

## Chapter 999

After leaving Phoenix Pavilion, he, Theo, and Don were laughing in the car.

Full of smiles, Don said, “Young Master Clarke, your methods are very clever. Wallace suffered such a big loss this time. I’m sure he won’t let it go.”

Before they came, they had made plans to put pressure on Wallace to make him lose more than he gained.

Sure enough, Wallace was a person with careful thoughts, but he always overthought things.

Often, the more considerations one made, the more mistakes there would be.

In fact, if Wallace had gone to Miss Clarke for help, Philip may not be able to do anything to him.

Don had mentioned that the person behind Miss Clarke was on par with Philip.

If the two parties went head to head with each other, it would be enough to destroy the world!

Therefore, no one would make the first move.

However, Wallace was not aware of this.

Clearly, he wanted to obtain the approval of the person behind Miss Clarke, so he could only grit his teeth and swallow the grievances.

Philip smiled faintly and said, “This matter is not over yet. Wallace Phoenix cannot be spared, as well as the other brothers. Instruct our men to be ready to respond to emergencies at any time.”

Theo nodded and said, "Sure, Mr. Clarke. Do we still need to keep an eye on Phoenix Pavilion?"

"Let's watch and see what Wallace will do next."

Philip glanced out of the car window. The sky was getting brighter and the exciting night had passed.

Phoenicia ushered in a new day.

However, on this day, the entire Phoenicia was circulating news about the fierce battle that took place in Fenix Hotel last night!

Too exaggerated!

So horrible!

Almost every ten yards, someone was discussing it.

That mysterious man by the name of Clarke also became the top bigwig among the population.

No one had seen Philip's true appearance.

That night, those who saw Philip were none other than Cecil's men, but they had all been arrested.

As for the people in the restaurant who watched the excitement through the rain, they could not see his face clearly at all.

Therefore, the rumors ran wild.

Everyone just knew that he was the patron Theo found, and even a man like Theo held the umbrella for him.

Philip did not expect that just two days after arriving at Phoenicia, he would be given the title of Mr. Clarke of Riverdale. He was now respected by thousands of people!

Of course, it was all because even Cecil Dane had fallen in his hands.

Moreover, at the last moment, even Bowen Roy, the greatest leader of the South River District from more than 20 years ago, was willing to succumb to him.

It could be seen from all these that this Mr. Clarke of Riverdale had great means and a solid background!

In the hospital ward, Philip stood guard beside Mila's bed. With gentle and indulgent eyes, he looked at Mila.

The little girl ran a high fever last night. Fortunately, it was dealt with promptly.

Suddenly...

A delicate figure barged in.

Melody ran in, her face full of tears. Her head was lowered as she looked at Philip's back and Mila who was on the hospital bed. She said with self-blame, "I'm sorry, Philip, it's all my fault. I'm too playful. If not for me, Mila wouldn't..."

In the end, Melody's tears fell like beads of rain.

Philip turned around, stood up, and glanced at Melody who was blaming herself. He comforted and said, "That's enough. Stop blaming yourself. She's fine now, right?"

Melody pouted and suddenly said, "Philip, from now on, I'll accompany Mila. I'll always protect her and not allow any harm to happen to her."

Looking at Melody's sincere face, Philip knew that if he refused, Melody would probably blame herself for a lifetime.

Therefore, he simply nodded and said, "Okay, but you need to learn some basic self-defense techniques."

Melody wiped her tears, messing up her makeup. She then said, "No problem. I'll go for lessons!"

Philip nodded. It was good that Melody found something to do.

After that, Philip left Mila's ward and came to Anna's ward.

Anna was already awake. Her body was still a little weak and full of wounds while her face was covered with gauze. She sat on the hospital bed, her sad eyes looking at the scenery outside the window.

Philip opened the door of the ward and walked in. When Anna heard the movements and saw Philip, she quickly tried to get down from the bed.

Philip hurried over and stopped Anna, saying, "Don't move. Watch out for your injuries."

Then, Philip sat next to the bed and started to skillfully peel apples.

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Anna just watched with red eyes as she blamed herself. "Mr. Clarke, I'm sorry. I didn't protect Mila."

Philip shook his head and said, "I'm not here to listen to your apologies. I'm here to thank you."

"Thank me?"

Anna was puzzled.

Philip cut the peeled apple into cubes, then poked a piece with a toothpick. Stretching his arm out, he placed the cubed apple at the corner of Anna's bruised mouth.

