

## Chapter 851

A few minutes later, Theo said, "Mr. Clarke, we found him."

Philip nodded.

More than ten minutes later, Rick was playing with a dagger in his hand. On the ground was Brooklyn whose right arm had already been broken.

He stared at the man coldly and said, "Send my young miss over here safely."

Brooklyn glared at Rick and roared. "Who the f\*ck are you?!"

Brooklyn was very confused now. He was a mercenary but could not even survive one strike from the opponent!

This man's skills were terrifying!

Rick walked up to him, kicked him in the chest, and said coldly, "You're not qualified to ask about my identity."

The burly Brooklyn was now sprawled on the ground like a shivering puppy, groaning in pain.

However, Rick turned a blind eye to all this and said lightly, "You still have three minutes. If I don't see my young miss by then, I'll send you and your men to see God!"

At this moment, Brooklyn finally realized that he was in deep trouble!

He could clearly read the threat of death from Rick's eyes!

Had Smyth finally provoked someone that he should not have?

Brooklyn knelt on the ground with difficulty, pulled out his phone, and called his men.

“Bring her here at once!”

A few minutes later, Philip, who was in the hospital, received a call from Rick.

“Young Master, the young miss is now safely in my hands. What do we do with these people?”

At this moment, Philip breathed a sigh of relief and said coldly, “Don’t do anything yet. Let them notify Smyth that the deed is done and wait for Smyth to contact me.”

“Understood.”

Rick hung up the phone.

Anna, who was standing next to Philip, realized his intentions.

Philip narrowed his eyes that revealed a killing intent and said, “Since Smyth wants to play with me, then I don’t mind playing with him to the end!”

Anna shook her head helplessly, feeling sorry for Smyth who she had never even met yet.

It was really his mistake to become Mr. Clarke’s enemy.

An existence like Philip was really invincible.

In the past two days, after witnessing Philip’s methods, Anna truly admired him from the bottom of her heart!

If possible, she was willing to give everything up to Philip, including her life.

“Theo, get ready. I want to see what other tricks Smyth has,” Philip said calmly, his tone already full of killing intent.

As expected.

Within ten minutes, Smyth called.

Once the call was connected, his laughter was heard before he said, “Philip Clarke, I think we can sit down and talk now.”

Philip asked, “What’s there to talk about?”

“Haha, Philip, you’re very arrogant, but you’ve overlooked one point. The video has been sent to your phone. You can check it out before making a decision.”

Smyth laughed triumphantly.

Philip hung up the phone and glanced at the video he received.

In the video, Mila was lying on the bed, sound asleep.

Several burly men stood next to her, saying something at the camera coldly and sullenly.

Philip sneered, dialed Smyth’s number, and pretended to roar in anger. “Smyth, what the hell did you do?!”

Smyth had just arrived at the medical association branch at this moment. Standing in front of the French windows of the office and looking at the scenery outside, he said, "So, can we talk now?"

Philip said, "Do you think I'll give in just because you're threatening me with my daughter?"

Smyth shrugged and said, "No way, I'm not threatening you. I just heard that your people love your children very much and will even give up your life for them. I'm just testing it out. Philip, don't challenge my patience. Otherwise, there'll be a news headline about a little girl found dead in the river!"

Smyth gritted his teeth furiously.

Philip roared. "How dare you?!"

Smyth continued laughing. "What's there to be afraid of? I'm not a citizen here. I have diplomatic protection. Even if I'm found guilty in the end, I can still return to my country and live a good life there."

After a moment of silence, Philip agreed. "Okay, let's meet."

## Chapter 852

After hanging up the phone, the anger on Philip's face disappeared and was replaced by a sneer.

Smyth was dead for sure.

Theo and Anna also looked at each other, feeling sorry for Smyth.

He could not fathom Philip's way of doing things.

Very soon, Philip and his men drove to the medical association branch office that Smyth had proposed to meet up.

Smyth was sitting in the office at the moment, hugging his secretary.

He felt that he had won.

When Philip arrived, not only would he order him to release Hendricks, but he would also demand a fortune from him!

For such a large enterprise like the Beacon Group, he would get at least hundreds of millions!

Very soon, the intercom rang. "President Smyth, they're here."

"Very good, bring them up." Smyth smiled and motioned for the female secretary to leave.

He could hardly wait.

After a while, the office door was pushed open and the assistant walked in with Philip.

"Mr. Clarke." Smyth laughed, got up, and stretched his hand toward Philip.

