he would think of it as helping her out. At the entrance of Drunk

Immortal Court! This was a relatively high-end restaurant in Riverdale! An ordinary person might not be able to come here even if they had the money. They still needed a VIP gold card from the Drunken Immortal Court! This restaurant had a strict membership system. Only members were allowed to make reservations. He did not expect that Melody would bring him here for dinner tonight. "Where did this country bumpkin come from? Get lost!

Don't stand in my way!" A sudden and arrogant reprimand interrupted Philip's thoughts. This arrogant and domineering guy had a filthy mouth and a lousy temper. Philip merely flicked a glance at him. The appearance

was passable, but the quality was deplorable! That brazen man was dressed in branded casual clothes. He noticed Philip glancing at him coldly and there was even a beautiful woman standing beside the peasant, which made him very unhappy! He did not have such a beautiful woman with him even though he drove a Maserati, so how could a two-legged peasant like him find such a charming girlfriend? It was like a fresh flower stuck into cow dung! He cursed and yelled, "What the hell is this? Is the Drunken Immortal Court a place where you can come? A good dog will not stand in the way.

Get the hell out of here now!"

## Chapter 517

"Perry! Don't be rude!" At this moment, a distinguished old man with a slightly tired look got down from a Rolls-Royce not too far away. He was followed by a large group of attractively dressed men and women.

"Grandpa, just look at this country bumpkin! Isn't he just blocking your way by standing here?" The arrogant man immediately became respectful, supporting the old man while glaring at Philip. Philip was peeved. Who did he provoke by standing there? Did your family build the damn road?

"Nonsense! How did I teach you? When you're outside, you must convince people with reason and never judge people by appearance! Apologize now!"

the old man said sternly and knocked his walking cane on the ground.

"Grandpa... I'm just..." The face of the arrogant man immediately turned awkward. "Go now!" The old man repeated sternly. That guy seemed to be afraid of his grandfather. After hesitating for a while, he twisted his head toward Philip with an expression of dissatisfaction and resentment. He gritted his teeth and said, "I'm sorry for offending you just now." After speaking, that guy stood on one side without turning back, crossed his arms, and scrutinized Philip from top to bottom with hostility. "Young man, my name is Terence Cannes, and this is my grandson Perry Cannes. It's all my fault for his lax tutoring. We've embarrassed ourselves. If there's anything wrong, please tell me and I'll make him visit you to apologize another day,"

Master Cannes walked over and said with a smile. Philip shook his head quickly and said, "It's fine, don't worry. He's just a young man with a fiery temper. It's okay." "Hah, drop the pretenses already. As if you're much older than me..." The arrogant man snorted in a low voice only to be frightened with a glare from the old man. He quickly lowered his head.

Philip smiled nonchalantly and said nothing. Perry glared bitterly at Philip and memorized this person before following the rest of the adults into Drunken Immortal Court. "I know Perry Cannes. He's the young master of the Cannes family from Golden City. He has a lousy temper. That old man is Terence Cannes, the head of the Cannes family of Golden City." Philip simply shrugged and did not think too much about it. There were loads of families around. A Cannes family was nothing to worry about. "Mel!" At this time, a beautifully dressed woman walked toward them. With a long black dress, shoulder-length wavy hair, delicate features, fair skin, and an outstanding poise, she belonged to the photogenic category of goddesses.

Her straight and slim calves were well-proportioned. Her figure was tall and slender. She was a fully grown beauty and not at all inferior to Melody in terms of appearance and temperament! "Cynthia!" Melody hugged the woman like a little girl. "It's been a long time since I last saw you. You've grown bigger again." The woman rubbed Melody's hair fondly, a soft smile on her face. "He is?" She suddenly noticed Philip who was standing next to them and asked curiously. "He is... He's my boyfriend..." Melody quickly grabbed Philip's arm and introduced him. She was afraid that Philip might let the cat out of the bag, so she deliberately glared and winked at him. Philip was not an idiot. He naturally understood what she meant and nodded helplessly in response. "Boyfriend?" The woman was obviously startled.

After scrutinizing Philip for a moment, she stretched out her smooth milky-white hand and said with a faint smile, "Hello, I'm Cynthia Larson, Melody's best friend." "Philip Clarke." Philip stretched out and shook her little hand but quickly let go. Wow, so soft, so smooth! "Mel, when did you get a boyfriend? Why don't I know about it?" Cynthia looked at Melody

and teased. "Oh, I didn't get the chance to tell you before. Anyway, you've met him now, it's not too late." Melody let go of Philip's arm, hugged Cynthia's arm, and said coquettishly. "Oh yes, do you know who Cynthia is?" Melody suddenly looked at Philip, raised her eyebrows, and asked proudly. Philip shrugged and said with a grin, "I don't." An important figure?

## Chapter 518

Cynthia rolled her eyes at Melody and admonished with a smile, "Okay, don't talk nonsense." Melody laughed evilly and said, "Our dear Cynthia Larson belongs to the Larson family of Fernvale. Impressive, right?" Larson family of Fernvale?! Suddenly! Philip's pupils constricted as he stared at Cynthia with a death stare. His mother's family! The Larson family! Melody saw that Philip was dumbfounded, so she pushed him amusedly and said,

"Don't be so exaggerated. Everyone knows the Larson family of Fernvale.

Don't act as if you're hearing it for the first time." Cynthia also frowned and looked at Philip in bewilderment. This man was acting strange. Why did she feel that the look in his eyes was a little odd? Philip's heart was shaken. It took him a long while before he recovered. His eyes were already red. He did not expect to meet people from his mother's side of the family. Perhaps Cynthia might even be related to him by blood. Philip had attempted to contact the Larson family of Fernvale before but failed. There seemed to be a huge force in the dark that kept preventing him from contacting the Larson family. It was because of this that Philip gradually forgot about this matter.

However, Philip never gave up on trying to contact them because he had to make sure of one thing. "I've only watched the news about the Larson family on TV before, but I didn't expect to see someone from that big family today. Sure enough, I'm impressed." Philip smiled courteously. It was an unexpected windfall. Cynthia returned his smile with a few words of reply before she gritted her teeth, glared at Melody, and said in mock anger, "You have such a big mouth." Melody stuck her tongue out and paid her no heed.

A few minutes later. In the Peach Blossom private room of Drunken Immortal Court, Melody took Philip's arm and entered with Cynthia. "Mel, here!" As soon as they entered, they heard someone calling Melody's name.

Melody followed the voice and saw that the private room was already filled with several people. The person who called out to Melody was none other than Simon Luther, the guy who had been pursuing her before. Simon naturally saw Philip standing next to Melody and also noticed that Melody had her arm hooked around Philip's! How did this happen? Were they? No way! Impossible! Philip also noticed Simon and gave him a polite smile.

However, when this smile fell into Simon's eyes, it was seen as blatant mocking and showing off! He was very angry when he saw Melody leading Philip to sit at the other side. He sullenly hung his head before he finished his drink that was on the table in one gulp! "Young Master Luther, what's going on? Melody seems to be ignoring you." A guy sitting next to Simon asked curiously at this moment. "Mind your own business!" Simon was already in a bad mood, so he raged at this time. There were no less than ten people in the private room and not everyone knew each other, so they formed their little circles while playing and chatting. In general, all those present were the boys and girls from rich and wealthy families. "Mel, you're finally here, I've been waiting for you." The person who spoke was a woman about Melody's age. She looked quite pretty, but far inferior compared to Melody and Cynthia. It was mainly due to her heavy makeup.

"This is my university classmate, Marilyn Chester, a native of Riverdale.

She's the one who organized this gathering. We haven't seen each other for a long time." Melody smiled as she introduced her to Philip. However, she did not even look at Philip but glanced at Cynthia instead and asked, "Is this the best friend you mentioned? Wow, what a great beauty!" While speaking, she stood up, took Melody's hand, and drew other people's attention in the private room. "Hey, stop for a moment. This is Melody Zander, one of the four golden flowers of Riverdale that I've mentioned to you before. She's also the daughter of our underground king, Theo Zander. How about it, isn't

she pretty? “And this is Miss Zander’s best friend, the one and only goddess!

From the Larson family of Fernvale!” Marilyn put her hands on Cynthia’s shoulders and said with a smile. She knew Melody, and she also knew that Melody had a best friend from the Larson family of Fernvale! That was a very prestigious family! Although they had suddenly withdrawn from many markets all over the country more than ten years ago, their influence was still great. “Hello everyone, I’m Cynthia Larson,” Cynthia said graciously, her sweet smile falling in everyone’s eyes like a dream. Everyone stood up and returned sincere smiles and warm greetings. “Hello everybody, I’m Melody Zander.” Melody inclined slightly and introduced herself in a low voice before looking at Philip suddenly. She then said, “This is my boyfriend, Philip Clarke!” Everyone merely nodded slightly without even looking directly at Philip. Philip did not say anything but sat down next to Melody. However, he clearly felt that everyone was looking at him in an unfriendly manner. “Haha, a country bumpkin is shameless enough to come in here.” Instantly, words full of sarcasm and contempt rang out in the room.

Melody was being complimented because of her father’s influence, but there was no need to flatter him.

## Chapter 519

Philip was unconcerned about those ridiculous words. His eyes were now entirely focused on Cynthia Larson. He wanted to find an opportunity to talk to Cynthia. Melody was a little unhappy and was just about to stand up to say a few words when she was stopped by Philip. Young ladies were indeed hot-tempered. At this moment, several flattering voices sounded. “Melody, I’m Peyton Hill. I’ve heard Marilyn talk about you before, but I didn’t expect you to be so beautiful in person.” “Melody, I’m Cedric Shore. My family runs a medicine shop. I hope that Melody can support us in the future.” “I’m Billy Dillon, your junior at school. I’ve seen your pictures before!” Everyone rushed to introduce themselves, most of them male and all of them quite outstanding in appearance. It was a pity that the reason

behind their actions was quite obvious to outsiders. This was the daughter of Theo Zander, the underground king of Riverdale. Forging a good relationship with her would be greatly beneficial to them in the future! As for the Larson family of Fernvale, they were no longer active in the market, so it did not matter if they flattered Cynthia or not. Melody was still angry because they had mocked Philip just now, so she simply ignored them.

These people could change their behavior at the drop of a hat! “Miss Zander, I’d like to propose a toast. I’m Kenneth Hane. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

At this moment, a well-dressed young man in an expensive suit and leather shoes stood up abruptly. He did not conceal the fervent admiration for Melody in his eyes, as well as the burning intensity as he stared at Cynthia!

This young man had a scholarly look—sharp eyebrows, high nose bridge, and fair skin. He was a typical handsome boy. The poise he exuded, however, was that of a noble son. Especially when he stared at Melody and Cynthia. There was a hidden meaning behind his eyes, but his smile was like the spring

breeze. He raised his wine glass and finished the contents in one gulp. Melody was startled. She did not know this person. "Mel, why are you still sitting there? Young Master Hane is toasting you. Why don't you have a drink? Young Master Hane is one of the four young masters of Capital City and a famous young talent too!" Marilyn nudged Melody excitedly. In fact, she was very jealous of Melody. Famous young talent?

One of the four young masters of Capital City? Since when did Capital City produce the title of four young masters? Was it referring to the Hane family of Capital City? It sounded quite familiar. Philip frowned slightly and looked at Marilyn who was standing next to Melody. He felt that this woman's motive was not pure. It seemed as if she was trying to make a match between Melody and that Kenneth Hane! At the same time, Simon, who was still sitting at the corner and drinking sullenly, did not look too good. He liked Melody but was unable to sit beside her and protect her at the moment. "Simon, something is wrong with you today. That Kenneth Hane guy is obviously interested in Melody but you're not going to say

anything? Are you giving up?" A rich second-generation next to Simon poked his shoulder and laughed cheekily. "Idiot!" Simon snorted, a sneer appearing on his face as he mumbled, "That Kenneth Hane is courting his own death! He can be interested in any other girls, but he has to go after this one, hehe." The rich second-generation had no idea what he was talking about and assumed Simon was drunk, so he did not think too much about it.

Since Kenneth had stepped out, all the men who were previously interested in Melody now chose to keep their mouths shut. They just sat there watching. All of them knew that Kenneth would definitely get his hands on any woman he wanted! Contending with Kenneth over a woman was equivalent to courting death! At the moment, not only the men in the private room but a few girls also stared at Melody with envy, jealousy, and hatred.

They were all interested in Kenneth, but he did not even look directly at them. He was only interested in Melody Zander and her best friend! Philip thought that this gathering was very interesting. Everyone had their own hidden agenda and one could expect to watch a good show after this. "I can't drink." Melody declined. "Mel, how can you say this. Young Master Hane is inviting you for a drink. It's a great honor for you. Besides, it's okay to drink just a little. It's not easy for me to organize this gathering, so you mustn't embarrass me." Marilyn was angry and accused. "Don't you want to be Young Master Hane's girlfriend?" Melody was taken aback. She looked at Marilyn and said coldly, "I have a boyfriend!" She could already tell that her so-called good friend, Marilyn Chester, was selling their friendship cheaply to win favor from this Young Master Hane. Did they not notice a man was sitting beside her? "It's okay, since Mel doesn't want to drink, we don't have to force it." Kenneth smiled gently. "Kenneth Hane, please call me Melody. I'm not used to hearing you calling me Mel!"

Melody's face gradually became cold. She was turning him down in public!

Kenneth almost could not control his expression. He laughed drily before saying, "Haha... Miss Zander has an arrogant personality." When he said this, Kenneth's expression turned visibly grim. A glint of cold light flashed across his eyes. He sat down quietly, glanced at Philip, and said, "Miss Zander, what does your boyfriend do?" Oh, was he trying to transfer the anger to him? Philip sneered in his heart. They were a group of typical rich second-generation, so the so-called little devious plots were nothing but monkey tricks in front of him. "I'm a food delivery guy," Philip said nonchalantly. "Wow, he delivers food! What an outstanding talent! I've heard of your big name!" Kenneth suddenly praised him with a look of admiration. People who were not in the know would not be able to tell the naked sarcasm in his words. "Haha, Young Master Hane, your words are very interesting indeed. The person who can make an impression on you must be an incredible person..." Another man from the same table quipped.

He was plump and wearing a gold watch on his wrist. The chubby flesh on his face had squeezed his eyes into a seam. His entire appearance screamed to others that he was a nouveau riche! That fatty triumphantly fiddled with his gold Rolex, glanced at Philip, and commented, "I think this food-delivery talent is very good at promoting the virtues of diligence and thrift.

Do the clothes on your body even add up to 500? What a talent indeed! I think your salary for delivering food is only 4,000 or 5,000 at most! Young Master Hane's company has a monthly turnover of tens of millions! It's enough for you to earn for hundreds of years!" "Hahaha..." As soon as the fatty finished speaking, the entire room burst out in laughter, especially Marilyn who laughed the loudest. Melody's expression suddenly turned frosty. Today, she brought Philip over just to deal with Simon, but Young Master Hane had appeared all of a sudden and caught her off guard. The worse thing was that these people were deliberately targeting Philip. She looked at Philip with some guilt but realized that this guy was playing mobile games nonchalantly! So many people mocking Philip was equivalent to them mocking her, and that was something she could not tolerate! Melody

Zander, one of the four golden flowers of Riverdale, was being ridiculed by a few inconspicuous rich second-generation. If this matter was publicized, it would be a humiliation! Melody stood up without any hesitation, pulled Philip's hand, and said angrily, "Let's go!" To everyone's surprise, however, Philip grabbed her soft little hand, shrugged, and said, "Don't be hasty. Let's sit for a while. Since we're already here, we should at least eat before we leave." A pair of little rich second-generation was showing off their wealth in front of him. It was really interesting. Philip was amused.

Compare wealth? He had never been afraid of anyone yet. "Eat? Hahaha, as expected of a rare talent! I really wonder how Melody fell in love with you.

You're such a disgrace to all the men out there!" Peyton Hill opened his mouth at this moment. He could see that Kenneth was very interested in Melody, so he took the opportunity to ridicule Philip. This was considered as a favor to Kenneth. "Hahaha..." Another round of roaring laughter. "Hey, Peyton, it's wrong for you to say that. He's a rare talent who promotes frugality and thriftiness. After all, people who can dine in Drunken Immortal Court are not ordinary. It's enough for him to brag for a lifetime!" The fatty from before quipped again. However, Philip just looked at them indifferently, seeming unconcerned about their words. Melody's face became more unpleasant. She stood up and shouted

angrily, "Enough!

Marilyn Chester, is this how you're treating my boyfriend?" "Hey, Mel, don't be angry. This is for your own good. You found such a useless boyfriend and it's so embarrassing. What's wrong with Young Master Hane? He's handsome, his family is rich, he has a good career, and is very mature too. So many people admire him but he has never taken an interest in anyone before this. You're the first. Why can't you understand my meaning?" Marilyn kept acting as if she was doing this for Melody. "Hehe, for my own good? By insulting my boyfriend?" Melody's face was completely cold. She picked up her handbag and said coldly, "Marilyn Chester, don't contact me again in the future!" "You... You're going to be the death of me!" Marilyn crossed her arms angrily. Any woman who

entered Young Master Hane's eyes... Could they hope to escape? How childish! "Philip Clarke, right? Do you want to consider working for my company? The salary is definitely higher than your food delivery job."

Kenneth spoke up with a wine glass in his hand. There was a sarcastic smile on his face as he said, "I think you're quite suitable to live off a woman.

You don't even dare to let out a squeak until now. I feel really bad for Miss Zander." Philip suddenly became energetic and said coldly, "Young Master Hane, right? I think you're really narcissistic. You have a lot of money, do you?"

## Chapter 521

Compare wealth? The f\*ck! Everyone was stunned. Had this kid been struck dumb? He dared to speak to Young Master Hane in such a manner? Did he know what his family did? Did he know how much his personal assets were?

He was just seeking death! Kenneth's expression turned grim instantly. This was the first time somebody actually mentioned the word 'money' in front of him. "Brat! Do you want to die! You dare to talk this way. Is there anything on your body that can compare with Young Master Hane? You don't even have the qualifications to be Young Master Hane's watchdog!

How dare you brag about money!" Peyton stood up first. He slammed the table and shouted! There were some words that Kenneth could not say, so he would do it on his behalf. Philip sneered and responded, "Oh, no wonder I kept hearing dogs barking. So you're Young Master Hane's watchdog."

"You... You're going to die!" Peyton's face flushed red. He never expected this country bumpkin to insult him like this! He glared at Philip furiously and was just about to take action when he was stopped by Kenneth. "Okay, that's enough. We're here to have some fun. Don't ruin the atmosphere over a little misunderstanding." Kenneth was very good at being diplomatic. He clapped his hands, raised his glass, and said, "Come on, let's propose a toast to Marilyn and wish that she'll be forever 18!" Everyone stood up at that.



Only Philip, Melody, and Cynthia remained seated. Oh, and also the slightly

tipsy Simon Luther did not stand up either. He had too much to drink and his face was in a daze. Melody was very angry. She was not here to be insulted. If not for the fact that she did not want to cause trouble for Philip, she would have trashed this place long ago! Cynthia retained her image of a good girl. Although her sense of dressing was unrestrained and avant-garde, she had not said a word since she entered the door. After all, this was not a circle she was familiar with. She chose to sit quietly and watch. She was very familiar with the temperament of her best friend. Over the years, how many awesome rich young masters had not been beaten by this golden flower? To compare these arrogant and domineering rich second-generation with the nostalgic bad guys from Fernvale, these people were really not worth mentioning. Cynthia suddenly felt a little sad and drank a bit too much without her noticing. She had left that home for many years now. The Larson family of Fernvale. It had long existed in name only. They withdrew from the mainland more than ten years ago. On the surface, it was to protect themselves, but in fact, they were just scared of death. Cynthia had only heard about the secret but never saw it with her own eyes. Philip noticed the shift in Cynthia's mood and wanted to ask her about it when Kenneth spoke again. "Why, is Miss Zander not giving me face?" Kenneth looked at Melody with grim eyes. His tone had become somber too. He had never been humiliated like this before. He was getting turned down over and over again! This made Kenneth very upset! He could not wait to press this arrogant woman under him and make her beg for his mercy on her knees!

"Face? Your face is really big." Philip raised his head slightly and said coldly, "Young Master Hane, my Mel doesn't want to pay any attention to you. Why are you still so shamelessly persistent? Are you a dog? Are you a boot-licking dog?" Everyone was in an uproar! Everyone was stunned and staring at Philip with a dumbfounded expression! This guy must be mad!

He actually dared to call out Young Master Hane for being shameless and even called him a dog! All of them wondered if they had heard it wrong! At the same time, they sneered repeatedly in their hearts. This was indeed an

imbecile acting like a poser. He had absolutely no idea about Kenneth Hane's underhanded means! Once Young Master Hane was provoked, it would be a disaster! They could already imagine that this guy would suffer from broken limbs and be thrown into the street from Drunken Immortal Court after this! Kenneth's grim expression finally reached its limit. With his eyes dull and cold, he looked at Philip and said, "Brat! I've had enough of you! You're playing with fire!" "That's right, Young Master Hane. This kid doesn't respect you at all! He's too brazen! He's dressed so shabbily and his words are full of trash! He doesn't even care to take a look at himself in the mirror!" Peyton, who was scolded by Philip just now, stood up again.

"Young Master Hane, I think he's tired of living. Let's take care of him!"

Kenneth's expression was ominous as his eyes flickered. "Philip Clarke, I'm not afraid to tell you that I've taken a fancy to your girl! The gathering today is specially arranged for her! If you're sensible, you'll crawl out from here right now. Otherwise, you'll live to regret it!" Kenneth was not a weakling who could be bullied by anyone. Once he got serious, he could resort to anything! Besides, he was a martial

artist himself and did a lot of training on a daily basis. He even had a black belt in Taekwondo! He had taken a fancy to Melody Zander! Theo Zander's daughter? What about it? He was a Hane family member from Capital City! Even if Theo was here, as long as he brought up his identity, Theo would just obediently offer up his daughter! When Kenneth got angry, everyone at the same table could not wait to get away from him. It was obvious that the temperature in the private room had dropped more than ten degrees! Philip glanced at him lightly and stood up but was suddenly grabbed by Melody.

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Pekz Radeco

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Chapter 522

Melody was worried that Philip would act irrationally. She was present when he taught Simon and his gang a lesson back then. When this guy became aggressive, he did not care about the consequences! Philip smiled, patted Melody's shoulder, and said in a low voice, "Don't worry, I know my limits." Arrogant! Too brazen! Kenneth was furious. He glared at Philip who was approaching him and said with a menacing grin, "Why, it seems that you're unwilling to concede! Are you going to fight me?" He must pay a price for his arrogance! Kenneth was fully aware of his own strength. For an ordinary person like Philip, he could take on ten of him without a problem! Philip was just a worthless wretch who overestimated his own abilities! He could not help clenching his fists until his knuckles cracked!

Whoosh! The sound of a strike! "You're courting death!" Kenneth furiously slugged a punch into Philip's face and a glint flashed in his eyes! The force behind this punch was immense. The former smiled menacingly as if he could already see the latter kneeling on the ground and begging for mercy.

As for the latter, he remained indifferent. He had his hands in his pants pocket from the beginning until the end. From everyone's point of view, Philip's behavior was akin to seeking death. He was not taking a proper measure of his own strengths! Even if he wanted to play the hero in front of his girlfriend, he should pick his opponent carefully! That was Kenneth Hane, the three-time kickboxing champion of Capital City! Marilyn, Peyton, and the rest sneered too. They could already predict the outcome...

Philip made his move. He raised his fist and countered with a punch!

Courting death! Kenneth's smile was full of disdain. That guy actually dared to fight back. He was just killing himself! Bam! With a crisp sound, the two fists collided! Crack! That seemed to be the sound of a broken bone!

Everyone snickered. They knew that Philip had broken his arm! That btch Marilyn put on a pained expression and said to Melody, "Did you hear that? Your boyfriend's arm is probably broken..." However, the next scene shocked them beyond everything else! Kenneth took several steps back, his arm bent at

a 90-degree angle! Even the confident expression on his face just now had been replaced with shock! Philip stood on the spot, unscathed. He waved his fists and flexed his arms as if he was just stretching! This... Inconceivable! Marilyn's next sentence was stuck in her throat. She was staring at Philip while her heart was in turmoil! "Argh! My arm!! You're going to die!" Kenneth was livid as he hugged his arm. At this moment, he had already lost his noble persona from before. Kenneth still could not believe that someone would defeat him in combat. He even broke his arm in the process! He was the three-time kickboxing champion of Capital City, and his strength was undeniable! Now, his arm was obviously fractured, but his opponent still stood there unscathed and looking relaxed! Suddenly, Philip stepped forward and slowly approached Kenneth. The amused expression on his face had turned stern and domineering. "Bstard! You...

What are you going to do? I'm the only son of the Hane family. My father's Julius Hane of Capital City! My family runs a martial arts school! If you dare to do anything to me, you'll die miserably!" Kenneth was so frightened at this moment that he roared and shouted. When he saw a domineering and aggressive aura from Philip's face, especially the look in his eyes that made his heart chill, Kenneth was reminded of a grim reaper! This scene really shocked everyone present. Marilyn was the first to stand up. She cursed at Philip while pointing at him, "You must be mad! Young Master Hane is not someone you can provoke! You're going to end up dead!" "Insolent! Young Master Hane can squish him to death with just one finger! He really thinks he's that great!" "Apologize to Young Master Hane at once. Otherwise, don't think of stepping out of Drunken Immortal Court!" For a while, the crowd furiously condemned Philip as if everyone thought he was courting his death by doing this. Philip shook his head helplessly and walked up to Kenneth without saying a word. Kenneth was like a frightened bird at this time. Big drops of sweat poured from his forehead. With a trembling voice, he uttered, "You... What are you trying to do? Don't think I can't beat you

in a fair fight. I just made the wrong move earlier." It was a pity that his expression had already betrayed his fear and tension! Kenneth had never panicked like today before. The man in front of him gave him a sense of threat from the depths of his soul! "Is the Hane family martial arts school in Capital City very powerful?" A somber question came from Philip's mouth.

If his guess was right, it must be the same Hane family that ran the martial arts school in Capital City. Speaking of which, Philip had some personal feud with this Hane family.

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Pekz Radeco

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Chapter 523

“What are you doing!” Kenneth Hane hugged his broken arm, and his eyebrows furrowed into a line. “Don’t hit people in their faces and don’t laugh at other people’s poverty. What I hate most is being threatened and my brothers being threatened.” Philip sneered with ice in his eyes, making Kenneth tremble as he watched. “You... I dare you to touch me again!”

Kenneth shouted, trying to embolden himself. The look in that guy’s eyes was too terrifying. When their gazes collided for a moment just now, Kenneth was already drenched in a cold sweat! “A load of nonsense!” Philip snorted frostily and raised his hand for a loud smack! The scene fell into silence! Deathly silence! He really dared to hit him! Crazy! Philip must be mad! This was everyone’s thoughts! Kenneth was stunned for a moment before he roared hysterically, “You... He...” Smack! Another slap from Philip—clean and decisive, without any hesitation! Everyone fainted! The expression on Marilyn’s face changed drastically. Her face flushed. With widened eyes, her jaw dropped. She pulled at Melody Zander’s arm and

shouted, “Your boyfriend must be mad! Why don’t you hurry up and stop him! If he continues fighting like this, none of us can leave here today!”

Melody did not pay any attention to her at all. She raised her hand for another slap and shouted, “Shut up!” Everyone fainted once again! They were a couple indeed. Their methods of fighting were the same! Four Dixon was both excited and worried. He was excited because he had always wanted to teach a playboy like Kenneth a good lesson as this man was always walking around with his nose high up in the air and never treated Four as a human being. He was worried because Brother Clarke had offended the Hane family by beating Kenneth up. Provoking the Hane family was tantamount to digging a grave for oneself, and it would be almost impossible to survive in Riverdale again. “Damn it! If I can’t stay in Riverdale, I can just change to another place! With Brother Clarke around, what am I afraid of!” Four Dixon secretly made up his mind. Peyton and the others, who cheered the loudest before this, now shut their mouths and hid at the corner without saying another word. They had painful expressions on their faces. “Unwilling to yield?” Philip sneered. The look in Kenneth’s eyes was vicious enough to kill. Staring at Philip ominously, he gritted his teeth and spat out, “You wait!” After throwing down these words, Kenneth left with a few rich second-generation men angrily. Only a few people were left in the huge private room. Peyton wanted to sneak away too, but he caught Philip’s eye. “You, yes you, what are you running away for? Stop there!”

Philip said coldly. Peyton got so scared that he stood on the spot. He was shaking all over, cold sweat dripping from his forehead. “Brother... Brother Clarke, you’re a magnanimous person. I was being foolish just now.” The expression on Peyton’s face was as ugly as if he had eaten poop. He did not expect Kenneth to leave with his tail tucked between his legs. “Haha.” Philip chuckled coldly, then turned to face Four and said, “I’ll leave him to you.”

Four received the order and immediately clenched his fists tightly while walking toward Peyton. He grabbed him by the collar and said vehemently,

“Let’s go out and mess around.” Very soon, Peyton’s heart-rending screams

could be heard from outside the private room. The rest of the rich second-generation in the room were frightened out of their wits. Kenneth and the others stood at the brightly lit entrance of the Drunken Immortal Court for a long while when they came out. He stared in the direction of the private room on the second floor ominously and said grimly, "Call some people!

No one can leave tonight!" "Young Master Hane, are you going to contact Leopard?" a rich second-generation next to Kenneth said. Speaking of Leopard, a trace of fear flashed across the eyes of this rich second-generation. That guy just came out from prison recently. He used to rule over this piece of land, harmed many ignorant young girls, and had a lot of blood on his hands. He was a very ruthless man. "Tell him to bring his men quickly!" A menacing sneer appeared at the corners of Kenneth's mouth as a cold glint flashed across his eyes. He could not believe that he was not able to solve a tiny problem like this in Riverdale! Philip Clarke would die tonight!

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Pekz Radeco

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Philip you just got out of the hospital why are you fighting your poor wife....smh

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Chapter 524

"Young Master Hane, you must think it over carefully. Melody Zander is Theo Zander's daughter, after all. If we do this, we're going up against Theo!" Another rich second-generation reminded Kenneth.

"What are you afraid of? I'm the young master of the Hane family! Theo's nothing but a

piece of sht!" Kenneth said angrily. Back to the private room. Obviously, Philip had become the center of attraction. At this moment, all the other rich second-generation in the private room dared not look him in the eye. That man was a lunatic! Marilyn Chester's face was pale, and she could not speak for a long time. Initially, she wanted to use her birthday as an excuse to invite some good friends she had made in the past to celebrate. She was using this to create an opportunity for Melody and Kenneth. That was because she knew Kenneth would not be attracted to ordinary women, and only someone like Melody would capture his interest. If only she could have settled this matter for Kenneth properly, her future in Riverdale would have been set in stone! Now, everything was ruined by the man named Philip Clarke in front of her! She stood up angrily, pointed at Philip, and cursed, "Are you crazy? Today's my birthday. Who invited you here? Get lost!" Marilyn shouted hysterically, completely forgetting the fierce appearance of Philip just now. A woman was unreasonable when they flew into a temper. Philip turned around and stared indifferently at this woman who had heavy makeup on. He then turned to look at

Melody at the corner and asked, "Is this your friend? She doesn't act like one." Melody glared at him before standing up. She grabbed Marilyn's arm and abruptly slapped her! Too ruthless! Marilyn had not figured out what was going on yet. She stood there in a stunned daze, the red palm print on her face shockingly conspicuous! "Marilyn Chester, from now on, our friendship is over!" After saying this, Melody grabbed Cynthia and left angrily. Philip shrugged nonchalantly and followed them out. As soon as they left the private room, a frantic scream was heard from the room. Philip pursed his lips and sighed inwardly. Women were horrifying creatures! There would be no food for him tonight. However, when Philip stepped out of Drunken Immortal Court, he immediately noticed several sneaky people staring at him from across the street. It seemed that the guy had not given up yet! Philip felt helpless. He stood at the entrance and looked around the parking lot in front of Drunken Immortal Court. He saw all the luxury cars there. He thought for a moment before he bade farewell to Melody. He asked for Cynthia's contact number as well. Then, he made a phone call, turned right, and walked to the junction. He hailed a cab and headed north. Not long after he got into the cab, he noticed a black MPV following him! The car was after him without a doubt! Hehe, they dared to pit against him without measuring their own strengths! In the black MPV, Kenneth sat in the passenger seat with an arm wrapped in plaster. His expression was grim as he stared at the cab in front of him like a venomous snake. The anger in his chest grew more intense. Tonight, he must teach that arrogant guy a lesson that would last a lifetime! "Leopard, how confident are you?" Kenneth spoke solemnly as if talking to the air. "100 percent!" A very cold voice suddenly rang from the back of the vehicle, just like a demonic voice from hell that made people tremble in their boots! In the back seat, a burly man sat with his eyes closed in meditation. His arms were as thick as a normal person's thighs, his bulging muscles carrying a terrifying chill! This was Leopard, a figure who used to rule over the underworld of Riverdale! It could be said that if nothing had happened to him, it would be likely that Riverdale would have a new force! Due to his comrade's treason and his girlfriend's betrayal, he was sentenced to six years in prison. He was just released not too long ago when Kenneth recruited him. "Fantastic! After everything's settled, there won't be a single cent less than the one million promised to you." Kenneth sneered as he imagined trampling that bastard named Philip Clarke under his feet while hearing the man beg for mercy. Initially, he had planned to take care of Melody Zander who looked down upon him too, but after thinking about it, that woman suited his taste very much. He was confident that after dealing with Philip, he would push that arrogant woman onto the bed! By that time, what could Theo Zander do about it anymore? It would already be too late!

Theo could only obediently accept his fate of being Leopard's father-in-law!

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Pekz Radeco

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## Chapter 525

North Street of Riverdale. This was the liveliest area in Riverdale—bars, nightclubs, entertainment centers, and foot spas. In short, any form of entertainment that one could think of would be found here! This place was one of the areas that were not governed because there was a mixture of different forces and underground operations intertwined. Everything was utter chaos! Philip got out of the car and felt a little lost. Although it was his first time here, he clearly felt that it was completely different from the downtown area of Riverdale! The girls on the side of the roads wore more revealing clothes than the other! The street was also filled with drunkards and youths wasting their time away, coming in and out from various clubs and KTVs. Philip frowned as he stood on the street and looked all around him. He muttered to himself, “Are we supposed to meet in this kind of place?” Right at this moment, a shrill sneer came from behind Philip!

“Philip Clarke, we meet again! I didn’t expect to run into you here. It looks like you can’t escape tonight!” The person speaking was Kenneth Hane. He slowly got down from the car with a plastered hand hanging from his neck.

He looked quite comical, actually. Behind him was another man who had the build of a strong bull. This person was Leopard. In his eyes, no one could ever defeat him and that was the source of his confidence! “Well, well, it’s Young Master Hane. Were you not beaten enough in Drunken Immortal Court?” Philip sneered. Of course, he had noticed the dark-skinned man behind Kenneth and could gauge the strength of the other party with just one glance. He was a tough opponent! To think that Kenneth Hane was able to find someone like that to deal with him! However, Philip also wondered if he should lay a hand on the Hane family of Capital City. “Pah! Stop being such a poser! Tonight, I’m going to break your limbs and make you kneel on the ground like a dog. I’d like to hear you beg me for mercy!” Kenneth

tore through the mask of his disguise and said menacingly, “Philip Clarke, since young, no one has ever humiliated me like today. You won’t live to see tomorrow!” Philip frowned. He suddenly realized all the rich second-generation had a common problem—they talked too much! Perhaps he was one of the typical cannon fodders that appeared on TV dramas, those that could not last until the second episode and also those who died because they bragged too much. Philip chuckled and said, “Young Master Hane, don’t blame me for not warning you. If you don’t leave now, you won’t be able to leave later.” “You’re still so arrogant even on your deathbed!” Kenneth was furious and gave a direct order to Leopard, “Move it! I want all his limbs broken!” “Okay.” Leopard remained stoic without any changes to his expression. There was only a chilling glint that flashed across those eyes!

Leopard had a strong physique, and his arms were as thick as thighs. Once, a person flew three or four meters away with one punch from him. That incident made him famous throughout the underground boxing arena in Riverdale! Philip smirked and said, “Kenneth Hane, don’t blame me for not reminding you, then. You’re fully responsible for the consequences!”

“You’re really hard-headed. Do you know who he is? Leopard Dunn!

Nicknamed the Three-punch Killer! You should really consider your own situation.” Kenneth mocked and

was full of confidence. Philip shrugged and remained unconcerned. "The fists have no eyes. Brother, I'm sorry."

Leopard clenched his fists. With footsteps as steady and heavy as a rock, he raised his fist and aimed at Philip's face! This was a very strong punch. If an ordinary person was hit, they would definitely fall into a dead faint instantly! "Oh, isn't that Leopard Dunn? Have you been released from prison already?" At this moment, a sarcastic voice rang behind Kenneth.

Four Dixon held an iron rod in his left hand while he put his right hand on Kenneth's shoulder. Behind him stood 20 or 30 men, each one imposing and domineering! Kenneth got a fright. As soon as he turned his head, he saw Four's very familiar and sneering face. He took a second glance at all the men behind him, each armed with a weapon. They obviously came

prepared! "What do you want?" Kenneth was a little scared, and his voice trembled. Four did not say anything but yanked his chin toward Leopard and said, "Leopard, it has been a long time. Why are you in such a rage as soon as you get out?" Brother Clarke told him to bring some men over, saying that something was going on, but he did not expect the other party to be Leopard Dunn! The second-rate underground force of Riverdale, the former master of Black Leopard Hall! Leopard had already retracted his punch, but it was only half an arm away from Philip's face! He was bewildered because at the moment he swung his fist, he clearly sensed a faint chill from Philip's body! That intensity was something he had never encountered before! Was it an illusion? He was actually a little grateful for Four's arrival with his men, which made him stop his punch just in time.

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Pekz Radeco

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Chapter 526

"Four Dixon?" Leopard turned his head around and saw an old acquaintance. He glanced at the men behind Four and laughed in a self-deprecating manner. "I didn't expect the little gangster who used to mess around in the streets back then to have men of his own now. It's not bad."

Right from the start, he maintained a proud demeanor. "Leopard, you didn't notify us that you were coming out. We could've picked you up." Four was not angry but said cheerfully instead. "No need. I'm here for one person today." Leopard said coldly, "You can take this person away, but his limbs must be broken first. This is what I've promised Young Master Hane." As he spoke, an intimidating aura exuded from Leopard. "Leopard, I hope you won't get involved in this matter. Nowadays, it's different from the past.



Riverdale is not the same as what it was like in your era anymore. Things are no longer decided by the number of men we have or if we can fight without the fear of death. In today's society, it's all about connections and money," Four responded somberly. Leopard's face turned cold. A sneer appeared at the corners of his mouth as he asked, "So you're going to interfere in my affairs, then?" "Hehe, Leopard, don't make things difficult for us. The person behind you is really not someone you can touch," Four said honestly. It was not as if he had not sparred with Philip before. He knew his skills the best! Besides, Philip was no ordinary person. Leopard smiled coldly and drew a double-edged bayonet from his waist. "Oh, that's really interesting. I have to let all the brothers down, then." "Hey, Leopard, why resort to this?" Four sighed and waved the iron rod in his hand, slamming it into Kenneth's knee! Crack! With the sound of bones cracking, that action directly shattered Kenneth's kneecaps! Kenneth let out a heart-wrenching scream. He covered his knee with one hand and fell to the ground. "Leopard, don't force the brothers to take action. I don't think you want anything to happen to your employer, right?" Four said sternly. Leopard frowned slightly, looked at the screaming Kenneth, raised the bayonet in his hand, and said solemnly, "Let him go!" Four shook his head and suddenly said,

"Brother Clarke, what do you say?" Until now, this was the first time Leopard actually paid attention to Philip. This kid, Four Dixon, actually called him 'Brother Clarke'? Philip said, "He wants all my limbs broken, right? One leg is not enough, then. Break the other one too." With a simple sentence, Kenneth, who was still lying on the ground, suddenly shuddered in a cold sweat. "How dare you?! Philip Clarke, if you dare to do this, I swear, even if I turn Riverdale upside down, I'll make sure to kill you!"

Kenneth was so scared that his entire body was tingling as he roared hysterically, "Leopard, do it! Kill him!" At this time, Kenneth still refused to repent and clamored desperately. Philip shook his head. Four said nothing but lifted the iron rod again and slammed it down on Kenneth's other knee!

Crack! Excruciating pain! Heart-wrenching! Kenneth wailed in pain, and all

the onlookers shivered! It was too devastating! Two of his legs were now broken! Kenneth clutched at his legs, the veins in his neck protruding like earthworms. Huge drops of sweat rolled from his forehead! Pain! Agony from the depths of his soul! If not for his regular training, he would have passed out by this time. However, he could clearly feel the pain from his legs and knees! Every minute and every second felt like torment from hell!

Leopard furrowed his brows deeply with his gaze directed at Philip. He appeared so calm! Shattering Kenneth's kneecaps in front of him was equivalent to disregarding his presence! Only six years had passed and this sort of person was in Riverdale. "You're courting death!" Leopard growled, his voice like a whetstone. Philip looked indifferent as he shrugged and said,

"Someone wants my limbs, I'm just returning an eye for an eye. Didn't Brother Leopard do this before?" Chink! A flash of silver light! Leopard struck out suddenly, the bayonet aimed directly at Philip's chest!

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Suddenly, a figure stepped in front of Philip! Rick Davenport had appeared!

With a flash of movement, he took one step back, launched a flying kick with his right leg, and directly hit Leopard's elbow! Clank! The bayonet in Leopard's hand flew out in an instant and fell heavily on the ground with a loud clang! Leopard was shocked. He never expected this ordinary-looking boy to have such a capable bodyguard with him! The opponent's strength was powerful! Rick just stared at Leopard coldly, eyes filled with indolence as if he did not take the other person seriously. With a twitch of his eyes, Leopard reacted quickly. He clenched his fists, gathered strength in his legs,

and darted out. The pair of iron fists carried the power akin to a tiger's might as they aimed for Rick's head! Rick raised his leg and kicked sideways with great force! Bam! Instantly, a figure flew like a kite that had its strings cut and crashed heavily into a night market stall at the side of the street! Rick still looked calm as he stood there. He watched as Leopard, who was now drenched in oily grease, scrambled up from the ruined stall. Blood spilled from the corner of the guy's mouth, and a black footprint could be seen on his shirt where his chest was! Kenneth's face was white as a sheet as this moment, his previous arrogance and self-confidence long gone. When he saw the man he recruited, Leopard, sent flying with a kick by the man who had suddenly appeared, he knew he was done for. Leopard also knew that he was out of luck tonight. The opponent was simply too strong. In just two or three moves, he had been defeated! From the looks of it, the opponent did not even use his full strength! He did not say anything but just spat a mouthful of bloody spit. He glanced at Kenneth who was sprawled in a messy heap on the ground, turned around, and left while clutching at his chest. "Brother Clarke, should we go after him?" Four Dixon asked. Philip shook his head and said with a faint smile, "No need." Rick looked at Philip and shrugged while saying, "Young Master, you have too many enemies."

Philip rolled his eyes and said, "I'm not the one looking for trouble." Next, a group of people surrounded Kenneth who was still lying on the ground.