Anna was still a little apprehensive and hesitated for a moment before opening her small mouth shyly.

"If you hadn't protected Mila with your life, she might have been tortured by them a long time ago," Philip said with a trace of hatred in his eyes.

Anna said after a brief silence, "It's my responsibility. It's because of my inability that I couldn't protect her."

Philip paused, raised his eyebrows, and glanced at Anna before saying with dissatisfaction, "I said, I'm not here to listen to you blaming yourself."

Of course, his words contained a trace of humor—not complete dissatisfaction.

Anna was dumbfounded. She closed her small mouth as her fingers scrunched the sheets unconsciously. She dared not say anymore.

Philip fed the pieces of apple to Anna one by one, saying, "Anna, how long have you been with Theo?"

Anna was startled before saying in a hurry, "Five years."

Philip nodded and asked, "Have you ever thought of leaving Theo?"

Anna shook her head and said, "No, Theo is like a brother to me. I'm an orphan. Theo has been providing me financial support to go to school. Since college, I've been helping Theo out."

"Do you regret it?" Philip continued asking.

Anna said without hesitation, "No."

Philip nodded, then asked again, "Then in the future, will you follow me?"

For a moment, the ward became quiet.

Anna stared at Philip with flickering big eyes that were full of shock and bewilderment.

By following Theo, she was also working for Philip.

However, following Philip directly and following Theo for Philip were two things that were totally different in nature!

This was an opportunity.

After hesitating for a moment, Anna declined. "I still hope to follow Theo and work for Mr. Clarke. I'm fine with this arrangement."

Bam!

The door of the ward was slammed open.

Theo broke in while staring bitterly at Anna. He turned around and bowed down respectfully to Philip before saying, "Mr. Clarke, Anna isn't a sensible woman. Please disregard her words. I hope that you can accept Anna."

"Theo." Anna was moved to tears.

She knew that Theo was doing this for her own good.

Philip glanced at Theo, then looked at Anna. He smiled and said, "So, what's your choice?"

Before Anna could answer, Theo immediately stared at Anna and said, "Hurry up and agree to it! If you don't agree, I won't call you my godsister anymore!"

Anna helplessly bit her lip, nodded, and said, "Thank you, Mr. Clarke. I agree."

Theo was delighted as if he was walking on cloud nine.

Then, Philip got up and prepared to leave.

Before leaving, he looked at Anna worriedly and hesitated to speak several times.

Anna noticed Philip's hesitation, smiled, and said, "Mr. Clarke, I'm fine. They didn't do much to me."

Huff.

Philip breathed a sigh of relief and said with a smile on his face, "Okay, that's fine then."

Sigh.

To be honest, Philip had been very distressed. If Anna was really defiled by those thugs, he would not know how to make up for Anna's trauma.

At the same time in a luxurious private room on the third floor of Phoenix Pavilion.

Wallace bent down and stood in front of Rachel Clarke with a respectful and horrified expression. He said, "Miss Clarke, I'm sorry for my incompetence."

Rachel glanced at Wallace coldly, motioned to the female bodyguard behind her, then handed a portfolio to Wallace.

“This is information on Philip’s wife. You know what to do, right?” Rachel said with a chill on her eyebrows.

Rachel Clarke was about to make a move on her best friend, Wynn Johnston.

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Wallace was startled. He took the portfolio and opened it. It was really detailed and comprehensive!

Wynn Johnston, huh?

Philip’s wife was Wynn Johnston, the chairman of Beacon Group. His daughter was Mila Clarke, his mother-in-law was Martha Yates, and his father-in-law was Charles Johnston...

Very detailed information.

“Miss Clarke, this is?”

Wallace asked to make sure that he was right.

Rachel said coldly, “Wynn is undergoing prenatal treatment at the hospital now. Tell your guys to make trouble at her company. It’s better to create a big fuss so that Philip won’t have the time or energy in Phoenicia. When the time comes and the underground chamber of commerce starts, he won’t be able to do much. As long as the person arranged by the master can take down half of the profit division in the underground chamber of commerce this time, you will be a great contributor.”

Wallace listened carefully, looked at the information in his hand, and already got the idea.

“Miss Clarke, I understand,” Wallace said.

After hesitating for a while, Wallace continued, "Miss Clarke, I have another small request."

Rachel glanced at Wallace faintly with an insightful smile at the corners of her mouth. She said, "Do you want to seek revenge for your brother and make a move on Philip?"