Philip shook his hand and said with a smile, "Mr. Smyth, we meet again. I didn't expect you to be the regional president of the medical association."

Smyth smiled, invited Philip to take a seat graciously, and said, "Mr. Clarke is still the same as the last I saw you. I hope we can be friends."

Friends?

Hehe.

Philip snickered and said straightforwardly, "You may start talking about what you want. After all, my daughter is in your hands right now."

Smyth shook his head, poured a glass of red wine, and said, "Mr. Clarke, I don't think that matter is urgent. Let's do it this way. I'd like to ask about the assets of your wife's company first."

Hearing this, Philip immediately understood the other party's intentions.

Interesting.

Not only was he unrepentant, but he still wanted to make a fortune out of him at this time.

"I don't really understand what you mean. Why don't you make it clearer for me?" Philip said.

Smyth smiled and said, "I heard that some time ago, Milanelson Angel Investment Group invested a lot of money in Beacon. I wonder how much it is?"

Philip pretended to think about it, then smiled and said, "Not much, just a little."

Smyth shook his head and said, "According to my investigations, it's not just a little."

Hehe.

'Still trying to hide it from me at this time?' Smyth sneered internally. Once Philip entered this door, he was nothing but a deer in the headlights, waiting to be knocked over.

"Do you really want to find out?" Philip suddenly asked with a smile on his face.

"Of course," Smyth nodded and said.

"Five billion," Philip said directly.

Immediately, Smyth's eyes widened and he asked again in disbelief, "Five billion? Are you sure?!"

Philip nodded and said with certainty, "Of course I'm sure, because that's the amount I invested."

He invested?

What did that mean?

Smyth was a little confused at first, but he understood in an instant and asked inconceivably, "Are you the big boss behind Milanelson Angel Investment Group?"

## Chapter 853

Smyth was very surprised, his face full of disbelief.

How could this be?

Was he not just a good-for-nothing son-in-law?

How did he suddenly become the big boss of Milanelson Angel Investment Group?

Thereafter.

Philip said calmly, "Yes, I am."

He admitted it.

Smyth swallowed, his heart full of joy!

He was overwhelmed with ecstasy. A big piece of cake had been delivered right to his doorstep!

Milanelson Angel Investment Group was said to be worth hundreds of billions!

“Mr. Clarke, in that case, let’s stop beating around the bush. Retract the allegation against Hendricks Worley and I’ll give you your daughter back. How about that?” Smyth said with a broad grin. In his eyes, Philip was already a cash cow.

Philip frowned slightly, turned his head to look at Smyth, and asked, “That’s it?”

Smyth was startled. He did not understand what Philip meant and said, “Do you have any questions?”

Philip smiled, looked at Smyth, and said, “By asking those questions, weren’t you trying to scrape a fortune out of me?”

Smyth was taken aback. His face abruptly bloomed with joy as he patted Philip on the shoulder and said, “Mr. Clarke, you’re no ordinary person indeed. Since you’ve already seen through me, I’ll be direct. If you want Beacon to resume production, we need to forge some connections. How about one billion?”

Smyth took a sip of the red wine with a bright smile on his face as if everything was under control.

One billion.

He was going to make a huge fortune this time.

In that case, a villa in the Maldives was his.

Philip got up, shook his head, and said, “Business is not done this way. We must be fair. My daughter in exchange for you and Hendricks, do you agree?”

Smyth frowned as he tried to understand Philip’s meaning. He said, “Me and Hendricks? Why, do you think you can bring the two of us down at the same time?”

Philip chuckled. "Maybe?"

Smyth sneered menacingly, "Then, do you think you can walk out of here today?"

After that, Smyth clapped his hands and a dozen burly men in black stepped in from outside, looking fierce and intense!

"Philip Clarke, this deal is not a loss for you. One billion. I'll release your daughter and you'll let Hendricks go. Then, you can walk out of here."

Smyth narrowed his eyes and smiled very confidently.

In his eyes, Philip was nothing more than a treacherous person with a bit of money in his hands.

It was not necessary to show any mercy.

However...

Philip's eyes twitched and there was a slight chill on his face as he said, "I must say that foreigners like you are very confident, but don't forget where you're standing right now! It's impossible for crooks like you to run rampant here forever!"

The smile on Smyth's face gradually solidified. He narrowed his eyes, looked at Philip, and said coldly, "I'm only giving you one chance. Are you sure you're not taking it?"