The guy yelled hoarsely, "No! You can't touch me! My father is Julius Hane from the Hane family of Capital City..." "The f\*ck with the Hane family!"

Four had a nasty temper and kicked him twice. Kenneth felt so miserable.

He finally caught hold of Philip's trousers and begged for mercy with tears in his eyes. "Brother Clarke, I was wrong. Please forgive me! I was blind.

I'm begging Brother Clarke to let go of me..." "Well then, Young Master Hane, how much do you think your remaining arm and life are worth?"

Philip squatted and said with an amused look. Kenneth got a fright from Philip's words. "You... What do you mean? What how much?" "Young Master Hane, you're at fault here. Since you've spent money on my limbs,

you should know what I mean." Philip grinned broadly and continued.

“Simply put it, you’re now in my hands. If you want to walk out of here alive, then you have to spend money to buy your life!” Hearing those words, Kenneth slumped limply on the ground. The pain in his knees spread throughout his entire body instantly! “This is North Street in Riverdale! The Hane family has people here! If you dare to touch me, none of you can hope to leave this place alive!” Kenneth gritted his teeth and threatened. He was now very remorseful. Why had he only brought Leopard with him? If he had informed his family members here, the outcome would be different now. “Oh, Young Master Hane, things have already progressed this far and you still want to threaten me?” Philip stretched out his hand and patted Kenneth several times on the face. “Let’s do it this way. I’ve something else to do later, so I’ll just make a direct offer. If you think it’s suitable, just nod your head. If not, then I’m afraid you’ll remain lying here tonight.” Philip rolled his eyes and smiled. “You... You can’t do this. I really don’t understand what you’re talking about. I don’t have any money!” Kenneth was so scared that his voice trembled. What did he mean by nodding his head if it was suitable and lying here if it was not? Was that not forcing him to nod his head? “Okay then, since you want details, I’ll make it clear for you. How much do you think your remaining arm is worth? I’ll give you a quote for this. Young Master Hane can surely afford the money, right?”

Philip said thoughtfully. “You! You’re breaking the law! I want to call the police! You’ll go to jail for this! I... I don’t have money!” Kenneth was almost crying from fright. Philip’s expression was full of sarcasm. “That can’t be right, Young Master Hane. You’re mentioning this to me now, but what were you doing earlier? I don’t understand. Didn’t you say your company has a turnover of tens of millions? I haven’t even offered a price yet, and you’re already saying you don’t have money? That’s not right of you. I don’t like a businessman like you! “You have to think carefully about this matter. It’s really worthwhile to spend money on your remaining limbs and life.” With that said, Philip took the iron rod from Four and tapped it

rhythmically on his right palm. Every single beat that fell into Kenneth’s ears was torture from the depths of his soul! At this moment, Kenneth finally understood how ruthless this man in front of him was! “How much do you want?” Kenneth was frightened by Philip and finally relented. Philip smiled, revealing the expression of a slick businessman. He poked Kenneth’s other arm with the iron rod and said, “I like fair and equitable transactions. So, this arm is three million, how about it? Nod if you think it’s suitable. We’ll discuss further if it’s not.” “How much? Three million? You must be out of your mind!” Kenneth’s eyes widened, and he almost roared. However, when he saw the iron rod in Philip’s hand, he lowered his brows meekly. Although his company had a turnover of tens of millions, the monthly net profit was only about ten to 20 million. As the boss of the company, he had the money, but he would not waste three million to buy an arm! “What’s wrong? Not suitable? Young Master Hane is a businessman, you must have this amount of money, right? You know, this is your own arm, made of flesh and blood.

If it’s broken, how much is it going to hurt?” Looking at Philip’s innocent smile, Kenneth trembled all over. He was really afraid that the other party would break his arm if things did not go well. “We’ll discuss it, then. I’ll count to ten. If you agree to three million, nod your head. If not, then I can’t help it.” Philip shrugged. Was this a discussion? Kenneth was so anxious that he almost cried.

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“Ten, nine, eight, three...” Philip counted leisurely. “No, wait, why did it jump to three all of a sudden?” Kenneth was stunned and panicked. “Oh,

because I want to.” Philip replied calmly, tapped the iron rod in his hand, and continued to count, “Two...” “Okay! Three million it is! I agree!”

Although it was expensive, Kenneth was a sensible person. When there was life, there was hope. He could only reluctantly agree. “Heh, Young Master Hane is really a smart man! Next, let’s talk about your third leg. One price, ten million!” Philip patted Kenneth’s shoulder. Kenneth immediately cried out, “Ten... Ten million! It was only three million just now, how did it become ten million now?!” Philip waved his hand and said, “Is ten million expensive? I think it’s quite reasonable.” “No, I don’t agree! You’re jacking up the price!” Kenneth shook his head promptly. The asking price was too much. Although he started a company with his father’s support and made a lot of money over the years, it was all his hard-earned money. Spending 13

million in one go was too much! Thunk! With a crisp crack, Philip slammed the iron rod in his hand on the ground in front of Kenneth, breaking the floor tiles all at once! He could not be bothered to talk nonsense with Kenneth anymore. Actual actions were more straightforward than verbal threats!

Kenneth’s head buzzed all of a sudden. He was so scared that he clamped his thighs tightly. This movement directly pulled at his broken kneecap, and the pain caused him to sweat profusely! “Okay, fine! I agree! I agree!” He really believed Philip would do it. Philip smiled deviously and said, “A businessman indeed, so reliable. Next, let’s talk about your life. How about 30 million? Not too much right? One price, my dear.” Kenneth suddenly felt dizzy. He would rather die here! 30 million! It was as good as taking his life! Although the Hane family had a lot of money in the martial arts center in Riverdale, that belonged to the Hane Group which was the family’s property, not his private one. “Whether your life is more important or your money is more important, I’m sure Young Master Hane can tell. Sometimes, a person has to pay for his own mistakes.” Philip smiled shamelessly.

Kenneth finally accepted the price of 30 million. He already had a plan in his mind. Once he returned, he would immediately contact his father and ask him to arrest this guy! He refused to believe that a pathetic guy like this

could fight against the Hane family! This time, he lacked thought, so he accepted his fate! Philip told

Kenneth to transfer the money on the spot. Due to the large amount, it took quite a while. Watching his bank balance dropping to zero, Kenneth's heart was bleeding. He glared at Philip, gritted his teeth, and said internally, 'Philip Clarke, I won't let you off!' Philip seemed to hear Kenneth's thoughts and could not help but say, "Kenneth Hane, do you know who burned the bronze sculpture with the word 'martial' in the square of the Hane Academy at Capital City?" At that moment!

Kenneth's heart tightened! In his mind, an event of the past suddenly appeared—an event that once cast a shadow on the Hane family! The Hane family of Capital City was a martial arts clan. For the past three generations, they had been the ambassadors of martial arts and captured half of Capital City's martial arts resources. However, for such a big family and such a great force, a major event once happened that shocked the entire Capital City! In the martial arts arena of Hane Academy, there was a bronze sculpture engraved with the word 'martial' that stood for nearly a hundred years. It was worshipped by every single member of the Hane family and respected by every martial artist. This same sculpture was once burned by a man! It burned for an entire day and night! How could the Hane family not be furious? How could all the martial arts practitioners in Capital City not be furious? However, what was the outcome? The Hane family only swallowed the shame quietly. Until this day, the burnt bronze sculpture still stood there. It was a humiliation toward the Hane family and must be remembered by each Hane for generations to come! "You... How do you know?" Kenneth was drenched in a cold sweat and stared at Philip in horror.

"I did it." Philip said calmly before turning around and leaving, leaving Kenneth with his dark silhouette. It was him! It was actually him! Kenneth was flabbergasted and could not stop his body from trembling with fear.

After chatting with Four and inviting the rest of the men for a big meal, Philip left North Street. At the same time, Wynn had just gotten off work and was driving to the hospital to visit Mila. When she arrived at the

hospital, she found that there was a middle-aged man already in the ward.

She did not know him. "Hello, you are?" Wynn asked politely and looked around suspiciously. There were another two bodyguards in black suits in the room. "Oh, you must be Wynn Johnston. My name is Tim Clarke, Philip's uncle." The man in front of her smiled kindly, his eyes full of an elder's affection.

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Philip's uncle? Wynn was taken aback for a moment before she smiled politely and courteously. "Uncle... Uncle Tim, please have a seat, I..."

Wynn did not know what to say, so she was a little incoherent. She was at a loss about what to do. Tim took everything in his eyes and smiled kindly.

"Has Philip never mentioned me before?" "Yeah." Wynn smiled awkwardly and brushed her hair to the back of her ears. Philip actually had an uncle.

She had never heard him mention that before. Also, looking at this uncle's poise, he was not a simple person. He even had bodyguards following him around. Of course, Philip was the young master of Clarke Group from Capital City. His family background was not so simple. However, what was the purpose of this uncle's sudden visit? At Wynn's expression, Tim guessed what Wynn must be thinking, so he said, "Don't worry. I'm just here to visit you. Philip has worked hard to keep everything from us. The little girl has suffered much at such a young age." While speaking, Tim looked at Mila on the hospital bed with tender love in his eyes. This was the bloodline of the Clarke family, Philip's daughter and his grandniece. It was unfortunate that she had never received the princess treatment from the

Clarke family. Tim felt very guilty. Wynn hurriedly poured a glass of water for Tim. He accepted the gesture, looked at Wynn lovingly, and suddenly asked, "Niece-in-law, has Philip told you about his identity?" Ba-thump.

Wynn's heart trembled. She forced out a smile and said, "Uncle Tim, I know." She knew? Tim was taken aback and a little worried. Could Philip handle it? "He's the young master of Clarke Group in Capital City. Mr. Cash has told me about it." Wynn's eyes were bleak, and she did not look very happy about it. Tim came to a realization. She was talking about this identity. He hurriedly explained with a smile. "Wynn, don't blame Philip.

He has his own difficulties. Things in our family are not easy to deal with.

Few years ago, he had no choice but to leave home. If you need to blame someone, blame me instead. Please don't blame Philip." Wynn smiled and said, "Uncle Tim, you must be joking. How can I blame Philip? He's my husband. I don't want to blame him for hiding things from me. I know that coming from a rich family, there must be a lot of hardships that others don't know about. I'll support him and wait for the day he tells me himself." Tim nodded and was very pleased with this niece-in-law he was looking at. That brat Philip had found a good wife. She was knowledgeable and considerate.

However, what she did not know was that Philip's identity entailed far more than just the young master of Clarke Group. Tim could barely stop himself from telling Wynn everything and taking her and Mila back to the island, but he restrained himself. He knew that the time was not ripe yet. If he did it now, it would only harm Wynn and Mila. After sitting for a while, Tim got up and said, "In a few days, I'll invite you and Philip for a meal together with the parents-in-law, just to make up for the unfortunate fact that my brother and sister-in-law were not there when you married Philip." When Wynn heard this, she blinked her big eyes and asked, "Uncle Tim, actually, I want to know... When Philip ran away from home

back then, was it because my mother-in-law..." Tim smiled and said, "It's fine, don't worry.

When it's time to tell you, Philip will definitely tell you." With that said, Tim left the ward with his men. Wynn personally escorted Tim out of the

hospital and watched as he got into the car and left. She then returned to the ward. Staring at Mila while she slept, she took out her phone and dialed Philip's number. "Phil, Uncle Tim came to visit Mila just now." Philip was on the way to the hospital when he received the call. He was surprised at first before he said, "Really? I'm almost there now." After he hung up the phone, Tim's call came through. "Philip, the niece-in-law is not too bad. I like her very much. I believe your father will like her too. And little Mila is very obedient and cute. They belong to the Clarke family." Tim was full of joy. This should be the happiest day of his life. Philip mumbled, "Uncle Tim, why didn't you tell me that you're here in Riverdale? About my identity, you didn't say anything to Wynn, did you?" Philip was worried that Tim might have a slip of the tongue. "Brat, don't you trust your uncle at all? Don't worry, nothing happened. However, I must remind you, Wynn seems to know that you're the young master of Clarke Group. You should prepare yourself." Tim laughed and hung up. Philip was startled. Wynn knew? Had she not said that she did not believe it? Forget it, it was just the Clarke Group of Capital City. It was not a big deal. At the hospital, he saw Wynn lying on the side of the bed, sleeping with Mila. Philip tiptoed over, pulled a chair, and sat down. His wife looked a bit haggard, her face full of fatigue. Wynn opened her eyes and saw Philip's smiling face in front of her.

She smiled and said, "Why are you staring at me? Is there something on my face?" Wynn touched her face at that question. "It's nothing. My wife's so pretty, so I want to look at her more," Philip said glibly. Wynn rolled her eyes, got up quietly, pulled Philip out of the ward, and came to the rest area.

"Philip, is there something else you haven't told me?" In the rest area, Wynn sat beside Philip. She was leaning on his shoulder when she asked. Philip gathered his thoughts and said frankly, "Wynn, I'm the young master of Clarke Group in Capital City. I'm sorry for keeping it from you for so long."

Philip's thoughts were simple. Since Wynn already knew, he would just confess. It was just a Clarke Group anyway. It was not a big deal.

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Wynn stood up and stared at Philip with eyes wide open. Tears were forming at the corners. He finally confessed. "How long were you planning on keeping it from me?" Wynn asked angrily. Philip hugged her

waist and said,

“Not for long. I already planned to tell you in the next few days. It’s because too many things have been happening at home recently. I couldn’t tell you everything. I thought that once I’ve settled everything, I’d bring you and Mila home.” Back to Arcadia Island. Philip did not tell her the entire truth.

Wynn assumed it was the Clarke family in Capital City. “Really? Do you need help?” Wynn asked, worried about Philip. Her husband was getting more mysterious now, always doing things that she was not aware of. Philip touched her hair fondly and smiled tenderly as he said, “It’s fine, I can handle it. But don’t tell your parents about my identity. I’m afraid they will...” Wynn naturally understood what he meant and said in mock anger,

“You still dare to bring this up? If you hadn’t deliberately concealed it, my mother wouldn’t have treated you that way!” Philip shrugged in a display of nonchalance. While the two of them were being all lovey-dovey, Tim Clarke brought his men to Longford Park. The four bodyguards behind him broke into First Palace without further ado. The security guards manning the entrance? Haha, they were not a match for the people brought by Tim at all.

At this time, Martha Yates was in the villa chatting with her friends on her phone. The subject of the conversation was none other than inviting them to visit. Her words were full of ostentation. She was now the owner of the villa, so how could she not show off? Especially Paula Yates. She was nearly annoyed to death by Martha these days. Every other day, Martha would visit

her at the Hillside Villa and voice out various criticisms about the condition of that area. She acted exactly like a triumphant villain. Right at this moment, a few people suddenly appeared at the entrance of the villa and gave Martha a great shock. “Hey, who are you? Who allowed you to come in? This is a private villa. You’d better get out!” Martha stood and shouted.

However, Tim just walked directly into the hall, sat on the sofa, cocked his legs, and smoked his pipe. Martha was cowed, especially since the other party brought along four burly and sturdy men. They were obviously bodyguards at one glance. Only she and Charles were at home. “Charles, Charles, come out quickly!” Martha was flustered and hurriedly yelled several times. Very soon, Charles came out of the bedroom wearing a coat.

“Who are you people?” Charles stood in front of Martha and looked at the uninvited guests in the hall. He was also very worried. “I’ll call the police if you don’t leave now.” Martha yelled behind him, “Get out of my house!”

This is Longford Park, the territory of the Longford family. It’s illegal for you to break into a private residence like this!” Martha brought out the name of the Longford family to try and scare these people. Unfortunately, she had miscalculated. Tim looked up, glanced at Martha coldly, and said with a smile, “A mean woman indeed. I really wonder how Phil survived all these years.” Phil? Both Martha and Charles were dumbfounded. They could not understand his words. “Who are you looking for? Philip Clarke?” Martha plucked up her courage and asked before she continued again, full of sarcasm. “Why are you



looking for that good-for-nothing? He can't owe you any money, right? I won't care about it. You look for him. He has loads of money now." He had the money to buy a villa, so that kid must have squirreled a lot of money away. Martha thought of these people in front of her as loan sharks. "Good-for-nothing?" Tim exclaimed loudly, and chills shot from his eyes. This wicked woman deserved to die!

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## Chapter 531

"Slap her mouth!" Tim ordered coldly. The chill reflected in his eyes was as fathomless as 3,000 feet of ice! No one could insult the Clarke family, and no one could insult the future heir of the Clarke family! Hark! Two burly bodyguards behind Tim walked out. Without another word, one man dragged Martha, who was struggling and hissing, from behind Charles and held her in a death grip. "You, what are you doing? This is my home. If you dare to touch me, I'll call the police!" Martha got a fright. She was struggling and kicking out wildly. However. The other person waved his hand! Smack! A crisp slap resounded throughout the hall of the villa. Now, Martha glared at Tim and shouted, "You dare to let someone beat me? Do you know where this is? This is Longford Park, the territory of the Longford family! This villa is mine! I'll call the police to arrest you!" Martha yelled like a shrew, her cheeks red and swollen. "Continue," Tim leaned back on the sofa and said coldly. Smack! Another slap and Martha was already dizzy, her brain buzzing loudly. These people were elites selected by Tim.

They had already controlled their strength. Otherwise, Martha would be killed on the spot! "You... Who the hell are you guys? Let go of my wife at once! I'm going to call the police!" Charles watched from the sidelines and hurried to pick up his phone to call the police. However. "If you dare to call the police, I'll kill her right now." Tim's stoic words echoed throughout the villa. Charles froze at those words. Although Martha was mean, rude, and unreasonable, she was very observant and knew that this bunch of people did not come here with good intentions. However, she was unwilling to concede. Why was she getting beaten up? Who the hell were these people?

"I'll tell my son-in-law. He... He knows many people! You know Theo Zander, right? He's the underground king and my son-in-law's brother.

Since you've hit me today, don't think of stepping out of this door!" Martha

cursed harshly and unreasonably, spit flying out of her mouth. Her lips were bleeding. Suddenly. Tim stood up. Just this action made Martha's pupils shrink in fright. She stared at him, shaking all over while asking with a trembling voice, "You... What are you doing? My son-in-law is..." Slap!

Tim took action personally and slapped her in rage. With a frosty tone, he said, “Martha Yates, let me tell you this. In this world, no one can insult my nephew. He’s not a good-for-nothing.” Nephew? Martha was taken aback but immediately understood. “You, you’re Philip’s uncle?” Martha blinked and asked dubiously. Tim snorted coldly, waved his hands, and left with his men. Before leaving, he said, “We’ll meet again in a few days. I hope you can act like a sensible person by then. Otherwise, whatever Philip dares not do, I’ll do it for him!” Martha watched helplessly as Tim left with his men before she slumped on the sofa and rubbed her face. It was too painful. It seemed that her teeth that were just repaired had been knocked out again!

Who the fck was that person? Was he really Philip’s uncle? Fck! “Damn you, Philip Clarke! You dared not do anything to me, so you told your family member to come after me instead? I’m so mad! I must teach you a good lesson this time!” Martha was furious. She went into a rage and smashed everything in the living room. Charles sighed helplessly as he looked at Martha and said, “You should do less. Don’t you see that the uncle is already here? Can’t you curb your temper? Do you have to wait until something happens before you regret it?” His wife was getting more and more unreasonable. As soon as Martha heard this, her temper flared again.

She got up, slapped Charles, pointed at his nose, and cursed, “You pathetic loser! You’re exactly like that good-for-nothing Philip! I’m your wife, but you didn’t even step forward and protect me when I was getting beaten!

How did I ever end up marrying a loser like you!” Charles’ expression froze drastically, and the muscles on his face twitched. Smack! This slap contained the grievances of Charles for many years and it was finally unleashed today!

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“Martha Yates! You’re simply incorrigible! I’ve had enough of you! Don’t think I don’t know what wicked things you’ve done! Things have progressed to this stage, can’t you face the reality?” Charles roared and the whole living room resounded with his angry voice. Martha was stunned. She had never seen her husband in such a rage before. “You... You dare to hit me? You hit me!” Martha went mad and attempted to scratch Charles.

Charles was getting a headache, so he shoved Martha away, entered the study alone, and locked the door from the inside. Martha sobbed and howled as she sat on the ground, beating her chest and

wailing. “Damn you, Charles Johnston, you’ve finally admitted it. You despise me for being old and dislike me for being unreasonable, right?” Martha wept and bawled.

“Divorce! I want to divorce you! I can’t stay in this family any longer! You and Wynn are turncoats, siding with Philip all the time. What’s so good about that wretch? He just has a bit of money now. Who knows if that money is even his! You two just keep licking his boots...” After cursing for a long time, her throat became dry and Martha finally shut her mouth. Suddenly, she recalled Tim’s final words before he left. Whatever Philip dared not do, he would do it for him. What was he going to do? Would he kill her?

Thinking of this, Martha was horrified and cursed again. “I don’t believe he dares to do this! I want to see what the Clarke family is like!” Tim had mentioned that they would meet again. Early morning, one day later. “Hi, Nina, good morning.” Philip was bored and came to Starbucks on the first floor of the building where Beacon Pharmaceutical was located. He wanted to buy a drink but happened to see an anxious Nina Jacques carrying a few

boxes of drinks. This little chick’s chest was really getting bigger and bigger. Ah, no, it was getting more beautiful. Philip always had the feeling that he had seen Nina before, but he just could not recall the specifics. It must have happened a long time ago. Today, Nina wore a white floral top and a short black pleated skirt that perfectly showcased her devilish figure.

Especially that pair of fair legs—straight and slender. They really put unimaginable thoughts into men’s minds. The area that was wrapped under the collar really made people breathless! “Philip?” Nina exclaimed in surprise. “Oh? You don’t seem willing to see me.” Philip smiled awkwardly and said, “When you wanted to invite me for dinner last time, it was wrong of me to refuse you, but I had special circumstances at that time.” “What are you talking about?” Nina asked dubiously before she laughed. “You’re overthinking it. I’m here to help Madam Johnston buy a few cups of coffee.

Today, a delegate from the Michaels family of the board of directors is here to talk about financing. I’m so busy that I didn’t see you.” “Ah, that’s how it is. Haha...” Philip blushed. He thought Nina was mad at him and deliberately ignored him. “I’ll take it for you. I’m going up too.” Philip fully displayed the charms of a gentleman. In fact, he wanted to get up close and personal with Nina to take a good look at this girl so that he could figure out where he had seen her before. While waiting for the lift, Philip asked out of curiosity, “The delegate from Michaels family of the board of directors is here to discuss financing?” “Yes.” Nina hooked her hair behind her ear and said with some hesitation, “Actually, I heard the general situation in the chairwoman’s office just now. The Michaels family plans to terminate all cooperation with Beacon Pharmaceutical and withdraw all funds.

Chairwoman Johnston is troubled over this matter now.” Terminate all cooperation? Philip frowned as a bad premonition welled up in his heart.

After chatting with Nina, Philip walked to the marketing department thoughtfully. Everyone in the marketing department stood at attention and stared solemnly in the direction at the entrance of the marketing department.

Eight men in black suits formed two rows with four on each side. They

walked straight in. At the center, Wynn and a middle-aged man followed. It would be more appropriate to say that Wynn was accompanying the middle-aged man to inspect the marketing department. This man seemed to be in his 40s or 50s. He had a stoic attitude, and in his steady footsteps exuded a strong self-confidence as well as the aura of a successful businessman. "The pompadour is really grand. As expected of the big boss." A colleague mumbled next to Philip's ears, "He's the head of the Michaels family from Golden City and the biggest director on our board of directors, Blake Michaels. He's also Houston Michaels's father. Apparently, he's here to discuss cooperation projects with Beacon Pharmaceutical." Discuss cooperation? Philip sneered in his heart. Others might not know this yet, but he had heard from Nina that this guy was here to divest! He was backstabbing Beacon Pharmaceutical! The Michaels family, a vassal of the Wallis family. In that case, what role did Giada play in this? Not too long ago, the Michaels family had invested a large amount of capital, which diluted Wynn's shares and made both parties equal. Now that the Michaels family had decided to withdraw the capital, the meaning behind this action was very profound. They were trying to destroy Beacon completely!

Outstanding! This was a magnificent move! If Beacon could not find new shareholders to buy in the shares and fill up the vacant funds, then Beacon would face arbitrary bankruptcy. Wynn might even be sued! In the end, Wynn would face endless lawsuits and even jail time! The more he thought about it, the more somber Philip got. Giada Wallis, was she finally getting impatient?

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Chapter 533

"I don't know, it just feels weird that such an important person has personally come to the company to discuss terms with you." Philip muttered to himself. He knew that with Wynn's personality, should Blake try to threaten her in any way, things would not go well for either of them. "What's wrong with that? Beacon has worked with the Michaels for several years now, and their chairperson is personally dropping by to visit. Perhaps it's because there's some large-scale project involved. If we make it work, that'll mean a raise for all of us." The male colleague said with a chuckle.

Ignorance was bliss, huh. While Philip was still fretting about how to handle Blake Michaels, the head of the marketing department Minerva Cain was already approaching Blake. All smiles, she said, "Mr. Michaels! You're here earlier than expected. We're still in the middle of preparing for your arrival." Minerva was a professional, after all, and she chose her words very wisely. The fiery-red short skirt she wore today with her neat white shirt made her look gorgeous, mature, and dependable. She was Beacon's Iron Lady, a trump card Wynn had recently recruited amidst much fanfare. Blake laughed. "Haha, to think Ms. Cain herself came out to greet me. What an honor. You are one of the most

beautiful gems of Riverdale's business scene." "You flatter me too much, Mr. Michaels. Besides, our Madam Johnston has far more claim to that title than I do." Minerva flashed him her signature smile. After so many years in this line of work, she had long since mastered saying the right thing at the right time. She had heard plenty of compliments from plenty of men too. "Well, f\*ck. Is it just me or is Mr.

Michaels interested in Ms. Cain that way?" The male colleague said, scratching his head. Philip chuckled coldly. "Oh, all men will give a beautiful woman another look." He then turned his gaze to Wynn. To him, his wife was the most beautiful. Wynn noticed his gaze, of course, and she rolled her eyes at him in faux annoyance. Today, Wynn was wearing a black lace top with smooth and long wide slacks. She wore three- to four-

centimeter heels, completing her elegant yet capable look. "Mr. Michaels, shall we talk more inside?" Wynn said with a smile. "Sure." Blake agreed, following Minerva and Wynn into the conference room. Inside, Blake sat alone on a large real-leather couch, holding up a cup of Longjing tea and taking a small sip. Next to him, eight of his imposing subordinates stood on either side of him, never once removing their shades. As for Wynn and Minerva, they sat on the other end of the conference table. They had notebooks in front of them and cast shadows on the wall behind them.

"Since you've had your say, Madam Johnston, may I have the floor?" Blake was experienced and adept, going straight to the point. "Our family has also invested considerably in the research and development of the new drug, but time is running short. Word from Capital City has it that the earlier fraudulent medicine incidents have shone a spotlight on the pharmaceutical industry. A few of our investments hit some roadblocks, and now we're having trouble keeping up with our funding. That is why, after a meeting with our board, we have decided to temporarily pull out of Beacon's research projects." Blake leaned back against the couch and took another sip of Longjing, awaiting the two women's response... or rather, their negotiation. "You want to pull out?" Wynn frowned deeply. Although she had heard tell of this before, she was still somewhat stunned to hear it from Blake himself. "Why are you pulling out so abruptly, Mr. Michaels? I heard about what's happening in Capital City too, but those rumors aren't really affecting your businesses. Why are you in such a rush to end our contract?"

Wynn would not fight a war she was not sure she could win. She had already investigated the Michaels' businesses in secret and found that they were operating as usual without any adverse effects. In other words, Blake must have other reasons. "Calm down, Madam Johnston. This isn't my decision alone. Our entire board came to this conclusion after much debate." Blake nodded slightly with a smile. "I still think highly of Beacon's new project, but I can't convince the board. I even got into a huge fight with those old men over this, but the final conclusion was that we're pulling out." Wynn

fell into deep thought, her brow creased. Next to her, Minerva interrupted with a smile, "Oh, but Mr. Michaels, nothing is set in stone. I'm sure you are an expert in the details of our project, and you definitely don't need me to tell you how much profit potential there is. Besides, we're almost at the end of the development process. If you suddenly pull out, you'll be leaving us in a difficult place." "I guess it doesn't have to come to that." Blake suddenly said with a laugh, "There is one other way. Will you consider it, Madam Johnston?" Wynn frowned slightly, laughing coldly to herself as she looked at Blake.

'Here you go showing your true colors, you old fox!'

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## Chapter 534

"According to our current contract, Michaels Corp will only take 30% of the profit. At the board meeting, we decided that if we don't pull out, we'll have to pour a lot more resources into this project. That would mean an investment far beyond anything else we've risked so far, so we'll need more potential profit to balance that risk." Blake was very adept at reading the room, and his next words immediately shut down the chaos that had erupted in the conference room. "50%! We want 50% of the ROI, and we require Beacon to give us the patent and data for the new drug." "Impossible! That's not how business works! 50% is higher than we can afford. As for the data, we already agreed that it will only ever belong to Beacon!" Wynn's expression turned cold and her tone sharp. "You're violating the contract without reason!" Wynn was now extremely unfriendly to Blake. He was clearly trying to get everything for nothing! Blake's eyes twinkled. He never expected Wynn to agree off the bat either, so he smiled and said, "That's

just the condition our board proposed. Don't be quick to anger, Madam Johnston. I'm sure you know better than I do that this project is integral to Beacon's recalibration, and it's necessary if Beacon wants to expand to Capital City. After all that time and effort you put into it, I'm sure you won't let it all go to waste, right? Why don't you give it a bit more thought?" At this point, Blake was barely veiling his threat. Wynn frowned. "Are you threatening me, Mr. Michaels?" "Oh, Madam Johnston, that's going too far.

I've been a long-time investor in Beacon, no? I'm only thinking about your own good." Blake smiled like a crafty old fox. Wynn's expression contorted in rage when she heard that, her already-cool expression dropping to sub-zero! "I think there's nothing left to talk about here. Pull out if you want.

We can complete this project even without Michaels Corp's investments!"

Blake finally sneered at that. "I know you're a cold and unforgiving woman, Madam Johnston. But you know this project better than anyone, and you know that you can't continue without our investment. Even if you manage to develop the drug, how will you market and sell it later? Don't think you can rest easy just because you have Anderson Group's distribution channels in South River District. Although all of Anderson Group's sales rights have been transferred to a brand new company, the Michaels from Golden City distribute 30% of the country's pharmaceutical drugs. You will need us if you want to reach Capital City. That is why I advise you to reconsider.

“After all, that is how you plan to expand to Capital City, right? If you fail, Beacon might just disappear from Riverdale altogether.” Wynn felt silent.

Blake was right; Beacon had invested too much into this project. If it dies in the water, that will be a disaster of epic proportions for Beacon! Wynn had a short discussion with Minerva before she looked up and said coldly,

“40%! That is my bottom line, and that is the most Beacon can compromise.

We will not give you the research data!” Wynn clenched her teeth. She was already very unhappy with that compromise, but she did not expect Blake to launch a sneak attack on them, now of all times! How would Philip handle this if he were here? Could her husband help her?

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## Chapter 535

Wynn had no way of knowing, and she did not have the time to wonder either. Blake chuckled coolly and stood up, patting down his suit. “You have much to learn, Madam Johnston. 40% is your bottom line, but 50% is mine.

Again, take your time to reconsider. I’m in no hurry to get an answer.” Blake stood up and left. When Blake walked out of the conference room and passed by the marketing department’s office, he suddenly heard a call behind him. “Come quick, Philip!” a colleague shouted. Philip had had nothing to do, so he went to the washroom, but then he heard someone calling his name as soon as he walked through the door. Blake frowned deeply, his face instantly ice-cold. He looked at Philip’s smiling face and imprinted that image into his heart! That was the man! That was Philip Clarke, the one his son had mentioned! The man who had repeatedly interrupted his plans. They truly were enemies, fated to meet. Philip could feel the intense hostility emanating from the man behind him as well, and he turned, immediately meeting Blake’s dark look. ‘Haha, he seems pretty unhappy with me.’ Philip just glanced at Blake before turning around and talking to his colleague.

Blake’s expression was hard, his heart burning with rage. It took him a lot of effort to control his emotions, but in front of the entire marketing department, he asked Philip coldly, “Are you Philip Clarke?” Was the old fox that easy to incense? Philip turned to look at him, asking blankly, “Do you know me?” Everyone in the marketing department was confused. That was Blake Michaels, the head of the Michaels family from Golden City. He was a mammoth in Golden City’s commercial scene, one of the twenty

richest people in the area! So why was he starting a conversation with Philip, the good-for-nothing wimp? How ridiculous! Blake pulled himself together and put on a mild smile, saying, "Oh, Houston mentioned you. He said you're an exemplary employee here at Beacon. It's nice to see you today."

Houston? As if Houston would ever talk about Philip! He wanted Philip's scalp on a plate! Philip responded with a fake smile. "Oh, so you're Mr.

Michaels. You're exaggerating, I'm just a low-level assistant here at Beacon, nothing near as impressive as you're making me sound, Mr.

Michaels." Their little conflict had naturally attracted Wynn and Minerva's attention as they walked out of the conference room. The others may not know what was happening, but Wynn knew perfectly well. She said loudly,

"Let me show you out, Mr. Michaels." Blake replied coolly, "If you want Michaels Corp to keep investing, Madam Johnston, let me add another condition to the previous ones. You must fire him!" With that, he gave Philip a long look and then walked out of the marketing department door.

When Wynn walked past Philip, she frowned slightly and said, "Stay out of this." She knew what her husband was like, and she was terrified that he would dash out and sock Blake in the face. Philip raised his brows. "Don't worry about me." With that reassurance, Wynn left. When Philip stared at Philip, he could clearly feel a passionate gaze in the marketing department focused on him. The moment he turned, he saw that pretty face looking at him. Minerva had been watching Philip the entire time. The man had only arrived at the company a few days ago, but he was already well-known throughout Beacon. Although he was not exactly famous for all the best things, his reputation preceded him nevertheless. To everyone else, Madam Wynn Johnston's husband was a good-for-nothing. However, Minerva disagreed. Philip beamed at her, and she responded with a small smile.

Minerva was a woman as mature as a flower in full bloom, a perfect specimen of womanhood! Any man who saw her would instantly imagine doing unspeakable things to her! She was like a flame that attracted any man to his doom! Philip smiled and did not hide his gaze, even letting it linger

on her collar for a few seconds. That woman was a regular little pixie. What did she have in mind now? Minerva Cain was no ordinary woman. She naturally understood the burning emotion in Philip's eyes, and for the first time, she found him rather intriguing. He sure was being ballsy. She smiled with her eyes, holding his gaze meaningfully before returning to her office, her heels clacking. Philip looked through the glass window into her office and saw that the woman was purposely stretching in front of him!

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## Chapter 536

At around three or four that afternoon, the company suddenly called for a management meeting, leaving everyone worried. To make things worse, someone somehow leaked the news that the Michaels were pulling out of their deal! "Damn it! Who leaked it? Who spread the rumor? Find out!" In the chairwoman's office, Wynn was so furious that her body shook with rage. "Also, get every member of the management to the conference room for a meeting later!" Nina had never seen her boss so angry before, and she said hurriedly, "Yes, ma'am. I'll get right to it." With that, she hastily left the chairwoman's office and stood outside the door to catch her breath.

"What's the matter, Nina?" That sudden voice startled Nina into looking up.

It was Philip. "Why did you come up here?" she asked. Philip scratched his head and glanced at the chairwoman's office, saying bewilderedly, "Madam Johnston asked me to drop by." Nina nodded and suddenly reminded him,

"Be careful what you say later. She's rather angry right now." Philip smiled and thanked her for the reminder before going in. As expected, the temperature inside the office was terrifyingly cold. The goddess before him

was one of ice, threatening to freeze him where he stood. "Were you looking for me, honey?" Philip asked with a chuckle. Wynn was in a very bad mood right now. She stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window and looked at the skyscrapers outside. Letting out a long breath, she turned around and asked Philip, "The Michaels want to stop investing in Beacon." So that was the problem. Philip heaved a sigh of relief and said, "Don't worry, I can solve that problem for you." Wynn hesitated. "Tell me honestly, Philip, can you really help me?" Philip patted his chest and said, "Of course. Have you forgotten who I am?" Wynn nodded and then shook her head, saying worriedly, "But the enemy this time is the Michaels family from Golden City. They are among the 100 richest families, and they are worth almost ten billion in assets." Oh, so she was worried that he could not handle them.

"Don't worry, honey," Philip said. Wynn shook her head helplessly. She did not pin all her hopes on Philip. Even if Philip was from the Capital City Clarke Group, he probably could not help her with this. It was not simply a matter of who was richer. There were complicated networks of connections and status involved. "Alright, you can leave now. Give me some time to figure it out myself." Wynn said. Philip blinked. So his wife still did not trust him. Philip left the chairwoman's office and soon saw the company's upper management all walk into the conference room. He had nothing else to do now, so he walked around the company. Lo and behold, he actually bumped into Houston Michaels! Houston was with two of his subordinates dressed in black suits, his arm around a sexy secretary who leaned on him!

"Philip Clarke? Why are you wandering around again? Don't you need to work?" Houston's expression darkened, and he began acting like a leader, scolding Philip. "I always see you loafing around. Seriously,

what is Wynn thinking? At the meeting later today, I'll propose that we fire you!" Philip did not even do anything. Some people just wanted to see the world burn!

Philip put his hands in his pockets and glanced at the secretary clinging onto Houston's arm. Well, well, what a sight! No wonder Houston looked green in the gills. That woman was probably milking him for all he was worth!

"What are you looking at? Don't like my attitude? I'm telling you, I don't take lightly to people I don't like you. You don't have to come to work anymore tomorrow! Even if you are Wynn's husband, I'm the one in charge of this company now!" Houston pointed at Philip's nose and barked at him, the corners of his lips rising coldly and uncontrollably. Philip shrugged.

"Well, sorry, Mr. Michaels. Why don't you ask Madam Johnston about that directly?" Houston frowned and continued to rant, "No matter how good she thinks she is, she's just the chairwoman of a tiny company! I'm the young master of the Michaels estate! If she disagrees, my dad will just pull out of their project. When that happens, I want to see her beg on her knees!"

"Yeah! Housey here is the young master of the Michaels. You're just a tiny employee, how dare you talk to Mr. Michaels like that!" The secretary, Shirley Wellington, used this chance to insult Philip on Houston's behalf, trying to win more of Houston's favor. However, she did not know Philip.

Right now, for instance, Philip's fists were itching for a fight.

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## Chapter 537

Smack! The moment Shirley spoke, Philip instantly slapped her across the face. Without an ounce of hesitation! Right in front of Houston, without a hint of fear! Shirley was stunned. She held her cheek, which had a scarlet handprint on it, and she looked at Philip with widened eyes for a long time before screaming hysterically, "How dare you hit me! Mr. Michaels, he hit me!" Houston was taken aback by Philip's ferociousness too. The next second, he erupted in rage! Philip had smacked his woman before his very eyes! Houston pointed at Philip and howled, "The sheer nerve! How dare

you! Don't you know who she is?!" "I know. She's your little honey baby,"

Philip said off-handedly. "You!" Houston was so furious that his face was crimson, and he raised his hand, swinging it at Philip. Of course, he was no match for Philip. They had barely crossed swords when Philip twisted his arm and pressed him against the wall! "Let go! I'm the vice-chairman here!

Lay a hand on me and I'll fire you right now! I'll tell my dad to pull out of the deal, then both you and your wife will go to prison!" Houston put up a struggle. Philip said into his ear coolly, "Houston, don't keep threatening me with your position as vice-chairman, and definitely stop talking about firing me. I've heard you say those things countless times now, but I'm still here." Houston's face contorted, and he roared, "You think you're all that, don't you?! Well, I want to see how you explain what you're doing to me to Wynn later!" Philip could not stand being threatened, so he pressed down with a bit more force and left Houston wailing. Shirley and the other two subordinates were so scared they backed away. "Assault, assault! Security!

Guards!" Shirley screamed at the top of her voice, and the entire company hall erupted into chaos. A few security guards hustled toward them, led by the earlier shift leader, Fabio Lorne. As soon as he arrived, he saw what looked like Tom beating on Jerry. No, wait, it was Madam Johnston's useless husband beating up Mr. Michaels! Fabio was torn. This was exactly a repeat of what happened last time, and he was stuck in the middle. "Why are you just standing there? Apprehend him!" Houston yelled at Fabio.

Fabio winced and called up two of the guards, smiling sheepishly at Philip.

"Brother Clarke, could you just let go for now? We can talk things over. If we can't, I can call Madam Johnston." He had no choice. Even if Philip was a useless layabout, he was still the chairwoman's husband, so Fabio could not afford to offend him. Houston roared in rage. "What the hell are you here for? Brother Clarke, my \*ss! Capture him! Or I'll fire all of you!" "Gah, you're so annoying!" Philip frowned and used a bit more force, dislocating Houston's arm. "Argh!" The next second, Houston screamed in pain, holding his dislocated arm as he ranted, "Catch him, or you're all fired!"

Fabio was shocked too. He did not expect Philip to be quite so violent.

"Sorry, Brother Clarke." Fabio knew where things stood now, so he went forth and subdued Philip, calling him two subordinates to take him to the security office. "Mr. Michaels, should you perhaps go to the hospital?"

Fabio asked with a nod and a bow. Houston kicked him in the chest, swearing as he led Shirley away. The woman was looking deathly pale, and before they left, Houston even shouted, "Keep an eye on him! If I don't see him when I come back later, you'll be the ones to pay!" Fabio crawled up from the ground and adjusted his cap. With a sigh, he made his way to the security office. Inside the office, Philip was sitting like a lord, with fruits and cigarettes offered before him. The security guards were treating him like a god. What else could they do? Mr. Lorne had warned them to give Philip the best treatment they could manage. After all, that was their chairwoman's husband! Philip did not expect such special treatment either, casually eating a banana in the office. Just then, someone kicked open the security office door, and three men rushed into the room. All of them wore security guard uniforms. "M-Mr. O'Donnell, why are you here?" One of the young security guards who had led Philip here immediately greeted the newcomers with smiles. "Screw off!" The strongman called O'Donnell was almost 180cm tall and very well-built. His body alone filled the entire door frame. He stomped toward Philip, holding an electric baton and glaring at Philip. "Are you Philip Clarke? Were you the one who beat up Mr. Michaels

just now?" Philip continued eating his banana, crossing his legs nonchalantly. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the two guards O'Donnell had brought in shove the young guard from earlier, locking the door behind him. Hah, they were clearly here looking for a fight! "You sure have a temper. Let's see how bold you are now!" O'Donnell chuckled coldly. His gaze hardened, and he stabbed his baton at Philip's waist! Crackle crackle!

Almost instantly, a large body crashed onto the floor! The other two guards who stood at the door did not realize what was happening when they saw their leader hitting the ground! As for the man called Philip Clarke, he was

holding a baton emanating blue electric sparks, his foot stepping on O'Donnell's face. Philip tsk-tsked. "Such low tolerance to electrocution."

The guards at the door were stunned by what they saw! That was their leader, O'Donnell! He could take three men on by himself, but here he was, electrocuted and collapsed onto the floor.

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Chapter 538

"Damn punk, you asked for this!" His expression darkening, one of the guards pulled the baton from his waist and rushed forward, swinging it down at Philip's head! If that hit landed, it would definitely crack Philip's skull!