Wallace nodded, squeezed his fists, and said, "That brat went too far! Relying on his money and strength and using Don's connections to suppress me... I can't take this lying down!"

Wallace thought of what Philip had done to him and was full of anger!

Rachel thought for a moment and said, "Do whatever you want but be careful not to leave a trace. Especially for the underground chamber of commerce tomorrow night, the top priority is that there must be no mistakes! If things are exposed, you should know how to deal with it. Don't leave any trails behind!"

"I understand, Miss Clarke. I'll handle it cleanly."

Wallace bowed his head.

Rachel got up and walked to the door when she suddenly stopped mid-way. She said coldly without turning her head back, "You'd better be completely sure about hiring Lame Fred to do things for you. If anything happens, you must bear the consequences!"

After that, Rachel swayed her agile waist and left the private room.

"Miss Clarke, please watch your steps."

Standing in the room, Wallace had a layer of cold sweat on his forehead.

Miss Clarke actually knew.

Was that last sentence a warning to him?

Wallace was silent for a long time as his eyes flashed with a bit of cruelty. He hardened his resolve and did exactly what he was told to do.

Then, he waved his hand angrily and called one of his subordinates. Holding the portfolio, he said, "Quickly send a group of people to Riverdale to make trouble at Beacon Group. The bigger the trouble, the better. Don't be afraid to spend money."

"Yes, Boss."

The man took the portfolio and got to work.

At Riverdale, Beacon Group.

Today, Mindy was in the company and was very busy.

This young woman wore a small trench coat while her straight and slender legs were wrapped in thin black stockings. She had on a pair of black-framed glasses and exuded the charm of an intellectual woman.

She had no choice. Madam Johnston was in the hospital, so she needed to take care of all matters.

Here, she was holding a pile of documents and was about to go to the hospital when an anxious female receptionist rushed in at the door and shouted, "Mindy, it's bad. Someone came to the company to make trouble!"

Make trouble?

Mindy's face darkened. She quickly called some people and ran to the door of the company. Currently at the entrance, a lot of people had gathered and were clamoring.

The other party was a group of hooligans, all of them burly and unruly. They were holding weapons such as shovels and long sticks in their hands.

It was exactly like a bunch of uncouth villagers asking for a pay raise and causing trouble.

There were two boards covered with a white cloth on the empty ground, and on the ground, there were kneeling old women wearing mourning clothes who were crying. Three to five-year-old children were also squatting along with them.

That scene was tragic.

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Above the crowd, a bright red banner with a few particularly noticeable large characters was displayed.

[Beacon, the unscrupulous company! Tumor of the medical industry! Profiting off peoples' lives! We demand justice!]

There was also a lot of discussion among the crowd.

“Oh, what a pitiful family. I heard that a couple took Beacon’s medicine and died, leaving only a pair of toddlers and an old mother.”

“What? So miserable? Then this Beacon is too evil! How could they claim to be a pharmaceutical company? They’re selling poison!”

“Profiteering merchants! Dishonest traders! Get out of Riverdale! We want the relevant agencies to conduct a thorough investigation!”

In the crowd, everyone was raising their arms and shouting.

Of course, among these people, some were paid actors while some were ignorant spectators who got driven by emotions.

Mindy led a few people over and asked anxiously, "What's the matter? Why are so many people making trouble?"

At a glance, there was a sea of people and the numbers were only increasing! If this was not handled properly, Beacon would be verbally criticized again.

"Mindy, a family started this, saying that a couple died after taking our company's medicine. They even brought the corpses over."

The captain of the security guards, Fabio Lorne, replied anxiously at this moment. They managed to stop this group of people with some difficulties just now. Otherwise, the other party would have broken in long ago.

Mindy frowned. There was absolutely nothing wrong with the company's products, but she could not accuse these people of causing trouble.

In desperation, she dialed Wynn's number and said, "Madam Johnston, a problem has cropped up at the company..."

Mindy hurriedly recounted the matter.

"Okay, I see. Handle the situation first. I'll be there soon."

In the hospital, Wynn quickly put on her coat and a pair of flats. She then followed Tiger to the company.

In less than ten minutes, Wynn appeared in front of the company. From a distance, she saw a large crowd gathering around the entrance.

Over there, the managers of the security department and public relations department had hurried over to quickly analyze the current situation.