Philip looked at Smyth in amusement and said, "You seem very confident."

After that, Philip just snapped his fingers lightly, and among the few people he brought standing behind him, Rick stepped out.

As soon as he stepped forward, the temperature in the entire office dropped sharply.

Almost instantly, Rick rushed out.

His moves were fast and cruel!

It was almost one strike per person!

When the last person fell, Smyth was completely flustered. He lost his balance, fell on his seat, and stared at Philip with wide eyes.

Philip felt very amused at the sight of Smyth's nervous expression.

Before this, he was still acting all high and mighty, so why was he so cowardly now?

"So, Smyth, what do you have to say now?" Philip asked coldly.

Smyth was a little rattled now, but he still smiled cruelly and said, "Philip, do you really think it's over? Don't forget, your daughter is still in my hands! I'd suggest you think about it carefully! Otherwise, you'd be collecting her body!"

Philip's expression sank and he did not speak.

Smyth seemed to have caught Philip's weakness in that instant and laughed. "Just think about it carefully. One billion for your daughter and your wife's company. It's a good deal.

"Moron!"

Philip finally could not hold back and snorted.

His gaze made him seem like he was looking at a dead person.

At this time, Smyth's private phone rang suddenly.

He hesitated for a moment, wondering if he should pick it up.

“President Smyth, I’d suggest you pick up the call because you’ll be hearing exactly how you’ll meet your downfall.”

Philip smiled, and that sight made Smyth tremble all over.

What a terrible look.

After a brief hesitation, Smyth answered the call. The anxious voice of his assistant in Golden City sounded from the other end.

## Chapter 854

“President Smyth, something serious has happened! The headquarters just issued an order to revoke your position as president!”

“What? How could this be?”

Smyth panicked.

“Also, the related departments in Golden City turned up with the evidence of your crimes. All the properties under your name have been frozen!”

When Smyth heard this, he felt as if his vision had gone dark and his head was buzzing.

He glared at Philip and roared hysterically. “Did you do this? Don’t you want your daughter anymore?”

Philip looked at the frantic Smyth indifferently, walked up to him, and kicked him before saying coldly, "You can call and ask your subordinate where my daughter is. By the way, his name is Brooklyn, right?"

Smyth instantly became agitated when he heard this. "What do you mean?"

Philip said mildly, "Just call and you'll find out."

Smyth called Brooklyn anxiously and heard a sneer from the other end, "Smyth? Hello."

That was not Brooklyn's voice!

Oh no!

Smyth hung up immediately!

He looked at Philip in disbelief and asked, "You... What do you want?"

Yes, Smyth threw in the white towel.

Philip just smiled, kicked him abruptly, and shouted, "When you threatened me with my daughter, your fate was already sealed! Do you really think no one would know about your dirty deeds over the years?"

Clutching his chest with a sullen face, Smyth finally begged for mercy after a long while. "Mr. Clarke, name your price."

"My price?"

Philip chuckled and said, "Do you think you're worthy to negotiate with me? Your life is now in my hands!"

After that, the office door was pushed open and a few uniformed men walked in with Brooklyn and a few others.

Thud!

Brooklyn and the others knelt directly in front of Philip, slamming their heads on the ground while begging for mercy. "Mr. Clarke, please let us off. We're wrong. It's all our fault! Smyth ordered us to do it!"

At this moment, Brooklyn unceremoniously threw Smyth under the bus.

Smyth exploded in rage, cursing at him like a sailor.

Philip just looked at Brooklyn coldly and asked, "Do you have any evidence of Smyth harassing the people of this country?"

"Yes! Yes, I do!"

Brooklyn nodded frantically.

At that moment, Smyth fell limply to the ground, facing the ceiling.

He knew that it was over for him.

Everything happened as expected. Half an hour later, Smyth was handcuffed and taken away.

At the same time in a hotel suite somewhere in the Maldives.

Muriel was performing some indescribable actions with a foreign man when the door was suddenly busted open. A team of heavily armed men rushed in and dragged Muriel off the bed.

“Don’t move! You’re under arrest!”

Everything was settled.

Philip returned to the hospital and spent a week with Wynn.

Throughout the week, Philip took care of Wynn meticulously.

On this day, Wynn was lying on the hospital bed, watching news reports. The topic was the interview of the medical association branch.

“This time, the medical association branch was exposed in a profit scandal. Hendricks Worley has been arrested and the president of the Golden City Medical Association, Carr Smyth, has also been detained...”