Philip raised a brow, his expression rapidly turning cold. His aura suddenly turned sharp as a knife! He never expected them to come for the kill like this! The next instant, Philip had taken the baton from the guard's hand. At the same time, while the guard was still stunned, Philip lashed his foot out and sent the guard flying out through the glass window! Crash! The glass shattered and the guard flew out of the window. He crashed into the ground and stayed down! The remaining guard was terrified and trembling now. He hurriedly fell to his knees and begged, "Please, Brother Clarke, spare me!

We were just proceeding on Mr. Michaels' orders, please don't..." Bam!

Philip simply kicked the guard out of the door. The entire door fell on its hinges from the impact, cracking the frame! That just showed how furious Philip was right now! Two of Fabio's men outside were so scared that they stood at attention, their spines completely straight. Inwardly, they muttered to themselves, 'What a badss! As expected of our chairwoman's husband! Who the fck ever said he's a good-for-nothing?' With those two kicks, he

had made himself a legend in their hearts. Philip walked out of the security office and viciously stepped on the chest of the guard playing dead at the door. The guard howled in pain and grabbed Philip's leg, begging for mercy.

"Go back and tell your Mr. Michaels to stay out of my way!" Philip said coldly, his voice echoing through the security office doorway like a demon's horn. Philip lifted his leg, and the guard held his chest, dragging his unconscious partner away while thanking Philip profusely. He then hurriedly ran away from here, deciding that he did not have the time to deal with O'Donnell, who was still out cold in the office. On the other end, Wynn had worked hard all day. After she finally left the office and returned to the villa, she had barely walked through the door when Martha grabbed her arm and dragged her to the couch. "Wynn, tell me honestly. Is there a problem with your company? I heard that the Michaels are calling off a deal or something?" Martha was extremely anxious. She had heard the rumor from her sister, Paula, and she hastily returned home to make sure. "Who told you that, Mom?" Wynn was very tired right now. "Just tell me, is it true?" Of course Martha was worried. Paula had told her that the Michaels were a very important and wealthy family. If they did pull out from the project, Wynn's company would go bust and she might even end up in prison. That would spell the end of their family. They would lose the villa too. "Mom, just stay out of the company's business, okay? I can handle it." Wynn massaged her temple, feeling very impatient. Martha sobbed and wailed. "Are you stupid, Wynn? If something goes wrong, it'll be all over for you! Listen to me, okay? I got it all planned out. Hurry up and resign from the company, then we can sell the villa and you can divorce Philip." Martha said in a hurry.

She had a comprehensive plan in mind. Wynn was flabbergasted. Standing up, she barked, "What are you saying, Mom? Why should I divorce Philip?"

Besides, Philip was the one who bought this villa, how can we sell it?"

Martha simply slapped Wynn and yelled at her, "He bought it? Ridiculous!"

Don't think I don't know, it was all that useless Philip's fault. He went and offended a guy called Houston Michaels at your company, right? I heard

everything! See, why did you have to pull him into your company? Even if he has a little money now, could he be as rich as the Michaels from Golden City? "You have to obey me on this. Resign, sell the villa, and get that divorce!" Martha insisted. That was the Michaels family. How could Philip compare to those filthy rich people? Wynn was so upset that she just sat on the couch and sobbed into her hands. Her mother was being absurd again.

At the same time, Wynn knew that she was truly helpless to deal with this.

The Michaels were like a huge net cast over Beacon's head. Just then, Philip returned to the villa and walked to the hall. He soon saw Wynn, crying her eyes and her heart out. He hurriedly wiped the tears from her eyes, asking,

"What's the matter, Wynn?" "Philip, my mom asked me to resign, sell the company, and divorce you. Oh,

I'm so tired." Philip frowned deeply, his rage rising a few notches! "Is it because of what's happening at the company?" "I don't want to divorce you, honey, but I really don't know what to do. All of them are trying to chase me out of Beacon, and Blake Michaels is threatening me. I'm so scared." "Don't worry, I'll solve this for you." Philip made her a simple promise and left the room.

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## Chapter 539

At the Riverdale branch of the Clarke Group. The chairman's office on the highest floor. Philip stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window with his hands behind his back, looking out at the sunset outside. There was the red sky the color of wine and the busy streets below. Hudson Cash was standing behind Philip respectfully. "The Michaels family from Golden City wants to pull out of their deal with Beacon. Mobilize our businesses in the

pharmaceutical industry to fill the gap the Michaels will leave behind."

Philip said calmly, his eyes faintly cold. Hudson looked pale. "Young Master, that might be slightly difficult." "Difficult?" Philip turned around, his expression cold as he looked at Hudson. Hudson had broken out into a cold sweat as well, his waist bowed low. "Young Master, you don't have the right to use any of the family's resources anymore. Madam Wallis put a family restraining order on you, just an hour ago. She even froze the billion bucks you wanted to invest into Beacon." A family restraining order?

Philip's brow furrowed deeply, his expression covered in ice. Bam! At the same time, someone opened the door to the chairman's office from outside.

Giada Wallis appeared at the door, dressed in a white gown and draped in jewelry. She strode in gracefully, followed by eight bodyguards. She was elegant, her make-up delicate. Her every smile made her look like the perfect embodiment of a rich wife. "Madam." Hudson hurriedly turned around and greeted her with respect, but then he quietly retreated to a corner.

Philip looked at Giada coolly. She took off her shades, and next to her, her assistant Vivian took out a sheet of paper. There was the golden seal of Arcadia Island on it, as well as his father's personal signature. "Starting from now, Philip, your right to inherit the family matters is suspended. This is the restraining order the family cast on you, and you will no longer have access to the Clarkes' influence, funds, or connections." Giada said in a tone of ice, the corners of her mouth curved into a faint smile. Philip frowned deeply and grabbed that sheet of gold-inlaid paper. He only had to glance at it to confirm what he feared. That really was his father's signature.

Confused, Philip raised his gaze and looked at Giada coldly. "What did you do to my father?" Giada chuckled. "If I could chase you out of the family seven years ago, I can still do so now. The war between us has only just begun." Philip scoffed and crumpled up the sheet he was holding. "Do you really think you can take me down like this, Giada? You're underestimating me. I've been on guard against you the past seven years. So you have the Clarkes. But even without their influence, you and the rest of the Wallises

are no match for me. You want a fight? Bring it on! We'll see who wins in the end!" Philip's voice was icy as he took a step forth, glaring at Giada with eyes of fire. Giada raised her sleek brow and said calmly, "Very well, we shall wait and see. My first target will be Beacon and Wynn Johnston." With that, Giada turned and left with her entourage in tow. She left the way she came, without any warning or hesitation. The air in the chairperson's office was tense. Philip stared at the crumpled sheet in his hand, his brow tightly furrowed. That damned Giada, how did she pull this off? What had happened to his father? Why did he issue a family restraining order against him? "Are you alright, Young Master?" Hudson asked cautiously. Philip gave him a cool look and then strode away from the branch. On the way, he gave George Thomas a call. The man on the other side immediately said anxiously, "This is bad, Young Master, the family placed a restraining order on you. Half an hour ago, they cut off your access to all the family's assets and influence. What should we do now, sir?" Philip said calmly, "I know, don't worry about it. Seven years ago, I already guessed that Giada would try this. I need you to go overseas in my stead. Go to Chinatown in the States and look for someone called Fennel Leigh. Tell him that the battle has begun," "Yes, sir. I'll go right away." George responded respectfully and immediately booked a plane ticket. As soon as Philip ended that call, he received another from Wynn. She sounded like she was crying as she said,

"Philip, come back to the villa, quick! We have an emergency." "Wait for me, I'll be right there!" Philip could hear the ruckus on the other end. His heart pounding, he hung up and hurriedly made his way back to the villa.

As soon as he walked through the door, he saw more than ten bodyguards in black suits making a right mess of everything in the villa. They were throwing everything out onto the lawn! "Philip!" The second Wynn saw Philip, she ran over to him in haste. On the other end, Martha and Charles were desperately trying to stop the bodyguards in black from tossing everything out, but they were no match for the intruders.

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Chapter 540

“What’s going on?” Philip walked over in a hurry and held her hands, asking her. Wynn sobbed, “They said that the villa doesn’t belong to us anymore, so they’re here to kick us out.” Philip frowned deeply. This was clearly Giada’s doing. Indeed, George had been the one who initially bought this villa, and he used the family’s assets to do so. Giada was well within her rights to take it back. However, this was mere child’s play to both Giada and Philip. It was more like she was just causing him trouble on purpose. “Stop, this is our home! What right do you have to throw our stuff out? This is robbery, it’s trespassing! I’m calling the cops!” Martha was covered in sweat as she desperately tried to stop the bodyguards in black. However, they ignored her and merely shoved her aside, sending her falling onto her butt on the floor. “Help, robbers! Daylight robbery! Oh, where is the justice?!” Martha just sat on the floor and wailed, slapping her thighs and making a scene. Her hair was a mess, making her look tragic and pitiful.

When she saw Philip outside the villa, she flew into a mad rage. She pounced on him and immediately struck him across the face with all she had, yelling, “It’s all your fault, you good-for-nothing! We would never have been thrown out if it weren’t for you! What enemies did you make this time?!” Philip’s eyes widened at Martha’s absurd accusations. Why was she turning on him now? “What are you doing, Mom? What right do you have to hit Philip? You didn’t give him the credit when you moved in, but now you’re blaming him when we’re kicked out? How can you be so unreasonable?!” Wynn was mad too, and very disappointed in her mother.

Martha was furious. She had been thrown out of the villa and had no one to

vent her frustrations out on, so she was itching for a fight. Jabbing a finger at Wynn’s nose, she shrieked, “Don’t side with the outsider, Wynn! We could move in because Philip owed us as much, and now we’re homeless because of him! This is a villa, my villa! It’s all his fault for causing so much trouble out there! I’ll beat him to death for it, that good-for-nothing wretch!”

As she swore, she swung her hand at him again. This time, however, she missed! Philip made his move, grabbing her wrist with his large hand and staring at her coldly. “Enough! I’m warning you, Martha Yates, if you keep being so ridiculous, I’ll make you pay with your life!” Ba-thump! Philip’s words and his murderous aura sapped all the wind from Martha’s sails. She cowered away, muttering, “Why are you so mad? If you have the balls, yell at them, not me. They’re the ones who threw us out. You useless trash, you only have the guts to yell at us.” Martha was irredeemable, and Philip was at quite a loss on how to deal with her. He gave her a vicious glare and then tossed her aside before turning back to face those guards. “Stop!” he barked.

All of a sudden! “Our wedding photo!” Wynn suddenly saw one of the guards bring out her wedding photo with Philip. The man even tossed it onto the ground flippantly. Crash! The picture shattered! Wynn was the first to rush over to it. She crouched on the ground and looked at the shattered pieces of their wedding picture, her eyes welling with tears. The guard saw that Wynn was trying to pick up the pieces and shoved her away roughly.

Ssk! The glass shards cut through Wynn’s delicate palm, and blood instantly stained their wedding picture. Philip felt his rage erupt in his chest, taking over his mind. “I said, stop!!!” He roared at the top of his voice and dashed toward the guard, flying into him with a kick! Bam! The kick sent that guard



flying until his back hit a wall. He grunted in pain. The next instant, all the other guards stopped what they were doing and looked at Philip menacingly.

Martha was so frightened that she grabbed Charles and went into hiding, still inwardly cursing Philip for all his shenanigans. "According to Madam's orders, you have lost all access to the Clarkes' property and assets. Now, please take them and leave this place." The head of the guards stepped forth

and addressed Philip with relative politeness. However... Philip just said coolly, "Let's see any of you try to kick me out today!"

. (2)

Pekz Radeco

i love iti love iti love iti love iti love iti love it Pekz Radeco

i love iti love iti love iti love iti love iti love it . .

## Chapter 541

Philip's expression was cold and his fists clenched as he walked toward the guard he had sent flying. That was the man who had shoved Wynn and caused her to cut her hand open. He even shattered their wedding photo. He deserved hell! The guards exchanged a look and stepped forward, trying to stop Philip. One of them said, "Please leave the villa, sir." Bam! Philip lashed out his foot abruptly, kicking the man who spoke in the chest. The latter fell quite a few steps back! "As expected of dirty Wallis dogs. You're stupid enough to bark at me!" Philip said coolly, his eyes devoid of warmth as he stared at the dozen or so men. There was no hint of fear anywhere in his demeanor. That was how he held himself! Strong enough to stand his ground against more than ten men on his own! Anyone who witnessed this would think that he was overestimating himself. However, those guards could only swallow their protests and keep warning him. "Please leave the villa immediately, or else we'll have to use force!" "Get lost!" Philip roared, his eyes flaring with rage! The guards were stunned by his imposing aura.

He was overwhelming! Was this really the heir to the Clarke fortune? What a vicious aura he had! In that sense, he was just like the guards, who had constantly walked the thin line between life and death. They were all

intrigued. How did the young master of a wealthy family build up such a presence? "Get him!" The leader barked. This was the mission the Madam had assigned them. If they could not complete it, there would definitely be a punishment awaiting them. On the other end, when Martha saw Philip engaging the guards from her hiding spot, she was similarly shocked. She never knew that her useless son-in-law was actually such a capable fighter.

Did that mean that if he had used his moves on her, he could have easily killed her? The thought left her trembling in fright. Thank goodness he was still a spineless wimp. Although he was wealthy, he was still the same man who blindly relied on his wife. Martha looked down on Philip from the very depths of her heart. Even though Philip was the one who bought the villa, even though she knew his family was wealthy, she still utterly and thoroughly looked down on him. Her attitude toward him was engraved in her mind, rooted and unchanging. Pigs would fly before she would treat Philip with any honest affection. "Come here, Wynn, hurry!" Martha kept gesturing at her daughter, who was still crouched on the lawn. Her daughter was such a fool. Did she not hear what those men said? Philip had lost the family fortune. In other words, he had gone back to being trash! That damned Philip! He could not keep his affairs in order and ended up causing the Johnstons trouble too. See? This was obviously that old hag Giada Wallis' evil plan. That meant Philip had evidently lost in their little war.

Martha gritted her teeth angrily at the thought. She wanted nothing more than to kick Philip to death. At the same time, Philip had made quick work of the dozen guards. Of course, he did not escape unscathed either. He had taken a few hits to the face. Right now, he picked up a golf club and approached the guard who had shattered the wedding photo. Looking down at the man cold, he said, "You shouldn't have done that to her." With those words, Philip swung the golf club down onto the guard's arm viciously! Just like that, he shattered the man's arm. Argh! A bone-chilling scream reverberated throughout First Palace. Martha shuddered. She had watched Philip break that man's arm with her own eyes. The punk was so

bloodthirsty, geez. Thank goodness she never treated him too badly before.

Martha was still counting her blessings for that. "Scram!" Philip glanced at the bodyguards in black, all splayed out across the grounds. He roared at them, "Go back and tell Giada Wallis that if she sends any more men to cause chaos, I don't mind creating a river of blood all the way back to their mansion!" The guards jumped up from the ground and hastily ran away from the villa. Philip tossed the golf club aside and jogged up to Wynn. The sight of her tear-stained face made his heart ache. "Philip, look. Our wedding photo..." Wynn was crushed. She held the pieces of their photo against her chest, her clothes stained red. That was the only picture they had left of their wedding. All of the others had been ripped to shreds when they nearly got divorced. "It's alright, Wynn. We can just get another photo taken. Come on, let me take you to the hospital." Philip helped Wynn up and was about to leave the villa, but he did not forget to turn around and glare at Martha, warning her, "Don't get any funny ideas, Martha Yates. This house is mine!" He had the air of a ruler! Martha watched, dazed, as Philip led Wynn away. Wait, they left in a BMW! W-When did that punk buy a BMW?! He even hid it from her! Damn him! "Did you see that, Charlie? That punk actually dared to threaten me! This house is his, he says? Hahaha, what a joke! The villa is registered under my name! Who the hell do you think you are?!" Martha shrieked in the direction Philip had left. Charles shrugged helplessly, picking up the things strewn around. "Hey, Charlie, when do you think Philip bought that car? He hid it from us, too! What is he afraid of, that I'll take his car?" Martha was furious. She did not even know that they had a new car, and a BMW to boot!

## Chapter 542

Meanwhile, Philip and Wynn arrived at the hospital, where they treated their wounds. Wynn was very worried. Looking at Philip, she asked, "Did those men say that you lost access to the family funds?" In other words, her husband was now penniless and broke, right? Wynn was worried that Philip

would do something irrational as a result. Philip held Wynn's soft little hand and said with a gentle smile, "It's alright, don't worry. At the worst, we'll just start over. We made it this far, haven't we? I can solve any problem as long as I have you." Wynn smiled, tears in her eyes. Her heart was full as she leaned into Philip's chest, saying, "If it really comes down to that, honey, I'll resign from the company, and we can move out of the villa. I think my mom has some money too, so we can buy another house and start a small breakfast shop. How does that sound?" Philip hugged Wynn and nodded. "Sure, sounds good." "Don't worry, honey, we'll be fine. I'll sweep away every obstacle in your path. Even without the support of the Clarkes, I am far from good-for-nothing trash." The next day, Wynn went to work, while Philip went to the largest hotel in Riverdale. In the presidential suite, Philip met Buffer. Last night, Philip had issued Buffer an emergency summons. Buffer did not come to Riverdale for the Yates family fiasco last time because of Jess's choice. When he saw Philip this time, Buffer looked quite excited. He held his arms out wide and gave Philip a big hug, saying, "Oh, my dear Master Clarke! I'm so glad to finally see you!" Philip smiled and went straight to the point. "I want to activate all of the resources you've arranged in this country over the years, Buffer." "All of them?" Buffer looked at Philip in confusion. "All of them." Philip repeated. Buffer thought it over and said with some hesitation, "My dear Master Clarke, I am your personal butler, and you are the only reason I managed to make it big in the finance world. I will naturally heed your every order. Nevertheless, I must remind you that it's not time to activate all your resources here yet. It will be detrimental to your master plan. Are you certain?" "I am!" Philip said in all seriousness. As long as it was for Wynn, he could do anything. He would even give her the world if she wanted it!

After so many years of preparation, it was time for him to show his hand!

Upon leaving the presidential suite, Philip made a beeline for Beacon. Wynn was in the conference room right now, faced with a terrible headache. She was being confronted by all sides. The members of the company board were

all here. Led by the Michaels, they were pushing her to immediately announce the distribution of profits for the new drug. Blake took the main seat, sitting there nonchalantly as he looked at Wynn, who was trembling with rage. He scoffed, "You have to give me a proper answer today, Madam Johnston. All our clients have suspended their contracts and our producers have stopped production as well. Right now, Beacon is sitting on a very short fuse." He did not even bother veiling his threat. "That's right, Madam Johnston, everyone's waiting for your decision." "Hmph, she's nothing more than a mascot. We only nominated her back then to be our puppet. Do you really think she can save the company?" "She's just like her husband, they're both trash! Resign! Not everyone can be the chairperson willy-nilly, you know." Suddenly, the members of the board were all taunting her, their words sharp and ruthless. Wynn's body was shaking. Right now, she was isolated and on her own amidst the rain of insults. "Sorry,

everyone, but we're coming up with a plan right now. Trust me, there will soon be new clients and producers for us. Miss Cain is negotiating new contracts as we speak." Wynn tried to explain with a smile. However, all she received in return were cool looks of disbelief. Blake harrumphed. "Stop trying to lie through your teeth, Madam Johnston. The Capital City Clarke Group's investments have been frozen as well, and the company has completely halted in its tracks. If Michaels Corp pulls out as well, Beacon is done for.

As for you, Wynn Johnston, you'll be swamped in court cases and might even end up in jail. Don't you know?" Wynn was extremely agitated right now, but she had to tolerate it. Her eyes moist, she bowed her head and said,

"Please don't pull out now, Mr. Michaels. You're a part of Beacon as well, and we should be working together. Trust me, as long as we present a united front, we will definitely be able to get through this crisis." "In that case, please beg me on your knees, Madam Johnston," Blake suddenly said coldly. All the older men in the conference room instantly looked at Wynn sardonically. They were like man-eating demons now, waiting to eat up the tantalizingly beautiful Wynn Johnston. Wynn was on the verge of angry

tears. How could these people be so shameless?! Even now, they were threatening her with the company. Wynn was helpless, and behind her, Mindy was on the verge of breaking down too. "Are you saying you won't pull out your investments if I beg you on my knees?" Wynn asked. "That's right. If you get on your knees and crawl over to me, begging, the Michaels won't end our deal," Blake said confidently, his eyes filled with greed.

"Fine!" Wynn said through clenched teeth after a pause. She then resisted the psychological torture and prepared to bend her knees. The old men just smiled at her coldly, their eyes betraying their greed as they stared at her.

All of a sudden! Someone kicked the conference room door wide open!

"Who dares to make my wife beg?!" Philip's rage rolled off him in waves, his eyes burning and bloodshot as he stood at the door, looking around at everyone in the room! The board was enraged when Philip barged in all of a sudden. "Who allowed you to come in? Get out! Security, get him out now!" Blake was the first one to say something. He was filled with rage. As for Philip, he had already asked his people to investigate him. He was just Wynn's useless husband. He depended on his woman and he also got into Beacon by using the backdoor. Based on this, Wynn was not a good person as well. However, Philip scanned everyone at the scene coldly and yelled,

"I'll kill anyone who dared to ask my wife to kneel!" His statement shocked the entire room. The coldness radiating from his entire body was scaring everyone on the board. None of them said anything. Mindy stood at the door and looked at Philip's powerful back. She felt ripples in her heart. Wow!

Philip was so cool! He looked so domineering! How manly! Wynn was so lucky to have a husband like him. Wynn looked at Philip aggrievedly. She held back her tears. Just now, she almost knelt to beg them.

She felt safe with Philip's sudden appearance. "Philip, this is a meeting for the board.

You should get out." Wynn knew what was important and what was not.

She said in a soft voice. Then, Blake took the lead and slammed his hand down on the table. The teacup on the table jumped up. He roared, "Madam Johnston, is this how your husband should treat us? Does he know what

we're doing here? He's just an assistant and he has the audacity to barge into the meeting room to yell at us! How rebellious!" "You're just a piece of trash and you don't even know your position. Get out!" "Madam Johnston, if you don't give us an appropriate explanation today, we'll take back our funding!" "Right, apologize to us now!" In an instant, everyone on the board was starting to gang up to attack and humiliate Philip. Wynn was frantic. She grabbed Philip and said to everyone on the board apologetically, "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I'll ask him to leave now." However, a cold and overbearing voice sounded in the meeting room. "Beacon will not collapse even if all of you took back your funding! Beacon will not prosper with all of you losers here!" Philip said calmly. There was a coldness in his eyes.

Wynn was stunned. How could her husband say something like this? Did he know that these people were the core of Beacon? If he offended them and they all took back their funding, Beacon would be done for! She tugged on Philip's arm. She wanted to say something, but the latter gave her an extremely reassuring gaze and said, "Don't worry. I'll take care of this for you." Could her husband really take care of this? Did he not have his authority to dispose of his assets frozen by his family? The members of the board started to chuckle coldly after hearing what Philip said. He was overestimating his own capabilities. Blake smirked and said, "Alright, you're just a useless piece of trash who depends on your woman and you have the cheek to say something like this. I can't wait. I want to see where Beacon will get three billion bucks for the new investment without the financial support of the Michaels." After he said that, Blake got up angrily.

He was ready to leave. Behind him, all of the members of the board started to get up respectively. They threw down the documents in their hands and said, "We're taking back our funding as well!" "The Montgomerys are taking back our funding!" "I, Ken Valerio, am also taking back my funding!" "I, Dirk Montoya, am taking back my funding too!" In a blink of an eye, more than ten directors all announced their withdrawals! This was a catastrophic incident for Beacon! Wynn was frantic. She chased after the

directors to explain herself. However, Philip said calmly, "I hope you won't regret this. Don't come back and beg my wife to take back your investments." "Hehe, what a joke! I want to see what a kid who depends on a woman like you can do!" Blake chortled and left the meeting room with everyone. Wynn started crying after she watched more than ten directors leave the meeting room angrily. The huge pressure in her heart collapsed instantly. Philip walked over and held Wynn. He comforted, "Don't worry, darling. I'll take care of this for you." Wynn buried her head in Philip's chest and cried sadly. She said, "Philip, why did you do that? Do you know that the company will be finished if they withdraw their funding? Over a hundred employees in the company will be finished!" At this moment, Wynn was not worried about herself, but instead, she was worried about the company and the employees. Philip held

Wynn tightly and said, "It's okay. I'm here."

Wynn pushed Philip away and looked at him tearfully. She said, "Can you really do it? Didn't you say that you don't have the authority to dispose of your assets anymore? That's three billion bucks!" How could Wynn stay calm? All of the directors withdrew their fundings in a blink of an eye. They still needed funding of three billion bucks. Beacon would be done after this split. Did Philip have so much money? Philip caressed her hair and smiled gently. He said, "Don't worry. I know a friend who might be able to help."

"Friend? What friend? Can they really help me?" Wynn wiped away her tears and asked emotionally. "Yeah." Philip nodded and said, "He's my old friend. I'll contact him later." The commotion in the meeting room had traveled through the entire company. In that instance, everyone felt as if they were in danger. They were even more enraged especially when they knew that the directors withdrew their fundings because of that spineless coward Philip. "F\*ck! How can a bum who depends on his woman say that?"

"Right! That piece of trash is going to kill us all! Beacon is finished!" "I don't know what Madam Johnston is thinking. She just had to hire that piece of trash. How many troubles had he caused?" The entire company was engaged in a heated discussion. All of them were criticizing and blaming

Philip. They even started to criticize Wynn. When they saw Philip and Wynn walking out from the meeting room and arriving at the workspace, they started mocking and ridiculing. "You piece of trash! You incompetent bungler!" "A useless bum like him shouldn't appear in our company. Please fire him!" "Madam Johnston, I'm ready to resign!" In an instant, everyone started talking at the same time. A lot of the old employees wanted to resign.

They were using this to threaten Wynn so that she would fire Philip.

Everyone was worried. They were certain that Beacon was finished. Wynn knew that the company was faced with a huge problem now. Was it enough to just depend on Philip? Could his friend really invest three billion in one go? "Anyone who wants to resign, please go to the HR department to get three months of salary in advance. I won't keep you guys so that I won't hinder your futures. Of course, anyone who's willing to stay and fight with Beacon will get shares and a dividend if Beacon remains." Wynn said. She bowed and apologized before leaving the office with Philip. It was so depressing. She did not want to stay there any longer. When she got back home, Wynn told Martha and Charles about what happened in the company.

She wanted them to be mentally prepared for what was about to happen.

"Wynn, are you insane? How can you listen to that spineless coward? Who is he to make decisions for you?" "If the company is finished, then all of us will be finished as well! It's all that bum's fault!" Martha was livid. She kept on berating Philip who was standing at one side. Philip was sensible.

He just stood there without saying anything. Wynn said calmly, "I'll handle what's going on in the company. I told you so that you can be mentally prepared. Plus, you can't blame Philip for this. Those

people are such insufferable bullies.” When Martha heard this, she burst out laughing from anger. Her face turned green and she shrieked at Phillip while pointing at him, “What are you looking at? It’s all because of you, you useless bum! I wanted to treat you better now that you have money. Well, great! Now that you can’t even dispose of your assets. If you’re not a useless bum, who is?”

Get out now! Get out of my house now!” Wynn was feeling horrible now.

She looked at Philip, her husband. Since she decided to believe him, then she should side with him. “Mom, can you stop being so unreasonable?”

Wynn said in disgust, “I was the one who made that decision. It has nothing to do with Philip. Plus, what does it have to do with you whether Philip has money or not? You’ll treat him good if he has money, and if he doesn’t have money, you won’t even admit that he’s your son-in-law? Philip was the one who bought this villa!” Martha was so mad she started hitting her chest and stomping her foot. She yelled, “You thankless wench! I shouldn’t have let you marry this useless bum if I knew this would happen! I don’t care! This has nothing to do with our family! Ask him to get out! He’ll be responsible for anything that happens! If they wanted to arrest someone, they should arrest him!” Wynn knew if she told Martha what happened at the meeting, she would destroy this family. She would even kick Philip out. “Mom, enough. This has nothing to do with Philip!” Wynn said coldly. Slap!

Martha was enraged. She slapped Wynn heavily across the face. Then, she pointed at her nose and shrieked, “Nonsense! You’re still protecting him!”

Do you even care about your father and me? If they arrest you, what are we going to do?” Martha was too emotional. She was also on the verge of an emotional breakdown. Philip watched as this happened. His expression was as cold as ice. He walked forward and roared, “Martha Yates, stop this!”

She was so unreasonable that she even slapped Wynn! “Why are you being so aggressive? This is my house! My name is under this house! It’s none of your business if I want to slap my daughter!” Martha had completely lost it.

She started yelling like a shrew. At that moment, an unknown rage rose to Philip’s head. He could not stand this anymore! Slap! A heavy slap landed directly on Martha’s face. The sound of the slap reverberated across the entire villa. “Martha Yates, you’re digging your own grave!” Philip yelled.

His eyes were red and it was filled with wrath!

## Chapter 543

That slap was so brutal it took everyone by surprise. Martha especially brought her hand to her rapidly-swelling face, looking at Philip in disbelief.

Since when did this useless trash have the guts to hit her like this? Wait, he had done so a few times before. When she remembered the past few times, Martha only grew angrier. How dare that trash hit

her so many times! She was his mother-in-law, his elder in the family! “How could you hit me?!”

“Don’t you guys see, he’s gone way over the line! He hit me!” Martha screamed, throwing a tantrum and even trying to scratch him. However, Philip simply kicked her hard in the stomach, sending her falling on her backside and crying for her mother. “Martha Yates! I’ve warned you many times now, but you still keep pushing my limits! Do you really think I don’t dare to kill you?” Philip said coldly, clenching his fists. If Wynn was not holding him back, he would teach that clueless woman a lesson she would never forget today! Martha fell onto the ground, her stomach feeling like it was about to burst. She broke into tears and howled like a banshee, “See, see! He’s my son-in-law, but he’s hitting his mother-in-law! What a travesty! What place do I have left in this family? Are you f\*cking dead, Charles Johnston? Your son-in-law hit me, so why are you just standing there without a word?!” Martha’s body trembled in rage, but she was actually scared at the same time. The murderous aura coming from Philip earlier made her panic from the bottom of her heart. That was why she turned her target to Charles instead. Charles was exasperated too. He shook his head and advised Philip, “Um, Philip, she is still your elder, after all.

Could you just let it slide this one time?” “Shut up! It’s all because you keep letting her be that she’s become this unreasonable, self-absorbed witch!”

Philip barked, his eyes filled with rage. Charles knew that as well, and he was quite torn. True, he was supposed to be the one wearing the pants in this family, but that banshee Martha managed to usurp his position as the head of the household. When Martha saw Charles hesitated, she exploded.

“Johnston, are you even a man? Are you scared of your own son-in-law?

You’re trash, just like him! I must have been blind to marry you! I want a

divorce!” Since Martha was frustrated, she immediately threatened him with a divorce. That only added to Charles’ headache. It felt like he had no say at all here. Since he was pushed over the brink, he turned around and barked at her, “You want a divorce? Fine! I’ve had enough of you! I told you so many times not to go too far, I told you to stop raising hell, but you never listened. You’re always complaining that I didn’t make much of myself, right? Saying I only became a section head after so many years of hard work? Alright then, let’s get a divorce. Go back to your own family!” His rant left Martha wide-eyed and stunned. She was just saying that out of anger. Her own family, the Yates, had long since left Riverdale. As for why they went bust, she never dared to ask, because she was terrified that they would ask her to help clear their debts. Martha instantly broke down.

Wailing at the top of her lungs, she beat her chest and stomped her feet.

“Fine, fine, so you’re all ganging up on me, aren’t you? Oh, what did I do to deserve this? You two traitors would rather help an outsider to bully me!

I should just die and get it over with.” Wynn did not say anything the entire time. Since her mother was throwing another ridiculous tantrum, she simply took Philip’s hand and dragged him upstairs. She did not want to engage Martha anymore. There was no point. Charles also snorted and went into the study. Now Martha was the only one left in the living room, bawling her eyes out. She would stop once she had



had enough. The next day, Blake invited all the members of Beacon's board to a banquet at a hotel. Houston was there too, of course. Right now, they were all on cloud nine. "What's the happy occasion, Mr. Michaels?" "Yeah, Mr. Michaels. Do you have good news to announce?" "Has Beacon gone bust?" Blake smoked his cigar and said with a laugh, "Oh, Beacon is nothing in my eyes. Once our family decides to take someone down, no one will survive our wrath. I'm here to tell all of you that another company will rise in Beacon's place once it falls, so I hope all of you will work with me to clean Riverdale of all possible obstacles. Once we do, Riverdale is ours for the taking." "A new company?"

What do you mean by that, Mr. Michaels?" The other board members asked

excitedly. "I will start a new company that will monopolize the entire pharmaceutical industry here in Riverdale. With that, we'll be earning billions, not just a few millions!" Blake said, his ambition burning hot and high. The board members in the room gasped at his declaration. So that was why Blake was so set against Beacon. He wanted to take over everything in Riverdale. "I'm not so sure, though, Mr. Michaels. Even if we pull out of Beacon, they still have the Capital City Clarke Group. If those guys..."

Someone asked, doubtful. Houston burst out laughing. "Don't you worry about that, Mr. Jenkins. The Capital City Clarke Group is no problem. Yes, Michaels Corp isn't quite a match for them yet, but don't forget, we have our patron." Their patron! All the board members shared the same look of astonishment. Could this all be part of the Michaels' patron's master plan?

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newbz tv

just skipping over Chapter now again.. now theres a gap between what happened In the office to where Philip slapped martha . .

Chapter 544

Blake laughed and said, "I can't tell you too much about this either. All you have to know is that the Capital City Clarke Group is now no more than a toothless tiger." His words assured the rest of the board. At the same time, Houston received a call that sent him bawling with laughter. "Did something good happen, Houston?" asked Blake. "Dad, my plant in the company just told me that the stupid Johnston b\*tch went out to meet a new investor!

What a joke! Who would dare to invest in Beacon now?" Houston laughed, full of contempt. Blake nodded. "She's probably just putting on a show.

There's no need to worry. Beacon's doom is assured!" Everyone raised their

glasses in premature celebration. As long as there was money to be earned, they did not care whose

company they worked under. Meanwhile, Wynn was going to meet a new investor today, someone Philip introduced. She was skeptical at first too, but since her husband recommended him, she was willing to meet him at least once. Soon, Wynn arrived at the agreed meeting spot and met her potential investor. He had a hot blonde woman standing next to him too. "Oh, my dearest Miss Johnston! I'm so glad to finally meet you." Buffer did not dare to treat Wynn with the slightest hint of disrespect.

After all, she was Mr. Philip's wife. Wynn was pretty surprised to see that the man Philip recommended was a foreigner. Since when did Philip have foreign friends? The man looked like he was in his fifties or sixties too.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Buffer. I'm the chairwoman of Beacon Pharmaceutical," Wynn said with a smile, not a single gesture out of place.

Buffer glanced at his sexy secretary, and the latter very sensibly made them two cups of coffee before quietly taking her place behind Buffer. "I looked into your company's situation, Miss Johnston. Right now, you need about three billion in funds." Buffer went straight to the point. Wynn nodded.

"That's right, Mr. Buffer. Beacon is indeed in need of funds right now, but please believe me, as long as we can survive this crisis, our future will be every bit as bright as the top 500 pharmaceutical companies in the world.

You should be well aware of Beacon's current value in Riverdale. Our market is worth tens of billions." Buffer nodded and admitted, "That's right, Miss Johnston. I must admit that Beacon has unlimited potential in the market, but three billion is no small sum." Wynn grew nervous. Could Buffer not afford that amount? Well, there was no helping it then. After all, she did not put all her hopes on him either. All of a sudden... "Nevertheless, I'll invest that amount in your company, Miss Johnston, as a favor to Mr.

Clarke," Buffer said. As a favor to her husband? Wynn was stunned. Did she just win a three-billion-dollar investment? Just like that? That took no time at all! Wynn had not really expected too much from this friend of Philip's, but now it seemed like she had clearly underestimated Philip's

connections. His friend had so casually agreed to an investment of three billion dollars! His access to his family's resources had been cut off, right?

Wynn was shocked beyond words. There was no way to describe it. It seemed as though her husband was not merely the young master of the Clarke estate either. Was that his true identity? The young heir to the Capital City Clarke Group? She had been married to him for three years now, but she never really knew who he was. At first, she had just thought he was a perfectly average man. All these recent events, however, opened her eyes to the fact that her husband was probably far more than what she saw on the surface. "Have you really decided to invest in us, Mr. Buffer?" Wynn asked in surprise. "Of course. The funds will reach you soon enough, Miss Johnston. Don't worry about it." Buffer smiled. The assistant behind him pulled out a contract, already complete with signature and stamp. In other words, Wynn just had to sign the contract, and the deal would be done!

Wynn suddenly felt a sense of disbelief at it all. She looked at Buffer rather dazedly and asked weakly,

“Pardon me for asking, Mr. Buffer, but are you the one providing these investment funds, or is it my husband? Please tell me honestly.” “Miss Johnston, these funds...” Buffer was torn. Philip had warned him not to reveal his identity and definitely not to tell her about his overseas assets unless absolutely necessary. However, these circumstances were...

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Buffer hesitated. After a pause, he said, “Miss Johnston, these funds are mine. They have nothing to do with Mr. Clarke.” Wynn’s heart settled back into her chest. Phew, and here she thought her husband had... “Anyway, thank you for believing in me, Mr. Buffer. I will not let you down.” Wynn quickly signed the contract and then left the building with it, perfectly ecstatic. When she arrived downstairs, she saw Philip waiting by the curb.

It seemed he had been there for some time now. “How did it go?” Philip saw how dejected Wynn looked and thought for a moment that Buffer had

not agreed to invest in Beacon. Wynn took a second to recover, but then she jogged up to him like a lively little college girl, the type that won the hearts of every boy on campus. She jumped into Philip’s arms and gave him a huge hug. “We did it, we did it! A three-billion-dollar investment, and we signed off on it!” Wynn was extremely excited, like a teenage girl at her birthday party. “That’s good to hear! Come on, let’s go home.” Philip hugged Wynn, feeling her petite body in his embrace. Again, he could not help but wonder at his wife’s beautiful body. He was very reluctant to eventually let go of her. Wynn’s little face was red to the roots of her ears. She jumped into the car and headed right back to the company. When she returned and announced that exciting piece of news, the entire company erupted into a furor. The receptionist Houston had planted in the company immediately reported the news to Houston once she received it. Houston and the others were still eating and drinking in the room they booked. When he received the report, he was struck dumb. He then roared, “How can this be?! Who dares to give Wynn Johnston that investment?! That’s three fcking billion, not small change!” Houston’s exclamation left the rest of the room silent. Blake’s expression was dark as he asked, “What happened, Houston? Did Johnston get a new investor?” Houston did not look pleased at all either as he nodded. “Yeah. She received an investment of three billion dollars, Dad.” The atmosphere in the room went a little askew at that. Blake looked ready to kill, but he was also confused. “But how? Who would dare to invest in Beacon now? Aren’t they worried about offending our patron?” Blake also could not compute the part where a random stranger turned up and immediately invested three billion dollars! “Sorry, everyone. I have some business to take care of, so I’ll take my leave now.” Blake was in a hurry to leave. This sudden and unwelcome intrusion left him in a very foul mood. He had to consult Madam Wallis right away. Their banquet had lost its original intention, and several of Beacon’s board members exchanged looks. They never expected Beacon to suddenly find a new investor either. Was this investor not afraid of retribution from the Michaels’ patron and supporter? “What now?” Someone asked. “We’ll wait and see.” Someone else replied. Not long after Blake left, Houston also walked out of the room in a rage. “It’s that fcking Philip Clarke again! Who the hell is he?” A few minutes ago, Houston had received word

that Philip was the reason Beacon managed to secure that investment. "What's the matter, Housey? Why the temper?" Shirley had just stepped out of the car. When she saw how angry Houston looked, she ran right up to him, crashing into him chest-first.

Houston grabbed her chest viciously and said, "Why do you think? It's that Philip again, of course! Always going against me! Beacon only found a new investor this time through his connections. I can't believe that trash knows anyone worth anything." "I don't really get it, Housey. Philip is just a nobody employee and a useless man who relies on his wife, to boot. Why is he always going against you? Isn't he scared at all?" Shirley asked. Houston was furious. Taking a drag of a cigarette, he spat, "I'll get that f\*cker some day!" Shirley's mind whirred, and she said in a whisper, "Actually, Housey, I know some people... Shall we teach him a lesson he won't forget out there?" Her suggestion made sense to him, so he hurriedly asked, "Who do you know? How good are they?" "Don't worry! I just got to know them a few days ago, and they're pretty famous in Riverdale. Apparently they have thirty or forty men under them," said Shirley. "Sounds good, call them right now!" Houston desperately wanted to teach Philip a lesson. If possible, he wanted to make Philip disappear from Riverdale forever! Shirley made the call and said with a sweet smile, "Karl, do you remember me?" "And you are?" said a deep voice from the other one. "It's me, Shirley." Shirley glanced at Houston next to her and laughed. "Oh, I was hoping to ask you for a favor. My boss wants to meet you." "Oh? Okay, just name your place."

There was a deep chuckle in her ear. "Alright, then let's meet at the Chinese place at Towerview Street later." Shirley hung up and gestured 'okay' to Houston.

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Over on Philip's side, he received a call from Tim as soon as he walked out of Beacon's main doors. "What's the matter, Uncle Tim?" "I'm sorry, Phil, I couldn't stop them from issuing that restraining order. But don't worry, I already exterminated some of Giada's underground bases with my men!

That damned b\*tch, how dare she try something like that!" Tim Clarke sounded furious on the other end. Philip was slightly taken aback to hear that too. Well, that was just like his uncle, though. The man had such a temper that he would simply set out to exterminate some of Giada's hidden forces. "Don't worry about it, Uncle Tim. A mere restraining order won't do much to me," Philip said with a laugh. Tim sounded worried as he said,

"Giada isn't the only one controlling the strings behind this. Some of the geezers from the branch families are involved too. Those senile idiots are actually greedy enough to come after your assets. Don't worry, I'm already back at the island. This time, I'll break their grubby paws! That'll show them." Philip was exasperated, but no one could stop his uncle now. The consequences of angering Uncle Tim were always quite severe. Once, a foreign power tried to threaten him, and he ended up bringing his men over, destroying the entire family! Not metaphorically with money, but with actual blood and violence! That shadowy organization had several hundred members but no survivors! The blood flowed for three days and nights, and the carnage only stopped when they received a combined warning from several

international authorities. Philip knew there was no stopping Uncle Tim. Besides, it was about time to teach the branch families a lesson. They should not keep circling the main family like vultures. "Don't go too far, Uncle Tim. They're still family, after all," Philip said. "Don't worry, I know where to toe the line. Alright, I'm at the island now, talk to you later." With that, Tim simply hung up. Philip sighed exasperatedly and looked up at the sky, toward the south. He sincerely hoped that those old geezers would keep still for a while after this. Philip was about to head back when he bumped right into the beautiful Nina Jacques. "Are you alright?" he asked hurriedly.