“Madam Johnston, there’s no evidence that the other party died after taking our medicine. I suspect that this was arranged deliberately,” the PR manager said.

Wynn nodded. Under the protection of Tiger, she squeezed into the crowd from the side and glanced at the wailing old lady and the poor pair of siblings who were at a loss.

“Hello everyone, I’m the chairman of Beacon Group and my name is Wynn Johnston. If you have any questions, you can ask me. Regarding this incident, we will definitely handle it properly. If there’s really a problem with our company’s drugs, I guarantee that Beacon will give the public a proper explanation,” Wynn said methodically.

However...

Crack!

From the crowd, someone threw a few rotten eggs directly on Wynn’s face and body.

Then, other people started throwing rotten eggs, vegetables, and unknown liquids as well!

“Get lost! Beacon is a hypocritical and wicked enterprise!”

“A life begets a life! Wynn Johnston should pay with her life!”

“I heard Wynn Johnston got this position by using her body. Now she lives in a villa and drives a sports car. She’s a black-hearted female entrepreneur!”

All kinds of vicious condemnation came from the crowd as the people became agitated!

The scene suddenly became uncontrollable.

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Fortunately, Fabio's security team moved quickly and guarded Wynn behind them.

"Madam Johnston, are you alright?"

Mindy was anxious and kept wiping things off Wynn.

Wynn shook her head, forced a smile, and said, "I'm fine. We can't blame people for being angry."

After that, she walked out from behind the security guards, faced the angry crowd, and shouted, "Everyone, please calm down. We can't solve the problem like this. Regarding this matter, Beacon will communicate with the family members promptly. We will also understand the needs of the family members. I hope everyone will give me some time."

"Bullsh\*t! Why should we believe you? Wynn Johnston is the number one villain!"

"Exactly! I heard that you're pregnant. I'm sure the child in your stomach will also become a scum of society in the future! It's better to die!"

Wicked!

In the crowd, several big guys with tattoos had been inciting violent emotions in people right from the start.

Tiger tilted his head and spoke into Wynn's ear, "Madam, those few are taking the lead. I'll call someone over."

Wynn frowned, but she nodded and said, "Just in case, don't do anything if you don't have to."

Tiger nodded and immediately walked aside to dial a number.

Just as Tiger walked away...

From the crowd, a woman wearing a mask suddenly rushed out. She directly splashed an unknown liquid that she was holding in her hand onto Wynn's body!

At that stench, a group of people dispersed in an instant.

Wynn was also dumbfounded!

It was a mixture of disgusting liquids!

The woman immediately pulled off her mask, revealing a severely disfigured face. She sobbed bitterly, saying, "Evil pharmaceutical company! I used your beauty products and my face is now ruined! Look, this is how I looked before, and look at me now! I want to lodge a report against you!"

The woman shouted hysterically as many people behind her yelled in support.

Mindy immediately arranged for the security team to block the excited crowd. She then hurriedly supported Wynn while saying, "Madam Johnston, why don't you go and wash up first?"

Wynn nodded, turned, and left.

After more than 20 minutes, Wynn had changed her outfit and returned to public view.

The troublemakers were still at it.

Meanwhile, the spectators were still watching the spectacle.

Now, the media and reporters had arrived as well.

They rushed up, shoving the microphone into Wynn's face while speaking enthusiastically.

"Madam Johnston, how are you going to explain Beacon's inferior drugs?"

"Will you resign from the post of Beacon's chairman and accept relevant investigations?"

"Is the hard-earned money of normal citizens really easy to make? Beacon repeatedly broke out with scandals but was not closed down. Is there a transfer of interests behind it?"

Chitter-chatter.

The group of reporters was asking all sorts of questions, and these questions were brutal and condemning!

They obviously came prepared!

Tiger, Fabio, and the others hurriedly stopped the reporters who had seemingly come out of nowhere.

Wynn adjusted her expression and replied, "Everyone, let me reiterate that Beacon has absolutely not developed, produced, or sold any low-quality and counterfeit drugs. There must be some misunderstanding in this. I hope everyone will give me some time to conduct thorough investigations. At that time, I will hold a press conference to explain the relevant situation to the victims, consumers in the city, and the public," Wynn explained to everyone.

At the same time not far away behind a corner of a building.

In a black MPV parked at the roadside, several people paid close attention to the scene.