Looking at the report on the screen, Wynn turned to look at Philip who was lying on the sofa with a newspaper over his face. She suddenly asked, “Phil, do you have anything to do with this?”

## Chapter 855

This time, Philip almost fell from the couch.

He grinned and said, “How is that possible? I don’t have that ability. I only have a bit of money. I think someone must have lodged a report against them.”

Wynn frowned at Philip.

She kept feeling that he was lying.

However, she could not think of a reason for him to do so.

Sensing Wynn's suspicious glance, Philip said guiltily, "Why are you looking at me that way? Don't you know what I look like? Okay, now that your company's affairs have been resolved, you should take good care of your health. This time, you're not allowed to go anywhere. Do you hear me?"

Wynn gave her consent, continued watching the news on the screen, and then looked back at Philip who was still on the sofa reading the newspaper with his legs propped.

Was it really not him?

"By the way, Phil, when are you going to introduce your friend to me?" Wynn suddenly asked while drinking her soup.

Philip was startled. Wynn was asking a lot of questions today.

"What friend?" Philip asked instead, feigning ignorance.

"Quite a few. For instance, the friend who invested three billion in us the first time. Or the friend who helped us with the online scandal the other time. Or the friend..." Wynn said a lot in one breath. With a faint smile on her lips, she looked at Philip and waited for his answer.

Philip was flabbergasted and stared at Wynn dubiously.

F\*ck!

Since when did he have so many friends?

He was doomed.

He was not going to be able to explain this. Now what?

Was this going to be confession day?

After thinking about it, Philip leaned forward, held Wynn's little hand, and said with a grin, "Wynn, if I tell you something, something that I've kept from you for a long time, will you be angry with me?"

He needed to get her mentally prepared first.

Wynn looked at the suddenly attentive Philip, crossed her arms over her chest, and deliberately said condescendingly, "That depends on what you tell me."

That was really difficult to say.

Philip hesitated and finally made the decision.

"Uh, Wynn... Actually, your husband... That's me... I'm not as simple as you think. Actually, in fact, the Clarke family..." Philip said nervously.

However, at this time, the door of the ward was suddenly pushed open!

Martha Yates, who had not been seen for a long time, turned up pretentiously.

As soon as she entered the door, she cried loudly. "Wynn, what happened to you? Why are you so careless? Are you alright? You must talk to me!"

While talking, she pulled Philip away from his chair.

Look, what a virtuous mother-in-law.

Now she was so concerned about Wynn.

Philip stood silently and glanced at Charles who came in afterward.

Charles also smiled and greeted Philip.

“Philip! What’s going on? Why is my daughter in the hospital again?! Is it because of you? Tell me!”

Suddenly, Martha got up, pointed at Philip’s nose, and started cursing.

That look was simply fantastic!

Philip raised an eyebrow, stared at Martha coldly, and said, “What are you doing?”

With that, Martha’s next words were stuck in her throat.

She froze for a few seconds, then immediately shouted unreasonably, “What do you mean? Just look at my daughter. Since she married you, has she been leading a good life? This is the second time. Are you deliberately trying to make her miscarry? Could it be that the child is not yours?”

Martha came here today fully prepared.

Her objective?

Simple.

Philip scrutinized Martha and said bluntly, “Just say what you’re trying to do with this drama.”

Martha glanced at Charles and continued her pretense. “I don’t know what you’re saying. What’s wrong with me fighting for my daughter? Just look at her. Do you have a conscience? Now that she’s like this, doesn’t she need someone at home to take good care of her?”

When she said this, she winked at Charles repeatedly.

“Yes, that’s right.”

Charles immediately nodded in agreement.

“Of course, I’m right. Wynn is my daughter. Who else better to take care of her?” Martha continued and asked Charles again, “Charles, don’t you think so?”

Philip glanced at Wynn on the hospital bed, and Wynn also shook her head helplessly.

The two of them had already figured out Martha’s motive.

“Mom, what do you want?” Wynn asked.

## Chapter 856

Martha immediately turned around, took Wynn's little hand, and persuaded her. “Wynn, I’m trying to take care of you, of course. How could this hospital be compared to me? So, let’s go home and let me take care of you, okay?”

“It’s alright, Mom. Staying in the hospital is fine. The nurses take good care of me, and they have the most advanced equipment here.”

Wynn declined Martha’s kind intentions.

This time, Martha was getting anxious.

She was here today to persuade Wynn so that she could take care of her. That way, she could move back to the villa in a justified manner.