Nina took a few steps back, her face rapidly turning red. She pushed her hair

behind her ear and shook her head, saying, "I'm fine." With that, she quickly ran around and away from Philip, her face scarlet. Philip was puzzled.

Where was Nina going? At the same time, Wynn was in her office when Mindy knocked on her door and walked in. "Madam Johnston," Mindy said,

"there's a man called Juan Parker, he's inviting you to meet at Ristorante Ovest after work." Wynn paused. Juan Parker?! She had not heard from him for a long time. Had he not gone overseas? Did he want to meet her alone?

Wynn said, "Tell him I don't have time. If he wants to meet, he'll have to come to the cafe downstairs." Mindy nodded and left the room. Soon, she returned. "Madam Johnston, Mr. Parker is already waiting at the cafe."

"Right." Wynn left the company and went to the cafe downstairs, where she saw Juan at the leather seats for the first time in a long time. He seemed to be radiating confidence even more than usual. "You're here, Wynn." The second Juan saw her, he could not hold back his delight. He pulled out her chair for her, like a true gentleman. "Why the sudden invitation, Juan?"

Where have you been the past two months?" Wynn asked out of courtesy, as a friend. "Oh, I went overseas for some work." Juan brushed over that topic and went to the main point. "Wynn, I heard that your company is in trouble and needs funds. Is that right?" Juan was beyond excited to show off his assets and connections to Wynn right now. Wynn blinked and laughed.

"Oh, that problem's solved now, Juan. Philip helped out." Philip? Juan paused and then seemed to realize. "Philip, you say? As far as I know, he shouldn't be able to help much, though." Wynn smiled. "Juan, Philip is actually..." "Wynn." Juan interrupted Wynn suddenly and asked, "Do you know who Philip Clarke really is?" Wynn froze and looked at Juan doubtfully. Did Juan know Philip's true identity?

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"What do you mean by that, Jean?" Wynn asked, puzzled. Juan scoffed.

"Philip Clarke is no good-for-nothing at all, you've all misjudged him! He's actually very wealthy, because

he's the young heir to the Capital City Clarke

Group!" As Juan said that, Wynn's expression did not change at all. So Juan knew about it too. Juan was quite exhilarated, the corners of his mouth curved into a smile. He looked at Wynn in excitement, waiting to see the surprise on her face. However, he was destined to be disappointed. "I've known that for a while now, Juan. Philip told me." Wynn said calmly. Juan was stunned. He had been utterly shocked when he first found out. So what was going on here? Wynn barely reacted at all. She had known for a while now? Well, f\*ck! Juan had waited for so long and prepared so much, all so that he could reveal Philip's identity to Wynn and then show her how Philip was no match for him, even as the young master of the Capital City Clarke Group! Now, things had gone wrong with Juan's master plan. Wynn already knew. He could not show off to her any longer. What a pain! "You knew?"

Juan asked, feigning shock. Wynn nodded. "Philip told me not too long ago.

Although Philip's family could not help us through this crisis, he had a friend who invested three billion into the company and saved our skins." A friend? Three billion! Juan was even more perplexed now. According to the information he gleaned from his investigations, Philip had been cut off from the Capital City Clarke Group's resources. So what was going on now?

Impossible! Philip was nothing without the help of his family. How did he manage to secure a three-billion-dollar investment for Beacon? That was no small sum! What went wrong? Half an hour later, after Wynn left, Juan returned to his car in frustration. After a moment, he made a call and said coldly, "I don't care what you do. Get closer to Philip and earn his trust. I have to know who he really is!" Upon hanging up, Juan looked up at the tower where Beacon was based. Speaking through gritted teeth, he said,

"You will be mine, Wynn Johnston!" As for Philip, he was now heading toward the bus stop alone when he happened to bump into the beautiful Nina Jacques. She was also waiting for the bus. She just went into the company, though, so why was she here now? "Are you waiting for a bus too, Nina?"

Philip greeted her. She turned to face him, her angelic face instantly assaulting Philip's senses. She truly was a modern-day Aphrodite. Even

here at the bus stop, she attracted every gaze around. Thankfully, Philip's heart only had space for Wynn alone. Nina may have left some ripples in his eyes, but his heart was unaffected. When Philip greeted her, Nina turned to him and gave him a wonderfully soothing smile. Pushing her hair behind her ear, she said, "What a coincidence! Are you waiting for a bus too?" After the previous incident with the pervert, Nina's attitude toward Philip had changed drastically. This was actually her first time interacting with a man without feeling awkward. "Yeah." Philip replied. The two of them just stood there side by side, apparently at a loss for a topic of conversation. "You..."

"You..." Their voices spoke in unison. They exchanged a look and a smile.

"Thank you for last time." Nina spoke first, her face slightly rosy. She looked sweet enough to eat under the twilight rays. "If you really want to thank me, buy me a cup of coffee." Philip nodded at the cafe

downstairs. He actually wanted to find the chance to ask Nina about her tattoo. However, it was quite a personal question and he was finding it difficult to broach the topic. Nina blinked and smiled. "Sure, but somewhere else. I remember there's a cafe with really good coffee somewhere nearby, let me take you there." The two of them headed for the cafe Nina recommended, but unfortunately the place was closed for the day, so the two of them just stood outside and comforted each other. They were already out here, so they did not mind spending a bit more time. There was also a mall nearby, so Nina suggested that they went shopping, then she could treat Philip to a meal. No one was going to turn down such an invitation by such a beauty. Philip went window shopping with Nina. To be honest, though, Philip's heart was not in it. He just wanted to confirm something. Something that had been on his mind for a very long time.

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As they walked, the two of them discussed clothes, furniture, passing judgment items they saw. To everyone else watching, they looked like a couple planning their married life together! For some reason, the beautiful

Nina even invited Philip up to her place after he walked her to her neighborhood. "Um, I don't think I should..." Philip scratched his head and gave her an awkward smile. So she did have an ulterior motive after all, huh? "It's fine, just come up for a seat," Nina continued to persuade him.

Philip thought it over and agreed to follow her upstairs. Nina's apartment was very clean, with one living room and two bedrooms. There was a simple three-seater couch in the living room, while her bedroom was much more girly, with pink decor and many stuffed animals on the bed. Philip sat on the living room couch and took a deep breath. Whoa, it smelled good! The whole apartment smelled faintly of perfume. It really raised his spirits. Nina had just changed into something less restricting. She poured Philip some juice and said, "What do you think? Do you like my place?" Philip smiled and looked around, saying, "It's pretty nice." However, Philip stole another glance at the blood-colored spider tattoo on Nina's chest. Where had he seen it before? It must be a long time ago, at least before he left the Clarkes. Nina found his awkward demeanor quite amusing. All of a sudden, she said, "I hope you can do me a little favor later. My washroom light is busted, do you know how to fix it?" "Of course! It's easy as pie, no work at all." Philip laughed somewhat sheepishly. The two of them chatted casually for a while, trying to put a stop to the awkward atmosphere. ... "Here, give me the lightbulb. "Screwdriver, please. "Turn on the light and see if it works."

Philip gave her one order after another. Nina stood at the washroom entrance, looking up at him. When she flicked the switch on, the lightbulb lit up! "It's working, it's working!" Nina clapped her hands in delight, her eyes sparkling beautifully. Philip jumped down from the stool and patted the dust off his hands. "If you need me for something like this again, just give me a call and I'll be right here." Philip did not really mean it, of course.

He knew men should not go to women's houses so flippantly. He only offered it as an excuse for him to

keep getting closer to Nina, all so he could eventually find out who she really was. Seeing the sweat on Philip's forehead, Nina hastily took a napkin and wiped it off for him. It was just a

casual thing to do, but it made them feel infinitely intimate. Philip looked up slightly and saw the way Nina looked as she helped him wipe off his sweat. His eyes widened! Although he looked surprised, his heart saw everything clear as day. This Nina woman was quite intriguing. Very well, he wanted to see what her game was. Nina noticed Philip's gaze as well.

Her face quickly reddened, and she rolled her eyes at him. "Don't look at me like that!" Philip chuckled. The two of them returned to the living room, and he never stopped evaluating what he saw around the apartment. Just then, a man's voice yelled from outside the apartment, followed by loud banging on the door. Nina was bringing Philip some tea, but her body stiffened when she heard the noise. Her eyes betrayed her terror and fear!

Philip was surprised. Who could be knocking at this time of the night? His gaze locked onto Nina's, and he read the horror in her eyes! Was she hiding some secret? F\*ck! Could she actually have a boyfriend? Was he going to get caught red-handed? The mere thought made Philip feel even more awkward, but Nina's behavior seemed to suggest something else. As a result, he asked her quietly, "Does anyone else live here?" Nina bit her lip and glanced at the door, her slender fingers gripped her nightdress.

"Actually..." Before she finished that sentence, the banging on the door grew louder, and a man roared, "Nina Jacques, open up! If you don't, I'll kick the door down!"

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Judging by how he was slurring his words, the man probably had one too many. Also, it was someone that Nina knew! Philip frowned and looked at Nina. When he realized that she had stumbled a few steps back in fear, Philip got up. He made a hush gesture, patted her delicate shoulder, and asked her again, "Do you know him?" Nina bit her lips. A trace of hesitation flashed in her eyes, then she shook her head desperately and said, "I don't know him!" When he heard that, Philip grinned. Nina was really relieved that Philip was there with her. She felt safer whenever he was around, especially

after the previous bus experience. After that, Philip walked behind the door and glanced through the peephole. He saw that it was a drunk man who was slamming the door violently. He thought about it, grinned, and hid behind the door. He then motioned Nina to open the door. Nina clenched her fist, took a deep breath, and opened the door. As expected, as soon as the door opened, the man who stank of alcohol barged in. This man had tattoos on both arms. He had an odd face, and he dressed weirdly. At first glance, one could tell that he was not a decent person. Philip was curious.

'How did a beautiful woman like Nina get acquainted with such a person?'

"You... Why are you here?" Nina's whole body was trembling. She stepped back a little and asked timidly. "Hehe, why can't I come over? Unless..."



"You're hiding a man in the house?" The tattooed man said with a shameless smile on his face. His shifty eyes were checking out Nina from top to bottom. There was extreme lust in his eyes! Nina frowned and hurriedly put on the coat that was on the clothes stand next to her and said in a dissatisfied tone, "Harrison, we've already broken up, please stop bothering me! It's late, please go home." Nina was very scared. Any woman would be scared if they had to deal with a drunk harassing them in their own home in the middle of the night. The tattooed man named Harrison Sachs smiled. He reached out to hold Nina's hand, but she pushed his hand away. He staggered a few steps back, then smiled and said, "Go home? Isn't this my home? I used to stay here every day. Now that we've broken up, I can't come back and have a look? Besides, don't you miss me?" The tattooed man smiled wretchedly and continued to check Nina out. What he was not aware of was that Philip was standing right behind him! "What are you talking about! We've broken up! Please leave now!" Nina said angrily. Although Harrison was her ex-boyfriend, he cannot just barge into her house like that! She had seen many similar news reports. There were cases where the ex-boyfriend was resentful and killed the ex-girlfriend after a breakup! The tattooed man ignored her and sneered. "Nina, you have such nerves! Think about our time together!

There are memories of us all over the house. Why? You think you're too

good for me now that you've joined a big company? "I won't leave!" "You...

You've gone too far!" Nina said angrily, "I'll call the police if you don't leave!" "Call the police?" The tattooed man looked at Nina straight in the face with a sarcastic smile and said, "I know you. You wouldn't dare call the police. "If you want me to go, that's okay. It just happens that I got myself into a little pickle lately... 100,000 bucks. Give me 100,000 dollars and I'll leave immediately. I promise I'll never pester you again in the future!" The tattooed man sat down on the sofa and smiled. He was not at all worried that Nina would call the police. He knew that she had a timid character. "100,000? This isn't the first time that you've asked me for money, I have no money! Leave immediately!" Nina was angry and anxious.

She pointed at the door and shouted. She was on the verge of breaking down.

The tattooed man stretched and said, "It's okay if you don't have the money, then you can sleep with me tonight. I was so close the last time! If it wasn't for the meddling fat lady next door, we would've been married by now."

"Leave!" Nina was so angry that she was shaking. She clenched her fists and shouted, "Get out of here!" The tattooed man did not take Nina seriously and continued. "Oh come on, it's just human nature."

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Although Harrison was Nina's ex-boyfriend, they had never been intimate.

He would usually go to a prostitute when he had the need. Previously, he had intended to force himself on her when he was drunk, but the moment was ruined by the fat lady next door! It was also because of

this incident that Nina broke up with him. There was no way around it. She was a very conservative person. When they were together, she had mentioned that she would not sleep with him until they got married. "Harrison, I'm warning you! If you don't leave now, I'll call the police!" Nina grabbed her phone from her bag on the sofa as she said angrily. "What's the point of calling the police? With trash as such, we should just drown him in the toilet!" Philip had no patience to hear Harrison talk anymore. His voice came from behind

the door. The tattooed man was startled. He thought that Nina was alone in the house, but he did not expect that there were other people! Moreover, it was a man! When he saw Philip coming from behind the door, the tattooed man flew into a rage. He pointed at Philip and started cursing at him. "Who the fck are you? Who let you in?!" He thought that Philip had come in by himself, just like the fat lady next door. "Who the fck are you?!" Philip cursed at Harrison mercilessly. "How dare you ask my girlfriend to sleep with you, I'll fck you up tonight!" Philip thought the easiest way out was to pretend to be Nina's boyfriend so that he did not need to explain anything more. When Nina heard Philip say this, she went from angry to blushing. She knew Philip shouted like that to protect her, so she was not bothered by it. When she heard Philip standing up for her, Nina immediately felt more at ease. If Philip was not here tonight, she could not imagine being able to deal with this alone. Philip rolled up his sleeves, and his expression was cold. He looked like a street bully who could not wait to go up against and beat the sht out of Harrison! When the tattooed man saw Philip's posture, he immediately jumped onto the sofa, grabbed the fruit knife on the coffee table, and said viciously, "Okay! You sl\*t, you used to pretend to be all high and mighty with me, but now you have a man over!" "Mind your words!"

Nina got annoyed. "Put the knife down, or I'll call the police immediately!"

"Call the police? Try me. My second uncle is an officer in the bureau. Let's see who's the one who'll be in trouble when the police come!" The tattooed man smiled shamelessly and pointed at Philip with the fruit knife. "Should they take you, the adulterer... Or you, the adulteress?" Philip frowned and said coldly, "I'm going to count to three, put the knife down, and apologize to me. Otherwise, I'll definitely break your legs!" "You want to break my legs? This is the funniest joke I've ever heard. Trust me when I say that I can easily get seven or eight guys to come over to break all your limbs and throw them downstairs!" The tattooed man smiled contemptuously. The fruit knife in his hand was raised high, and he angrily said, "Brother, listen to me and get out of here, or I'll kill you!" Philip shook his head and sighed

helplessly. 'This idiot really doesn't know who he's saying that to.' He could not help but get a little angry. 'How did Nina get involved with such an \*sshole?' Could this be the reason why she invited him to her house tonight? To help her teach her ex-boyfriend a lesson? He turned and looked at Nina, then he asked, "Do you have an issue with me beating up this good-for-nothing?" Nina shook her head and said with certainty, "Do your worst, I have no issue with it." Although she was a kind-hearted girl and was brought up in a conservative environment, she understood what needed to be done in a situation like this. Harrison would not let go of this unless he was taught a lesson. If that were the case, Philip might as well step in and make him pay! Nina knew that Philip was about to make a move, and she trusted Philip's abilities. When he dealt with the three stinky rascals before, Philip had been very aggressive! Nina gave Philip the green light and said,

“Just don’t dirty the house.” Awesome! Philip smiled and said, “Okay.” The drunk tattooed man saw Philip moving closer to him. He smiled ironically and said, “You little rascal, it seems like you’re not afraid of death. In this case, I’ll make sure you get what you’re asking for!” After that, he jumped off the sofa and got closer to Philip, fully intending to stab him in the stomach with a fruit knife!

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However, in just an instant, he was kicked and knocked down onto the sofa.

His stomach was overwhelmed, and his dinner was vomited out! Philip just gave him one kick. He had not expected this one kick to lead to this. He turned and looked at Nina, then apologized. “I’m sorry, I dirtied your sofa.”

The tattooed man rolled around hugging onto his stomach, and the veins on his face were popping! He fell from the sofa to the ground. As he vomited everything that was left in his stomach, he felt like he was being torn apart!

“I hate drunks. Moreover, a drunk who’s spewing bullshit! She made herself clear. How dare you still pester her after breaking up. I’ll make sure you learn your lesson tonight.” Philip was stern and fierce. He walked to the

tattooed man who had collapsed on the ground, squatted down, grabbed his hair, and slapped him so hard that the whole house could hear! He slapped Harrison left and right without a pause! In just half a minute, Philip had slapped Harrison 30 or 40 times! Nina squeezed her fist as she watched from the side. Her big eyes flickered. She wanted to hit Harrison herself! There was a monster behind her gentle and elegant appearance. She did not like that other side of her as a good girl. She looked up to heroines! After seeing what Philip did, Nina finally took a sigh of relief. “Damn, you have really fcking thick skin!” Philip slapped Harrison so hard to the point where Harrison fell limp on the ground. His face was as swollen as a pig’s head. His cheeks were bulging and blood red. He could not see straight and had three or four teeth knocked out! Harrison just laid on the ground. He did not have the ability to fight back at all. His head was buzzing. He felt that the whole world was spinning. It felt like he was having a mild concussion! “Did I not tell you that if you didn’t leave, I’ll break your leg?!” Philip looked vicious. He grabbed the defenseless tattooed man’s hair and dragged him to the kitchen. He then picked up a rolling pin from the kitchen counter! Philip was ruthless. The tattooed man had a bald spot where Philip had grabbed him. His scalp was all bloody! Philip picked up the rolling pin and weighed it in his hand. He felt that it was a good choice. He walked up to the tattooed man, grabbed one of his legs, and propped it on the chair. Then, he dropped the rolling pin! Crack! With the crisp sound of his bones breaking accompanied by the heart-piercing screams, Harrison could feel that his calf was completely broken. The pain that shot through his body instantly sobered him up! Philip had broken one of his legs. Such barbaric violence! To deal with such a good-for-nothing, one had to use unconventional means. Otherwise, he would never learn his lesson. “How do you feel now? Does it feel great? Are you ready to apologize?” Philip grabbed the tattooed man’s other leg and propped it on the chair as well. Harrison

was in pain and was about to faint. He could not speak. Philip used the rolling pin to stab the tattooed man's fractured calf. In an instant, the pain caused Harisson to shout, "Stop!" "Fck you... Do you know who I am? I must kill you! My uncle's an officer. You're dead! I... I want you to be locked up for the rest of your life. Just you wait!" The tattooed man was being stubborn. He had cold sweat on his forehead and blood was spilling from his mouth. "I'm so scared. Since you're threatening me like this, I may as well torture you now!" Philip put on an innocent expression, then looked at the tattooed man pitifully. "Then I'll have to apologize for taking your other leg too!" After Philip said that, his expression turned cold. The tattooed man was terrified. In that instant, he understood how stupid he sounded and immediately begged for mercy! It was too late! "I'm really sorry, you'll have to spend the rest of your life in a wheelchair!" Philip waved his rolling pin and severely broke his other leg! Harrison felt a heart-aching pain. The tattooed man finally realized what despair meant. He wanted to kill Philip! However, Philip grabbed him by the hair and dragged him to the kitchen as though he was trash. It was pointless for him to struggle and scream! "Philip, don't hit him anymore. You might kill him..." Nina voiced out her concerns, her big eyes were full of worry. If Philip took Harisson's life, things would be complicated.

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"It's fine. I know the limit. This guy can't die yet." Philip chuckled and said.

When the tattooed guy heard what Philip said, he trembled in fear. When he was about to say something, he inhaled the cold air that smelled of blood. It was as if his legs did not belong to him anymore. He had never experienced this kind of excruciating pain before. Due to the pain in his legs, the tattooed man lied on the floor while moaning for a very long time. He was calling for help in a small voice. He opened his mouth. He wanted to scream for help. Pfft! When he opened his mouth, a very spicy powder invaded his nostrils and mouth. "You want to call for help? Why didn't you do it before?

You can't blame others for your stupidity." Philip's gaze was ferocious. He was holding a bag of chili powder. The tattooed man felt as if he was going

to be choked to death. The spicy chili powder was being stuffed into his nostrils and mouth. At that moment, he felt as if his soul had left his body.

He was coughing uncontrollably from the spice. When he coughed, more chili powder got into his lungs. This cycle only repeated. Under normal circumstances, the tattooed man would be on the brink of death for inhaling so much chili powder. His throat and lungs were in burning pain. It was as if they were being burnt by two different sources of fire. It was such a bone-piercing pain! Tears rolled out of his eyes uncontrollably. He felt as if he was going to suffocate. Finally, Philip stopped tormenting the tattooed man.

He grabbed a cup of water from the table and splashed it on his face after lifting him by the hair. The tattooed man felt a hint of coldness in his nose and mouth, so he took in a few deep breaths of fresh air. However, the splash of water in addition to the chili powder that was still in his nose and mouth caused

an even more intense pain. He could not breathe. When he inhaled, his lungs would burn. He could only lie on the floor lifelessly. He tried to remove the spice from his mouth and nose with his hands to make himself feel better. He did not stop doing the same motion for more than ten minutes.

He kept coughing. It was as if the sky was going to fall from his coughing.

One could only imagine how much pain he was in. Nina stood at one side.

She was feeling uncomfortable just from watching. She tried to stop Philip a few times, but after contemplating, it was likely that Harrison would continue harassing her if he was let go so easily. When she thought about this, Nina decided to keep quiet. "Some people don't deserve pity. If you're nice to them, it'll mean that you're cruel to yourself. You need to use extreme measures to make sure a vile character like him remembers this for life!" Philip could tell that Nina was scared. However, there was no pity in his eyes. If Philip had not come here tonight, then a vulnerable woman like Nina would have to face a pervert like this tattooed man alone. He could not even imagine what would have happened to her. "We can't pity someone who wants to commit crimes just because he's faced with a bit of trouble. If something were to happen, who's going to pity us?" "Hey! Weren't you

pretty stuck up just now? You said your uncle's working in the police force, right? Tell him to come and save you now, then. Idiot! You're still trying to be stubborn even when you're on the brink of death." The tattooed man was lying on the floor lifelessly. He felt as if his lungs were going to be burnt to a crisp. Philip was far more savage than he imagined. Back then, as long as he told the other party his uncle was working in the police force, everyone would be respectful toward him. However, this guy in front of him was insane! Not only was he not afraid, but he was even more arrogant than before. Was he not afraid of vengeance? However, the tattooed man realized that if he did not compromise or beg for mercy today, he would not be able to walk out of this unscathed. He might even die here! He wanted to beg for mercy, but when he saw Nina behind Philip, he did not want to embarrass himself in front of a woman. Especially when she was his ex-girlfriend. It would be more painful than taking his life! The tattooed man braced himself and scoffed. He roared, "Don't try to pretend to be all that with me! My uncle's working in the police force! If you don't believe me, you can ask Nina. You're going to die for breaking both of my legs and treating me like this. I'll ask my uncle to arrest you and lock you up for more than ten years!"

Philip pretended to look scared and helpless. He spread his hands and said,

"Since you don't want to change, don't blame me for not giving you a chance. I think I'm going to have to bury a person tonight." When the tattooed man heard this, he understood immediately. He yelled loudly,

"How dare you! This is illegal!" Philip did not pay attention to him. He went to look for a huge black plastic bag, then took out a shiny knife from the kitchen. "Since you want to die, then I shall fulfill your wishes." After he said that, Philip lifted the knife and walked slowly toward the tattooed man.

He was horrified and wetted his pants immediately. The floor was covered with his yellow urine. He

bawled and yelled, "Don't kill me! I admit I was wrong! Please don't kill me! We can talk about this like civilized members of society. I won't harass Nina anymore!"

## Chapter 553

The entire room was filled with the pungent smell of urine. It was also combined with the smell of chili powder. The tattooed guy was beyond petrified now. He had even fainted from fear. Philip looked at Nina helplessly. Then, he spread out his hands to tell her that this guy was too timid. He yanked the tattooed man's hair and dragged him to the kitchen.

He splashed a basin of water on his face and the guy woke up. When he opened his eyes and saw Philip, he was terror-stricken. He shivered while yelling for help on the floor. His eyes were filled with tears. He was screaming until his voice was hoarse. "How is it? Are you awake now?"

Alright then, it's time to talk about the compensation like civilized members of society." Philip was smiling mockingly as he said. Compensation? The tattooed man was so touched that he wanted to cry. 'You should indeed compensate me after hitting me! He's a coward, after all. He even wants to bribe me.' The tattooed man started plotting in his head. He broke two of his legs, so Philip should at least give him two to three million. Plus, he was also hurt physically and emotionally. Five million would not be too much, right? He had his uncle to support him, so the tattooed man was not afraid that Philip would not give him the money. However, what Philip said next made him feel as if he was struck by thunder. He even wanted to die on the spot. Philip grabbed the tattooed man's yellow hair and said with a cold expression on his face, "I heard Nina say that you asked her for money before, yeah? I don't think this is good. It's not something a man should do." He turned his head and asked Nina, "How much did he ask from you?"

Nina counted her fingers and stammered, "Not much. He lost a few times when he gambled, so about 300,000 to 400,000." 300,000 to 400,000 was not a lot? Philip felt that Nina was too soft. She was being bullied relentlessly by her ex, but she still did not know how to fight back. Philip's face fell. He slapped the tattooed man, causing him to start vomiting blood.

Then, he said coldly, "One million! This is your compensation to Nina. Nod

if you think it's appropriate, if not, shake your head and we can talk about this." One million? What kind of joke was that? The tattooed man thought Philip would be the one compensating him. However, after listening to Philip's words, this man wanted him to compensate Nina! "You're not agreeing to this?" Philip saw the tattooed man shaking his head. Philip did not say anything. He slapped him again and broke both of his front teeth!

The tattooed man was stunned. He coughed and begged for mercy. "I... I'll compensate her! I'll give her anything! Please don't slap me anymore..."

"That's right. You would've been fine if you had agreed earlier. It would've saved me from the pain in my hand." Philip's smirk was as sly as a fox. The tattooed man was extremely remorseful. He did not expect this. He only wanted to tease Nina while he was intoxicated, but he ended up like this.

Not only were two of his legs broken, he still had to pay one million bucks too! He was suffering a double loss after trying to trick the enemy. Nina was also shocked. She did not expect Philip to ask for one million for her! Even though she was working in Beacon and their pay was quite high with an annual salary of 200,000 to 300,000, but now she was going to have another one million out of the blue. This was such a shock to her. She wanted to say no, but when she saw Philip's eyes, she decided to comply. "Hey, transfer one million to Nina later." Philip grabbed his collar and lifted him up like he was picking up a chick. Then, he said aggressively, "Don't try to pull anything. After transferring the money, you can get the hell out of here.

"Hurry up. Stop dilly-dallying. Don't think I won't break your legs." Philip yelled. The tattooed man quickly registered his mobile banking account and transferred one million to Nina! "Alright, you can get out now. If I see you again, I'll kill you." Philip said coldly. There was an extremely piercing and powerful aura of death coming from him. This aura of death completely destroyed the tattooed man's plans for revenge. He looked at Philip timidly, then lowered his head quietly. Fear and terror that he had never felt before devoured his entire body and soul. At that moment, he felt death creeping near to him. "O-Okay. I'll never appear again. I'll get lost now..." The

tattooed guy crawled out of the house slowly under Philip and Nina's watchful gaze. Yes, he crawled out of the house because his legs were broken. When the tattooed man disappeared, Philip laid down on the sofa lazily. Nina was still in shock. There was one million in her account and they had taught that scum Harrison a lesson. Nina felt like she was in a dream. She finally came back to her senses after a long while. "Will we attract some unwanted trouble from this? After all, his uncle is really working in the police force. I'm worried that he'll seek revenge on you."

Nina frowned and pouted. She wanted to say something but stopped herself.

She looked very cute. "Seek revenge on me?" Philip chuckled and said, "He wants to seek revenge on me while looking like that? I don't care if his uncle is working in the police force. It's useless even if he's in the upper management." Philip was not scared at all. "Alright, don't worry. Just call me if you need anything. Next time when you see scum like him, just keep your distance. I wonder what's going on with you. How can you date a guy like this?" Philip muttered. Nina blushed. She mumbled and explained herself. "When I first got to Riverdale, I didn't know anyone. Then I met him, so I decided to date him. When I found out he's bad news, I broke up with him." Philip looked at the time and said, "It's late. I have to go back now." "Aren't you going to stay a little longer?"

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## Chapter 554

Nina asked all of a sudden with red eyes. She grabbed Philip's arm bravely.

She looked vulnerable and fragile. "I'm scared. I'm scared that Harrison will come back with more people." Philip lowered his head and looked at Nina's hands that were on his arm. He removed her hands slowly and chuckled. "It'll be fine. That guy's just strong in appearance but weak in reality. If he dares to come back, just call me." After chatting with Nina for a while, Philip left. He could not stay here any longer. It was just the two of them. Philip was still defensive. Nina did not force him to stay. She walked him downstairs. Philip waved his hand and put his hands into his pockets.

He hummed a song and walked away carefreely. In Nina's eyes, Philip's back looked broad and strong. Perhaps, this was the man she should go after.

She was sure that this would be another sleepless night. When Nina got back to her house, she saw that there were three men in her house. The leader of the three men was wearing an expensive suit. He sat on the sofa, his eyes cold. Behind him were two beefy bodyguards. "Nina, why didn't you ask

Philip to stay?" The man on the sofa asked coldly. A fire of rage was burning in his eyes. Nina bowed and apologized. "J-Juan... I'm sorry. I think Philip's a pretty nice man. Plus, Wynn is good to me, so... I want to quit."

Slap! The man on the sofa got up and slapped Nina furiously on the face.

The latter's lip started to bleed from the impact. Juan yelled, "Nina, remember, you're just a weapon cultivated by the Beauty Killers. Your main purpose is to seduce men. You're just a cheap wh\*re. You have no right to fight back! You have to do everything I tell you to, understand?" Nina bit her lip, her eyes filled with tears. "Answer me!" Suddenly, Juan grabbed Nina's fair chin and asked through gritted teeth. "I... I understand." Nina said without thinking. Her eyes were wet with tears and there was blood on the corner of her lips. Yes, she was the weapon her mother cultivated. She did not have dignity. She could only seduce men for her entire life until they decided to stop using her. "Hmph!" Juan scoffed as his gaze landed on Nina's body. Nina's body was pretty glamorous. "I'm going to give you another chance. I don't care whatever you do, but you have to get Philip into bed with you. If you miss this chance, you can go back and receive your punishment." Juan said coldly, "You should understand that I saved you from the Beauty Killers. If you're thrown back there, you should know the consequences far better than I do." Nina nodded weakly. "Get out," Juan said to his bodyguards. Then, he sat down on the sofa and smirked at Nina.

"Crawl over here, serve me." Nina did not reject him. She slowly knelt on the ground and climbed over to Juan like a puppy. Half a minute later, her head was bobbing behind the coffee table and Juan was closing his head while enjoying this moment. Then, loud grunts filled the room. Over here, Philip was back in his villa. When he went inside, he saw Wynn sitting on the sofa in the living room. It looked like she was waiting for him. "You're not sleeping yet?" he asked. When Wynn saw Philip, she got up and



pulled Philip back to the room. She locked the door and sat on the bed. She looked at him heatedly and asked, "Darling, I'm going to ask you a question. You can't lie to me. You have to answer me honestly." Wynn was making Philip

feel nervous. He asked timidly, "What question? Why do you look so serious?" "Darling, how do you know Buffer? He's the god of investment!

He invested three billion into our company!" Wynn could not process this after a long while. After she got home, she was more and more confused.

That was why she grabbed Philip and asked solemnly, "Who are you? Are you really just the young master of Clarke Group in Capital City?" Looking into Wynn's eyes, Philip felt nervous. Did Wynn find out something?

## Chapter 555

Philip explained. "Don't worry about this matter, Wynn. A friend of mine introduced Buffer to me. Don't overthink. Just take good care of the company." Wynn wanted to say something but stopped herself. When she wanted to ask something else, the door of the room was opened. Martha stood at the door with a grin. She did not care about their expressions as she barged in. She smiled and asked, "I heard you two saying that you've solved the company's trouble?" "Mom, why are you always eavesdropping?"

Wynn felt helpless. She lifted her eyebrow. Her mother did not have a limit at all. This was not the first time she eavesdropped. Martha rolled her eyes at Wynn and ignored her. Then, she turned around to look at Philip with a grin on her face. She said, "Philip, did you take care of it? You even have such an amazing friend. When can you invite them for dinner at our place?

After all, they've helped us so much." Martha was being extremely amiable right now. Philip smiled and said, "Martha, what horrid plans are you plotting right now?" Martha frowned. How dare this guy call her by her name! Never mind, she would just endure this. After all, he solved the crisis in Wynn's company. "No, I'm just being considerate. After all, you owe them such a huge favor." Martha was saying so sincerely. Wynn and Philip could not argue with her. "Never mind, darling. Just agree with this. Next time, invite your friend over for dinner and we'll thank him in person."

Wynn grabbed Philip's hand and said. Philip was feeling helpless. He was that friend! "Alright, I'll tell him later. However, I don't know if he'll come.

He might be overseas now." Philip blurted out a random excuse. He would just lie to them for the time being. At the same time in Cirrus Manor. The brightly-lit hall. Giada was standing in front of the french window. She was holding a pure-bred white royal Persian. It had two different colored eyes and looked very obedient. Behind her, Blake bowed slightly. His body was shaking. "Madam, what should we do now? Beacon got a new investor, but I don't know who dares to ignore the Wallises' sanction order!"

Blake was furious. He thought he could devour Riverdale. That way, the Michaels would be able to climb up the social ladder. However, his plans could not catch up with the changes. Now, only the madam could solve this. Giada's face was cold. She turned around and the Persian in her arms meowed. "I got it. Don't worry about this. Just do as I say." Giada said calmly. Her tone was as cold as ice. One would shiver after hearing her voice. Blake hesitated for a long while. Finally, he gathered his courage and asked, "Madam, I have a question that's been troubling me for a long while. Who's Wynn Johnston's husband, Philip Clarke? I asked my people to investigate him and he's just a normal good-for-nothing. However, I keep feeling that he's not that simple. Plus, I think I saw him somewhere before." Giada looked at Blake frigidly and said, "Don't ask what you shouldn't ask. Just focus on your own things." Blake shuddered after she said that. He could sense the threatening tone in that statement. Philip was not that simple after all! After she said that, Giada walked out of the hall. Behind her, Vivan peered at Blake coldly. There was the aura of death in her eyes. At dawn the next day.

Philip was ready to go pick up Mila and bring her home. At the same time, he would let Anne take care of Mila in the villa as well. When he went downstairs, he saw that Martha had prepared a sumptuous breakfast. She grinned and waved at Philip. She said, "Philip, I made you breakfast. Come eat." Philip was a little shocked. He saw that Charles and Wynn were already at the table. The three of them looked at each other in puzzlement.

They did not know what sort of tricks Martha was trying to pull again.

"What are you looking at? Come eat." Martha smiled. The three of them

smiled helplessly. They thought Martha finally had a breakthrough. "Mom, look, how good is it that we're peaceful and harmonious like this. Don't give the cold shoulder to Philip from now on, okay?" Wynn said while drinking her milk. Martha nodded and said, "Right. My daughter is right."

After that, she turned around and looked at Philip. She said earnestly,

"Philip, I was wrong before. I was being possessed by malicious thoughts, so I did a lot of horrible things to you. Please don't take them to heart. I'm apologizing to you now." After she said that, Martha pulled a chair away to kneel. Philip stopped Martha quickly and said, "Mom, what are you doing?"

It'll be as if we're strangers this way." "Martha, Philip is not a petty person.

He's magnanimous, so he won't bicker over this with you." Charles said with a grin. His wife finally had a breakthrough. Everyone was joyous during breakfast. After they were done, Wynn and Philip drove out of the villa. One of them was going to take care of the investment in the company while the other was going to pick Mila up from the hospital. Meanwhile, Charles went out to take a stroll with his bird and play chess. Martha was the only one left in the villa now. She waved goodbye at Wynn at the entrance with a smile on her face. After the Mercedes left her vision, the amiable smile on her face froze. Then, she ran inside the villa. She did not even clear the table. She ran upstairs into Wynn and Philip's room. She rummaged through their drawers and found their bank card. She held it in her hand and contemplated. Then, she went downstairs and grabbed her bag.

She left Longford Park to call a cab to head to the bank.

## Chapter 556

Why did Martha steal the card? She had remembered something last night.

When she checked the balance in the bank the previous time, she saw that there was 100 billion in the balance! Everyone said she was just seeing things. Even the bank said the system was faulty. However, Martha did not believe them. She wanted to go see for herself. At this moment, Philip was already at the hospital. He saw Mila and Anne. Mila called him in the

sweetest voice and jumped into his arms. Philip held Mila and was beaming.

His daughter was the source of his happiness. "Did you miss Daddy?"

"Yeah!" Mila answered adorably and obediently. When Anne saw the happy father and daughter, a smile appeared on her face. "Annie, pack your things.

Let's go home," said Philip. On the way back to the villa, Philip got Nina's phone call. She said she needed to see him. After pondering for a while, Philip decided to let Anne take Mila back to the villa first. Then, he called a cab to go to the office. Philip went to a cafe. He soon saw Nina walking over while he was waiting. Her appearance attracted the eyes of a lot of customers. Beautiful! She was so beautiful! Philip was leaning against the window while enjoying the soft breeze. He took a sip of his coffee and asked with a grin, "Why do you want to see me so early in the morning? Do you want to treat me to a meal for what happened last night?" "I would treat you to a meal, but I have something else that needs your help." Nina hesitated for a long while before saying. "Tell me. What's wrong?" Philip noticed the changes in Nina's expression. Her brows were knitted together tightly. It could only mean that she was nervous. "Um... Harrison's asking me to return him the money. He also asked to meet me this afternoon, if not..."

Nina wanted to continue talking, but she stopped. She looked extremely worried. "If not what?" "He said if I don't return the one million to him, he'll ask his men to harass me every day and block the entrance to my home.

Also, he'll ask his men to..." Nina said softly. She was terrified. In the end, she was speaking inaudibly. Philip could almost guess what she wanted to say. If Harrison really did that, then it would be dangerous for Nina. It was a threat! "Hehe, are his legs healed? How dare he boast shamelessly! He's just trying to scare a young woman like you," Philip said while chuckling coldly. "What should I do? I'm scared. Should I just return the money to him? It belongs to him, after all." Nina said worriedly. She was a young woman in her prime. She had never experienced this kind of thing before.

She would only scream when she ran into thugs. "Return the money to him?"

No way. This money is his compensation to you. He'll have to ask for my

permission if he wants it back!" Philip said sternly. "Ah, what do you mean?" Nina was confused. She had asked Philip out to ask for his opinions.

"It's simple. Didn't he ask you to meet him this afternoon? I'll go with you.

That way, you'll be more at ease." Philip smiled and said, "You have to be aggressive when you're dealing with a person like him. You have to kill his authority so that he knows we're not cowards." Nina was very bashful. It was as if she was still considering what Philip said. Philip comforted. "It's fine. I'm here, so you'll be fine." Nina finally smiled slightly. She nodded and said, "I'll listen to you, then." The two of them smiled while looking at each other. Philip lamented. It was as if this young woman had gotten bigger. Amazing! What did she eat when she was growing up? It was feast or famine. Nina noticed Philip's gaze. She scolded bashfully, "What are you looking at?" "N-Nothing. I'm just curious." Philip scratched his head and smiled awkwardly. "Curious?" Nina tilted her head. She looked like a curious little girl. Philip smiled and pointed at Nina. He asked, "I'm curious about your spider tattoo. If I'm remembering it correctly, I've seen this tattoo before." Nina lowered her head and covered her chest. She said embarrassedly, "Um..." "It's fine. You don't have to tell me if you don't want to." Philip smiled. His gaze got more intense. At the same time, Martha was at the bank. She took out the card and went to the counter. She said,

"Miss, help me check how much money is in this card." After she entered the pin, Martha asked anxiously, "Did you manage to check it? How much?"

After the woman behind the counter went through the process and looked at the computer screen, her eyes widened. She looked at Martha in disbelief and said, "Madam, your card..."

## Chapter 557

"What's wrong with my card?" Martha was anxious. She tried to crane her neck over to the other end of the glass to see what was on the computer screen. "Madam, I'm sorry. We can't check the balance of your card for the time being. Plus, our branch doesn't have the permission to check your card.

You need to go to our headquarters." The woman behind the counter said apologetically. This was the first time she encountered this. There were two big red words on her computer screen that spelled out 'No permission'.

What was going on? "Why is this happening? Can you try checking it again?"

I remember seeing a lot of money on this card previously." Martha refused to give up. The woman behind the counter did not know what to do as well.

She got up and fetched the manager. When the manager got here and saw the words 'no permission' on the screen, he was puzzled as well. He had been working here for 20 years but never encountered this before. He even asked Martha to reenter the pin. However, it was still the same result.

“Madam, please wait. I’ll call the headquarters.” The manager said politely.

Martha was angry. She shrieked, “No! What stupid bank is this? How is it possible that you can’t check the balance?” The manager was frustrated as well. He made the call, and after getting a reply, he took Martha to the VIP

room. “Madam, hello. Please wait here for a while. Someone will be with you shortly.” The manager said courteously. Martha was sitting in the VIP

room, feeling extremely smug. This was her first time in the VIP room. Was there a lot of money on this card? “You’d better hurry up. I need to get back soon.” Martha mumbled unhappily. After more than ten minutes, the door of the VIP room was pushed open. A man and a woman walked in. They were both wearing black office attire. “Are you Martha Yates?” The woman appeared to be the more senior employee. She looked serious. She had a short bob and was slender. The way she walked was classy. It was obvious that she was from the administrative division. “Yes, I am. You are?” When Martha saw them, she was shocked. She was not blind. There was the air of government officials coming from the two of them. “Please cooperate with us and follow us,” the woman said. Her voice was frigid and she looked solemn. Martha was terrified. In the end, she was taken away by the two of them before she could say anything. After they got out of the bank, they got into a black Audi. Martha was feeling guilty and frantic. She kept asking while she was in the car, “No, I didn’t do anything. What are you doing? I

want to get out. I want to go home. You’re detaining me unlawfully!”

However, the woman in the passenger seat looked at the rearview mirror coldly and said, “You’re involved in the illegal transfer of assets. We need to take you back for questioning. I hope you cooperate with us so that we won’t have to take extreme measures with you.” That statement was incredibly powerful. Martha understood and shut up in fear. She looked at the scenery outside the car. In addition to that, her phone had been confiscated. She could not tell Wynn where she was. At this moment, she finally realized how great Philip was. If Philip was here, he would definitely have a plan. After looking for a long while, Martha realized something was amiss. Why did the car drive over Scarlet Bridge and into the mountain?

“Where are we going? Who are you? I want to get out!” Martha was terrified. She kept slamming her hands on the car door while screaming.

However, the man and woman in front pretended not to hear her. “Shut up!

Madam wants to see you,” the woman said coldly. Her eyes were icy.