The man with the cap in the driver's seat turned to the person behind the car and said, "Hurry up and put it on. Do you remember everything I taught you? Go over and pretend to be employees of the Drug Administration Association. This is a fake seizure document. Remember, you must bring the people over, and your attitude must be tough. Understand?"

In the back of the car, three men wearing imitation dark blue uniforms of the Drug Administration, wearing special hats and crests on their chests, took their briefcases and looked at each other.

The man in the cap took a few glances, confirmed that there was no problem, and drove the car out directly!

Of course, this car belonged to the Drug Administration, but it was also a fake.

When the car arrived at the scene, the crowd automatically dispersed and gave way.

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The three men got out of the car with a serious attitude, broke through the crowd, and stood in front of Wynn.

"Are you Wynn Johnston, chairwoman of Beacon Group?"

The man who took the lead had a square jaw and a deep scar at the corner of his eye, but the hat he was wearing was so low that no one could see it.

"Yes, I am. May I know who you are?"

Wynn was perplexed. Why were the people from the Drug Administration Association also here?

Also, from the forceful intensity of this situation, things did not appear to be good.

The square-jawed man gestured directly to his subordinates, took out a sealed document from the briefcase, and handed it to Wynn. "We received reports from the public that your company is producing and selling counterfeit drugs. We're here to understand the situation. You need to shut your company down for rectification. Chairman Johnston, please come with us."

Wynn was startled and quickly explained, "Everyone, I'm sorry. This is a misunderstanding. Our company doesn't produce or sell any fake drugs. We're also conducting an investigation. I also hope that the three of you will give us some time and wait for the investigation results."

Before Wynn finished speaking, the tall man beside Square-jaw interrupted her and said coldly, "Madam Johnston, we're just following orders. I hope you can cooperate with us. Stop your business operations and come with us."

After that, these people employed a tough attitude and insisted on taking Wynn away.

Tiger immediately stepped forward, blocking the path of these three men of unknown origin with his tall body. He asked in a deep voice, "Are you people from the Drug Administration Association?"

When the tall man saw Tiger's fierce face, he felt a little guilty and stammered, "Yes... That's right. What? Do you think we're faking it?"

When he said this, he adjusted his hat vigorously and showed off the crest on his chest.

He seemed to be showing off his uniform, hat, and crest all at the same time.

Tiger was still very suspicious. Under normal circumstances, people from the Drug Administration Association would not take action so quickly.

Moreover, he was ordered to protect Wynn, so he could not let the other party take the lady away.

"Insolent! Madam Johnston, is this an employee of your company? How dare he be so rude? We're members of the Drug Administration Association! Based on this, I have reason to suspect that your company is indeed producing and selling counterfeit drugs!"

The square-jawed man suddenly shouted in anger!

At that, the rioting crowd standing behind immediately raised their arms and shouted.

Wynn hurriedly put on a smiling face, stood up, and motioned Tiger to retreat. She said, "Okay, I'll go with you, but I need to bring my assistant."

"No problem, please go ahead."

The square-jawed man gestured.

Wynn gave some instructions to Tiger. Then, along with Mindy, she followed the three men into the black vehicle that had the Drug Administration Association's logo on it.

As soon as she got into the car, Wynn noticed something wrong when she sat down!

She saw some clothes in the corner of the back seat of the car!

Moreover, when she raised her eyebrows and looked at the rear-view mirror, she saw the man in the driver's seat smiling coldly at her.

"You're not—"

Wynn turned around and was just about to shout when the three men behind her covered Wynn and Mindy's mouths, shoving them into the car!

Whoosh!

Bang!

The door closed and the car sped away!

Tiger stood at the door of the company, looking at the taillights of the faraway car, feeling more and more uneasy. After thinking about it, he took out his phone and called Theo. "Theo, something happened to the lady."

Theo was at Philip's side, and he hurriedly handed his phone to Philip, saying, "Mr. Clarke, something happened in Riverdale. Beacon was exposed to be selling counterfeit drugs, and Mrs. Clarke seemed to have been taken away by people from the Drug Administration Association."

Philip trembled, stood up immediately, and took the phone before asking in a deep voice, "What happened?"

## Chapter 1005

One problem followed after another.

Philip's body was full of chills at the moment. He suddenly realized that things sounded off and asked anxiously, "What's going on? Beacon is said to be producing and selling counterfeit drugs? How is this possible?"