“How could that be good enough? Mom has gone through this before. Who can take care of you better than me? You’re my daughter. Do you think I’d harm you?” Martha immediately retorted. Her intentions were very obvious. She would not relent until Wynn agreed.

Wynn continued to decline painstakingly. "Mom, it's really alright. I can stay in the hospital."

After this sentence, Martha covered her face and started crying.

"Wynn, do you despise me? If you do, I'll leave right now."

Martha sobbed, pretended to stand up, and was about to turn to leave.

At this time, Charles grabbed Martha and said to Wynn, "Wynn, your mother has good intentions. Why don't you just agree to her request?"

Wynn was in a dilemma. She glanced at Philip before nodding and saying, "Okay."

Martha instantly turned around and said ecstatically to Wynn, "My daughter's the best! Okay, I'll go home right away and make you some chicken soup."

After saying this, Martha stood up, stretched out her hand toward Philip, and said triumphantly, "Give me the keys."

Seeing Philip looking at her coldly and indifferently, Martha became very angry.

"Why? Wynn has agreed but you don't?"

Martha immediately used Wynn to threaten Philip.

Philip was helpless. He did not want to cause any distress to the family just because of a trivial matter like this.

It did not matter.

He took out the keys and handed them to Martha.

However, just as Martha was about to take the keys, he snatched them back again. He stared at Martha and said solemnly, "I'm warning you, don't try to play any tricks. If I find out about it, don't blame me for being ruthless!"

Martha glared at Philip and grabbed the keys from his hand.

Then, she left with Charles happily.

Looking back at Wynn on the hospital bed, Philip reluctantly sat down, picked up an apple, and peeled it.

"Phil, do you hate my mother?" Wynn asked at this time.

Philip did not speak in silent acquiescence.

Wynn held Philip's hand and said, "I know she's very unreasonable sometimes, but she's my mother after all. If I don't care about her, who will?"

Philip was very annoyed, but for Wynn, he could bear with it.

Raising his hand, he touched Wynn's face gently and said with a smile, "Okay, I know. Don't worry, as long as your mother doesn't do anything out of the ordinary, I can tolerate her."

Wynn smiled and squeezed Philip's hand.

This man would unconditionally tolerate anything for her sake.

She would love him unconditionally too.

“By the way, what were you going to tell me just now? Something about the Clarke family?” Suddenly, Wynn stared at Philip and asked.

## Chapter 857

Philip thought for a moment, forced out a smile to cover his tracks, and said, “It’s nothing. Have an apple.”

With that, he passed the apple in his hand to Wynn.

Wynn glanced at him a couple of times but did not pursue the question and began to frown instead.

What was he trying to say just now?

In the afternoon, Philip returned to the villa.

As soon as he entered the villa, he saw Martha and Amelia on the couch discussing something.

Martha just glanced at him lightly without acknowledging him.

Philip ignored her too.

The two acted like strangers.

After Philip went upstairs, Amelia said to Martha, “Martha, you’ve no idea what a hard time I had when you were kicked out of the villa. I didn’t even dare to show up in front of him for fear that he’d drive me away.”

Indeed.

After Martha was kicked out the other day, Amelia received a warning.

If she wanted to stay on, she was not allowed to cause any trouble.

Martha snorted coldly and said, "What are you afraid of? Now that I'm back, he won't drive me away again. No matter what, I must teach that stinking brat a good lesson. How dare he kick me out?! It's preposterous!"

Martha had wallowed in her resentment long enough and she simply could not vent her frustrations.

"But he's the boss behind Milanelson. How can we fight against that?" Amelia asked timidly. She did not want to end up like Martha and get kicked out.

Martha sneered and said, "Don't worry. I have a plan."

Martha had set her sights on Philip this time.

She simply could not swallow the grievance.

The two plotted something downstairs, and after a while, they left the villa.

Once they were out, Martha hailed a cab. Amelia, who was following behind her, quickly asked, "Martha, where are we going?"

"I'll bring you somewhere," Martha said cheerfully.

Soon, the two came to a pier where a yacht was docked.

Martha proudly took out an invitation card from her bag and handed it to the man in a black suit guarding the dock.

The man glanced at the invitation, looked at the two, and said gruffly, "One invitation, one person."

Martha immediately said loudly, "She's with me. She's my sister-in-law."

The man shook his head without relenting.

Martha was anxious, so she took out her phone and said, "Okay, I'll make a call."