Madam? Martha was stunned. When she arrived at that place, she finally knew where she was. It was a huge manor! It looked as extravagant as a palace. Then, she timidly followed the two of them who were walking in front of her and got into the manor. Inside the hall, there were two rows of bodyguards who were all wearing black suits. They had their hands behind their backs and looked extremely beefy. There were more than ten bodyguards! She could estimate the width of the hall just from looking at them. Martha stood inside the hall. She lowered her head and did not dare to wander around. Even her calves

were trembling. She was petrified. Where was this place?

## Chapter 558

After a long while, she finally saw an elegant figure walking down the spiral stairs. She was wearing a long black dress and there was a Persian in her arms. With every step, the woman's high heels clicked against the tiles.

Martha felt as if her heart had been struck. Giada! It was Giada! Martha was

petrified. What did she want? Giada looked at Martha who was trembling all over and sat down on the sofa. She caressed her Persian and said coldly,

"We meet again, Martha." "M-Madam Wallis, what are you doing? I didn't do anything wrong, did I?" Martha was terror-stricken. She was scared that Giada would hit her again. There was a cold smile on Giada's lips, and her eyes were filled with disdain. She said, "I didn't call you here for any particular reasons. I just want you to do something for me. Once you do it, you'll get five million bucks." After she said that, Giada's subordinate took out five silver boxes and placed them in front of Martha. When the boxes were opened, there were stacks and stacks of red-colored cash inside. The sight was extremely attractive! When Martha saw the money, she was excited. Money. Those were all money! "Is this all for me?" Martha asked without controlling herself. She was also grinning widely. She had completely forgotten what Giada told her before. Giada's expression changed slightly. She could not imagine how Philip had lived with this mother-in-law for three years. How did he endure her? "This will only be yours after the deed is done," Giada said nonchalantly. Then, she signaled Vivian to take out the things. They were in a small box. Martha was curious and took it over. When she opened the box, she saw three small bags of white powder. "What is this, Madam Wallis?" Martha asked in confusion.

"Don't you worry about this. I just need you to make Philip consume it. You only have three chances," Giada said frigidly. There was an ominous glint in her eyes. Martha was startled. She was scared as she held the box. She asked, "Is this poison? I won't do it if it is. I won't be able to get away with it if he dies." Vivian walked over and forced the box into Martha's hands.

She said coldly, "It's not poison, he won't die. The most it will do is get him addicted." When she said this, Martha understood. Her eyes went wide. She was even more scared now. She shook her head furiously as a show of refusal. She knew this would happen, so Giada snapped her fingers and her subordinate handed two sets of documents. She said, "There are two sets of documents here. One's a deed for two houses and one is a crime that I'll pin

on you. It's enough to let you rot in prison for life. Your choice." After she said that, the two documents were thrown in front of Martha. Martha picked it up and glanced through it. She was saying 'oh no' over and over again in her heart. Finally, Martha had no choice. She signed her name and left Cirrus Manor with the money and small box. Giada was standing on the balcony while watching the clouds in the sky. She closed her eyes. A tall man walked over to her from behind. He was wearing a mask and his voice

was also altered. His voice sounded robotically, "Did you give it to her?" "I did,"

answered Giada. After one consumed that white powder, they would be slowly destroyed even if they had an iron-like will. Roger Clarke from Arcadia Island was an example. "This is the master's next order. Burn it after you've read it," the man said coldly and handed Giada an envelope.

Giada took it over and glanced at it before letting Vivian burn it. Then, she asked, "Can the master help the Wallises get to that position?" The man looked at the west and said, "Don't doubt the master's ability. The Clarkes are too powerful. They've hindered a few important people's plans. We need to get rid of the Clarkes. Master has to control the economy and military of this world." Giada did not say anything. She knew the ability of those people. Even Giada and the Wallises needed to be careful of them.

Back then, the Clarkes only became stronger by depending on them. After that, Roger appeared and changed everything. Now, those people wanted to take control of the game once again. This world was merely a game of chess.

Over here, Martha was feeling perturbed. She was back at the villa after leaving Cirrus Manor. She hesitated for a long while and called Philip. She said, "Philip, are you busy? Something happened at home and I need you to come back." Philip was chatting with Nina over here. After he got the call, he rushed home after talking a little while longer with Nina. Mila and Anne were not home yet. Perhaps they were out buying some sundries. With Anne around, Philip was not worried about Mila. "Mom, what happened?" Philip got home and saw Martha sitting on the sofa frantically. She looked extremely anxious. When she saw Philip, Martha pretended to be calm and

took the glass of water on the coffee table. She got up and handed it to Philip.

She said, "You must be parched. Drink some water." Philip did not understand what Martha was doing. He took the glass...

## Chapter 559

At this moment, Philip's phone rang! It was from George! He put down the glass and walked out of the hall. "Old Man George, how's it going..." His voice got softer and softer as he walked further away. Martha let out a sigh of relief when she saw Philip putting down the glass. She was extremely fidgety. Thankfully, he did not drink it. However, Martha started to panic again. She had already used one packet, which meant she only had two more chances left. Should she let Philip drink this? Martha was feeling nervous.

It was not poison, so he would not die. After Philip walked out of the hall, he went to a corner. George's respectful voice sounded from the other end of the phone. He said, "Young Master, we couldn't find Mr. Fennel Leigh in Chinatown. I went to his place, but he's not there anymore." "Not there anymore?" Philip frowned. After staying silent for a while, he said, "Alright, understood. Just find a place to stay

over there and keep in touch with him.”

After he hung up the phone, Philip’s eyes were cold. What was that guy doing? Was he on another mission? Never mind, then. This was not the time for his trap. If Giada was really impatient, then she should not blame him for being heartless. After he thought about it, Philip went back to the hall.

Martha was not there anymore and the glass of water was still on the table.

Philip looked at the glass and went upstairs. Martha hid in the bedroom while holding a glass of water in her hand. She was peeking from the gap of the door. When she saw Philip going upstairs, she let out a sigh of relief.

She would just wait for another chance. In the afternoon, Philip went out of Longford Park since he had promised Nina he would help her take care of Harrison. On his way, he got Rick’s phone call. “Young Master, you asked me to do a background check on Nina Jacques and I did. She’s clean.”

Rick’s tone was as sluggish as usual. “Investigate further. No one’s truly

clean in this world. The cleaner she appears to be, it means she has more things to hide.” Philip said and looked at Nina opposite him. He had to say that Nina’s body was indeed hot. Any man would feel dignified walking next to her. “What are you smiling about?” Nina was amused when she saw Philip looking pleased with himself. She could not treat him as a normal guy after all. “Oh, it’s nothing.” Philip squinted his eyes together as he grinned.

Then, he asked, “Right, where did Harrison ask to meet you?” “Tex Hall.

Why? Is something wrong?” Nina was not a complete idiot. Since the other party was the one who proposed the location, then they would definitely come prepared. She was worried that she would be controlled by them when the time came. Philip scratched his chin and pondered. Then, he smiled.

“Nothing.” He was not worried. If the other party had ulterior motives, he would not mind breaking both of his arms. When they were at Tex Hall, they went upstairs into the private room. They noticed that the tattooed man had been here for some time. However, his appearance made Philip laugh out loud. He was sitting in a wheelchair with both legs in plaster casts. His face was also wrapped up in bandages with only two of his beady eyes showing. He was also connected to an IV drip. What a look! When the tattooed man saw Nina walking in, he let out a sigh of relief. This cheap bitch showed up after all. He would teach her a lesson later. However, when he saw Philip behind her, he was scared. Why was this damn guy here as well? A hint of sinister flashed across Harrison’s eyes, but at the same time, he was terrified of Philip. It was such a contradiction. Even though he had gotten beaten up by Philip, his ego would not allow him to submit to him. This man was extremely vicious when he took action. If Philip hit him again later, he would die on the spot! When he thought about this, Harrison was worried. He would remember last night’s incident forever. He would also remember this man for the rest of his life. When Harrison saw Philip walking in with a mocking smile on his face while looking harmless, he felt pain in his lungs as if they were being burnt by fire. The muscles on his face were also twitching. “Oh, isn’t this the uncle’s nephew? One day lasts as long as three autumns when we can’t see each other. I miss you so



much." When Philip saw Harrison, he decided to be as disgusting as he could toward him. When he sat down, Philip draped his arm over Harrison's shoulders like an old friend. He rattled on, "Yo, what's wrong with you, Harrison? Who made you like this? Let me go and beat them up for you." 'Don't you fcking know who did this?' Harrison was about to vomit blood. However, he could not react. He could only suppress the hatred in his heart and look at him with his beady eyes that were not covered by the bandages. Then, he displayed an awkward smile with his fat lips. Nina burst out laughing after failing to control herself. Philip was so mean. He was the one who caused him to be like this and he still asked Harrison who was the one who did this.

He was obviously trying to enrage Harrison. After he said that, Philip kept on filling Harrison's cup with alcohol. He said loudly, "Come, Harrison, let me give you a toast. You're treating us to a meal now that you're like this.

It's so difficult to refuse such kindness." Harrison started sweating with Philip treating him so respectfully. They could not see his expression, but if they could, then watching the changes in his face would be even more interesting than watching an opera!

## Chapter 560

'What do you mean treating you to a meal even when I'm like this? You're the ones who are forcing me! 'No! 'Treating you to a meal? Don't go off-topic!' Harrison could not express his misery. He had no choice but to suffer in silence. The heartless grim reaper was talking loudly in front of him. How would he dare to revolt? Especially when Philip was addressing him so intimately. Harrison could not help but tremble. Philip was just trying to aggravate him by praising him excessively. This was not fun at all! He wanted so badly to just submit to Philip right now. He could not take this anymore, especially when that kid was praising him continuously and being so generous. He was livid as he slammed his hand down on the table and yelled, "Enough! Fcking..." In the end, before Harrison could finish swearing, he saw Philip sipping his alcohol coldly from the corner of his eye. He could not help but tremble after seeing that cold action and piercing gaze. Disdain! Yes, it was disdain! He was looking at him as if he was a dead man! Harrison was terrified. He said in a small voice, "Philip, can you please reserve some dignity for me? We're here to talk business today." "Dignity?" Philip chuckled coldly and leaned against the back of the chair. He looked at Harrison indifferently and said, "I don't see any traces of dignity left when I'm looking at you." Pfft! He wanted to puke blood! He was so angry! Harrison wanted to kill Philip right now. Could this man stop rubbing salt on his wounds? Harrison felt horrible while looking at this guy. However, he could only grit his teeth and swallow all of his grievances. He was unlucky and had no other choices. He was sure that he would not be able to defeat him. Harrison forced out a smile and said awkwardly, "Um... I want to talk about money." He had already planned it out before. When Nina got here, he would be aggressive and threaten her to return him the money. However, Harrison could not say anything much now. He could only grin and bear it. "Money? What money? Why don't I know about this?" Philip pretended to be confused. He grinned shamelessly and said, "Harrison, that's the money to compensate Nina's economic and mental loss. What's going on? Are you regretting it now?" When

Harrison saw Philip's fierce face, his heart started beating harder. He shook his hands and head quickly. If he angered this VIP, he would definitely suffer some other kind of torture. "N-No, I'm not. I was just wondering if I can get some of it back. I'm penniless now, it's been very difficult for me." Harrison started to take the emotional route. He looked as aggrieved as a kitten. "Since you're not regretting this, then what's there to talk about? What do I have to do with your current situation? What does Nina have to do with it?" Philip said, "Nina's my friend now. If you dare to plot against her, then I won't go easy on you!" "No... I'm not. How would I dare?" Harrison clarified quickly. He was scared that Philip would slap him again. A few of his teeth had fallen out and he sounded like he was whistling when he talked. Harrison felt like he was suffering a kind of misery that he could not express. He felt that it was such a dumb move to talk about money with Nina today. He was just creating trouble for himself! However, his uncle would only be here after a while. He had to think of a way to stall them. If not, he would end up losing this battle. "You look sincere, so I won't beat you up for the time being. If there's anything else in the future, just come to me. Stop contacting Nina. If I find out that you're still harassing her secretly or asking people to harass her, you'll suffer the consequences!" Philip said coldly. He crushed the glass in his hand into pieces in a blink of an eye. Harrison was petrified. He nodded his head quickly and said, "I won't! I promise!" His train of thought was simple. 'I'll let you be arrogant now, but when my uncle gets here, I'll see how you'll continue to be arrogant. When the time comes, I'll defecate and urinate on your head!' When he thought about this, Harrison felt slightly better. He stopped Philip and Nina when they were about to leave. He said, "Brother, please don't go yet. You're already here, so why don't you sit down and have a meal? It'll be my compensation and apology for mistreating Nina before." Nina was puzzled. Did this scum have a change of nature? "Oh, I didn't expect you to be so generous. Alright, then. I'll accept this on behalf of Nina." Philip chuckled. He waved his hand at Nina and yelled, "Nina, stop standing around. Come sit! Since he's going to treat us to a meal, then we should be more magnanimous as well." Nina frowned. She did not want to crush Philip's dignity. As such, she walked over to sit down next to him. However, she pinched Philip under the table with her smooth and fair hand. She asked in a low voice, "What are you planning?" "Stop talking. Eat," Philip said with a grin. Harrison watched all of this happen in front of his eyes. He hurled abuses at them in his heart. He despised Nina to the bone now. This bitch had pretended to be pure in front of him, but now, she was flirting with another man. How cheap! At this moment, a police car stopped in front of Tex Hall. A middle-aged man walked out of his car. He looked about 40 to 50 years old. He was wearing

casual attire, but he had a pair of handcuffs dangling from his waist. His face looked greasy as well. He had the air of a government official.

## Chapter 561

He glanced at the signboard of Tex Hall and looked for the private room his nephew told him about. When he pushed open the door, he was shocked.

What was happening? Harrison and Philip were enjoying themselves inside while the beautiful woman was sitting quietly next to them. From the looks of it, this looked like a gathering of old friends. Did

Harrison not tell him to come hold the fort? What was going on, then? The man walked inside and sat down after pulling a chair. He lit a cigarette and kicked the table. He yelled, "Boy, where is he? How can you enjoy yourself like this? Do you want to do this or not?" Norm West looked down on his nephew. However, he was still his nephew after all. Blood was thicker than water. He had cleaned up after Harrison's mess plenty of times before. It was always minor things like fights and nothing major. It would be fine after he talked to the other party. However, this time, his nephew told him that both of his legs were broken. He even had to be hospitalized. Plus, those people extorted a million bucks from him! He had to avenge him! When Harrison saw his uncle, he yelled while sobbing, "Uncle! Uncle, you're here!" Norm frowned and scolded. "Why are you crying? You're an adult now. Are you not ashamed of yourself? Where are they?" Harrison sniffed and kept looking at Philip. Norm was not blind, so he slammed his hand down on the table and shouted, "Why the f\*ck are you making eyes at me? I'm asking you are they here yet?" Harrison finally pointed and said deviously, "Uncle, it's him! That's the guy who broke both of my legs! He even stole one million from me!" Philip had already noticed Norm a long time ago. He was just a minor character, and yet he kept doing illegal things just because he had a little authority. This time, Norm was stunned. He looked at his nephew, then at Philip who appeared calm. He was confused. Was his nephew dropped on the head when he was born? This man broke both of Harrison's legs and

stole one million from him, but he was still drinking and chatting happily with the man? "You sure you got the right person?" Norm asked curiously.

Harrison rolled over to Norm and stammered while pointing at Philip, "Yes!

Uncle, it's him! Don't underestimate him because he looks young. He's extremely savage! He's the one who hurt me and broke my legs! You have to stand up for me and arrest him! Lock him up for ten years! And ask him to pay me a few million bucks as well! "That woman too! Lock her up for a few days as well! I want her to serve me for the rest of her life!" When Norm heard that, he finally looked at Philip closely. He said, "You're involved with assault and robbery. Come with me and explain this." "Wow, you're convicting me so quickly? Aren't you going to let me defend myself? Are you only going to listen to your nephew's one-sided statement?" Philip chuckled frigidly. "What's there to listen to? The witness is here. You can say whatever you want when you're at the station!" Norm did not have time to waste with Philip. He slammed his shiny handcuffs on the table. His authoritative attitude was awe-inspiring. Nina was shocked. She grabbed Philip's arm and asked in a small voice, "Nothing bad is going to happen, right? Why don't we just return the money?" Philip patted her arm and said,

"What's going to happen? We'll just stop by the station. I trust that law enforcement personnel are fair and righteous." When he said that, Philip sent a message under the table. "Hehe, just say whatever you want when you're there." Norm chuckled coldly and handcuffed Philip. 'You won't get a chance to say anything when you're back at the station. You'll say anything I tell you to when the time comes,' Norm thought. Harrison was feeling pleased. He watched as Norm brought Philip out of Tex Hall and into the car. A warm tear rolled down his cheek as he said with clenched fists, "Go on, be pretentious. You'll suffer when you get to the station." Nina stood at the entrance of Tex Hall with a cold expression as she watched Norm take Philip away. She took out her phone and went through her contacts. She found the

number and dialed it. "It's done." A cheery laugh came from the other side of the phone. The person said, "Alright, you never

disappoint. Come back at once. I'll take care of the rest." Juan was standing in a dimly-lit room. When he heard Nina's words, he was ecstatic. He almost jumped from happiness. There was a woman with an extremely hot body standing in front of him. Her lips were bright red and she was wearing a thin lacy black dress. She was eating fresh grapes. This woman looked like she was in her 30s. She had an imposing air around her and looked alluring.

However, he understood that he could never get her. No one was able to handle this woman. She was the woman in charge of the Beauty Killers. She was a sinister beauty. One had to be alert whenever one was around her. If not, they would not even know how they died.

## Chapter 562

"It's done?" Suddenly, the woman opened her mouth. Her voice sounded super sweet. She looked over and there was a foxy allure in her eyes. "It's time for me to show myself now," Juan said coldly. He was fiddling with something in his hand. He had been waiting for this day for a very long time.

"Juan, I have to warn you. Philip is not as simple as you think." That woman got up slowly and moved her red lips. She let out a soft breath and said,

"I've been watching him for a long time and I still can't find a chance to take action against him. You're too impulsive. If you mess this up, the master won't be happy." "Margot, when did you become so cautious? He's just a young master from the Clarke Group in Capital City. Maybe I was scared of him before, but now, he's not even worth my time. He's just a piece of trash!" Juan said coldly. He savored the whiskey in his hand.

Margot Pearson stretched lazily and chuckled lightly. "You're taking action without thinking this time. I won't tell the master, but if word gets out, get ready to receive your punishment when the master asks about this." Juan chuckled frigidly. He said, "I got it." After he said that, he got up and left hurriedly. After Juan left, the ethereal beauty, Margot, displayed a small smile on her face. She said, "Philip, who are you? How did you get the attention of the master?" Over here, Juan got out hurriedly and called Wynn

impatiently. "Wynn, Philip was arrested!" "What? Why?" Wynn was in a meeting in her office. When she heard this, she was extremely worried. She abandoned the meeting and ran downstairs. "I don't know what happened exactly. Why don't you come to Riverdale Plaza? I'll tell you more when I see you," Juan said. "Alright, wait for me!" Wynn did not have time to consider. Her brain was occupied with the news of Philip being arrested.

Back to Philip. After he was brought back to the station, he was locked inside an interrogation room all alone. He was surrounded by four white walls. The phrase 'lenient with confession, strict with

resistance' was written behind him. Harrison was brought over by Norm as well. After all, he was the victim, so he needed to make a statement. As long as he twisted the truth a little, Philip would definitely be arrested! Whenever Norm was met with stubborn perpetrators, he had his ways to make them confess.

Basically, he would be extremely stern while interrogating them. After listening to Harrison, Norm realized that his nephew was the one who caused this. No wonder Philip broke both of Harrison's legs. However, now that he was the one handling this, whatever he said would go. He planned to lock Philip up for a few days and beat him down. Then, he would interrogate him. As such, he was not in a hurry to talk to Philip. He decided to leisurely pass the time with his nephew. At this moment, a heroic-looking policewoman with a hot body appeared outside the interrogation room.

Yvette Simms was about to go take a short nap in the break room, but there were a lot of crimes recently and a lot of cases going on, so she did not have any free time. She was the beauty of the police force and was also the deputy captain. Naturally, she would have to charge and break through enemy lines.

Knock, knock. Yvette knocked on the door of the interrogation room and looked at her colleague inside. She asked, "Jackson, what did he do? Has he not been questioned yet?" She could not control her bad habit. She was always extremely curious about criminals. "Yvie, why are you here?"

Jackson stood up quickly and grinned at Yvette. His eyes were filled with admiration. He said, "Norm brought him back. He said this man is involved

in assault and robbery." Yvette was the enemy of all criminals. She was the star of the police force in Riverdale. She was also the crush of all of the young policemen in Riverdale. She was a deputy captain at such a young age. Plus, she also graduated from a well-known military academy. Also, her family patrimony was substantial. "Assault? Robbery?" Yvette frowned.

She looked at the records in the interrogation room and stared at Philip who was looking at the ceiling. She asked, "What's your name?" Oh no, Yvie was going to lose her temper again! Jackson wiped away his cold sweat.

Everyone here knew that Deputy Captain Simms had a habit. She loved interrogating people. She hated evil and would treat people who committed crimes as her enemies. However, Norm said that he wanted to interrogate this person himself. If Yvie decided to stick her nose in this, he would not be able to explain himself to Norm later. "Yvie, Norm said that he wants to interrogate this person himself," said Jackson helplessly. Yvette lifted her eyebrows and sat down. She tapped the surface of the table with her long fingers and asked, "Hey, I'm asking you a question. What's your name?"

Philip finally stopped spacing out. He looked in front of him and his eyes brightened. There was a beautiful policewoman in front of him!

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brennan dickson

Why wouldn't she just go to the police station!

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## Chapter 563

At that moment, Philip figured that having to come here was not too bad.

He was so lucky to be able to see such a hot policewoman. Especially the icy aura coming off her. It would make anyone feel a deep veneration for her. She furrowed her brows. Her delicate features were giving out the lofty quality of a strong woman. She treated all evil-doers as if they were her mortal enemies. Philip shrugged and said, "Madam, isn't it written in your notes?" Yvette was wondering if she misheard him. What attitude was that?

Jackson was shocked as well. Was this guy insane? How could he talk to Yvie like that? Was he trying to get beaten up? "What attitude is this? Do you know where you are? You should watch yourself while you're in here,"

Yvette said angrily. It was not like she had never encountered people like Philip before who refused to be obedient after they came in here. They thought they were bigshots, but in the end, they were all just Peppa Pigs.

"Don't you know where you are? Fix your attitude. If not, you'll regret it."

Yvette looked so adorable when she was mad. At least, that was what Philip thought. "Name, age, address, what did you do..." What came next was the routine interrogation process. Philip answered everything honestly. Yvette looked at Philip and rage flashed across her face. She asked seriously and sternly, "Why did you hit him?" Philip looked at her in confusion. "Madam, why aren't you asking him why I beat him up?" "Just answer what I'm asking you. Stop spewing so much nonsense!" Yvette said frigidly. Philip shrugged and lifted his head to think for a very long while. He answered,

"It's very simple. Just go and ask Norm West. You'll know everything once you do." "Captain West?" Yvette was puzzled. She looked at Jackson who was equally confused and asked, "What does it have to do with Norm? I'm asking you a question. Stop interrupting!" Yvette realized this Philip person was purposely avoiding answering her questions. She had been in the force

for so many years but never saw someone so thick-skinned and fearless before. "Norm brought me here. I don't know what I did," Philip said innocently. "You broke someone's legs and you're still saying you don't know what you did?" Yvette could not stand this anymore. This guy was obviously playing dumb.

“So you’re not going to ask why it happened?”

Philip asked. Why did it happen? Yvette frowned and looked at Philip. Even though he was a little arrogant, he did not look like a bad guy. Was there something she did not know? However, it was clear on the notes that Philip was involved in an assault. Plus, he even took other people’s assets unlawfully... “What in the world is going on?” Yvette looked at her colleague and asked while frowning. Jackson was also stunned. He flipped his records and said, “Yvie, I have no idea. Norm only asked me to watch him. He said he’ll come and interrogate him later.” Yvette was frowning even more now. Her experience told her that this was not as simple as she imagined. She looked at Philip and asked, “Is there anything you haven’t told us?” Philip shook his head. “I can’t tell you.” Yvette was taken aback.

“Why not?” “Norm is not here yet,” Philip grinned and replied, “If he’s not here, this won’t be as interesting anymore. I think he’s preparing some materials right now so that he can lock me up for a few years.” When Philip said this, he looked indifferent. However, when Yvette and the other male colleague heard this, it sounded extremely shocking. “What nonsense are you saying?” Jackson slammed his hand down on the table and widened his eyes at Philip. Philip shrugged and said, “Don’t look at me like that. I’m just telling the truth.” “Nonsense!” Yvette and the male colleague were shocked when they saw the middle-aged man who had appeared at the door all of a sudden. Then, the two of them called out, “Norm.” The person who appeared was the captain, Norm West! He looked angry and annoyed. When he came in, he saw Yvette interrogating Philip, so he glared at Jackson and said, “I told you to watch him. What are you doing?” Jackson lowered his head and looked innocent.

#### Chapter 564

Norm did not dare to lecture Yvette. He looked at her in dissatisfaction. If Yvette did not come from a huge family background, Norm would not tolerate her so much. He said, “Simms, Jackson is new and inexperienced, but you’re our number one! How can you let someone like him boss you around?” When he said that, he glared at Philip. This guy was still so arrogant even when he was already at the station. He would teach him a lesson later! “Norm, what do you mean?” Yvette naturally knew what Norm was plotting. “You guys should know that the city is trying to win the title of Civilized City. The upper management ordered us to take good care of each administrative region. We can’t allow any evil forces to run amok. If not, everyone will get punished when the upper management asks why we didn’t get the title. “There are so many things happening in our administrative regions now. Mr. Warner is busy taking on the tasks given to him by upper management. He doesn’t have time to overlook matters like this.” Norm continued speaking, “So, he asked me to be responsible for the administrative regions. That’s why I need to be in charge of this!” Yvette nodded. She said, “Norm, I know.” Norm’s eyes glanced across Yvette’s pretty face. Then, he looked at her breasts and swallowed without a trace.

He was feeling excited in his heart as he said, “Simms, you’re the best one in the force. You’re smarter than a lot of us here. Mr. Warner and I have great expectations for you. You’ll definitely be chosen as the elite of the force at the end of the year.” It was impossible for Norm to not be attracted to a beauty like Yvette. However, because of his identity, he could not do anything to her. As such, he could only fantasize about her in secret. Now, he was acting as an experienced senior and trying to get Yvette to

feel good about him by telling her about his experiences. That way, he could not be excused. "Alright, the two of you can go now. I'll interrogate him myself.

You should be tired. Go back and rest." Norm said after turning his face.

There was concern in his tone. Yvette said, "Norm, I've closed my cases, so

I have some free time. Let me stay here with you." Norm's expression changed. If he rejected, he would look suspicious. He answered, "Fine."

Norm pulled the iron chair backward and slammed the documents in his hands down on the table. At the same time, he pointed the incandescent light at Philip. It shone directly on his face. He yelled, "Philip Clarke, tell us the truth now!" Philip was directly facing the incandescent light and did not turn his face at all. There was a cold smirk on his face as he looked at Norm. He answered coldly, "Norm West, what do you want me to say? Don't you already know what I've done? You're going to give me a groundless crime.

Could it be that you're in on this as well?" "You unbridled fool! You're full of sh\*t!" Norm pointed at Philip's nose and yelled angrily, "Who do you think we are? What place is this? This is a place that pays particular attention to the truth and law. You need evidence before you say anything! I can sue you for defamation for what you said just now!" Yvette frowned and looked at Norm, then at Philip. Philip looked extremely calm. How was this guy so confident? How dare he talk back to Norm? However, Norm was acting weird today. Was there something fishy about this? "You're going to be stubborn, huh? If you don't tell us the truth, I won't give you any water! I don't think that I won't be able to break a hooligan like you!" Yvette was taken aback. She did not expect Norm to have such a bad temper. This was not like him at all. "Oh, are you going to extort a confession by treating me violently, Captain West?" Philip continued speaking after chuckling timidly, "Pretty madam, do you see what he's doing. Is this legal?" Yvette did not say anything. This could be considered as one of the tactics police officers might use when interrogating. Sometimes, one could not be polite to scums. Norm pointed at Philip and said, "You'd better watch yourself and tell us the truth soon. If not, you'll definitely suffer the consequences!"

Philip looked at Norm indifferently. He looked fearless. Then, a smile appeared on his face. His smile looked very provoking. There were even hints of sarcasm in his smile. "What are you smiling about?" Looking at Philip's sarcastic smile, Norm was even more furious. He slammed his hand

down on the table. If Yvette was not here, he would have pounced on him and beat this fearless fool up! "I'm waiting for someone. Why don't we wait together?" Philip said coldly. There was confidence in his eyes.

## Chapter 565

Waiting for someone? Norm was worried. How could this guy be so confident? "Norm, I should advise you to not get yourself involved in this."



Philip shrugged. There was a coldness in his eyes as he said, "If you really did that, would you be worthy of the uniform you're wearing right now?"

Would your conscience be fine with this?" "You! What did you say?" Norm was livid. How dare this kid insult him! "You're just a loser! You're just rat sht!" Philip said coldly. He was not scared at all. Loser? Rat sht? Norm was beyond livid! Actually, Philip was in a horrible mood today because a loser like Norm made him feel that society was doomed. The people that the civilians were looking up to were doing misdeeds. How could the honest and good-natured people go on living like this? Even though a lot of them were the embodiment of justice, there would be a few rat droppings in the mix to ruin their good name. Philip felt that scums like these needed to be kicked out! Yvette looked at Philip in curiosity. If this man dared to say this, then this case might not be as simple as it seemed. She fell into deep thought.

She was also passive now. After all, Norm said he would be the one interrogating Philip. She knew the rules of the force, and she had also seen a lot of people being falsely accused. Had Norm received some benefits?

Was that why he was randomly framing Philip for a groundless crime?

Norm chuckled coldly. "I've been in the force for ten years and I've seen more than 100 people like you. You're still being disobedient now and even have the audacity to slander me. You really won't give up until all hope is gone, huh?" "Alright, I won't ask you about your case anymore. I'll hand you over to the relevant authorities!" Norm slammed his notebook shut and smirked maliciously. Philip was being nonchalant the entire time. Now, he was smiling lightly, but there was a hint of coldness in his smile. He said,

"Norm, are you sure you don't want to interrogate me more? I'm going to advise you to continue so that you won't falsely accuse a well-mannered citizen." When he said this, Philip showed his acute drive. He said in a threatening tone, "Norm, what if I tell you that you'll come back to beg me after you go out? What will you do?" "Hehe, you're just a hooligan. Where did you get the confidence to say these kinds of things? I'm the one who wears the pants here!" Norm was extremely confident. The crimes he would force upon Philip would get him locked up for at least ten years! "Also, bring him to another room! What's going to happen next is none of our business. Someone else will take over." After he said that, Norm scoffed and left. After a while, Philip was brought out to a hotel room. There were only Philip and Yvette in the huge room. Yvette was puzzled. Why did Philip talk back to Norm like that? She asked, "Aren't you remorseful at all?" Philip smiled. He looked at this hot woman in front of him and said, "I know you're a good person, but he's not. I don't want to challenge the authorities, but I have to do it right now." Heh, men. Yvette suddenly felt that Philip was just talking big. Challenging the authority? Did he have this power? Did he really think that he was the main character with people backing him up? She shook her head helplessly. She would be watching him tonight. Back to Juan. "I'll complete the things I did not finish last time!

Philip, you won't be able to escape this time! Even the Clarke Group in Capital City won't be of use!" Juan was blinded by vengeance. He was completely occupied with how to kill Philip. How would he give up such a great opportunity? "This time, I'll definitely kill you." After he said that, he took out his phone

and dialed a number. He looked out of the window with a dark face and said in an icy tone, "Do it now. I don't care how, but you have to bring him out and cripple him at a place where there are no eyewitnesses!" After he hung up, a sinister smile appeared on Juan's face.

He had been waiting for this day for so long. From now on, Wynn would be his! No one would steal her away from him anymore! At the same time,

Wynn got out of her car and could not wait to see Juan. 'Please don't let anything happen to my husband.'

## Chapter 566

In front of the hotel, a few men got out of the car quickly. The leader of the gang was wearing a loose black jacket. He exhaled a ring of smoke and said,

"Move quickly later. Don't mess this up. The bosses talked about this."

"Anton, what's going on this time? Why are we in such a hurry to come here in the middle of the night? Is it an important target?" A man asked. The leader was named Anton Gooden. He was a thug who had an extraordinary identity. He had a substantial background and plenty of backers. He was always hired to do something unlawful. They would dabble in both the bright and dark sides since they were in this industry. Anton smirked and said, "The boss got a new mission. He has asked us to take care of it. Plus, he wants this guy dead or crippled at the very least! We all know the boss'

temper. Everyone will get a share of the benefit after this is done." "Alright, we're depending on you to take care of us in the future, Anton." Another man said flatteringly while grinning. Anton patted his shoulder and smiled.

"Sure. If this goes smoothly, every one of us here can get this number."

Then, Anton lifted a finger. "100,000?" The guy screamed, and Anton slapped him on the head. "Lower your f\*cking voice!" Anton glared at him and laughed shamelessly. "After we go in, just drag him out! We can't take action here, so we'll bring him to the abandoned steel factory in the south of Riverdale." These people understood immediately. They had done a lot of these deeds, so they understood the procedure. "Let's go!" After he said that, the men walked into the hotel in a single file. After they got in, their identities were displayed prominently. Anton was dark-skinned and there was a deep scar at the corner of his eye. Anton said coldly, "Where's the room of the people who came here just now?" There were not a lot of people in the lobby right now. There were only two receptionists. When they saw these people barging in, they were so scared that they could not speak. One

of the female receptionists got up and said, "I know. Let me take you." They knew that they were bad news the moment they saw them. At the same time inside the hotel room. Yvette was sitting on the sofa while leaning against the table. She was crossing her arms across her chest. She was usually very

carefree, so she did not care about how she was sitting. When she saw Philip's nervous face, she burst out laughing. She asked, "Why are you so nervous?" The atmosphere was a little awkward. Philip coughed and said,

"It's nothing. I'm thirsty. Do you have water?" When Yvette heard this, she smiled and did not expose him. At this moment, the door burst open with a loud bang. Anton brought two of his men and barged into the room aggressively. Yvette stood up quickly. When she saw that she did not know the people who barged in were, she furrowed her brows and asked, "Who are you? Who let you in?" Philip looked over and immediately knew why they were here. There was a coldness in his eyes as he scanned the three of them. They were here so quickly. The person behind this was very impatient indeed. Was it Giada or Juan? Philip chuckled coldly and sat there calmly.

Anton looked at Yvette and was stunned. He said, "My name's Anton Gooden. Mr. Hull asked us to take Philip Clarke away!" "Take him away?"

Yvette said coldly, "Who are you?" These people were thugs. They had the intense aura of gangsters. "We're just carrying out Mr. Hull's orders. Ask Mr. Warner if you have any questions!" Anton peered at Yvette. There was disdain in his eyes. Anton stared at Yvette solemnly. He did not expect this woman's ability to make discerning judgments to be so bad. Jackson ran over to the door and grabbed Yvette's arm. "Yvie, they're Mr. Hull's men.

He has reached a consensus with Mr. Warner." "So what if they're Mr.

Hull's men? Can they just take away anyone they want so unreasonably?"

Yvette was losing her temper. She crossed her arms across her chest and stood in front of Philip. She said coldly, "If you want to take him away, bring me Mr. Warner's oral command. If not, don't even think about it."

Philip looked at Yvette's back and was slightly touched. This girl had her own principles. Anton's eyes became darker. He was looking at Yvette like

a venomous snake. He said coldly, "You're Yvette? I'm advising you to not get in our way. Mr. Hull's the one who gave this order! He said to get rid of any obstacles as well!" Get rid of her? It was a brazen threat! Yvette's face fell as she knitted her eyebrows together. She said, "I want to see who dares to take him away today!"

## Chapter 567

Anton was furious. The anger on his face was getting more and more obvious. His voice was deep when he frowned and chuckled. "Yvette, are you trying to stop us? Do you know this Philip person? You should know that he's wanted by Mr. Hull! If you stop us from carrying out our orders, I'll beat you up even if you have an extraordinary identity." Yvette frowned and shook her head. She looked more and

more determined. These people were all local bullies. They did not have the right to barge in here! They also did not have the right to take Philip away! However, because of Mr. Hull's power, Yvette could not cross the line. She said slowly, "I'm not stopping you from carrying out your duties. I just want to see the relevant documentation. If not, I have the right to not hand him to you." Yvette continued coldly. "So, I can't hand him to you just like this. If you insist on taking him away, sure, you can go and tell Mr. Warner!" After Anton heard that, he was even more furious. If they went back now, they would have to suffer a torrent of abuse from Mr. Hull. If they ruined the boss' plan, they would need to suffer the horrible consequences. After all, they were thugs.

They were nothing compared to these employees with backgrounds. They could not cause a huge commotion. He was pretty fond of this hot woman.

He wanted to better his relationship with her. However, he despised this woman who was not observant at all. His face was wretched as he guffawed.

"Alright, but Yvette, you have to understand that Mr. Hull has taken over this. If you continue to stop us, we'll take you away as well!" "Hmph!"

Yvette scoffed and placed her hands on her hips. She said, "Catch me if you dare! I don't believe that your Mr. Hull is so lawless!" Anton was mad. He

pointed at Yvette and roared, "I'm warning you, don't think that I won't dare to do anything to you just because your family has some connections with the upper management. Get lost now! If not, don't blame me for being rude! Mr. Hull is not weak!" After he said that, Anton asked his people to take Philip away! Yvette was furious as well. She had never seen such an unreasonable person before! She had heard about Mr. Hull back then and knew he had connections with a lot of the people in the upper management.

She heard that he had some powerful people backing him up. That was why he was flourishing. Plus, he even treated the station as his own home. He would come and go as he pleased. No one dared to cross him! Now that she finally experienced this, Yvette finally understood that he was indeed a powerful person. "I didn't grow up afraid. You people don't have any positions and we didn't get any calls. Why should I let you take him away just because you said so?" Yvette fought back without showing her weakness. Yes, Yvette was not brainless. After Anton barged in with his men, he kept on insisting to take Philip away. This meant that there was indeed something fishy going on. On the other hand, Yvette Simms hated evil as one did their enemy. Anton pointed at Yvette's pretty face in a towering rage. He said, "Yvette Simms, this is my last warning to you! Are you handing him over or not?" "Then, I will tell you again, no!" Yvette was fearless. She could already see through this local bully! At this moment, a hostile voice broke the awkwardness. "Cough, cough, can I say something?"

Philip sat on the iron chair. He looked helpless as he said, "Yvie, just let them take me. It's fine." Anton's eyes twitched and the corner of his lips lifted upwards. Suddenly, he felt that Philip was so stupid that it was adorable. How would Yvette agree to this? She glared at Philip and said,

“No! I brought you here, so no one is allowed to take you away!” “If that’s the case, why don’t you guys ask me anything you want here? Why do you have to make the situation so unpeaceful?” Looking at Philip’s nonchalant eyes, Yvette figured that this guy had some ulterior motives brewing in his head. However, she did not know what he was planning. “Since he already

said that, then I will take one step back and ask him here. How about that?”

Anton looked at Philip. There was coldness on his face. He said, “I think he’s someone who can differentiate right from wrong. Don’t worry, we won’t make things hard for him. It’s just a few questions.” Yvette looked at Philip intensely and gritted her teeth. She said, “Alright, but I want to join in.” “No way! This is the Hull Clan’s business. Outsiders can’t interfere.”

Anton was the first one to decline. If Yvette was here, how would they take action? Yvette wanted to fight back, but Philip said, “I agree with them.

Yvie, you should go back and rest. I have some personal stuff to take care of with these guys.” Anton looked at Philip and thought he looked like a fool. Plus, he even felt that he was an idiot. ‘I’ll let you see how vicious we are later!’ Yvette finally agreed. She looked at Philip intensely and gritted her teeth. Then, she looked at Anton and said, “I hope won’t go overboard.”

After she said that, Yvette went out of the room. Finally, Philip let out a cold smirk once he saw the door close. Anton smirked too. He looked very sinister. Yvette stood at the door and felt a cold breeze over her body. She mumbled, “Will anything bad happen?” She was not worried about Philip, but she was worried about the people from Hull Clan inside the room. It was so weird. Yvette suddenly had an intense feeling that the Hull Clan would be done for! Anton locked the door and sat down on the sofa. He smirked sinisterly. The two men stood at opposite sides and were surrounding Philip.

Anton looked at Philip coldly and chuckled. “I’m not going to beat around the bush. We’ve been hired to take your life.” Philip nodded and answered calmly, “I didn’t offend anyone else recently. Juan was the one who sent you, right?” Philip’s face was cold. The three of them were taken aback.

Anton removed his jacket and showed off his body. He cracked his neck and said, “You know too much.” “A thief like him will never learn.” Philip lifted his head. There was a nonchalant smile on his face and a coldness in his eyes. “Guys, don’t blame me. If you want to put the blame on someone, you should blame yourselves for crossing someone you shouldn’t have.”

## Chapter 568

Anton turned around and gestured to his men. He said, “Show him what you got and take good care of him. Loosen his muscles and bones!” “Yes, Anton!” The two of them cracked their necks and clenched their fists. They had cold smirks on their faces as they approached Philip slowly. According to what Anton said, Philip should die here today. He did not have a choice.

He crossed someone he should not have, so he had to pay for what he did!

Philip had a cold smirk on his face. The coldness on his face was getting more and more intense. There was also a hint of sadness in his eyes. He said,

“I’m afraid you’ll have to suffer the brutal consequences.” “Hehe, do you think you’re a savage, kid? Get him!” Anton roared. After the two men heard that, they charged at Philip aggressively. The outsiders did not know what was happening inside the room. As long as no one died, then everything would be fine. That was the confidence of the Hull Clan. They were secure in the knowledge that they had backing. Anton guffawed malevolently. In his eyes, Philip was just a money bag. As long as he took him down, then the money would roll into his wallet automatically. In less than three minutes, this stupid kid would definitely kneel on the ground and cry for mercy while begging them to forgive him. Every time that happened, Anton would feel proud of himself. His need to dominate would also reach its peak. It could also be said that he was a psychopath! However, things took an unexpected turn. Philip turned his face slightly and dodged the guy’s life-threatening punch. Then, he supported himself with the chair and jumped up. He kicked the chest of the other man who was charging toward him while shaking his fist. He only kicked him with one leg! That person flew backward with a loud thud and landed on the desk inside the room. The desk overturned from the impact. The man clutched his chest and his face was red. A few of his ribs broke inside his chest at that split second. The other one who Philip dodged away from just now frowned furiously. Then, he lifted his leg to kick Philip. Philip turned his body away and grabbed that

man’s thigh with both hands. Then, he slammed him down on the ground.

He grabbed the table lamp that fell on the ground and smashed it on the man’s nose. Smash! The table lamp was smashed into pieces. Philip was extremely vicious. With just one blow, the bridge of the man’s nose was broken. The glass shards from the lightbulb were pierced inside his face as blood started pouring out uncontrollably. Screams of pain started reverberating in the room. However, it seemed that Philip was not going to stop anytime soon. He was extremely furious now. He took a gold club at one side and smashed it down on the man on the floor. Once! Twice! Thrice!