Tiger said nervously on the phone, "Mr. Clarke, I don't know the specific situation, but just now, a group of people was making trouble at the entrance of the company. There were several groups of people and media reporters on the scene. While the lady was dealing with it, people from the Drug Administration Association came over, saying that they wanted Beacon to suspend business for rectification. They then took the lady and Assistant Mindy away forcefully."

Tiger hurriedly recounted what happened.

Philip frowned deeply after listening. This incident was full of oddities.

So many people were making trouble together, and the appearance of the reporters...

By right, these reporters would not have arrived at the scene so soon.

Not to mention, people from the Drug Administration Association also appeared with seizure documents.

Everything was too perfect!

This matter seemed to be arranged in advance, one after another.

“Quickly send someone to the Drug Administration Association’s office to look for them!” Philip said coldly and quickly hung up. Turning around, Philip looked at Theo and asked, “Do you know someone from the Drug Administration Association?”

Theo nodded and said, “I know the vice president. He’s my old friend. I’ll call and ask about the situation.”

After that, Theo immediately dialed the phone number of Vice President Farley and asked in a polite manner, “Mr. Farley, I’d like to ask you about something. Did the association issue a seizure order to Beacon Group?”

On the other side of the phone, a middle-aged man wearing glasses was working in the office. He was also slightly surprised when he received a call from Theo.

“No, I don’t have any notice here. Beacon Group is a large company in Riverdale with unlimited development prospects. Why would I seize it?”

Kevin Farley was also taken aback, his eyes filled with confusion.

Theo shuddered, then raised his eyebrows and looked at Philip. He continued to ask, “No? Then why did three people from the Drug Administration Association go to Beacon and take Chairman Johnston away with a seizure order?”

As soon as he said this, Kevin stood up from his seat and said in surprise, "What?"

"Theo, this is no joke. I've never issued such an order here. Is there a misunderstanding?"

Kevin also knew the severity of the matter. He was afraid that someone was pretending to be a member of the Drug Administration Association.

The impact would be huge!

Theo immediately understood and said, "Okay, I understand. Can I bother you to send someone to check the matter?"

After that, Theo hung up the phone and shook his head at Philip, saying, "Mr. Clarke, they're not people from the Drug Administration Association. The ones who took Mrs. Clarke away are impostors."

Hearing this, Philip suddenly became angry!

Damn it!

Someone actually dared to touch his home ground!

"Investigate! Send someone to find out who is behind this!" Philip said coldly while clenching his fists. Then, he said, "We're going back to Riverdale!"

Theo hurriedly contacted his men, and the car quickly stopped at the entrance of the hospital.

As he was standing next to Philip, he could clearly feel the sudden anger that erupted from Philip!

That intensity was too strong!

He wondered who was in for it this time.

They actually dared to stretch their claws to Wynn!

Don also hurried over at this moment. After asking about the situation, he said, “Young Master Clarke, don’t worry. I’ll also send someone to ask around. Obviously, someone on the streets did this. I know some friends here.”

Philip said, “Okay.”

Then, he and Theo got into the Mercedes-Benz at the hospital and hurried back to Riverdale.

In the hospital, Theo and Don’s men were on guard.

There would be no more problems.

Now, the priority was Wynn!

Soon, a convoy of four or five Mercedes-Benz cars drove out of Phoenicia!

Here, as soon as Philip and Theo left, a man wearing a mask walked out from the corner of the bottom floor of the hospital.

Then, he quickly drove straight to Phoenix Pavilion.

When the car stopped, the man rushed up to the third floor.

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Thump, thump, thump!

Someone was knocking on the door.

“Come in.” It was Wallace’s voice.

The man walked into the office and said to Wallace humbly, “Boss, they’ve already left the hospital. According to our men at the town’s borders, the car has also left Phoenicia.”

“Great!”

Wallace’s fist landed on the desk with his back facing the man. Through the window, he looked at the scenery of Phoenicia outside, staring at the vast green mountains far away.

Then, Wallace took out his phone, dialed Lame Fred's number, and said in a deep voice, “Lame Fred, I already got that person out of Phoenicia for you. The next step is up to you. I expect only one result!”

“Boss Phoenix, don’t worry. Pay up and the deed is done. That’s my motto. Just wait for my good news.”

Beep.

The call ended.

Wallace sneered menacingly. Twisting the corner of his eyes, he could already see the outcome.

Philip Clarke dared to fight with him?

He would take the lives of his entire family!

Then, Wallace drove to the hospital and visited his second brother.