Philip used all his might while he was doing that. He broke a few of the man’s ribs instantly. Philip only let out a small exhale after such a shocking scene. He looked at the person who fell unconscious on the floor. The man’s face was covered in blood and he looked unrecognizable. “Heh, is this Mr.

Hull’s legendary subordinates?” Philip turned around and looked at Anton while smirking. He was holding the club that was dripping with blood.

Anton backed away from terror. His eyebrows were tightly knitted together.

At this moment, he realized he had walked into the devil’s territory. Why was this guy so powerful? He was just like the God of Death! Anton asked himself why he wanted to get himself involved in this. This guy was so savage. He did not respect them at all. If he was a tad bit more savage, his men would have died here! Anton was scared. Cold sweat started to appear on his forehead. Philip looked at Anton and shook his head. He said, “I’m going to give you two choices now. One, call the person behind this. Tell him it’s done and tell him to come here.” “Impossible! We won’t betray the person who’s paying us!”

Anton shouted quickly. "Hehe, I knew you wouldn't agree with this." Philip chuckled coldly. He continued speaking,

"The second choice is to break both of your arms. What do you think?" At this moment, the tables had turned. Anton was not as arrogant as he was before! When he heard the second choice and saw those vicious eyes, Anton trembled all over. He was petrified! Why was this man so scary? His piercing and intense aura made him look like the devil! At this moment,

Anton wanted so badly to run out and scream for help! However, when he remembered that this was Mr. Hull's plan, he made up his mind and took out a pistol from his waist! He had brought this just in case, but he did not expect that it would come in handy.

## Chapter 569

He looked at Philip and smiled sinisterly. He widened his eyes and said,

"Aren't you so strong? Try again! I want to see if you're faster than my pistol!" He was not scared anymore. Now that he had a pistol, he believed that Philip would not be faster than his bullet. Did he think he was John Wick? He had to kill Philip today! If not, he would cause them endless calamities. Anton had been doing this for so many years, so he had a quick brain. At that moment, he understood completely. He laughed sinisterly, then pulled the trigger. Woosh! Someone jumped in from the window. With a lift of his right arm, a silver glint flashed across the air. Bang! The sound of a gunshot! In a blink of an eye, Anton felt excruciating pain in his wrist.

Then, the pain spread all over his body. Clank! Under immense pain, both of his hands lost their strength and the pistol fell on the ground. Philip stood there unharmed. The shot missed him and landed on the wall behind Philip.

There was a bullet hole in the wall. "Ah!" Anton let out a blood-curdling scream. A dagger had stabbed through his right hand! When he saw the other man in the room, he realized this was getting serious. Who was this man who appeared out of nowhere? Why was he so savage? Philip did not pay attention to Rick who was savoring the red wine on the sofa. No one truly knew this guy's location. He always came and went as he pleased. It was just that he would always appear whenever Philip was in danger. Philip walked in front of Anton and lifted his leg. Then, the tip of his shoe kicked Anton on the chin. With a crack, four to five teeth flew out from Anton's mouth. He then spat them out on the floor along with some blood. Blood kept pouring out of Anton's mouth. He had even bit off half of his tongue from that kick! Anton was invaded by the metallic smell and taste of blood.

He also spat out part of his tongue. It was such a debilitating pain! Anton tasted the metallic taste of blood in his mouth. There was also an excruciating pain in his tongue. He was in so much pain that he was shaking all over! At that moment, he was terrified. He was scared Philip was going to kill him! "Ah!" A loud scream. Philip yanked Anton up by the hair and slammed his head to the wall. Anton's forehead was scratched badly and blood started oozing out from the cuts. Philip picked up Anton's pistol from the

floor. The aura of death was heavy around him. He aimed the muzzle against Anton's forehead. Anton was shaking furiously. At this moment, he finally felt the threat of death! Cold sweat started rolling down his body like a waterfall. His eyes were widened as he looked at Philip who was towering over him with an icy expression on his face. He said shakily, "You... What are you going to do? You can't kill me. I'm from the Hull Clan. I'm Mr.

Hull's man!" Blood kept pouring from his mouth and nose. It was an extremely gory sight. Whenever Anton spoke, he could feel excruciating pain in his mouth. He could not even speak clearly now. His tongue that was bitten off was causing him a lot of pain. He and his two men were suffering badly. One broke several ribs from one kick, one fell unconscious after the bridge of his nose was broken, and now, there was one more with a pistol pointing at his head. The inside of the room was filled with the smell of blood. Under Anton's terrified gaze, Philip put away the pistol slowly. This made the former let out a sigh of relief. He reckoned the latter would not do anything to him anymore. However, he thought wrong. Philip slapped him across his face and he almost passed out from the pain. Since the inside of his mouth was badly mangled, his tongue was in so much pain after this slap. The pain shot deep inside his bones. "You people are a nest of snakes and rats. Back then, Klaus Harris refused to listen to me so I destroyed him, and now there's another Hull Clan that came out of nowhere?" Philip squatted down and patted Anton's face. His face was contorted from the pain. Philip said coldly, "I guess Riverdale is not as simple as I imagined."

Philip's gaze was devious. Anton's face was filled with remorse and fear.

He was scared that Philip would kill him. He could tell that Philip's face was full of murderous intentions. Plus, he heard what he said. He was the one who destroyed Klaus? How was that possible? Anton started to panic.

He looked at the sarcastic smirk on this harmless-looking young man in front of him and fear overtook his entire body. Who was he? "You... You can't touch me! Mr. Hull knows the people from the upper management!"

Anton gritted his teeth and fought back. He wiped away the blood and sweat from his forehead. Philip's coldness was getting more and more intense. He kicked Anton on the chest heavily. Thud! The muffled sound was firm and substantial. Philip used all of his might with that kick. After the kick, Anton felt that several of his ribs were broken. Whenever he exhaled, he could feel a debilitating pain in his chest! Anton curled himself into the shape of a prawn after this kick. He laid on the ground while vomiting blood. He was screaming for help! Philip shook his head and chuckled coldly. "Tsk tsk, it hurts, right? If you can't stand it anymore, you can choose the first option I gave you just now." Anton was in so much pain that he could not breathe.

He clutched his chest and spat out, "I... I don't know what you're talking about." Philip shrugged. He said, "Oh, I guess it's still not enough. Then, I have no choice."



## Chapter 570

“What are you doing?” Anton was terrified. When he saw Philip taking the bloody golf club from the floor, even his soul started trembling. Before Anton could finish talking, Philip took the chair and smashed it against his knees! Smash! “Ah!” Anton screamed in pain. His screams of pain reverberated in the room. “Are you going to call him or not?” “I-I don’t know what you’re talking about...” Smash! “Ah!” Another scream. Anton’s other kneecap was smashed as well. “Are you going to call him now?”

Philip’s expression looked vicious. “I’ll call... I’ll call... Please stop hitting me...” Anton could not stand this anymore. He had never felt this kind of pain before. At this moment, the door of the room was pushed open

aggressively. Norm stood at the entrance of the room. What he saw was the horrible state of the room while his nose was invaded by the pungent and metallic smell of blood. Norm inhaled heavily and his nostrils were filled with the smell of blood. He almost passed out from the smell! At the same time, Norm took out his pistol and pointed at Philip who was laughing at him. He yelled, “You mad man! I’m going to kill you!” Philip shrugged and said coldly, “Norm, what are you scared of? I can’t do anything to you now.

Plus, the pistol is in your hands. Are you afraid that I’ll steal it from you?”

When Norm heard that, he let out a sigh of relief, but at the same time, anger was rising in his chest! “How dare you violently attack other people? You’re so brazen!” Norm chuckled in his heart and said, “Philip, you’re just running toward the muzzle. You can’t blame me.” “Really?” Philip said nonchalantly, “Look at them. They’re like you, all hired to kill me.

However, I still beat all of them up like they’re dead dogs, no? “Since you’ve all made mistakes, you’ll all have to pay for what you’ve done.

Obviously, they’ll remember this punishment for the rest of their lives.”

Philip said slowly. He even carried a chair over to sit down. Norm frowned and looked at the three men on the floor who looked like dead dogs, especially Anton. He was his old friend and now, he was groaning on the floor after being beaten up. His entire body was covered in blood. “You audacious rascal! You’re digging your own grave by doing this!” Norm’s face fell. He smirked coldly. “Who do you think you are? They’re from the Hull Clan!” “Who am I?” Philip crossed his legs and put his arms behind his head to look at the ceiling. After pondering for a while, he said, “I don’t want to scare you.” After Norm heard this, he felt as if he had been targeted by a venomous snake. Philip had an indifferent and sarcastic expression on his face the entire time. He was not bothered by Norm at all! Why? Norm had been in the force for so long and had seen all kinds of people. However, this was the first time he saw someone beat up Mr. Hull’s men and even beat them up so badly. That man was still fearless with a gun pointing at him! Plus, there was also another man in the room. Norm felt extremely

pressured. The pressure was coming from the man sitting on the sofa. Norm was feeling conflicted. He did not know whether his decision was right or not. However, due to the current circumstances, he had

to make a decision.

Philip looked at Norm and grinned cheerfully. However, Norm felt as if something horrible was going to happen when he saw that grin. He backed away nervously. "Hehe." Philip shook his head and mocked. "Norm, I should advise you not to be a puppet for other people. You might even lose your life if you make a bad decision because you didn't bother to understand the situation." A threat! Norm was shocked by the sharp aura coming from Philip. He felt as if he was standing in front of a bottomless abyss after hearing what Philip said. He did not know whether to move forward or back away. Philip looked at the clock on the wall and said calmly, "They should be here now." "Who are you talking about?" Norm asked subconsciously.

## Chapter 571

Philip did not want to pay attention to him. He looked at the ceiling with his arms behind his head. Then, he started humming and said, "Sometimes, you have to pay the price for your wrong choices. Norm, enjoy your last moments." At the same time inside a luxurious office in a tower, a man with a solemn expression was resting his eyes. He was the leader of the Hull Clan, Solomon Hull! His phone's ringtone broke the silence of the office.

Solomon frowned slightly. He opened his eyes and rubbed his temples. He answered the call after glancing at the caller ID. "Hello, Mr. Hull. How's the progress?" A cold laugh sounded from the other end of the phone. "Mr.

Parker, don't you worry about how I do things." Solomon's face was white from the reflection of the computer screen. The corner of his lips tugged upward confidently. "Alright, if that's the case, I'm going to express my gratitude to you. After it's done, I'm buying you dinner." Juan smiled pleasantly. He could finally avenge himself! "You're too courteous, Mr.

Parker. Of course, I'll help you whenever I can." Solomon continued saying with a chuckle, "Don't worry. I'll give my all when I'm carrying out your

orders. Just wait for the good news." Juan nodded and said, "Mr. Hull, let's not talk about other things. About your compensation, I've already asked my secretary to transfer it to your card." A smile finally broke out on Solomon's exhausted face. He was delighted. This one million was so easy to obtain. After hanging up the phone, Solomon got up from his chair and looked at Riverdale's night view. He squinted his eyes as his cold smirk got even colder. Then, he dialed another number on his phone. Inside the hotel room, Philip and Norm were in a standoff. Rather, Philip was waiting for someone carefreely while Norm was in a state of panic. Ring, ring! The sound of the ringtone broke the silence of the room. Anton was moaning on the floor. He endured the pain and took out his phone from his pocket. He looked at Philip's icy gaze and did not know whether he should pick up the call or not. "Answer it," said Philip calmly. "Anton, how's the progress?"

Remember, you have to get rid of him no matter what you do. Then, throw him into the river! You have

to do this flawlessly!” Solomon’s calm voice sounded from the phone. “M-Mr. Hull, I ran into some trouble...” Anton was enduring his pain. His voice sounded amiss as well. However, Solomon was already blinded by money. He did not notice the changes in Anton’s voice. Speaking in the voice of a superior, he ordered, “What trouble can there be? If they won’t let him go, just tell them it’s my order. You have to do this flawlessly no matter what! I’ll take care of the rest for you!” After he said that, Solomon hung up the phone. Inside the room, Anton was lying on the floor. His hand that was holding the phone trembled uncontrollably.

The expression on his face was also a sight to behold. Mr. Hull gave him a death order by wanting him to take care of Philip. Under the current circumstances, Anton only wanted to die! Norm was terror-stricken as well.

The man on the sofa was not bothered by them at all. If anyone were to make any sudden moves, he would kill them all without any hesitation. He was not joking. Norm felt that this man would definitely do that! Philip watched what was going on while cold sweat poured from Anton and Norm’s faces profusely. They knew Philip and the man were waiting for someone who

would strike fear in their hearts. However, who would that be? This had already involved Norm’s superior, Mr. Warner, and the Hull Clan. How did Philip have the confidence to be so calm? Norm backed away slightly and looked at the door of the room. He wanted to leave but did not have the courage to open the door. This was because Philip was still inside. When Norm’s eyes met the man who was sitting on the sofa lazily, he understood immediately that the man did not want him to leave. They were all waiting for the person Philip mentioned!

## Chapter 572

At this moment, several black Audi A6Ls with special car plates were speeding toward the hotel! “Bstards! They’re just causing trouble! Do the people in the other district not want their jobs anymore? How dare they do this? Investigate this and get to the bottom of this! I don’t care who you find, arrest all of them! I don’t believe that anyone would dare to do this under my watch!” A middle-aged man in uniform sat on the backseat. He had a symbol of peace on his shoulder and a star with four corners. His face was filled with anger. He was the director of Riverdale’s Department of Law Enforcement. He was the person in charge! They alerted so many people from arresting Philip last time! Even Reed Williams was alerted! The people in the other district were just doing things without thinking! How dare they arrest such an important person? Were they not digging their own graves by doing this? “Mr. Wade, what happened? Why are you so mad?” The staff on the passenger seat turned around and looked at him in confusion. This was his first time seeing Deaton so mad. “Gibbs, call Mark Warner from the other district. I want him to get back here immediately!” The fire of rage was burning in Deaton’s chest. If he had not gotten George’s call just now, he would not know that the people from the other district had arrested Philip! If Reed found out about this, then Deaton would have to suffer horrible consequences! After he understood what was going on, Deaton finally knew that fcking Norm West from the other district was arresting

people willy-nilly! He was obviously setting up a trap for Deaton! Gibbs called Mark from the passenger seat. When the call went through, Deaton snatched away the phone and started hurling abuses into the phone, "Mark Warner, look at what you've done! Do you and your people not want your jobs anymore? Get back here right this instant! I'll arrive at Mega Lux Hotel in ten minutes!" Mark was resting on his bed at home. He was woken up by the sound of his phone ringing. Then, he was greeted with endless abuses that caused him to start sweating nervously. "What happened, Mr. Wade?"

When he was about to ask what was going on, Deaton hung up the phone.

Something major must have happened for Deaton to call him in the middle of the night. He did not have time to hesitate. Mark was smart, so he immediately knew something terrible was about to happen. He leaped out of his bed and went out after putting on his uniform. Under the night sky, several police cars were speeding on the road. They looked like colorful lights as they were driving faster and faster. Then, they drifted in front of Mega Lux Hotel. The security at the entrance did not even have time to register what was going on before they were blinded by the headlights of the police cars. What the hell was going on? Was this a sudden spot check?

When they looked at the car plates, they swore internally. At this moment, Mark arrived at Mega Lux Hotel in a black car. He coincidentally saw Deaton's car. He pushed open the door quickly and got out. He approached Deaton who was getting out of the car. Deaton watched as Mark ran over with angry eyes. He questioned loudly, "Mark, did you do this?" Mark was still confused. His heart was drumming in his chest as he asked bravely,

"Mr. Wade, what was it that alerted you?" "You still have the cheek to ask me? How are you going to be the chief of the other district if you don't even know what happened? If you don't want this job anymore, then hand in your resignation letter tomorrow!" Deaton was livid. He pointed at Mark's nose and started screaming. He was this close to removing the cap on Mark's head. The staff around them were all watching silently while this happened in front of their eyes. That was Deaton Wade! He was the superior of their

superiors. Now, he was screaming at Mark in front of all of them. They had never seen such a scene before! Deaton frowned and said, "Did you arrest a man named Philip Clarke tonight? Take me to him right now! If you delay this for even just one minute, all of you should get ready to hand in your resignation letters!" Inside the room, Philip was crossing his arms and legs.

He looked extremely carefree. Norm's shirt was already drenched with cold sweat. He looked extremely nervous when faced with Philip's powerful aura. At the same time, Norm heard the sound of rapid footsteps from outside. He was delighted. Did the Hull Clan deploy more people here?

Philip was still smirking. There was sarcasm in his smirk. He was looking at Norm like he was an idiot. When Norm saw Philip's gaze, he was panic-stricken. Were the people outside Philip's backers?

Mark was leading the way while Deaton followed behind him closely. The sound of everyone's footsteps was very loud. It sounded extremely messy and hurried in this long corridor. Mark still did not know what exactly was going on. He only heard from his subordinate that Norm had arrested someone. After that, Mr. Hull's men came over and said they wanted to take him away. Mr. Hull. If Mr. Hull was involved in this, it would be a little troublesome. What was going on? Who did Norm arrest? Why was the Hull Clan involved? Even Deaton had to come all the way here for this. Mark was feeling uneasy. He pushed open the door of the room and said. "Mr.

Wade, we're here." At that moment, the strong smell of blood wafted out from the room. Everyone frowned as they were irritated by the smell.

Someone even ran aside to throw up. Mark suppressed the acid reflux in his stomach and looked into the room. When he saw what was going on inside, he shuddered as cold sweat started pouring from his body. Then, he lifted his shaky hand and yelled angrily, "You ruffian! Get him! Get up now!" He was the boss of the other district and was experienced. However, this was the first time Mark had seen such a gory scene. Inside the room, three of Mr.

Hull's men were beaten badly. One of them was also his friend, Anton Gooden! His trusty partner Norm was also cowering in a corner in fear. He did not even dare to move. Then, he looked at that ruffian who had the audacity to smile at him. How arrogant! Did Deaton come all the way here for this ruffian? Was this an extremely shocking case? Philip spotted Deaton immediately. He smirked and greeted warmly. "Yo Deaty, long time no see!" When Deaton saw Philip sitting there unharmed, the pressure in his heart was finally lifted. Then, he looked at the people sprawled on the floor.

He understood instantly. This guy had some skills. No wonder Reed told him to take good care of Philip. When Deaton was making his way here, he already had a plan. If Philip was hurt in any way, he would be more than willing to fire Mark! Deaton looked at Philip and frowned. He nodded and replied, "What happened, Mr. Clarke? Are they okay?" Deaton was afraid that Philip would do something that overstepped the bounds of what was proper. If these guys were killed by him, then it would be difficult for him to take care of this even if he had a high position. Deaton's bodyguard, Mark, and Norm, who was standing in the room, were all looking at Philip with wide eyes. Mr. Clarke? The director of the Department of Law Enforcement in Riverdale, Deaton Wade, was calling him Mr. Clarke? They knew each other? Deaton sounded like he was trying to flatter him just now.

How was that possible? Norm thought Philip was just a normal civilian, but right now, he was completely stunned. His calves were also shaking. Even though he did not know how Philip knew Deaton, he knew he would not be able to get away with this tonight. Anton was lying on the floor and had completely given up all hope. 'It's gone. Everything's gone.' They were completely snookered. Philip looked at the changes in everyone's expressions and chuckled coldly internally. He got up and said, "It's fine.

These guys will only need to be hospitalized for a few days. You came here just in time, Deaty! If not, I really can't guarantee what I would've done next." Deaton let out a sigh of relief as cold sweat started forming on his forehead. When Philip got up just now, his aura was extremely strong. No

wonder Reed kept telling him not to cross Philip. "Mr. Wade, um..." Mark was not an idiot. He could tell that Deaton was the one with the highest rank in this room, so naturally, he would be the one with the most right to speak.

Deaton looked at him and said, "Contact the hospital. Get them over there now." Then, he pointed at Philip and said, "Let him go." How would Mark not obey Deaton? He nodded his head quickly and complied. Philip lifted his head and said softly, "Wait, something's not over yet." Not over? When Philip said that, his tone was icy. However, it made Norm and Anton feel like they were going to meet their demise. The room fell silent. Mark had a serious expression on his face. Was Mr. Clarke trying to make things as unpeaceful as possible for his district? If the Hull Clan decided to ask him about this, it would be difficult for him to explain. Tonight, Mark had received Mr. Hull's orders. That was why he ignored everything that was happening. Philip looked at Norm, then at Anton. He saw fear in their faces.

At this moment, no one dared to look him in the eye. "Deaty, do you know why I was brought here?" Philip patted Deaton's shoulder with a grin on his face. How would Deaton not know what was going on? He had already investigated this while he was on the way. That was why he came here in such a hurry. Deaton peered at Norm. That idiot was shaking furiously. He roared, "Are you Norm West?" Norm knelt on the ground in fear. He said in a shaky voice, "Y-Yes..." Philip looked at Norm with a fake smile on his face and said, "Norm, what's wrong with you? Didn't you say that I was involved in an assault and robbery? Now that Deaty is here, you should tell him." Norm wanted to cry, but no tears were coming out. He said quickly,

"I was wrong! I made a mistake! I got the wrong person because I'm incompetent!" Norm was regretting this horribly. Why did he cross Philip?

If this man was able to chat with Deaton, he would be able to kill him at any time!

## Chapter 574

"You got the wrong person?" Philip chuckled coldly and said, "I don't think it's so simple. I think you got some goodies from someone. Did someone ask you to do this?" Norm shook his head and refused to admit. He said,

"No! There's no such thing! You're falsely accusing me!" "I'm spewing nonsense? I guess you really won't give up until all hope's gone." Philip replied in an icy tone. After Deaton heard that, he widened his eyes as his imposing manner skyrocketed. He said, "Norm, you'd better tell us the truth!" When Norm saw Philip's cold eyes, his final defense crumbled. The threat of death was making him very uncomfortable. It was as if his entire body was being stabbed by needles. He lowered his head and did not fight back. "What a loser!" Deaton was beyond livid. He pointed at Mark and yelled, "Mark, this is your brilliant employee! You have to severely punish him! I'll wait for your report." Mark lowered his head and did not say anything as well. His forehead was covered in a layer of cold sweat. He knew his career had been single-handedly destroyed by Norm West! "Mr.

Wade, don't worry. I'll get to the bottom of this. I'll give you an appropriate explanation." Mark said solemnly. Deaton shouted instantly, "You should give Mr. Clarke an explanation! Not me!" Philip shook his head and turned on the voice recording on his phone. Anton, who was initially playing dead, passed out instantly. "Investigate! Get to the bottom of this! Investigate that Hull Clan as well! We need to punish them severely!" That was Deaton's final statement. After Mark heard that, he knew Riverdale was going to change. The Hull Clan! One could not just investigate the Hull Clan. Who was the Hull Clan? If they existed in Riverdale, they would still reappear after they were destroyed. The South River District had the Hull Clan, and they were even present in Golden City and Capital City! The true power was the one backing them up, the Hull Organization! No one dared to cross them! When Philip and Deaton left, Mark finally called Solomon hurriedly.

"Hurry, take your people and hide for the time being! Don't ask why." Philip left the hotel, and Deaton sent him back. "Check the Hull Clan. I have a family restraining order, so I can't use the aid of my family." Philip looked

at Rick glumly, his face solemn. Back then, he would have barged over to the Hull Clan himself. However, with the family restraining order, Philip had to be careful in everything he did. Using Theo would not be the best plan either. Philip knew there must be someone behind the Hull Clan. It was not important whether it was Juan or not. He was just a minor character.

Even if he rose up again, he would not make much of a scene. Back at the villa, Philip called Wynn. Wynn's voice sounded worried over the phone.

"Darling, where are you? Are you okay now? Juan said you were arrested."

Juan? "Are you with Juan?" Philip's face fell. A cold aura emitted from his body. "Yeah." Wynn was at a Western restaurant right now. Juan was opposite her and had a dark expression on his face. Philip got out? How was it possible? "I'll go and pick you up!" Philip hung up the phone and rushed over quickly. Juan faked a smile. He asked after Wynn hung up the phone,

"What's going on? Is Philip alright now?" Wynn wiped her tears and smiled.

She said, "Yeah, he got out. He told me they got the wrong person and he'll be here soon." "Oh, that's good. I was quite worried about him." Juan smiled. After a while, he made up an excuse to go to the restroom. He called Solomon and scolded. "Solomon, what happened? Why can't you do such a simple task?" "Mr. Parker, we had some minor hiccups. The person you asked us to get rid of knows Deaton! That's the director! I'm going to return you the money. I'm going into hiding now." After he said that, Solomon hung up the phone. Juan was so mad that he ground his teeth together. He punched angrily on the wall. He was careless. He did not expect Philip to be so fortunate. He also did not expect him to know Deaton! He let out a long sigh and composed himself. Then, he walked back to the restaurant. He walked over with a huge grin. When he was approaching Wynn, a strong arm grabbed his shoulder from behind. Juan turned around. When he was about to hurl abuses to whoever that was... Thud! A firm punch landed directly on his face. "Juan, I'm warning you now. If you dare to pull any cheap tricks, I'll never forgive you!" Philip had appeared out of nowhere.

His eyes were icy.

## Chapter 575

That punch came out of nowhere. Juan was defenseless. His nose was flooded with blood instantly. Wynn witnessed this at one side and was shocked. She got up and pulled Philip away. She said hurriedly, "Philip, what are you going?" "Who gave you permission to meet him?" Philip turned around and yelled at Wynn. This was the first time in a very long time that Philip screamed at Wynn. Wynn was shocked. She knew her husband had a lot of misunderstandings with Juan. However, it was not right to hit him. "I'm just worried about you, so I asked Juan to help me come up with a plan to get you out of there." Wynn mumbled while lowering her head. She felt extremely aggrieved. She was scared that Philip would yell at her again. Even though Wynn knew how powerful her husband was, were his assets not frozen by his family? This was a critical moment! Plus, the cops were involved in this. It did not seem like a matter that could be settled with just money. Philip grabbed Wynn and turned around to leave. Juan grabbed some tissues and covered his nose. He mumbled, "Hehe, Philip. I'll remember this. Don't think I'll be scared of you because you're the young master of Clarke Group in Capital City. You're in a difficult position now as well. You can't protect Wynn and Mila! It's impossible!" Juan said coldly. He knew this clearly. Philip had been given a restraining order by Clarke Group in Capital City. He was just a piece of trash with no money nor power. How dare a piece of trash like him behave so arrogantly? Juan was annoyed. "Juan, I have to say, you have the skills now. However, you'll always be a bug in my eyes! If you don't believe me, try me." Philip said coldly. There was ice in his tone. Clarke Group in Capital City, including the Clarkes in Capital City, were all puppets created by his father back then.

The main reason for that was to hide the truth away from everyone so that they could hide the true identity of the Clarkes. Everyone knew about Clarke Group in Capital City, but they did not know the true power came from the Clarkes in Arcadia Island. As for the Clarkes in Arcadia, no one would know about them unless they were important people. Philip knew that Juan was fearless now because the person backing him up was not scared of Clarke Group in Capital City. After pondering for a while, there were not a lot of people who were able to look down on Clarke Group of Capital City.

"Hehe." Juan chuckled coldly and flicked away the blood from his hands.

Then, he looked at Wynn and said, "Wynn, I hope you consider this. Philip is just a loser now. He can't even support you and Mila." Wynn frowned and looked at Juan. She said coldly, "Juan, I'm grateful for all of your help back then, but I only love Philip. Thank you for your kindness." After she said that, she left with Philip. Juan was extremely frustrated when he saw the two of them leaving. He smashed all of the tableware in the restaurant.

"Sir, the tableware costs 800 bucks." A waitress walked over and said in agitation. "Get lost!" Juan roared and slapped her on the face. The waitress clutched her face and was terrified. When she was about to leave, she ran into a seductive woman. She was wearing a red lacy skirt and was sashaying over alluringly. Her every frown and every smile tugged at people's heartstrings. Margot lifted her pinky and waved her fan gently in front of her face. She had painted her lips bright red and gathered her hair in a



bun.

She looked extremely enticing. She said, "It's ruined?" When she said that, her voice was soft. There was a foxy charm in her eyes. When she appeared, the restaurant was filled with a special kind of scent. One would feel relaxed after inhaling it. Juan was mad. His expression was cold. Margot smiled softly. "No. I just want to remind you of something. If you want to get back at Philip, you can start with his daughter." Juan frowned and looked at the woman who was grinning at him. She was a vicious character indeed. In her opinion, as long as she could achieve her goals, nothing else mattered. "Mila calls me 'uncle'. So unless I have no choice, I won't use her to threaten Philip." Juan said and warned Margot. "If I find out that you're using Mila, I'll be the first one to hunt you down." After he said that, Juan waved his hand and left the restaurant angrily. Margot looked at Juan's back and the smile on her face froze. She said, "How soft-hearted." Over here at First

Palace. Anne had already brought Mila back to the villa. In the morning, she brought Mila out to buy a lot of sundries. Then, she got Mila to take her medicine. After that, she brought her to play nearby. Since Mila had not played in so long, she was exhausted after the entire day. After Anne settled Mila down, she went downstairs and ran into Martha who just got home.

"You! Why are you in my house?" When Martha saw Anne, she was furious. She glared at Anne as if she was interrogating her. Her eyes were like scanners. When Anne saw Martha, anger rose up in her chest as well.

However, she was in Martha's house, so she could only answer politely,

"Mr. Philip asked me to come here to take care of Mila." Mila? When Martha heard that, she was frustrated. That little animal was back?

## Chapter 576

How could she allow it? "I don't care who asked you to come here. Get out of my house right now. I don't like you." Martha pointed at the door unreasonably and screeched. Anne knew about Martha's unreasonableness.

She did not want to argue with her, so she grabbed her things and went back to her room. Philip had prepared a room for her. "Hey, what are you doing?"

"You're going to stay here as well?" When Martha saw Anne going back to her room, she was livid. She grabbed Anne rudely and started screaming,

"You're just a vixen! How can you live with us? Did that loser bring you back so that the two of you can carry on your clandestine love affair in front of me? "No way!" Martha yelled loudly. Anne was mad. Martha was too evil. She even insulted Mr. Philip. Mr. Philip had helped her and her brother.

Anne could not stand this. "I did not! There's nothing between me and Mr.

Philip! Stop spewing nonsense!” Anne fought back. Her eyes were red. She was just a young woman. How could she endure the humiliation and insults of a shrew like Martha? Slap! Martha slapped her across the face and yelled,

“You little b\*tch! How dare you yell at me! Who do you think you are? Get out! Get out of my house now!” Anne clutched her red and swollen face after she was met with an absurd accusation. She said angrily, “I will not!

Mr. Philip asked me to come here. If anyone wants to kick me out, it should be him!” Hehe. Martha chuckled coldly and slapped her again. Then, she yanked Anne’s hair and started screeching, “You little vixen, how dare you revolt against me! Philip is my son-in-law and he has to listen to me! Plus, my name is under this villa so you have to get out when I tell you to!” After a round of abuses and attacks, Anne stood in a corner and sobbed. Her crystal-like tears fell one after another. However, she could only endure this because she needed to take care of Mila to repay Mr. Philip’s favors. Martha sat on the sofa comfortably and chuckled coldly. “Why are you still standing there? If you want to stay, you have to listen to me. Fetch me a glass of water. I’m parched.” Martha ordered Anne bossily. Anne wiped away her tears and poured a glass of water. Then, she handed it to Martha. Martha looked at Anne who looked beyond aggrieved. She was chuckling inside her heart. She took a sip and splashed the water on Anne. The latter started screaming after the hot water burned her skin. “It’s so hot! Do you want to burn me alive?” Martha shrieked. Anne ran to the toilet quickly. She took off her clothes to see that her hands and chest were red from the burns. She sat on the toilet floor aggrievedly and sobbed while hugging her knees. After a while, she wiped away her tears and got out of the toilet. She glanced at Martha who was watching television while sitting on the sofa before quickly going upstairs. Anne finally calmed down when she went inside Mila’s room. Mila was awakened by the commotion downstairs. When she saw Anne’s red eyes, she asked childishly, “Annie, who bullied you?” Anne squatted down and caressed Mila’s head. She smiled. “It’s fine. I accidentally burnt myself with hot water.” Mila grabbed Anne’s red hands and blew on it. “I’ll blow on them for you. Daddy taught me this before.

You still need to put ointment on it.” After she said that, Mila brought Anne downstairs. When she saw that Martha was there, she braced herself and asked, “Grandma, do we have any ointment? Annie is hurt.” Martha turned around and looked at Mila with despise. The latter backed away in fear. “No.

It’ll be amazing if that vixen burns to death!” Martha said angrily.

“Grandma, you can’t scold other people. My daddy taught me that we have to be polite. We can’t scold people willy-nilly.” Mila held her head up high and said to Martha seriously. Great, Martha was now enraged. She got up and yelled at Mila while pointing at her, “You little brat, how dare you lecture me? I’ll beat you up!” Slap! Martha lifted her hand and slapped Mila across the face. Philip and Wynn had already gotten out of the car. When they went inside the villa, they saw this happening right in front of their eyes. Immediately, anger rose within Philip’s chest. It engulfed his entire body.

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newbz62

this woman is unbelievable I hate her so much

Paul Davis

Martha only deserves death!

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## Chapter 577

Mila hid behind Anne when she saw Martha's raised hand. Philip ran over quickly and kicked Martha on her back heavily. "Ouch!" Martha yelled in

pain. Then, she fell forward and landed on the floor. "Who's that? Do you want to die?" Martha was lying on the floor face down. Her nose was broken. She yelled while turning around and holding her nose. However, when she saw the person standing behind her, she shuddered. Oh no, it was Philip! Oh no! Last time, he taught Joel a lesson right here in this living room. Martha started trembling when she recalled what had happened last time. Philip was livid. He bared his teeth as he glared at Martha. Then, he turned around and walked to Mila. He asked while squatting down, "Are you okay? Did Grandma hurt you?" Mila was terrified. When she saw her father, she jumped into his arms and bawled. "Daddy, boo hoo..." Philip was heartbroken. He could not distinguish the flames of anger in his heart.

He lifted his head and looked at Anne. He noticed that her hands and chest were red. It was obvious she was burnt. "What happened?" Philip asked in a frigid tone. Anne wanted to conceal the truth. She peered at Martha and forced out a smile. She said, "It's fine. I accidentally burnt myself." Martha sat on the floor while holding her nose. Her eyes were darting all over the place. She was worried that Anne would expose her. When Anne said that, she let out a sigh of relief. However, she was not grateful for Anne's kindness. She scolded in her heart, 'You vixen, why are you pretending to be a good samaritan? Wait till I get my hands on you!' However... Mila said in a childish voice out of the blue, "Daddy, Annie didn't burn herself. I saw her crying." Mila was not an idiot. She was smart. However, she did not dare say that it was Martha out loud. When Philip heard that, he was devoured by flames of rage. Wynn walked over hurriedly and held Mila.

She scowled at Martha who was still sitting on the floor. If she had not seen it for herself just now, she would not believe that her mother would dare to do just about anything. Wynn was so disappointed. Wynn wanted to say something when she saw Philip walking over to Martha. However, she stopped herself. Philip approached Martha and lowered his head. He asked in a cold voice, "Martha, did you forget what I warned you? You keep challenging my limits. Do you really think I won't do anything to

you?”

Martha was petrified. She was shaking, especially when she saw the aura of death in Philip’s eyes. “What? What? You’re just a good-for-nothing, Philip. Will you kill me?” Martha did not care anymore. She yelled while rolling around unreasonably on the floor, “I’m your mother-in-law! How dare you treat me like this? I don’t like you and I don’t like your cheap daughter! So what if you’re rich? Your property rights have been taken away, so you’re just a loser now! What right do you have to be so aggressive with me?” After Martha finished yelling, she was still angry. As such, she decided to kick Philip. However! Slap! Philip slapped Martha heavily across the face. “This is for bullying Mila!” Martha clutched her face and looked at Philip in disbelief. She got up from the floor and wanted to charge at Philip hysterically. However! Slap! Philip swung his hand at her again. The sound reverberated across the hall! “This is for bullying Anne! I’m telling you right now that I’m taking Anne as my sister. If you dare to bully her again, this will not be the only thing you have to suffer!” Slap! When Martha wanted to say something more, Philip slapped her again. “This is from me to you. I endured all of your abuses back then, but tonight, I’m telling you that if you dare to cross me again, I will make you regret it, Martha!” Martha was in a state of shock after the three slaps. Her ears were also buzzing. She looked at Philip with wide eyes and a gaping mouth. He was too savage!

How dare he hit his mother-in-law! “Philip, are you crazy? How dare you hit me over an outsider?” After Martha came back to her senses, she yelled hysterically. She was on the brink of a breakdown. She glared at Wynn angrily and shrieked, “Wynn, are you going to watch as your mother gets beaten up? You thankless wench! You’re siding with an outsider!” Wynn was standing at one side with a frigid expression on her face. She said,

“Mom, you went overboard. This is indeed your fault. Don’t look at me, I won’t help you.” Martha exploded. She had raised her daughter for more than 20 years. Now, she was siding with Philip, the useless bum.

## Chapter 578

“God, there’s no law anymore! My daughter is teaming up with my son-in-law to hit me! I can’t live like this!” Martha sat on the floor and bawled while slapping her thighs. At this moment, Charles walked in through the door. He was shocked when he saw what was going on in the hall. “Martha, what’s going on?” Charles ran to Martha. When he saw the blood on her nose and her swollen cheeks, he was heartbroken. “What else could have happened? You good-for-nothing, you only know how to play with your birds and play chess. Your wife is going to be beaten to death by your son-in-law!” When Martha saw that Charles was back, she was confident. She pointed at Philip and started hurling abuses at him. When Charles heard that, his face fell. He scowled at Philip and scolded, “Philip, how can you hit your mother-in-law? You even hit her until she’s in this state. This is illegal!”

Philip looked at Charles coldly. His gaze caused the latter to shudder and back away. “Charles, I’m warning you to watch your wife closely. If I see her bullying Mila again, I’ll chop her arms off.” Philip said coldly. He turned around and took Mila from Wynn before going upstairs. “Charlie, look at this! Look at this! That’s your brilliant son-in-law! He even wants to chop off my hands! I can’t stay here anymore! I

don't care! I want you to kick him and that animal out of here!" Martha grabbed Charles and bawled uncontrollably. Wynn glared at Martha angrily and said in a frigid tone.

"Mom, Philip's the one who bought this villa. If you don't want to live here, I'll find another house for you and dad to move into tomorrow. If you want to stay here, then please restrain your horrible temper and unreasonableness.

I've had enough of you!" After she said that, Wynn went upstairs as well.

Anne went back to her room in fear too. Then, she called her brother and chatted with him. Over here in the smaller room. Philip finally got Mila to fall asleep. Wynn looked at them from the door, then pulled Philip back to the master bedroom. "Philip, I'm going to apologize to you on behalf of my mom." Wynn grabbed Philip and said helplessly in a small voice. Philip sighed and said, "Alright, I got it. This has nothing to do with you. You're already supporting me by not siding with your mother." Wynn was feeling

aggrieved. She was ashamed because of her mother. She buried her head into Philip's chest and said, "Philip, I'm so sorry." Philip was being attacked with such gentleness. A smile appeared on his face. He patted her back softly and comforted her. "Alright, it's fine. You have another child in you right now. Don't be too upset. It's not good for the baby." Wynn stopped crying and wiped away her tears. She rolled her eyes at Philip and said, "Go with me to the hospital tomorrow." "Alright," said Philip. Downstairs.

Martha was in her room. Charles was applying the ointment on her. "Ouch, be gentle! You're hurting me." Martha slapped Charles on his arm and glared at him. Her face was swollen and red. She looked horrible. "Say, you're Mila's grandmother. How can you hit her?" Charles was mad and blurted out absent-mindedly. Martha scoffed. "That little brat dared to lecture me. Who am I going to hit if not her? She's a demon in the body of a child. She's just like her father!" "Can't you just restrain yourself for the time being? Do you have to make this family as unpeaceful as possible?"

Charles put away the first aid kit and said helplessly. Martha ignored him and saw the box Giada gave her in the drawer. She fell into deep thought as the expression on her face became colder and colder. 'Damn you, Philip.

How dare you hit me? 'I'll make you pay!' The next day, Philip went to the hospital with Wynn in the morning. After the examination, the baby was found to be normal and was growing nicely. The doctor said, "You've been pregnant for more than a month. You have to be careful about your diet and rest. Don't be too emotional. Your wife looks exhausted. As her husband, are you taking good care of your wife?" After the doctor said that, she looked at Philip and shook her head helplessly. Philip answered quickly,

"Yes, I'll make sure she rests more." Wynn rolled her eyes at him shyly, then they left the gynecology department together. However, the moment they walked out, a woman with an icy aura walked over to them. She was wearing a pink dress and her hair was in a high ponytail. She was also in a pair of black

sunglasses. Slap! The woman was wearing a pair of extremely tall high heels and her slender legs were thin. She walked over and slapped

Wynn on the face. "It's all because of you, you b\*tch!" The woman scolded coldly. Philip and Wynn were stunned. The former was enraged. He was about to slap the woman back. The woman removed her sunglasses and glared at Philip with her cold eyes. "Come on. How many times have you slapped me because of her?" "Chloe?" Philip frowned when he realized the woman who slapped Wynn was Chloe. They had not seen her in a long while.

## Chapter 579

"Why are you here?" Philip frowned and looked at Chloe. She was still so hot-tempered. She never dilly-dallied whenever she wanted to do something. "I'm here to teach this little b\*tch a lesson. It's all because of her that you're being served the family restraining order. If she wasn't in the picture, you'd be back to..." Chloe was talking fast without thinking. She just blurted out whatever was in her mind. Philip was shocked. He immediately slapped her and roared, "Who allowed you to slap my wife?"

Damn! If he was one second late, she would have exposed his identity. He did not have a choice. After he slapped her, Chloe clutched her red face as tears welled up in her eyes. She scowled angrily at Philip and Wynn. Then, she said angrily, "You'll regret this, Philip." After she said that, Chloe walked away while her high heels clicked angrily. Over here, Wynn's face was dark. The handprint on her left cheek was extremely eye-catching.

"When are you going to cut all ties with her?" Wynn asked coldly. There were tears in her eyes. Her husband was too soft-hearted. Why was his ex-fiancée still terrorizing her? Wynn was frustrated. She turned around and walked away with her high heels clicking against the floor. Philip was feeling helpless. He looked at Wynn's slender back and ran after her. A few people in the hospital were pointing fingers and gossiping about them. After they got into the car, Wynn sat on the passenger seat and gave Philip the cold shoulder the entire time. She did not even look at him. She wiped away her tears silently. "Darling, I was wrong. I was inefficient in doing things. I

was soft-hearted and that's why I didn't settle the ties between me and Chloe. However, you have to believe that I only love you and Mila." Philip tried to grab Wynn's hand, but she did not let him. She said coldly, "Take me home." Philip wanted to say something, but he decided to keep quiet.

He drove Wynn back to the villa in silence. After he parked the car, Wynn got out of the car coolly and went inside the villa. Then, she went upstairs and ignored Martha who was watching television while eating popcorn in the living room. Martha's face was still swollen. When she saw her daughter coming back with an unhappy expression on her face, she frowned. Did she have a fight with Philip? Then, she saw Philip coming into the living room.

She was so scared that she stood up and cleaned up the popcorn. She smiled timidly. She was terrified. Martha was still in fear after Philip had slapped her last night. "You're back. Did you have a fight with

Wynnie?" Martha asked probingly. Philip only looked at her coldly and said, "It's none of your business. Eat your popcorn." After he said that, he went upstairs. Martha was so angry that her heart was trembling. However, she could only endure it. She did not have a choice. After Philip went upstairs, she kicked the sofa angrily and started making a scene unreasonably. She yelled, "Anne, get over here now! I want to drink water!" She was mad. She was beyond livid.

Anne was doing the laundry in the laundry room. When she heard her name being called, she came out quickly and poured a glass of warm water for Martha. "It's warm." Martha took it over and took a few gulps. Then, she poured the water on the floor and said angrily, "Mop this. Also, I have some clothes I need to wash in my room. Wash them by hand, do you understand?"

If I see you slacking off when I come back, I'll kill you." Martha was furious. She walked into her room with her bottom swaying left and right.

Then, she took her bag and left the house. She was not happy. She wanted to rant about this with her friends. After she walked out of the door, she was stopped by someone after a few steps. Two muscular men in black suits got out of the car and pushed Martha into the car by her neck. "Help! I'm being kidnapped!" Martha's screams were futile. Ten minutes later in a cafe.

Martha sat on the chair while trembling all over. There were eight to nine bodyguards in black suits surrounding her. The entire cafe had been booked.

At this moment, a tall and cool figure appeared in the cafe. The temperature in the shop plummeted a few degrees. Vivian was wearing a black skin-tight outfit. Her hair was in a tall ponytail and her expression was frigid. She crossed her legs and sat opposite Martha. She smirked and asked, "Any updates?" Martha's forehead was drenched with cold sweat. Her voice was shaking as she said, "I... I didn't get the chance to do it." Slap! Vivian slapped Martha across the cheek. She said coldly, "Martha, I'm warning you. Don't pull any cheap tricks. You don't have many chances." "I-I know.

I know." Martha clutched her face and lowered her head. Her eyes were darting all over the place. She was shivering from fear. "Madam asked me to tell you something. When it's necessary, the little one works as well. Do you understand?" Vivian said coldly. Her eyes were filled with a threatening aura. When Martha heard this, she felt as if she had been struck by lightning.

She did not like Mila, but she would not harm her like this. Giada would go as far as to let her do this kind of thing, how... "Um... I don't think it's a good idea. After all, Mila is Philip's daughter. Plus, isn't Madam Wallis Philip's stepmother? Why is she targeting Philip?" Martha finally gathered up the courage to ask. In the end, Vivian gave her a cold gaze that caused her to tremble uncontrollably. She lowered her head immediately. "Don't ask anything you shouldn't. Just focus on your task. Don't worry, he won't die. Don't you hate him and his daughter? Don't miss such a great opportunity. Plus, you can get a lot of goodies as well. So why not?"

. (1)

Remz Deramos Fuentes

Wow!!! Booked the entire café... seems at Vivian knows already that Martha will go out of the house and when to abduct her... useless to pay more coins for this novel...

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## Chapter 580

Vivian chuckled coldly and walked out of the cafe. After a while, Martha was sent back to the entrance of Longford Park. After she got out of the car, she was still in a daze. She could not meet her friends now. Back at the villa, she collapsed on the sofa lifelessly. She did not know what to do.

Coincidentally, Philip and Wynn came downstairs. Martha asked, "Where are you going? Do you need me to save some dinner for you two?" Wynn replied, "No need. There's a dinner party tonight. Philip and I are attending."

After she said that, Wynn left with Philip following behind her. He had no choice. His wife was still mad, so he could only tolerate her. She had a baby in her belly now. Wynn reapplied her makeup in the car and said, "All of the famous pharmaceutical entrepreneurs in Riverdale will be there at the business dinner party tonight. We'll go and buy two sets of outfits later." "Is this party important?" Philip asked in confusion. They already had Buffer's

funds, so why were they still attending a dinner party? "Yeah, this dinner party is important to Beacon. It all depends on this party whether we can find new partners before the Michaels order a complete ban on Beacon."

Wynn frowned. She seemed worried. She did not want to attend the party, but they were in a crisis right now. The Michaels were determined to get rid of Beacon. Even with Buffer's investment, it would be no use without the Michaels' marketing platforms and their partners helping them venture into the market. Should she ask for Philip's help? His property rights had been restrained. Even if his friend knew someone powerful like Buffer, he would just be an acquaintance. Plus, Buffer was only rich. He did not know the pharmaceutical market in Riverdale. Also, Wynn did not want to keep depending on Philip. She wanted to do this herself. After Chloe's appearance, she was even more insistent on this thought now. "What do you need me to do?" Philip asked. Wynn shook her head and replied, "It can be said that the party tonight will be the most exclusive party for the pharmaceutical industry in Riverdale. The guests attending are powerful and famous people of the pharmaceutical industry. Rather than drinking and having fun, it's more like a business transaction and a sharing of industry secrets. Any company can seek connections with the top ten giants of the pharmaceutical industry in this party so that they won't have to worry about their future and development. "There's another main reason for this party..." Wynn bit her red lip, looking hesitant. "The new medicine?"

Before Wynn could say anything, Philip blurted out the answer. DSII was the true reason and goal of this



party. The new medicine that would combat cancer. Its success was the revolution of cancer treatment. A lot of people were eyeing it, Beacon Pharmaceutical, and Wynn. They wanted to get a share from this extremely huge cut of the profit. "DSII is not a secret anymore. I have to find a partner quickly so I can venture into the market.

Riverdale is not enough. There'll be a lot of famous leaders from the pharmaceutical industry at this party tonight." Wynn said, looking determined. She had viciousness and firmness in her eyes. "Don't worry,"

Philip crossed his legs and said confidently, "As long as I'm here, no one will dare to take advantage of you. I'll sell the medicine for you." "You?"

Wynn looked at Philip curiously. She said, "Don't you have a restraining order on you? Do you still want to depend on your friend?" Philip touched his nose and said, "Yeah. I'll contact him later. He should know a lot of medicine companies." Wynn frowned slightly and said, "Philip, I know your family is rich and they own Clarke Group in Capital City, but it's not good to keep depending on other people. I still hope you'll go back to Capital City. I heard Aunt Giada saying that your father wants you to go back badly.

Say, do you think he's purposely causing trouble for you? I don't want you to give up your life in Capital City because of me." Philip smiled and said,

"It's fine. I know. I'll take you and Mila back after some time." Wynn nodded. Suddenly, she turned around and asked, "Right, Philip, what's your friend's name? When can you bring me to meet him?"

## Chapter 581

Philip was stunned. 'This friend is sitting right next to you. It's your husband.' "Oh, in due time. He's overseas." Philip smiled awkwardly and said. Wynn nodded and did not say anything. The Riverdale business dinner party would be held in the presidential banquet hall of Shangri-La Hotel tonight. All of the top 100 well-known leaders in different industries would be there. All of the rich and famous entrepreneurs of the pharmaceutical industry from Riverdale would be at the party tonight. All of them had net worths of over 100 million. A lot of important entrepreneurs from other cities had been invited here. The top ten representatives of the pharmaceutical industry were all invited as well. Plus, the host of this party, Cynthia Larson, was standing at the entrance welcoming all of the guests from different industries. Wynn's car stopped in front of the red carpet. She was wearing a black strapless and backless gown while Philip was wearing a neat suit. When they appeared at the entrance of the hall, the reporters and the other entrepreneurs around them stopped talking at once. Wynn was

beyond gorgeous! She managed to capture their attention completely. They were the leaders of their respective industries, so they knew who Wynn was.

She was the number one beauty of the pharmaceutical industry in Riverdale.

Their female partners could not even get on her level. She looked like a pure and untouched goddess who just descended from heaven. The only woman at the spot who could compare to Wynn was the manager of Shangri-La Hotel, Cynthia! Plus, Beacon had gotten a lot of publicity recently, so a lot of people heard about them. When Cynthia saw Philip next to Wynn, there was puzzlement in her eyes. Then, she walked over with a smile. "Madam Johnston, you look so beautiful tonight." Cynthia's smile was infectious.

She knew Wynn from a long time ago, so she was not as courteous to her.

Wynn smiled and said, "Hello Miss Larson, long time no see." When Wynn and Cynthia were talking, Philip interrupted. "Why are you here?" He had been noticing Cynthia for a long time. She was Melody's best friend. He did not expect her to be the host of this dinner. What a small world! The most important thing was that she was a Larson. He had to find a chance to talk to her. Wynn was curious. She asked, "Do you know each other?" Philip wanted to reply, but Cynthia was faster than him. She said, "Yeah, but we're not close." Oh, this woman was something else. She was so quick to cut ties with him. Wynn was not bothered. She peered at Philip and said, "Let's go in." Philip smiled when he saw Wynn walking away. He said, "Darling, these women are all holding their men's arms. Do you want to..." Wynn frowned and rolled her eyes at Philip. After contemplating for a bit, she held Philip's arm. The two of them walked into the banquet hall together. Philip was delighted. His wife had finally forgiven him! When Wynn walked into the banquet hall holding Philip's arm, everyone in the hall started talking among themselves. Wynn was already so stunning that she managed to capture everyone's attention. It was only natural that they would notice Philip as well. They also saw her holding Philip's arm with a smile on her face. Immediately, sounds of discussion echoed in the hall. "Who's that man next to Wynn Johnston? I've never seen him before. Which young master is

that?" "I've never seen him before. She's holding his arm, so I guess their relationship is not that simple!" "Are you guys dumb? That's Wynn's useless husband! He's the one who's depending on her!" "Damn! So it's him! Gosh, he looks like a decent human being, but he's reliant on his woman. Pah!" There was a heated discussion in the hall. Philip was agitated because he saw a lot of unfriendly eyes looking at him. They were all filled with auras of death! Wynn held Philip's arm and entered the hall. She could hear the discussions clear as day. However, she was not bothered. The reason she came here tonight was because of Beacon's new investment and partner. Even though all of the well-known entrepreneurs of the pharmaceutical industry were here, she did not know a lot of them. Wynn had caused a commotion by bringing her useless husband here. They did not know Philip. They were not invited to the dinner with Hudson last time.

Even the ones who were invited did not manage to see the face of Young Master Clarke from Clarke Group in Capital City. In addition to that, they would not even pay attention to Philip. Philip was just a worthless bug in everyone's eyes. He was the victim of their mocking. At the end of the day, it was embarrassing that Wynn would bring her useless husband over to an event like this. Plus, since DSII was a success, naturally Wynn would be one of the stars of the party. A lot of entrepreneurs were already plotting against her. If Blake from the Michaels family was right, this was a wonderful business opportunity. After a while, a group of people started walking over to Wynn and Philip with glasses in

their hands. Of course, they only wanted to get close to Wynn. “Long time no see, Madam Johnston. I heard you have some results in your new research. Don’t forget your old friends when you’re successful!” Wynn nodded and grinned. “Of course.”

“Madam Johnston, I heard Mr. Blake Michaels say that Beacon is ready to go into the pharmaceutical industry in Capital City. If you need me, just tell me.” Wynn lifted her glass and smiled. “Madam Johnston, congratulations.”

Wynn nodded and beamed. ...

## Chapter 582

After the crowd left, Wynn let out a sigh of relief. These old foxes were more cunning than the next. Philip could tell that a lot of them were plotting against Wynn. Rather than plotting against Wynn, they were plotting against the recipe and data of the new medicine. In addition to that, the huge profit that would come with it. “How are you feeling? Are you tired?” Philip was standing next to Wynn in concern. He noticed that she did not look so good.

“It’s fine. I’ll go and sit down for a bit.” Wynn shook her head and felt a little nauseous. Plus, she felt a little light-headed as well. At the same time.

“Madam Johnston, I heard that son of a gun, Blake, say that you have a new medicine to combat cancer? What a coincidence! Drei Group is planning to move in that direction. Why don’t Beacon Pharmaceutical work with Drei Group? We can take down Riverdale and the South River District. It won’t be a problem at all. What do you think about the opinion of an old man like me?” At this moment, a hunchbacked old man in a traditional Chinese outfit walked over with his cane. He approached Wynn with a grin on his face. He had a foxy-looking young woman next to him. She looked like she was in her 20s. There were 50 to 60 years to their age difference. Was this a romance where the man was significantly older than the woman? A May-December relationship? That was the chairman of Drei Group, the largest trading company in Riverdale. His name was Arnold Bolton. Even though he had already disappeared from the scene, he was still controlling the entire company. It would be appropriate to describe him as a retired emperor.

Arnold was very well-known. He was the first batch of entrepreneurs in Riverdale. He invested in a lot of industries, and Drei Group helped Beacon a great deal back when they were starting out. The woman next to him was his seventh wife. Wynn had prepared before coming here. It was only natural that she understood what Arnold meant. She smiled and said, “Mr.

Bolton, it would be an honor to be able to work with you. However, I have to go back and discuss this with the board before making any decisions.”

She declined him gently. Wynn could clearly tell who was the best partner for her company. Drei Group only had money. They were not even on her list of candidates. Arnold was a smart old man. Of course, he understood what Wynn meant. He smiled and said, “Beacon is in high demand tonight.

You have to be aware of these people. Don't make any mistakes." "Thank you for your concern, Mr. Bolton." Wynn smiled and replied. The woman next to Arnold was eyeing Philip in a weird manner. She kept on winking and making eyes at Philip with her foxy eyes. She was a woman. Now that she had money, of course, she would want something better. More specifically, men! She was always mingling with handsome men. Now that she spotted a man like Philip, she would not allow herself to let him slip away. The woman asked her subordinate to hand a card to Philip. What she meant was self-evident. Philip chuckled lightly and peered at the woman who was holding her glass. Then, he threw the card into the bin. Now, this woman was enraged. She glared at Philip while grinding her teeth. 'You want to seduce me? 'I only love my wife!' Philip placed his hand on Wynn's waist and whispered in her ear. Then, he helped her rest on one side.

Tonight, he would be responsible for helping Wynn drink all of the alcoholic drinks. In the crowd not far away from Wynn and Philip, a pair of sinister eyes was staring at them.

## Chapter 583

Houston was wearing a white suit. He downed his drink and turned his head to look at the man who was wearing a navy blue suit not far away from him.

When he saw that man, Houston behaved extremely respectfully. Then, he picked up another glass and walked over to the man in the navy blue suit. If that man could make Houston behave so respectfully, then he must be someone extraordinary! There were a lot of men gathering around that man.

They were all praising and complimenting him. "Houston, I heard you were hospitalized. Are you okay?" One of the young men asked with a smile on his face when he saw Houston walking over to them. Houston smiled and

replied, "It's nothing. Just a bug." Actually, he had been beaten up by Philip.

The young man in the navy blue suit did not even look at Houston. He swirled the wine in his hand and looked through the crowd. His gaze was locked on Wynn who was a distance away from him. "Oh? Are you interested in that woman, Master Quaid?" Houston was a smart man.

Naturally, he noticed the man's gaze. The man who Houston addressed as Master Quaid looked at Houston and took a small sip of his wine. There was a small smile on his lips as he said, "I didn't think that such a breathtakingly beautiful woman would appear in Riverdale." He was refined and talented.

Plus, he was very good looking. His skin was flawless and he had the air of someone from a wealthy family. His eyes were sharp and there was arrogance in them. Any woman would be mesmerized by his eyes. He looked like a Korean model and had an amazing body! "Master Quaid, her name's Wynn Johnston. She's the new chairwoman of Beacon Pharmaceutical. She's quite well-known in the pharmaceutical industry in Riverdale. It can be said that..." Houston stopped just in time. He did not finish what he was saying. That was the most honorable man in this party.

He came from Capital City and was representing one of the families in Capital City to talk business with the Michaels. At the same time, he also came here to understand the development of Beacon Pharmaceutical's latest cancer medicine. Houston could not delay this any further. Now, Master Quaid was paying full attention to Houston. If the Michaels from Golden City was not collaborating with his business, he would not even pay attention to this nameless character. Right, Houston Michaels was a nobody in Master Quaid's eyes! What did it matter if he was one of the Michaels from Golden City? What did it matter if the Wallises were supporting the Michaels? His family was on the same level as the Wallises! It could be seen that Master Quaid's identity was extraordinary. "Oh? Go on." Master Quaid nodded as a hint for Houston to continue. There was a small smile on Houston's face. He looked at Wynn and said, "People call her the rose of Riverdale's business circle. Anyone who tries to touch her will come back

with thorns all over their bodies. Plus, she has a useless husband. He's completely dependent on her." A smirk flashed across Master Quaid's face.

His gaze on Wynn became even more lustful. He wanted a woman like this.

He wanted to dominate her! Especially married women. They just felt different. Hehe, he did not expect Riverdale to have such an arrogant and frigid woman. Master Quaid drank his wine and said slowly, "Three minutes. I want to have all the information on this woman." Houston smirked internally. He was right. A rich man like Master Quaid would definitely have the desire to dominate an untamable woman. He smiled and said, "Master Quaid, I can tell you everything you want to know about her."

"You? Houston, don't lie to me. You know what'll happen if you do."

Master Quaid said flatly. Houston got close to Master Quaid's ear and whispered. Then, Master Quaid's expression changed from calm to ecstatic.

Then, it became cold again. "Philip Clarke? Is he powerful?" Master Quaid said coldly. His eyes landed on the man behind Wynn. It was Philip! He kept feeling like he had heard that name before. Perhaps they just happened to have the same name. At this moment, Philip had no idea he was being targeted. He was grinning as he joked around with Wynn. Houston said,

"Him? If I'm being honest, he's just a pretty boy who's dependent on his woman. Even his mother-in-law looks down on him. Everyone in our circle knows that he's just a good-for-nothing. "Master Quaid, if you want a woman like Wynn, you have to get rid of that trouble next to her." "Hmph!"

Master Quaid scoffed as coldness started radiating from his body. He said,

"He's just a poor fool who doesn't know anything. Do I even have to do it myself?" "Yes, you're right. Of course, you'll have your own plans, Master Quaid. I'm just being a smart \*ss." Houston lowered his head and bowed.

Master Quaid rolled his eyes at him. In an instant, he lost all interest in talking to him. His eyes were glued on Wynn and Philip. Then, he waved his hand to call over the bodyguard dressed in a black suit

behind him. He said something in his ear, then the bodyguard looked at Philip before leaving the banquet hall. "What an interesting woman. She's just my type." The

corner of Master Quaid's lips were upturned. There was a coldness in his smirk.

## Chapter 584

Houston looked at Master Quaid nervously. He could tell that Master Quaid had already taken an interest in Wynn. He was still hesitant because he wanted to use Master Quaid to destroy Wynn and Philip. However, he would surely lose Wynn like this. Master Quaid noticed Houston's change in expression from the corner of his eyes. However, he was not bothered. He was a young master from an influential family, so he could immediately tell what Houston was planning. Despite that, he was not bothered since all of his attention was on Wynn. He wanted this woman so badly! Houston lowered his voice and asked, "Master Quaid, aren't you going to go talk to Wynn?" "Not yet. The party tonight is more important." Master Quaid swirled the wine in his glass. He was not in a hurry. Marcus Quaid would make any woman he wanted present themselves to him obediently.

However, after he finished saying that, he noticed a familiar figure. Cynthia walked over slowly in an evening gown. She was approaching Philip with a smile. Why was she here? Marcus frowned and chuckled lightly.

"Interesting." After he said that, he handed his glass to Houston. Then, he walked over to Philip and Wynn with a grin on his face. Philip noticed Master Quaid from a distance. He got close to Wynn's ear and said softly,

"Oh, here comes the big fish." Wynn rolled her eyes at him and said, "How do you know he's the big fish?" Wynn looked at Master Quaid who was walking over. Her face became colder and colder. Philip pretended to think and said, "Yeah, I was just guessing." Of course not. Philip had a good eye.

He could automatically tell that this guy was different from the rest. Marcus had a smile on his face. He walked over slowly under the spotlight. He looked very gentlemanly. However, he did not talk to Wynn directly. He also did not talk to Cynthia who mesmerized him. On the contrary, he focused his attention on Philip. Marcus Quaid was the typical spoiled child

of rich parents. He was born with a silver spoon in the Quaid family. One could not imagine the abundance of wealth that he possessed. Plus, Marcus was amazing in doing business. He already had a lot of accomplishments in Capital City despite his young age. It could be said that he was a well-known business genius among the younger generations in Capital City. The Quaid family was influential in Capital City. Their assets and connections were desired by a lot of people. It could be said that a contract with the Quaid family would be enough to make up an entire year of revenue for a second or third-tier city.

Marcus was an outstanding presence in Capital City. It was destined that he would be the center of everyone's attention no matter where he went, and no one would be able to take that away from him.

Initially, the guests did not notice his presence because he was keeping a low-profile. Now, all of them were extremely excited. Their desire to flatter him was shooting out from their hungry eyes. He was the latest businessman of the year who was recognized by Time Magazine. It was the second young master of the Quaid's. He was the future heir of the family! It was one of the largest families in Capital City! They were extremely influential! Their support was even more powerful! Even the Sommersets in Capital City, the so-called number one aristocrats, were not as powerful as the Quaid's. It was because they were low-profile. They did not care about all these titles. Everyone was slowly making their way toward Marcus. They were deliberately pushing him to the center of attention. Even the spotlight was following him around.

It shone down on him, making him the most dazzling person tonight. Philip frowned after he noticed Marcus looking at him with desire. 'Damn, does this guy have a weird fetish?' Marcus walked toward Philip and reached out his hand. He said, "Hello. Marcus Quaid." Philip smiled lightly and did not hold his hand. He only nodded. He did not even tell him his name. Everyone took in sharp breaths. Wynn's useless husband was so arrogant and full of himself. That was the second young master of the Quaid's in Capital City!

He could build or destroy an entire company with just a wave of his hand!

A hint of agitation flashed across Marcus' eyes. He continued speaking with


a smile, "Hello. Marcus Quaid. Happy to meet you." "How happy?" Philip asked flatly. It was just a stupid pun and it was already extremely obsolete.

However, Philip felt pleased when he used it on Marcus. When he said that, everyone was shocked. How arrogant! He was definitely looking to die!

That was the second young master of the Quaid's in Capital City! Cynthia could not help but snicker while covering her mouth. Wynn looked at Philip in shock. Her husband was so arrogant. The tip of Marcus' lips twitched as the smile on his face disappeared. This guy really did not know how to appreciate favors! "I think I heard your name before. I might have seen you somewhere?" Suddenly, Marcus said to Philip with a cold smirk. Philip frowned. He was feeling agitated. Did Marcus recognize him?

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Raymond Edward Challis

Let me guess they are an Influential family 

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## Chapter 585

At this moment, Houston walked out from the crowd and pointed at Philip.

He said angrily, "Philip, do you know who you're talking to? That's Master Quaid! The young master from the Quaid family in Capital City!" Houston

had a meticulous plan. He would come out and speak up for Marcus so that he could gain some dignity for him. Through this, he would be able to be closer to Marcus. When Houston said this, the entrepreneur and aristocrats in the pharmaceutical industry were all berating Philip for being arrogant.

He was not gentlemanly at all! All kinds of criticisms filled the air. They were all saying that Philip should not be here. It was such a disappointment to have a piece of trash like him over here. Philip was not bothered. He only smiled. However, one could not tell what he was thinking from that smile.

Was this guy not worried that this young master from Capital City would do something to Beacon? "Alright, it's fine. It's nothing. Philip is just a straightforward person." Marcus chuckled lightly. Was this guy admitting to his faults? Wynn stepped out. There was an elegant smile on her face.

She said to Marcus apologetically, "Master Quaid, I've heard about you. I didn't expect to see you in Riverdale. My husband is not great at making small talks. Please don't mind him." Marcus peered at Philip, then looked at Wynn with a grin on his face. He said admiringly, "Madam Johnston, I've heard about you the moment I came to Riverdale. You're such an ethereal beauty indeed. You're not bad for a woman." "You're too polite. How can I compare to you, Master Quaid? You're Time Magazine's latest favorite and a genius in business. I have to learn from you." Wynn said humbly.

Since she was in the business world, she had to do this. She had to learn how to compliment people when necessary. "I heard Beacon has a new medicine that's able to combat cancer. I'm very interested. I wonder if you have the time to talk about this, Madam Johnston? Perhaps we can even work together." Marcus looked at Wynn with a fake smile on his face. He immediately proposed his idea to her. This woman had an icy aura and was just Marcus' type. When Philip heard that, his face fell cold. The Quaid's were so forgetful. Wynn giggled and hesitated. Then, she said, "It's an honor that Master Quaid is interested in our new medicine. I think we can find time to sit down and talk." She was declining him.

Wynn knew what he was planning. Marcus' offer of working with Beacon was fake. He just wanted

to ask her out. However, she did not directly reject him but used a roundabout route instead so that it would not be so awkward for him. "Haha, alright. I'll wait for your invitation then, Madam Johnston." Marcus chuckled. There was an ominous glint in his eyes. At this moment, Houston looked at Wynn coldly. "Wynn, Master Quaid is inviting you to talk business with him. That's such a rare opportunity for Beacon. How can you reject him? Why? Are you looking down on Master Quaid?" Anyone with a brain could tell that Houston was targeting Wynn. The Michaels were in a bit of a rough patch with Beacon recently. It was said that the Michaels pulled back on their investment. Judging from this, it was probably true.

Marcus was delighted. He did not expect Houston to do this for him. What a loyal dog. At this moment,



Philip placed his glass down and said,

“Houston, what an amazing plan. Why don’t you go and have a girl talk with Master Quaid? There might even be a spark between you two.”

Everyone looked at Philip with weird glances. They did not know what a useless man like him wanted to do. When Houston heard this, anger exploded in his chest. He glared at Philip and said angrily, “Philip, you have no right to talk here.” “Hehe.” Philip chuckled. He stood next to Wynn and stared at Houston with an imposing manner. He said, “Houston, I don’t care what you’re planning. If you want to plot against my wife, I should warn you to look at yourself in the mirror first. Don’t think no one dares to touch the Michaels in Golden City.” Since Philip was standing out now, then this party would definitely be a farce. Houston was so mad that he was shaking.

He roared, “Philip, you’re just Wynn’s boy toy! You’re a good-for-nothing who depends on your woman! How dare you talk to me like this? What? Do you think a spineless bum like you has the power to touch my family? Why don’t you take a piss and look at your reflection in it?” “The Michaels?

Soon. I hope you won’t kneel down and beg me when the time comes.”

While saying that, Philip’s eyes were glinting ominously. Houston backed away subconsciously. He forced himself to be calm as he smiled coldly.

“Why? Are you going to take action against me? Just look at yourself. If

you dare to do anything here, I’ll make your wife’s company go bankrupt tomorrow!” Philip frowned. A cold aura was emitting from his body.

Houston felt as if he was going to meet his demise. After that, he saw Philip waving his hand at him. Slap! The sound of the slap reverberated across the hall. It was quick yet brutal. Houston was weak and had been hollowed out by Shirley. How would he be able to endure Philip’s slap? He flew backward after he was slapped. Houston clutched his face and fell on the floor. The corner of his lips was stained with blood while his face was extremely swollen. Everyone was stunned by the sudden slap. This was a high-end party in Riverdale. All of the guests here were giants of the pharmaceutical industry. Plus, Marcus Quaid, the young master from an influential family in Capital City was also here. How could a useless bum slap the young master of the Michaels family without even thinking twice?

## Chapter 586

When Shirley saw that Houston was being beaten up, she walked out from the crowd and helped him up. Then, she scolded Philip. “You’re so rude!

This is a high-end party in Riverdale! How dare you be so arrogant!

Security, kick him out!” She finally had a chance, so Shirley did not hold herself back in criticizing Philip.

However, she was wrong. Philip snickered and walked in front of Shirley. He grabbed her hair and slapped both sides of her face simultaneously. He slapped her six to seven times without holding back. Then, he said coldly, "You're everywhere. How can a cheap wh\*re like you bark at me?" Marcus came forward. His face was cold. He said unhappily, "Dude, you're attacking people just because they criticized you. That's not appropriate, is it?" Philip glanced at him coldly. The aura around him got more and more intense. A sudden coldness enveloped the hall, and Marcus was so stunned that he could not come back to his senses after a long while. How scary! Why did this man have such an imposing manner coming off him? It was just like when he was facing his brother back then! No, he was even more terrifying than his brother! At that

moment, Marcus' back was drenched with sweat. He wanted to get out of here, but he realized he could not lift his foot. Philip lifted his leg and kicked him directly on his chest. Then, he flew backward about three to four meters and smashed into a table with alcohol! Marcus fell on the floor lifelessly.

His face was as red as tomatoes. He clutched his stomach and he felt as if his intestines had been tied into knots. At this moment, he looked like a mess. He did not look like a young master of a rich family at all. Everyone was shocked by that sudden kick. That was the second young master of the Quaid family, Marcus Quaid! He represented the highly influential Quaid family!

They were the hidden big shots in Capital City! Plus, not only that, but they also had a powerful background! The Quaid family were a family with talented ancestors, so their descendants were not allowed to be mediocre. Oh gosh, everyone in the hall was about to go insane! Philip did not think about the consequences after that kick. This would bring a horrible disaster to Beacon!

He beat up three people at one go! Two of them were even from rich and powerful families! One of them was Marcus Quaid, the second young master of the Quaid family in Capital City! He was also the most likely the future heir of the family. Philip even kicked someone with such a high status! Everyone was beyond shocked. They stood on their ground while taking in sharp breaths. No one dared to go help him up. Houston was vomiting blood after being slapped. His lover, Shirley, had been slapped six to seven times. Her face was as swollen as a pig's head. The second young master of the Quaid family, Marcus, could not even get up from the floor after the kick. "You psycho! You absolute madman!" The other guests were beyond shocked. Someone even started scolding Philip in a low voice. Wynn frowned. She did not expect her husband to do this. The Quaid family were unpredictable. Oh no, her husband had offended a lot of people! Even if he was from Clarke Group in Capital City, he would not have the ability to go against the Quaid family. That was a family that did not allow mediocre descendants because of powerful ancestors! "Darling!" Wynn was worried.

She grabbed Philip quickly as she was scared that he would do something

stupid again. Cynthia's mouth was slightly open. She had a shocked expression on her face as she blinked a few times. There was already a giant wave crashing against her heart. She did not expect Philip to do this. That was the second young master of the Quaid family! The other guests did not know about the Quaid family's ability, but she did. He was one of the four major

'crowned princes' of Capital City. His family background was colorful and cultured. He was also the face of that family! The Quaid's had dabbled in a lot of different industries! Marcus lay on the floor with a cold aura emitting from his body. He could not breathe from the excruciating pain in his stomach. He felt as if all of his organs had been trampled on by someone.

His brain was also buzzing. Marcus was livid. He had never been beaten his entire life. He had never been humiliated like this before! He was the child sent from heaven and was the combination of all the best things in the world.

Plus, he was also the idol of the younger generation! Today, he was kicked by someone in front of everybody. This news would spread all over Capital City in less than one day. When that happened, Marcus would lose his dignity! One of the four major 'crowned princes' in Capital City, Marcus Quaid, was beaten up by someone. What a colossal joke!

## Chapter 587

Finally, Marcus lifted his eyebrows after having a chance to take a breather.

He looked at Philip with his bright red eyes. A hint of malice flashed across his lips as he got up from the floor slowly. His expensive suit was already drenched with all kinds of alcohol and dessert. He looked like he just climbed out from a garbage pile. He looked horrible. Marcus got up and removed his suit jacket before throwing it on the floor. Then, he pointed at Philip and yelled hysterically, "Do you want to die? Do you know what consequences you have to suffer for kicking me?" Marcus' eyes were dark.

He was looking at Philip like he was going to devour him. Yes, he was the second young master of the Quaid's and Philip was indeed asking to die by doing that to him. However, Philip spread his hands and said fearlessly,

"That's the most hilarious joke I've ever heard. I've already kicked you and you're still being pretentious in front of me. Don't you think that's pointless? "Consequences? What consequences? I want to know." Philip grinned maliciously. "Alright! You're ballsy! Just you wait. I'll let you know who you can't touch in this world!" Marcus said frigidly. "Oh? A threat? I think I've heard that before... Right, I think the villains in the movies love using that line." Philip laughed mockingly. Marcus was so mad that he could not speak. He pointed at Philip with rage in his face. Philip walked over to Houston who was still sitting on the floor and glared at him.

That idiot backed away in fear. He did not even care about his image anymore. Then, Philip turned around to look at Marcus and said, "Master Quaid? I'll address you as such for the time being. I heard you're from Capital City. A young master from an influential family? Then why aren't you fighting back after I attacked you? I don't think this is what your family taught you. I'm standing right here. If you have the guts, come fight me." A provocation! A brazen provocation! "Do it. What are you waiting for?"

Philip said coldly. When he saw Marcus not moving, he guffawed sarcastically. "You p\*ssy! So this is

what a young master from an influential family is like. Then, why are you trying to act like a poser in Riverdale?”

How crude! How could he use these terms at a high-end party? However, it was down to earth. Marcus' face turned green, then white. He could not even breathe from anger. It was not that he did not want to fight back, but if he did, then he would lose his image. However, if he did not do it, then people would think that he was afraid of this ruffian! This was a guy who refused to play by the rules! “Yo, Clarke, don't be so conceited. I'm the second young master of the Quaid family in Capital City. If you cross me, you'll suffer the most horrible revenge! Plus, Beacon will also receive the most horrible vengeance from the Quaid family!” Marcus yelled angrily. “Hehe, are you scared?”

Are you regretting this now?” Marcus snickered when he looked at Philip in deep thought. He thought Philip was scared. After all, the Quaid family was a super family that no one could afford to offend. They would be able to

banish Beacon from Riverdale with just a snap of a finger. After he said that, Philip lifted his head suddenly and looked at Marcus. His brows were knitted together like he was looking at an idiot. His cold eyes made the latter shudder. “You really don't know your place, huh? Are all the Quaid family members idiots?”

Was the lesson back then not enough?” After Philip said that, he lifted his leg again. His black leather shoes landed firmly against the middle of Marcus' chest and stomach. Thud! Marcus felt as if his body had been run over by a bulldozer. He flew backward like a kite with a broken string. Then, he crashed into the alcohol table and rolled on the ground. Blegh! Marcus started puking blood. His mouth and nose were filled with the metallic smell and taste of blood. Philip had broken three of his ribs with that kick. Even his organs were injured from the impact. He did not have a choice as he remembered something horrible from his past. Moreover, it was related to Chloe. This was insane! This was utterly insane! Philip kicked the famous young master from the Quaid family until he vomited blood! This meant that Beacon would be going head to head with the Quaid family! Philip stood up tall and peered at Marcus frigidly. He said, “Remember, the person who beat you up today is named Philip Clarke. It has nothing to do with Beacon. If you want revenge, come at me. If I know that you're causing trouble for Beacon, I will kick you to death! I won't forgive you even if you have the Quaid family backing you up!” Philip was not an idiot. He knew what would happen after this. As such, he immediately cut all connections with Beacon.

Marcus' chest was in debilitating pain. When he breathed, he was in even more pain. He could even smell the metallic smell of blood. He widened his eyes and stared at Philip. His face was malicious as he said, “You... You're asking to die!” At this moment, Cynthia walked out. She asked two of the staff to take Marcus away before taking him to the hospital. She was the host of this party. She did not want any trouble. She only came forward now because she wanted to see how Philip would take care of this. Rather, she wanted to see how confident Philip was. “Take Mr. Quaid to the hospital.”

Cynthia said flatly, “And the two of them as well.” She looked at Houston

and Shirley before shaking her head and sighing helplessly. Philip truly did not play by the rules. He beat

up three of them at the same time. The party went on as normal. However, everyone was feeling uneasy after that happened. It could be said that they were all having ulterior motives now.

The people who were planning to work with Beacon were all running away from them. This dinner eventually became a farce. Everyone knew that Beacon would receive the most horrendous revenge from the Quuids soon.

As such, the so-called new cancer medicine would become impossible to unravel.

## Chapter 588

No one knew who gained the most at this party tonight. In addition to that, no one dared to stay anymore. The second young master of the Quaid was confident that Beacon would suffer the most horrendous revenge by the Quuids. Philip lifted his glass while standing next to Wynn. He savored his wine heartlessly. Then, he asked, "Darling, are you scared of the Quuids'

revenge?" Wynn frowned and said, "Then why did you attack him?" "I just don't like him. Plus, he was looking at you inappropriately." Philip mumbled. Wynn rolled her eyes at him and said, "I'll just accept whatever revenge the Quuids want to throw at me. At the end of the day, you're my husband. Or I can just shut down the company and quit if I can't handle it."

Wynn was feeling helpless, but she knew Philip only did this because he loved her. Philip shrugged and laughed. "Alright, we can go and sell breakfast by the roadside." "In your dreams," Wynn replied coldly. Philip pondered for a while and smiled. He said, "You don't have to worry. I'll handle this." "Can't wait." After Wynn said that, she went into the restroom while holding her gown. Philip watched Wynn's alluring back. There was a gentle smile on his face. He said internally, 'Don't worry, darling. I'll get rid of all of your obstacles.' After he said that, he placed his glass down and left the hall before blending into the night... Riverdale Public Hospital.

Three blaring ambulances appeared at the same time. The entrance of the

hospital was chaotic. "Hurry! Tell the dean that the second young master of the Quuids is badly injured!" The director with a receding hairline ran all the way from his department to the entrance. How could he not be worried?

The Quuids were the ones who funded this hospital. Now that Master Quaid had been attacked in Riverdale, they had to tend to him immediately. If they were one second late, they could just shut down their entire hospital. A group of people ran quickly toward the entrance. Then, they saw Marcus being put onto the stretcher and was rushed into the operating room. Behind him was the young master from the Michaels family in Golden City. Oh gosh, what the hell happened? The director's face was white. He was trembling furiously. Marcus' face was pale and he was grinding his teeth together. He said to his subordinate who was accompanying him, "Tell the family to send a few people over. I want that guy to pay for what he did!

Also, don't tell my brother and the uncles about this. If anyone dares to breathe a word of this to them, throw them into the sea!" "Yes, Young Master!" After watching his young master get pushed into the operating room, the subordinate turned around and ran out of the hospital. He left two other men there to keep watch of the door of the operating room. Inside the operating room, Marcus was lying on the operating table. The pain in his chest caused him to sweat profusely. The white light shone down on his face. This was the first time he felt the greatness of the light. At the same time, it also lit the anger and hatred in his heart. He swore that after he got out of here, he would flip Riverdale upside down. He would definitely get rid of Beacon. He would make that woman beg for his mercy while kneeling in front of him! The most important thing was that he had to kill Philip with his own hands! At this moment, the door of the operating room was pushed open slowly. A man in a face mask and blue operating suit walked in.

Marcus felt relieved and was about to close his eyes. However, his instinct made him shudder furiously out of nowhere. "Who are you?" Marcus asked after lifting his head. "Master Quaid, I'm your surgeon today. Don't worry, I'm going to give you your anesthetic right now." His voice was nasally,

and his mocking tone sounded in the operating room. Marcus was so scared that he could feel his soul leaving his body. What was going on? What surgeon? Should it not be the dean operating on him? "W-Who are you?"

Marcus felt that something was amiss. He lifted his head and saw the doctor removing his face mask slowly. When he saw his face, he took in a deep breath and the fire in his chest burnt even more intensely. "You! Why are you here? Doctor! Doctor!" Marcus was terrified. He kept yelling, but no one could hear him. He never expected to see Philip over here.

## Chapter 589

Philip was holding a syringe in his hand. Then, he stabbed it into Marcus'

thigh. He said with a cold smirk on his face, "Don't worry. It's just anesthetic." After Marcus heard this, his brain started to buzz. He struggled to roll down to the floor from the operating table. With a loud crash, he fell horribly. He thought he was going to die from the pain. Philip sat on the stool nonchalantly. He crossed his legs, and his hands were on his hips. He looked at Marcus who was crawling to the door with a fake smile on his face. Marcus' face was pale and his eyes were red. He clutched his chest and crawled toward the door of the operating room slowly. He yelled with all his might, "Doctor! Doctor! Help..." Marcus reached out his pale hand and looked at the door that was locked. He could almost reach it when the anesthetic started taking effect. He felt limp before he lost consciousness.

His eyelids were also heavy with sleep. He kept screaming in his heart,

'Don't fall asleep! Don't fall asleep! You'll die if you do!' Philip was sitting at one side. When he saw the anesthetic taking effect, he chuckled coldly and looked at Marcus who was lying on the floor. He said, "You reckless fool." Marcus took in a sharp breath. He almost passed out from fear. "Stop playing dead.

We should talk.” Philip clapped his hands and picked up a scalpel. “W-What are you doing? I’m the second young master of the Quaid family! You’ll only get endless vengeance from the Quaids if you do this!”

Marcus was frantic. That guy was not a weak fool. He had misjudged him

completely! “Don’t be scared, Master Quaid. If I can stand in front of you, that means I have my own ways. The Quaids are just scum to me,” Philip said in an icy tone. The scalpel in his hand was glinting eerily. Marcus shuddered in fear as he lay on the operating table. He was struggling uncontrollably. The person in front of him was the devil! “W-What do you want?” Marcus was horrified when he heard Philip saying that. Did Philip have some powerful backers? Was that why he was not afraid of the Quaids’

revenge? However, there were no Clarkes in Capital City. There was indeed a small family, but they were unable to do anything too horrible. Clarke Group of Capital City? It was just a small company with a net worth of hundreds of billions. They were nothing to the Quaids. “Master Quaid, you’re the fish and I’m the butcher. You have to think carefully before agreeing to my conditions later, okay?” Philip smirked slyly. Looking at the scalpel in Philip’s hand, Marcus’ entire body felt cold. He had never been treated like this before. This was the biggest humiliation he had to suffer in his 20 plus years of being alive! “What do you want?” Marcus was the son of one of the biggest families in Capital City after all. He had extreme patience and temperament. He was even pretending to be calm at this moment. “Oh, not bad. What a noble young master from Capital City. Your temperament is worth praising.” Philip chortled shamelessly. “It’s easy. I want the Quaids out of Riverdale. I don’t want any traces of you people here.” “Impossible! In your dreams!” Marcus yelled emotionally. Riverdale was a planned coastal city. It had an unprecedented opportunity for development. The Quaids had been plotting for so many years and they have had their eyes on Riverdale for so long. It would be a horrible loss for them to just get out of Riverdale like this. “Master Quaid, I’m negotiating with you now. Do you think your attitude is appropriate?” Philip pouted. There was a coldness in his eyes. Marcus rejected and said, “Did Wynn ask you to do this? I didn’t think that such a smart woman would exist in Riverdale.

However, don’t even think about it! You won’t be able to imagine how powerful the Quaids are! You want us to get out of Riverdale? In your

dreams!” “So there are no more grounds for negotiation then.” Philip shrugged and sliced open Marcus’ chest with the scalpel with no hesitation.

Blood! Bright red blood started flowing out from under the scalpel. Marcus’

brain went blank instantly. Then, he started yelling, “Blood! Blood! This is murder! You will get the death penalty!” He had lost all manners of a young master. Under the threat of death, anyone would expose their true nature.

Philip lifted his hand and said calmly, “Master Quaid, with this volume of blood coming out of you, you still have five minutes to consider.” Five minutes! Marcus’ brain started buzzing. He was confused. He

had never been so close to death before. Back then, he was the one dictating whether someone should live or die. However, the roles were reversed today!