Jerome's left hand was wrapped in gauze, his severed palm already reattached. Seeing Wallace, he got up quickly and said, "Wallace, why are you here?"

Wallace glanced at Jerome, motioned for him to continue lying on the bed. He walked over, sat down, and said, "I'm here to see you."

Jerome's anger was apparent on his face. He gritted his teeth and said bitterly, "It's all because of Philip Clarke! When I go out, I'll definitely not let him off!"

"It's okay. It's happening soon. I've made arrangements."

Wallace smiled faintly.

When Jerome heard this, he asked dubiously, "You arranged it?"

Following that, Wallace explained his plan, including what would happen to Philip on the road today.

After hearing this, Jerome squeezed his right fist as a ferocious sneer appeared at the corner of his mouth. He said, "Excellent! As soon as Philip is dead, we'll be highly regarded by Miss Clarke. This way, the Phoenix family will still be seen as capable people in the eyes of Miss Clarke!"

Wallace nodded, let out a sigh of relief, and said, "Yes, I didn't expect such an incident to occur this time. If Miss Clarke hadn't told me about his weakness, I really wouldn't know how to deal with him."

Back to Philip.

Five black Mercedes-Benz cars sped on the mountain road leading to Riverdale.

Philip sat in the back seat, talking to Theo.

Suddenly!

Two loud bangs were heard!

The tires seemed to be punctured!

The car was also skidding quickly!

The bodyguard in the driver's seat was desperately holding the steering wheel before he finally stopped the car!

However, the front of the car still crashed into the hillside on the left!

Behind them, the four Mercedes-Benz cars also suffered the same fate!

“Mr. Theo, Mr. Clarke, I’ll go down and take a look.”

The bodyguard in the driver's seat unfastened his seat belt and got out of the car.

However, Philip frowned and said in a deep voice, “Hold on!”

After this sentence, the whole car fell silent!

At this moment, there were no other vehicles for hundreds of yards on the entire mountain road!

Only five Mercedes-Benz cars with punctured tires were stopped on the road.

Philip turned around and glanced at the cars behind.

Several bodyguards in black suits had gotten out of the cars to begin checking.

Suddenly!

Bang, bang, bang!

Gunshots!

Right in front of Philip's eyes, several of Theo's men were hit and they fell in a pool of blood before they could grab their weapons from their waists!

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This scene happened too abruptly and too quickly!

In the car, Theo and the two black-suited bodyguards in the front seats quickly took out their weapons from their waist and waited!

Theo realized they had fallen into the trap!

It was a planned diversion!

Moreover, the other party had set up an ambush on the mountain road leading to Riverdale from Phoenicia.

In other words, the people behind were here to kill Philip!

"Mr. Clarke, stay in the car!"

Theo immediately made plans. He looked at the two men in front of him and said, "Follow me down. Whatever happens, protect Mr. Clarke!"

However, Philip stopped Theo, shook his head, and said, "It's useless. Since the other party has already arranged this, they won't let us go. Stay in the car and act according to the situation!"

Through the glass windows, they saw four or five men and women wearing various masks approaching from behind the cars while holding long firearms in their hands. They were ruthlessly shooting at the remaining bodyguards!

Bang, bang, bang!

For a while, loud gunshots resounded!

Boom!

A black Mercedes-Benz exploded. Soaring flames and blasted parts flew everywhere!

Watching this scene, Theo squeezed his fists tightly and quickly checked the surroundings.

The car could no longer move, and there were no empty spaces around them.

They could not run up the mountain because it was almost a 90-degree slope!

Running down the mountain was even more impossible because there were cliffs and dense forests!

Theo was filled with anxiety at the moment!

If something happened to Philip while he was under his care, he would really blame himself even if he went to hell!

Soon, the gunfire outside ceased.

The five masked men and women emptied a few more barrels of bullets on the black-suited bodyguards who had fallen on the ground before turning their attention to the Mercedes-Benz at the forefront.

The guy who took the lead, wearing a V for Vendetta mask, shouted at the Mercedes-Benz with a deep voice, "Mr. Clarke, come out."

In the car, Philip glanced at the five people who had already surrounded him, pushed the car door open, and walked down calmly.

The man in the mask watched as Philip, Theo, and the others came out of the car. They could not help but sneer. The triangular eyes behind the mask carried a ferocious chill as the man said, "Mr. Clarke is indeed a powerful man. I can't see a trace of fear in you at all. How admirable."

Theo and the two bodyguards raised their guns, standing in front of and around Philip.

Philip glanced at the five people and asked straightforwardly, "Who sent you and how much are you getting? I'll triple it!"

The man in the V for Vendetta mask laughed up to the sky, saying, "I know you're rich, Mr. Clarke, but we've already taken on this job. We can't betray our employer just because of your offer to triple the price, right? Besides, do you think I won't search for the money from your body later on?"

The four people behind him also laughed at that.

Philip's face darkened. He looked at the man in the mask and asked, "Well then, the first question, who sent you?"

Cold and indifferent.

That was Philip's expression.

Even in the face of the threats from the five opposing people, he showed no fear.

This was the courage that belonged to the heir of the Clarke family.

The leader suddenly stopped sneering as suspicion flashed through the corner of his eyes. He mocked, saying, "Why? Do you think you can escape from our hands?"

Philip said flatly, "Maybe."

Hahaha!

A burst of laughter.

The leader laughed presumptuously. This was the first time he heard a joke like this in so many years.

Lame Fred was in the business for so many years and had never missed!

Even against Mr. Clarke who had caused such ripples in Phoenicia recently, he was confident in winning.

"Okay! You're very bold indeed! Do you think that with the three good-for-nothings around you, five of us can be killed?" Lame Fred asked coldly.

The follower beside him said impatiently, "Boss, let's stop the nonsense and just kill him."

Lame Fred turned his head, glared at him, and said, "Brainless fool! Haven't you heard that this kid has a card with a balance of 100 billion?! If we can get our hands on it, we won't have to fight and kill for the rest of our lives!"

Then, Lame Fred—the man in the V for Vendetta mask—turned his head. His eyes were glinting with chills as he stared at Philip and said, "Mr. Clarke, why don't we make a deal? I'll let you go, but you have to give me the card and password."

Philip sneered, took the card out of his pants pocket, and said, "I can give it to you, but I don't know if you can swallow it!"

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Having said that, Philip flung the card at them!

The surface of the golden card reflected the brilliance of the sunlight in mid-air!

Lame Fred was very excited. Staring at the bank card that was thrown out, he reached out and grabbed it!

Suddenly!

Swoosh!

A flash of silver!

A severed arm spewing drops of red flew in mid-air with a beautiful arch before falling to the ground!

The golden bank card that was thrown in the air was also grabbed by another hand.

All this happened in two to three seconds!

Very fast!

Before Lame Fred and his men understood what was going on, they saw that their boss' hand was chopped off from the elbow when he reached out to grab the bank card.

"Argh!"

A scream immediately resounded throughout the mountain road!

Lame Fred clutched his mutilated arm tightly, his face splattered with blood. He was howling in pain.

Finally, the five people saw the person responsible approaching.

It was a woman!

To be precise, she was a woman with an extremely perfect body and who was wearing a black fitting outfit!

She had shoulder-length hair, big eyes, a straight nose, and there were red streaks on her cheeks. Her eyes were sharp as she held two scimitars in her hands. She stood in front of the five people.

Domineering!

A wonder woman!

Only those descriptions could fit her.

The five people came back to their senses and were prepared to retaliate when a figure flashed before their eyes!

The woman swiftly passed through the five people like black lightning. The curved blade directly pierced through their necks, chests, arms, waists, and abdomen!

Then, she stood behind the five people gallantly with the scimitar in her hand spinning between her fingers. Swishing it twice, she then inserted it into the scabbard on her waist!

The actions were performed in one go, the movements smooth and fluid. It was full of artistic beauty.

Thud!

The five people all knelt with their hands on their necks, falling into a pool of blood!

Within ten seconds, Lame Fred and his party all went wide-eyed and died tragically!

Everything happened so fast!

Theo and the bodyguards still could not comprehend what had happened.

However, they saw the charming woman in a black outfit walking toward Philip with her shoulder-length hair facing the wind. Each step of hers mimicked that of an elegant cat's.

“Stop! Don't move!”

Theo rushed out immediately, stood in front of Philip, and held a gun that was aimed at the woman. He roared furiously!

In reality, he was scared!

This woman was a crazy murderer!

They could not resist such skills!

However, in the next second...

The woman with the S-shaped devilish figure walked straight to Philip, knelt on one knee, and lowered her head before shouting respectfully, “Shadow Guard 17 pays respect to Young Master!”

— To be Continued... —