Everything was reversed! Everything was not in the right order! Marcus had never been threatened before, but now, he truly felt what it was like to be threatened.

## Chapter 590

“You can’t do this! I’ll die!” Marcus yelled, “Hurry, call the doctor! If I die, you won’t be able to live as well!” He did not want to die. He was still young. Plus, he was the second young master of the Quaid family and the number one candidate to inherit the entire Quaid family! Marcus could not die with no valid reasons in a small place like Riverdale! Pain! There was excruciating pain in his stomach! Why did the anesthesia stop working?

Why? Philip chuckled coldly. He held the bloody scalpel in his hand and traced it from Marcus’ stomach to his heart. He said, “Master Quaid, do you still not understand the situation you’re in?” Philip lifted his head to look at the clock on the wall. He laughed slowly and said, “30 seconds have passed.

You have four and a half minutes now. Oh, four minutes and 20 seconds.

What are you doing to do? Why is the second young master of the Quaid family hesitating? This is your life. You have to think carefully.” When he heard this, Marcus was so scared that he felt like he was on the brink of death.

However, he was still holding on. He glared at Philip and said, “In your

dreams! The Quaid family will not retreat from Riverdale! If I die, you won’t have a good life as well! You, your wife, and Beacon will all be buried along with me!” Philip smacked his lips and shook his head. He said coldly,

“Tsk tsk, you’re so ungrateful to my favors.” After he said that, Philip stabbed the scalpel into Marcus’ arm. The sound of the scalpel hitting the bone could be heard clearly! “Ah!” Marcus screamed and started gasping furiously. He looked at the scalpel that was firmly planted in his arm. It was also grinding against his bone. His blood started flowing down from the operating table to the floor like running water. It was dripping loudly. “You madman! You absolute madman!” Marcus screamed. “One who is not frivolous has no youth,” Philip replied flatly, “Two more minutes.” His tone was icy. Marcus trembled when he heard that. He could feel the coldness emitting from Philip’s body. Plus, when he looked into Philip’s eyes, he could clearly see that Philip was not afraid of killing him. Yes, in Philip’s eyes, Marcus was just a maggot. “Alright! I promise you, the Quaid family will retreat from Riverdale!” Marcus was terrified. He agreed while grinding his teeth. Philip had a satisfied smile on his face. He threw the scalpel and wiped his hands. He said, “Sigh, you would’ve been fine if you had agreed to this sooner. See, you wasted so much blood.” After he said that, Philip took a black pill from out of nowhere. “Here, eat this and everything will come to an end.” Since Marcus was losing a lot of blood, he was feeling light-headed.



However, he knew Philip would not be so kind. He shook his head and said, "What's that? I'm not eating that." Philip grabbed Marcus' mouth and slapped him on the chest. Then, Marcus groaned in pain. When he opened his mouth, Philip dropped the black pill into it. "Blegh!" Marcus wanted to vomit, but he could not. He could only glare at Philip and ask,

"What did you feed me?" "A pill with five different kinds of poison inside."

Philip said with a fake smile, "If you go back on your promise, you'll die from ulceration on your major organs." Marcus was shocked. He did not believe him. Were there such things in this world? 'Do you think you're in a martial arts novel?' Philip shrugged and said, "Have you forgotten what

Beacon specializes in?" That was not Beacon's pill. It was just a Chinese medicine Philip bought when he was on the way here. It was just a cheap trick to fool a young master like Marcus. Beacon! Marcus was frantic. He watched Philip leave the operating room and yelled, "Get me the doctor!"

After he got out of the hospital, Philip changed back into his clothes. He looked at Rick who was waiting for him at the door and they got ready to leave. However, he ran into a familiar figure at the entrance of the hospital.

Nina! Why was she here? Plus, there was a woman next to Nina. She was very beautiful. A lot of men would fall under her spell the moment they looked at her. That woman sashayed over. She was wearing a red dress. Her every frown and smile would be able to mesmerize all living things. When she approached Philip, she parted her red lips and said airily, "Hello, Mr.

Clarke. My name is Margot Pearson. We finally meet."

## Chapter 591

Philip frowned and looked at Nina who was standing behind Margot. Her face was icy. The naiveness and cuteness she once had were nonexistent.

Indeed, Nina was problematic. "Are you looking for me?" Philip averted his eyes and asked Margot. This was an extremely dangerous woman. That was Philip's first thought. "Mr. Clarke, I'm here to make a deal with you."

Margot smiled, and her eyes were like two crescent moons. Her voice was also soft when she spoke. "Until this day, no one dares to make deals with me," Philip answered calmly. At this moment, he was enveloped by an imposing aura. The air around him was cold and he did not look like a spineless bum at all. "It's not too late if you decide to make a decision after you hear my deal, Mr. Clarke." Margot laughed. She sashayed forward to him. Woosh! A figure appeared in front of Philip immediately. Rick had a triangular bayonet in his hand. He was pressing it against Margot's neck and his eyes were cold. One could not tell what he was feeling right now. "You'll die if you take one more step." Perhaps this was the most savage sentence Rick had ever said. The temperature of the hospital corridor plummeted

a

few degrees after he said that. Rick was sensing a threatening aura from this woman. Margot lifted her perfect chin and knitted her brows together. She squinted her brown eyes slightly before chuckling with a provoking curve on her red lips. "Pretty boy, don't you think it's inappropriate for you to treat a woman, or rather, a pretty woman like this?" Philip looked at Margot and dismissed Rick. He asked coolly, "What do you want?" "The Wallises.

I can help you get rid of them." Margot said softly, "From what I've gathered, Clarke Group from Capital City has frozen all of your assets and military power, Mr. Clarke." Philip looked at Margot indifferently and asked, "How much do you know about me?" "You're the young master of Clarke Group in Capital City. You have hundreds of billions of assets and a lot of people backing you up. The Wallises and Clarkes were connected by marriage, but the Wallises are rapacious about the Clarkes in Capital City."

After she said that, Margot looked at Philip with a smirk. She said, "If you want to work with me, I can help you get rid of the Wallises and help you become the person in charge of Clarke Group in Capital City." Philip was quiet for a while. He asked, "Your condition?" Margot chuckled lightly and said, "I need you to side with me when the time comes. As my ally." Philip did not say anything. He thought about what Margot said carefully. From her words, Philip knew that Margot only knew about his identity in Clarke Group in Capital City. She had no idea about his true identity. That was the reason why his father created Clarke Group in Capital City. He did not expect this to attract other people's attention. This fake background that he had created for more than ten years was finally useful. His father was right.

The people behind them were starting to get hungry. Suddenly, Philip walked forward and looked at Margot coldly. He asked, "What's the name of the person supporting you?" Margot was taken aback. At this moment, she felt like she had been targeted by a beast! That feeling caused her to tremble slightly. Her mouth was even starting to feel dry. How was that possible? Who was he? Why did he have such a domineering aura surrounding him? "Mr. Clarke, I can't tell you. You'll be able to meet my

boss when you become my ally." Margot smiled and said. She tried her best to calm herself down. Philip was silent for a while before he said, "I don't need anyone's help regarding my business with the Wallises. As for your boss, send him a message for me. Tell him that he shouldn't try to plot against me. If not, he'll only be destroyed by me." After he said this, Philip left the place. Before he left, he looked at Nina profoundly. After Philip left, Margot let out a sigh of relief. Looking at Philip's back, she said, "He's really something else. No wonder the master is so concerned about him. I'm curious. What does he have that's making him so fearless?" Was it because he was the young master of Clarke Group in Capital City? Was that his real identity? However, why could she not find any other information about him?

"Nina, do you know what you should do next?" Margot turned around and looked at Nina. The latter's face fell as she lowered her head. "Yes." She wanted to say something but stopped herself. "Margie, aren't you scared that the master will blame you for doing this?" Nina asked in concern. "This is my business. I know what I'm doing," Margot replied. Then, she walked into the operating room.

## Chapter 592

The second young master of the Quaid family was hurt. Philip was so reckless. Riverdale would not be peaceful anymore. Back to Philip. After he got out of the hospital, he said coldly, "Investigate her. Also, any updates on the investigation on Hull Clan?" Rick followed behind Philip, looking as sluggish as ever. He said, "We can't do anything about Hull Clan for the moment. That clan is a tricky one. They have branches all over the important cities in the country. The head of the clan is the Hull Organization. With the restraining order on you, we can't do anything to them, Young Master."

Philip frowned. Things were getting complicated now. As per Rick's explanation, if Juan was really the one behind this, then he would be able to exploit the Hull Clan, so was the Hull Organization involved in this as well?

Philip would not allow any dangers to be around him. Especially now that

he had a restraining order on him. He could not do a lot of things. He wondered how George was doing. It was time to air out his plans from all these years. Philip went back to the Shangri-La Hotel. On his way, he got a call from Wynn. "Darling, where are you?" Wynn sounded worried. She was scared that something bad had happened to Philip. Philip chuckled and said, "I went out for some fresh air. What's wrong?" "Come back now.

Blake Michaels is here," Wynn let out a sigh of relief and said. Philip pondered for a while. That sly old fox was here and Wynn was calling him.

It meant that she was not able to handle him. Did the old man come here to avenge his son? Philip did not think twice. He called a cab and went back to the hotel. Then, he ran into Cynthia at the door. Cynthia spotted Philip from afar. His hands were in his pockets and he was walking over while humming. She crossed her arms across her chest. There was an ominous glint in her eyes. She asked, "Is it done?" Philip saw that a beautiful woman like Cynthia was waiting for him. He scanned her from head to toe. His verdict was that she had a nice body. A pair of fair and slender legs were showing under the black knee-length pleated skirt. He grinned and asked,

"Cynthia, are you waiting for me?" Cynthia rolled her eyes at him and said in a bashful manner, "Stop sweet-talking me. How's Quaid?" "Quaid who?"

Philip decided to play dumb. He said, "Why can't I understand anything you say, Cynthia?" "Hehe." Cynthia fake giggled. She said, "Do you know what will happen to you if you cross Marcus Quaid?" Cynthia did not ask any more in-depth questions. She could probably guess where this man went and what he did. However, she was not 100 percent sure, so she did not dare to ask more in-depth questions. The only thing that she could not understand was the way Philip did things. It was always so shocking. Why was that guy so confident in doing all those things? No, she had to find a chance and ask Melody about this. Who was Philip? "You mean that so-called Master Quaid?" Philip lifted his eyebrow and spread his hands helplessly. "I already beat him up, so I'll just deal with it." Cynthia looked at Philip and suddenly beamed. She said, "You're pretty optimistic. You can't compare the Quaid's

to the well-known entrepreneurs in Riverdale. They're giants in Capital City, and they have powerful backups. Do you seriously think you can handle them?" Philip grabbed his chin and asked mockingly, "Cynthia, are you worried about me?" Cynthia blushed. She did not know what to do after Philip asked her that. She stomped her foot and glared at him. She said, "I won't even pay attention to you if not for Melody." After she said that, Cynthia reminded him, "You're open wide and Mr. Michaels is waiting for you in Room 8429. The Michaels came prepared, so be careful." Philip shook his head. He looked at Cynthia's enchanting body and smiled, "Thank you, Cynthia. I'll buy you a meal next time." "No, thanks. I don't know you that well." Cynthia glared at him rudely. What was wrong with this guy? He had a wife and was still flirting with her. However. In the next second, when Cynthia was about to leave, Philip asked suddenly, "How are the Larsons in Fernvale?"

## Chapter 593

Clank! Cynthia shuddered. She turned around and looked at Philip in disbelief. How did he know? "Who are you?" Cynthia's expression changed. She looked at Philip cautiously. Philip chuckled and scratched his head. "I heard Melody and the gang saying that you're from the Larsons in Fernvale. Are they powerful?" Cynthia frowned and turned around. She replied coldly, "You shouldn't ask about this. I hope you can shape up."

After she said that, Cynthia walked away. Philip shrugged and walked into the elevator. Inside Room 8429, the atmosphere was tense. Wynn's face was red and she looked mad. It was obvious that she was just in a fight. Blake and two of his subordinates sat opposite her with a female secretary. They looked like they were forcing Wynn to submit to them. "I won't agree to this!" Wynn said coldly. Blake chuckled dryly and said profoundly,

"Madam Johnston, I hope you understand now that Beacon has crossed the Quaid's in Capital City. It's impossible for you to stay in Riverdale anymore, let alone that new medicine. Back then, it would've still been possible for

you to venture into the market with that medicine, but now, it won't be so easy after you've offended the Quaid's. "You can't expect all of the directors to go eat sh\*t with Beacon, right?" Blake was pleased with himself. He did not expect Beacon to go as far as offending the Quaid's! They were such a huge and powerful family! After he found out what happened, he immediately went to the party and got all the directors to force Wynn to submit. He wanted to take this opportunity to get the research result and full agency of DSII! After all, despite all of them taking back their fundings, they did not get rid of their status as the members of the board. Beacon Pharmaceutical. Hehe, it would soon become history in the pharmaceutical industry in Riverdale. When the time came, the Michaels' status on the social ladder would go up after completing the madam's order. Blake chuckled coldly. He already had a plan. If Beacon wanted to survive under the furious retaliation of the Quaid's, then they would have to depend on the Michaels. They would have to depend on Blake for help! "We'll take care of the matter with the Quaid's. However, don't even think about getting your hands on the research result of DSII!" Wynn said coldly. She got up and was about to leave. However, Blake's subordinates blocked her. "What do you

want?" Wynn was agitated. She asked with a furious expression on her face. Blake took a sip of his tea, and there was a sinister smile on his aged face. He said, "Madam Johnston, don't worry. We can sit and talk about this. Sit down now." Wynn furrowed her brows together. She knew she was in a difficult position now. If she gave the research result and agency of DSII to Blake, then Beacon would become the Michaels' subsidiary! As such, she would not agree to this! Blake was not in a hurry. He sighed and said,

"Madam Johnston, now that Beacon is in trouble, the board can't just watch it happen and do nothing. You should know that the Quaid's are one of the biggest families in Capital City. We can't begin to imagine the number of resources and power they have! "Philip offended the second young master of the Quaid's, so it means Beacon is the one offending the Quaid's!" Blake continued, "The Quaid's have an extensive background in Riverdale.

Thankfully, I can still talk to the Quaid's. If Beacon hands me the research result of DSII and half of its profit, I'll talk to the Quaid's for you." After he said this, it was already very obvious. With half of the profit and an additional 40 percent going to the Michaels, then it would mean that Beacon would only get 10 percent of the profit! Shameless ruffians! Wynn's face was cold. She was a woman after all. Even the strongest woman would not be able to keep a straight face in this situation. She gritted her teeth. She wanted to say something, but she stopped herself. "Oh, are you bullying my wife, Mr. Michaels?" A mocking voice sounded in the room all of a sudden.

Philip had his hands in his pockets. There was a cold smirk on his face. He was staring at Blake like a hungry wolf. "Philip!" When Wynn saw Philip, she could not help but stand up. For some reason, her anxiety and worries all faded when she saw him. They were all replaced by calmness. Philip strode over and stood in front of Wynn. He looked at her and wiped away the tears in the corner of her eyes. He said, "Why are you crying? I'm here, aren't I?" "Who's crying? You're crying!" Wynn mumbled. She turned around and wiped her tears away before glaring at him. Philip smiled and turned around to look at Blake who was sitting on the sofa with a glum expression on his face. "You can say whatever you want to say to me, Mr.

Michaels." Blake sat on the sofa, looking unperturbed. However, when Philip barged in just now, he felt his heart skip a beat. This was the man who helped Beacon get the three billion investment! Who was this? How could he have such an amazing friend?

## Chapter 594

With a faint smile on Blake's aged face, he asked, "Philip, I've heard about you a long time ago. You're just a small employee of Beacon. Can you even negotiate with me on behalf of Beacon?" Philip crossed his arms and sat down while crossing his legs. He had an arrogant expression on his face as he asked, "Why not?" Blake frowned slightly. He looked at Wynn who was sitting beside Philip. Then, Wynn's expression changed flawlessly as she

said, "If you want to talk, you can talk to him, Mr. Michaels. He's responsible for all matters related to Beacon." Philip turned his head, blinked, and gave Wynn a big thumbs-up. His wife was able to adapt very quickly. Upon hearing these words, Blake's face sank. He did not understand what they were trying to do. However, he still smiled faintly and said, "Okay, let me talk to Mr. Clarke then." "Alright, what do you want to talk about, Mr. Michaels?" Philip squinted his eyes and smiled. "You should know that the person you beat up tonight is the second young master of the Quaid's, Mr. Clarke. Plebeians like us can't even begin to measure the wealth and power they have. They can change the entire order of Riverdale with just one word. For example, it's not impossible for them to get rid of a listed company in Riverdale permanently. Even though you got new fundings, the marketing platform for the new medicine, especially the one venturing into Capital City, is still dependent on the Michaels." Blake smirked slyly. The thing that gave him the most confidence right now was the fact that Beacon had already offended the second young master of the Quaid's. Moreover, the other party had announced that they would definitely teach Beacon a huge lesson. It would be impossible for Beacon to survive with their measly wealth. They could only depend on Blake! Philip was listening closely.

Then, he questioned, "Then, what do you think we should do to take care of this, Mr. Michaels?" When Blake heard this, a smile broke out on his face.

After all, Philip was still young, so he would be afraid. He got up and patted Philip's shoulder after approaching him. "The youngsters are always so impulsive. However, they'll sometimes pay for their impulsiveness. This isn't entirely your fault. Even though the second young master of the Quaid's is a business genius, he's pretty arrogant. I heard what happened just now and I think both of you are also at fault. There are still ways to turn this around. "Why don't Beacon give me the research result of DSII? The Michaels will take full agency for Beacon about the related matters. As for future profits, I think you should give half of it to the Quaid's to quench their anger. This whole hoo-ha can only be solved this way." "How much do the

Michaels want?" Philip asked with a grin. Blake took his wine from the table and said, "We want 40 percent." The room fell silent. It was so quiet that it was a little terrifying. After a while, Philip stood up and said vapidly, "Then my wife's company can only get 10 percent of the profit? You even want them to give you the research result of DSII. What big appetite the Michaels have. Can you guys swallow all this?" Blake turned his face and frowned.

He looked at Philip. This was the first time he felt coldness coming from Philip, especially his piercing gaze from behind his glasses. At that moment, Blake felt as if he could not move. He almost dropped the wine in his hand.

"Mr. Michaels, you can't be too greedy sometimes. If not, you might attract unwanted trouble. Perhaps, you should go take a look at your son," Philip said coldly. The coldness on his face became even more intense. The corner of Blake's lips twitched. A wave of uneasiness engulfed his heart. Suddenly, he heard his phone ringing. His subordinate handed him the phone and Blake answered it with a glum face. In the next instant, he was enraged. He threw the wine glass in his hand to the floor and yelled, "Damn you! It looks like we have to do it the hard way!" His son was beaten up so badly that he was admitted to the

hospital! This damned Philip! Wynn was feeling helpless at this sudden change of events. However, when she saw Philip's indifferent face, she felt calm. It was as if her husband could always surprise her in the most unexpected ways. Philip spread his hands and said, "Like father, like son. I hope you understand, Mr. Michaels. I don't like being threatened. Beacon doesn't like it as well." "Alright! Alright! Alright!"

Blake repeated that three times as his face turned as dark as murky waters.

He shed all pretense of cordiality and said, "Don't even think about leaving this place if you don't hand me the research result of DSII today!"

## Chapter 595

Wynn stood up hurriedly and said coldly, "Mr. Michaels, aren't you worried that I'll report you to the chamber of commerce for ganging up with the board of directors to pressure a local business?" "Hehe." Blake chortled.

There was malice in his eyes. "Chamber of commerce? Everyone in the chamber of commerce in Riverdale is from my side! Madam Johnston, if you're smart, you should sign the contract like a good girl. If not, don't blame me for turning my back on you!" "You!" Wynn pointed at Blake. She was so mad that she was going to explode. She had never seen such a shameless person before! Philip sighed suddenly and pulled Wynn behind him. He looked at Blake coldly before saying, "Mr. Michaels, what if we don't agree?" Blake scoffed. At this moment, the door of the room was opened from the outside. Eight bodyguards in black suits and sunglasses entered in a single file. All of them had malice on their faces. One would feel scared looking at their tall and sturdy physique. In the middle of the eight bodyguards, a middle-aged man walked in. His hair was greasy and slicked back. He was also wearing sunglasses and had a black cape draped over his shoulders. He also had a cigar dangling on his lips and his fingers were all adorned with jade as well as diamond rings. He had an extremely imposing manner! That man sat down on the sofa of the room and crossed his legs. He lifted the wine on the table and took a sip. Then, he looked at Blake and smiled. "Lafite from 1982. Not bad." The eight bodyguards had blocked all of the exits to this room. They were standing there with cold air around them. Wynn was petrified. She hid behind Philip and tugged on his shirt. Philip frowned and scanned the eight men. They were all aggressive people. How troublesome. Blake smiled at the man and said, "Master Yale, if this is done, I'll send you all the Lafite you want." After the man heard that, he was stunned. Then, he guffawed loudly and pointed at Blake. He said, "You sly old fox! You're so courteous." Blake was grinning widely as he whispered some things in the man's ear. Then, the man looked at Philip coldly. He removed his cape and circled Philip. After that, he asked, "You're Philip Clarke?" Philip frowned. Before he could answer, he heard the man say softly after turning around, "Chop off one of his arms." In a flash, one of the bodyguards took out a shiny chopper and charged at Philip. He lifted his arm and was about to swing the chopper down on Philip's arm. "Ah!"

Wynn's face was pale from fear. She could not believe that they would dare to do this in public. Blake

had a pleased smile as a flash of malice appeared on his face. If the madam did not give out her order today, he would have taken action against Philip. However, it was too urgent right now and Blake had no choice. That was why he decided to do this. If Philip did not die, then the madam would not blame him. He looked at Philip and could guess what was going to happen next. Philip's arm would be chopped off and he would kneel on the ground begging for mercy. A cold smirk appeared on Blake's face as his eyes looked extremely pleased. Philip frowned. His face was covered in frost. He did not even look at the bodyguard with the chopper.

He lifted his leg and kicked to his side! Thud! A figure flew backward like a kite with a broken string. He smashed into a row of tables and chairs before falling unconscious. It was quick. He did not dilly-dally at all. Philip had used up all of his might with that kick. He broke six to seven of the bodyguard's ribs. His spleen was also bleeding profusely. He might have to spend the rest of his life in a hospital bed. Everything happened too fast, so before Blake's smirk could fully form, he was shocked by what happened in front of him. Who was he? He could even send one of the Eight Kingkongs flying! Master Yale Caruso turned his head and saw one of his bodyguards passing out after being kicked. His expression froze while coldness started shooting out from his eyes. Before this, he was looking at Philip in disdain, but now, he started looking at Philip with more value.

"You're digging your own grave!" Yale roared and waved his hand. The remaining seven bodyguards went over and surrounded Philip and Wynn.

Wynn was a woman, after all, so she started trembling in fear and hid behind Philip. The latter grabbed her hand tightly and said softly, "Don't worry. No one will hurt you now." Wynn looked at Philip and she started to feel more at ease. She nodded her head slowly. Philip turned around, his grinning face turning icy. His eyes were shooting out an intimidating sharpness and the aura of death. Yale was a participant in the top five triads in the underground forces in Golden City. At this current moment, he was feeling terrified.

Especially when he saw Philip's eyes on him. He was looking like a demon who had just emerged from hell. Yale had been terrorizing Golden City for so long. He started from a nameless street thug to his current position now.

Yale had seen all kinds of things and all kinds of people in his lifetime.

Aside from the unpredictable Wallis family in Golden City and the people from Capital City, he was afraid of nothing. However, just now, he was scared. That feeling was real! "Anyone who dares to step forward will die!"

Philip said in an icy tone. The aura of death around him was intimidating.

The seven bodyguards were all beefy men who had been through situations of life and death. Of course, they would be able to detect the aura of death coming from Philip instantly. They looked at each other and none of them dared to walk forward. During their hesitation, Philip turned around to look at Yale. He said coldly, "Master Yale? I don't know who you are, but your decision today is very wrong." Yale's



eyes twitched as he lifted his eyebrow.

He yelled, "Kill him!" He made an immediate decision while feeling anxious. With all his years of being a thug, he knew that he and his triad would be in terrible crisis if he did not kill this man today. In that instant, the seven bodyguards charged at Philip while swinging their fists. Their faces were filled with hostility and malice.

## Chapter 596

The corner of Philip's eyes twitched. He made a fist with his right hand and punched the corner of the eye of the man who was charging toward him!

Smack! There was a muffled sound! Under the strong impact, the man felt like his head was being struck by a hammer! His head was buzzing, and the whites of his eyes were quickly filled with blood! The man tilted his head and collapsed stiffly. It was unknown whether he was still alive or not. Then, Philip snatched a dagger from that person using that opportunity. Woosh!

Philip lifted his right hand and the dagger made a whooshing sound as it was raised through the air. In the next second, another man who attacked Philip from behind felt a sharp pain in his raised arm. In an instant, that man's

entire arm was penetrated by some huge inertia! Blood started spraying out!

That man let out a scream of pain. His whole arm was bloody and it looked extremely gory. At the same time, another man rushed toward Philip and threw his fist at him! Philip did not hold back at all. He turned sideways and raised his hand to grab the man's neck. Then, he raised his knee and kicked the man with all his might! Thud! During that blood-curdling sound, that man was hit directly in the abdomen. He started vomiting some clear fluid before rolling his eyes and passing out. It was not over yet. Philip grabbed the man by the hair and lifted him up. Then, he threw the man against the wall and the man was knocked into a row of wine racks. The red wine spilled all over the floor, mixing with that man's blood. All of this happened too quickly. Yale had lost half of the bodyguards he treasured the most in just a blink of an eye! Yale was frightened, but his many years of experience told him that he could not show any signs of fear. He looked at Philip with a calm look on his face and asked, "Who are you?" "You don't know who I am?" Philip replied coldly as he walked toward Yale step by step. Then, he sent the rest of the bodyguards to the floor quickly and easily before grabbing Yale's collar. He pressed him firmly on the wall. At this moment, although his face was calm, Yale's dodging eyes had already betrayed him.

He stared at Philip angrily. His face was flushed and he was breathing heavily. He shouted while out of breath, "You... What are you doing? Do you know who I am?" Philip chuckled and said, "Then pray tell, who are you?" "I'm the president of the triad! The people who know me call me Master Yale! Just one word from me and the whole Gold City will tremble!"

You'll die if you treat me like this!" Philip's eyes widened as his hand loosened. Yale fell to the ground and coughed a few times. Philip pointed his finger at the bodyguards who had passed out on the floor and said, "Are these your best fighters? Don't forget that I have the final say here. If I'm not happy, I don't mind adding another body to the floor!" When Yale heard him said that, he looked around. His heart trembled and he broke out in cold sweat. He had been in Golden City for 20 years and was never once so

embarrassed as he was today! This was the most humiliated he had ever felt since he founded the triad! All eight of his bodyguards were experts! Some of them even retired from the army, but they could not defeat Philip! "Who the hell are you?" Yale was the president of the triad, after all. Since he had seen a lot of things in his lifetime, he was able to quickly recover his composure. This was not just Yale's question, but it was also Wynn's question. At this moment, Wynn was trembling all over. She was looking at Philip with burning eyes. Why was her husband so powerful? Was he just a rich man? After he attacked the second young master of the Quaid, he was attacking the people that the Michaels called over. Was Philip not afraid at all? Clarke Group of Capital City should be nothing compared to the Quaid, no? "Philip, stop! Things will only get worse if you go on!" Wynn was anxious. She grabbed Philip as she was scared that he would do something violent again. "Don't worry, I can handle it," Philip said calmly. Wynn stared straight at Philip and suddenly asked, "Philip, are you hiding anything from me? Who are you?" Was he only the young master of Clarke Group in Capital City? Philip turned his head and tapped Wynn's nose. He said, "Do you really want to know? Okay, let me tell you!"

## Chapter 597

Wynn looked at Philip with shining eyes. At this moment, she noticed that her husband was looking extremely dazzling and bright. He was like a knight in the dark, always at her side protecting her. He would appear at any moment and give her the most secure feeling. If her husband was a man like this, then why should she bother with his identity? Wynn's eyebrows were curved like crescent moons. She smiled and said, "Okay, I'll wait for you to tell me." Philip touched Wynn's fair and delicate cheeks. Then, he said,

"When I solve the matter in front of me, I'll tell you everything. Then, I'll take you home." Right. Philip was ready to take Wynn and Mila home back to the Clarke Family. Philip was feeling very agitated tonight. The arrogance of the Quaid family and the uninterrupted manipulation of the Michaels

were making Philip sick to the stomach. The Michaels had Giada backing them up, and that was why they were so fearless. Also, the woman they just met, Margot Pearson, was very dangerous too. Philip did not want Wynn, Mila, and himself to suffer any more harm. Since they wanted a fight, then they should fight openly and frankly. He would tell the world that he was doing his best to protect Wynn and Mila. That was Philip's choice. Any person or family who violated or wanted to harm Wynn would suffer the most severe destruction and retaliation from Philip! Arcadia Island, Philip Clarke was coming back! Philip glanced at Blake who was hiding in the corner while holding his head. He walked to him, pulled him by his hair, and dragged him to Yale's side. Then, he locked the door of the room and pulled a chair

over to sit down. He crossed his arms and placed his leg above the other. Then, he said lightly, "Shall we talk?" Philip locked the door. This action undoubtedly became the greatest threat in Yale's eyes. It caused his eyelids to twitch wildly. How arrogant! How conceited! He was not respecting him at all! Yale knew that even if he was the emperor of the underground forces in Golden City, at this moment, he was just a bug in this room! He was still a little confused at this point. What was happening in front of his eyes right now? Not to mention, he had been working his \*ss off his entire life. Why was he in so much trouble in front of this nameless nobody? He had looked Philip up, and he was just an ordinary person with no background at all! Now, the other party even took care of the Eight Kingkongs easily. What else could the other party not do? There were 100

questions in Yale's heart. Was it possible that this man named Philip was the young master of a certain powerful family? Only this kind of explanation made sense now. Why did he feel such a massive threat from this man just now? "My friend, who are you? If there's any misunderstanding, humble old me will apologize to you right now so that we don't disturb the peace."

Yale decided to step back. Then, he slowly stood up from the ground.

However, Philip did not give the other party a chance at all. He went straight up and kicked heavily on Yale's belly. The latter fell on the floor face first.

That was the emperor of the underground forces in Golden City! Some of the rich and powerful even had to be respectful of him. However, he was currently like a child in front of Philip and was being bullied capriciously.

"My friend! You've already beaten my people up! I was wrong regarding this matter. Please stop hurting me!" Yale knelt on the ground while clutching his stomach. He uttered this sentence through gritted teeth. He had no choice. At this moment, he felt as if he had been hammered in his stomach. The pain was so excruciating! "Hehe, so you finally admit to your mistakes. Why didn't you do it sooner?" Philip smiled slightly. His smile was full of mockery. Wynn was so frightened that her face turned pale. That was the president of the underground forces in Golden City! He was being beaten up by Philip at this very moment! Even if she believed Philip, she was still shocked. Wynn tried to grab Philip several times to stop him, but Philip only told her that he would take care of it and she needed not to worry.

"My friend, how do you want to solve this matter? Do you want money?"

Just tell me the number and I'll give it to you immediately! If you want women, just tell me and I'll send them to your house tonight." Yale was a tough guy after all. After all these years of being in the underground scene, he was inevitably a little arrogant. He sat on the floor and started negotiating with Philip. Philip remained silent. He pinched his chin and looked at Yale.

Then, he looked over at Blake who had been lying on the ground the entire time and never raised his head to speak. That old thing was really something else. He still did not dare to speak until now. Yale thought that his conditions were not enough to impress Philip, so he continued, "If these aren't enough, I still have more than a dozen properties in Riverdale and all of which are villas. If you want them, I can

give them to you! “A company? What about a company? I’ll transfer several companies to you tomorrow. “Cars? I have all kinds of luxury cars. My friend, if you want to drive them, just take them out for a spin.” ...

## Chapter 598

Yale said a lot of tempting conditions in one single breath. Everything he said was extremely tempting, but Philip was not swayed at all. Philip grabbed his chin and shook his head. With a playful smile on his face, he pointed at Yale and said, “You, slap him. Don’t stop unless I say so!” Boom!

Blake was completely stunned! Philip’s request was beyond weird. He wanted Yale to slap Blake! Yale furrowed his eyebrows and looked at Blake who was kneeling beside him. He saw fear in his eyes. “Philip, I’ll strangle you to death!” Blake quickly got up from the floor and rushed over to strangle Philip! As a result, Philip raised his hand and slapped Blake loudly.

Blake was distracted after being slapped like that. “Are you slapping him or not?” Philip stared at Yale coldly and said, “If you don’t slap him, I’ll slap you!” When Yale heard these words, he decided to forgo his relationship with Blake. He got up and slapped Blake’s aged face with a loud slap. The sound of his slap was so loud. He was slapping Blake even harder than Philip had! Blake was instantly agitated. He clutched his cheek that was now freshly decorated with a handprint. His eyes widened as he roared, “Yale, how dare you hit me!” Slap! Yale responded to Blake with another slap in the face! “You!” Blake was blinded with rage. He pounced on Yale and started fighting him regardless of the other party’s identity. However, Yale was trained in combat, so Blake was not his opponent at all. Yale was pressed onto the sofa as he received continuous slaps to his face. Philip shrugged. He turned to look at Wynn with a mischievous smile. “Neither one of the dogs are winning.” Wynn rolled her eyes at him and dragged him out of the room. Philip looked at the two of them who were entangled in a fight. Then, he left the room while shaking his head helplessly. He knew what Wynn was worried about, so he did not go overboard. At the end of the day, he still had the restraining order, so he could not be too ostentatious.

After a short while, Yale and Blake were the only ones left in the room.

They were panting heavily and looked disheveled. Their faces were bruised and swollen. Yale stepped away from Blake who was bleeding from his nose and mouth. He said coldly, “Stop pretending, they’re gone.” Blake took a

deep breath and glanced at the door. His eyes were malicious as he asked,

“What are you going to do?” Yale glanced at the bodyguards on the ground.

Then, he took out his mobile phone from his pocket and said in a commanding tone, “Inform all of the clans to surround the Shangri-La now!” Slam! After that, Yale threw the phone to the ground. His face was sullen and his eyes were filled with the aura of death. He said, “I’ve never been so humiliated

before! Philip, I'll crush you to pieces! I'll let you know the wrath of Yale Caruso!" ... Philip walked out and ran into Cynthia. He told Wynn to wait in the car first. "Come back quickly. I'm worried that Blake and his men might not give up so easily," Wynn said worriedly. Then, she smiled at Cynthia. This woman was such a natural beauty. She even had the charm of a mature woman. "How was the negotiation?" Cynthia walked over and asked. "What negotiation?" Cynthia snorted coldly. "Pretending to be stupid now, are we? The man Blake brought, Yale Caruso, is the emperor of Golden City! You can't afford to look down on his power!" Philip said indifferently, "You know so much. It's just little old Yale Caruso. If they knew my identity, they would kneel and beg me." "Wow, big talk. I really want to know how you're so confident. I heard that you're just the Johnstons' useless live-in son-in-law. You don't have much ability nor power." A tentative smile appeared on Cynthia's face. It was giving out an intuition that those were all she wanted to inquire. Philip was silent for a while as he scanned Cynthia from head to toe. Suddenly, he asked, "Are you interested in the cancer medication as well, Cynthia?" Cynthia was still smiling. She said fearlessly, "I'm not the one interested. The Larsons are the ones who are interested." "The Larsons from Fernvale?" Philip was taken aback. Did the Larsons from Fernvale decide to venture back into the mainland again?

## Chapter 599

"Yes." Cynthia nodded. "If you have any ideas, you can help me make an appointment with your wife. I want to talk to her." Philip did not understand

what Cynthia meant. He asked, "Are the Larsons from Fernvale venturing into the mainland again?" Cynthia saw Philip's ignorant expression and smiled suddenly. "Don't you worry. It'll be beneficial to you and your wife." Philip laughed dryly as well. However, at this moment, more than a dozen black commercial cars arrived at the entrance of Shangri-La. All of them were speeding over aggressively. Then, thugs with steel bats and sabers started getting out of the car one by one. "Huck, all of our best men are here!" A man ran to the backseat of the car leading the motorcade and said to the person inside through the window. As he said that, the entrance of the Shangri-La was occupied by 40 men now. They were all wearing black shirts and had tiger tattoos on their right arms. They were burly with scary-looking muscles. Some of them even had scars on their faces. These people looked doughty. They were definitely people who had experienced the battle of life and death. The aura of death emitting from them was substantial! The rear door of the first car was opened and a bald man got out of the car. He had huge muscles all over his body and a big gold chain dangling from his neck. In addition to that, he was wearing a pair of sunglasses. A blue cloud was tattooed on his forehead and a tiger was tattooed on his right arm! As soon as this person got out of the car, the 40

men shouted in unison, "Master Huck!" He was the leader of Fearsome Tiger Hall, Huck Thorn! Huck was a very cruel man. He was also the most powerful man out there. Back then, he took refuge in Yale. He became famous after he chopped up 30 people with a single saber! Then, he became the core figure in Yale's team! He was a reserved character who was just second to Yale! Many people said that Huck would get the throne after Yale was gone. Standing at the door of Shangri-La, Huck shouted in a deep

voice,

“Master Yale said not to let anyone in the hotel go! Listen closely, tonight, Shangri-La will be your main battlefield. Go in and keep everyone under control. Wait for my order before doing anything.” In an instant, 40 burly men rushed in with their weapons. The lobby of the Shangri-La became a mess in an instant! In a blink of an eye, 40 thugs came in with steel bats and

sabers in their hands. All of them looked vicious and aggressive. The staff of the hotel was terrified. They fled all over the place while shouting for help. Of course, they had never been in this kind of situation before. They always thought that a society under the rule of law was the safest. Those 40

men had gained control over all the men and women in the lobby in just a blink of an eye. At this moment, Yale, who had been hiding in the room, received a call from Huck. His eyes glinted ominously and he slammed his fist on the coffee table while yelling, “Good! I want him to die tonight!”

Then, Yale ignored Blake and strode out of the room. He arrived in the lobby. Blake was still in the room. He had a cold smile on his face as he dialed a number... When Huck saw Yale appearing in the lobby with a bruised nose and swollen face, his eyelids were twitching wildly. His heart was also pounding wildly. Did someone beat Master Yale up? He was the president! Who did not know him? Who dared to beat him up? Plus, Master Yale had the Eight Kingkongs with him! The Eight Kingkongs? Huck furrowed his brows and understood the situation immediately. He knew that there would be a bloodbath in Riverdale tonight! Someone had attacked Master Yale! “Master Yale!” Huck approached him quickly and did not ask about his injury. He said, “The 40 tigers of the Fearsome Tiger Hall are assembled!” “Good!” Yale boomed and glanced at the 40 menacing men of Fearsome Tiger Hall. “Master Yale!” the 40 tigers of Fearsome Tiger Hall shouted in unison. Their voices were deafening. Yale turned his head to look at Huck and asked, “Where’s Darry?” Huck replied, “The young master should be on the way.” “What a good-for-nothing! Did he go looking for that woman again? Damn it! Why did I give birth to that disappointing thing!” Yale scolded angrily. He knew his son the best! He originally wanted to hand over the triad to his son, but his son was such a disappointment. He was always wandering around doing nothing while indulging in sumptuous entertainment. How could Yale hand the family to that prodigal son? “Where are the others?” Yale’s face was dark. He was annoyed. Huck replied, “Righteous Hall is taking care of some business.

Loyal Hall and the Northern Wolf should be here soon.” Yale waved his hand and said, “Forget it, just leave them. Turn the hotel upside down for me. You must find the man named Philip Clarke! Find him, break his limbs, and then bring him to me!” “Yes, Master Yale!” Huck received the order.

## Chapter 600

“All men of Fearsome Tiger Hall, listen up! Turn the hotel upside down and find a man named Philip. Break all of his limbs and bring him back to Master Yale!” Yale had a cruel look on his face. He was the dignified president, so he must not give up so easily! At this moment, a cold voice rang from the side of

the hall! "Yale, you never learn." Philip was engaging in an interesting conversation with Cynthia, but then, he was attracted by the loud noises in the lobby. When he took a look, he saw that a lot of servers had been beaten and could be seen with wounds all over. This made him very angry. It was fine if they wanted to come for him, but they should not harm the innocent people. When Yale and Huck looked up, a ray of coldness shot toward them while directly stinging their eyes. Philip only had two people in his team, and the one standing next to him was a beautiful woman like Cynthia. They were catching everyone's attention in this lobby. That man?

Huck gasped lightly when he saw Philip walking over carefreely. He was not scared at all. Cynthia was following behind Philip. She looked at him and for some reason, she felt her heart skip a beat. Yale had a sinister smirk on his face as he watched Philip walk over. He said, "Kid, you're still here.

What a coincidence. I guess you don't need to leave now!" Philip stopped at a distance not far away from them. The coldness in his eyes was intense.

He said, "You want to keep me here? You're just a bunch of mobs and you have the audacity to think that you can keep me here?" "How dare you! You arrogant fool! Do you know who's standing right in front of you?" Huck walked forward and pointed at Philip. He yelled angrily, "He's Master Yale!

If you don't want to die, then get the hell over here and apologize to Master Yale! If not, everyone in this hotel will get hurt because of you!" In Huck's

eyes, Philip was just a fearless ruffian. He was just a kid who needed someone to teach him a lesson. How dare he be so arrogant in front of Huck and Master Yale?! He must be sick and tired of living! Philip shook his head and looked at Huck coldly. He said, "Master Yale, huh? I guess I didn't lecture him enough in the room just now. Alright, we shall end this right here. Since all of you are here, then y'all should stay. I don't want to waste my time looking for you people." Upon hearing those threatening words, Huck raised his eyebrows instantly. He had never seen such a conceited young man before! Just as he was about to scream at Philip, a man from the Fearsome Tiger Hall yelled, "You're asking for death! How dare you speak so rudely to Master Huck and Master Yale?! I'm going to kill you!" Woosh!

Before he finished speaking, a silver light flashed beside Philip! In an instant, the silver light struck down like a lightning bolt onto the neck of the man who was yelling! Cynthia looked at the back of a man who suddenly appeared next to Philip. Suddenly, she felt extreme coldness as the aura of death came from the man like a landslide. Rick! Her beautiful eyes twitched slightly. There was a look of surprise in her eyes. He even still had such a capable bodyguard! Who was Philip Clarke? The silver light flashed through the air like a shooting star and he directly stabbed the neck of the man. For a short moment, there was not a single drop of blood. At this moment, that person felt extremely remorseful. Why did he not think before he spoke? Why did he stand out among the group? Thud! The man who was still yelling just now suddenly collapsed on his back. The remaining men of Fearsome Tiger Hall were completely stunned. That was so horrifying!

Everything was so shocking! They could not even see what the other party did before one of their men collapsed. Huck's eyes grew wide. He was not an ordinary man, so he could tell that there was some

kind of terrifying power involved in this when the man next to Philip took action. He knew he had run into some huge trouble today! It was a small dagger! "How dare you touch our brother?! You're asking to die!" The men from Fearsome Tiger Hall were stunned for a few seconds before fire engulfed their entire

bodies. They were in towering rage as they charged forward to avenge their brother while holding their weapons in their hands.