Soon, the phone was connected, and a sexy woman's voice asked lazily, "Who is it?"

"Hello, Miss Pearson, it's me, Martha Yates. Today I brought a relative of mine to board the ship, but your people said only one person can be admitted with one invitation. I'd like to ask if you can give me some leeway," Martha spoke humbly with a flattering tone.

"I see. Pass the phone to him then."

The voice on the other end of the phone was so charming that even Martha felt that she had to be an extremely beautiful woman.

She had never seen her, just spoken to her on the phone a couple of times.

With that, Martha handed the phone to the man in the black suit.

She overheard a few words that she could not understand, and then the other party allowed them in.

Martha took Amelia on the yacht happily.

After that, the yacht started and quickly sailed away from the pier. About ten minutes later, amid the splashing waves, the two of them saw a huge white cruise ship, the Royal Princess Cruise!

The moment they boarded the cruise ship, Martha and Amelia were fascinated by the magnificent luxury in front of them.

The cruise ship was divided into four floors, and the third floor was brightly lit and exceptionally crowded—the casino!

The entire floor was bustling with voices of wealthy ladies and rich young masters.

Martha and Amelia looked at all the tables in front of them as well as the lavish and elegant ladies. Their hands began to itch.

This was the life of the rich and wealthy.

Martha and Amelia exchanged a glance. The former took out a few hundred thousand from her bag and said with a smile, “Shall we play a few rounds?”

Of course, Amelia agreed immediately. She had never played before.

Soon, they exchanged their chips and started playing frantically on various gaming tables.

This went on for a couple of hours.

In this duration, Martha lost all the money she brought, and a female attendant told her that she could borrow money on the spot.

Martha, who was already on a gambler’s high, signed the document without even thinking about it. She borrowed one million and started to attack the tables again!

In the beginning, Martha was winning. At one point, she won two million and recouped all her losses.

Amelia, who watched on the sidelines, danced with joy as she shouted, “Martha, we made a fortune!”

Martha also realized that and refused to leave because she assumed the God of Fortune was on her side.

The croupiers simply glanced at each other and what followed next became out of control.

## Chapter 858

Very soon, Martha lost all the money she won, so she borrowed again after losing only to end up losing what she had just borrowed.

After a few rounds, she had already lost ten million!

In the end, Martha flew into a rage and left angrily, yelling, "I'm not playing anymore! It's a scam!"

While cursing, she wanted to take Amelia and run away quickly.

However, two burly tattooed men blocked Martha's path.

A person who looked like a manager smiled politely at Martha and said, "Madam Yates, may I ask when do you plan to repay the money you've borrowed?"

Martha had never experienced such a scenario before, so she stammered fearfully, "I... I'll ask my son-in-law to pay it back. I need to go home and take care of my daughter now."

With that, she attempted to rush past them.

However, the two tattooed men directly held Martha back.

The manager took out Martha's IOU and said, "Madam Yates, please take a good look at it. You've borrowed 100 million from my casino. If you don't repay it by midnight tonight, the amount will be multiplied by ten!"

100 million?

Ten times the amount would be one billion!

Martha exploded and yelled, "What 100 million? I only borrowed ten million! Where did the 100 million come from? This is daylight robbery. It's a scam!"

It was over.

Martha also realized that she had fallen into a trap.

However, the manager shook his head lightly and said, "No, it's 100 million. The last round was a ten-fold bet. You lost 90 million in that round. Plus the 10 million you borrowed, the total is 100 million."

"Bullsh\*t! You're scamming people and breaking the law! I'm going to sue you!" Martha roared furiously.

Smack!

Suddenly, the manager stepped forward and slapped Martha, causing her to directly fall on the ground. She covered her face and started wailing.

"I'd advise you not to try my patience. Over the years, this river has seen many people who borrowed money and didn't repay. Do you want to go down there and keep them company?"

The manager squatted and looked at Martha and Amelia with a threatening sneer.

Only then did Martha realize that she was afraid. She started sobbing, saying, "Don't kill me, please. I'll pay..."

"Okay! Pay up!" the manager said.

Martha panicked. Where was she going to find so much money? 100 million!

"I... I don't have that much money..."

Martha stammered and avoided the other party's eyes in fear.

Bam!

The manager stepped forward, kicked her forcefully, and cursed, "Are you f\*cking lying to me? Believe it or not, I'll throw you into the river now!"

"No! Please don't! My son-in-law has money! I'll get him to send the money now!"

The flustered Martha had already lost her senses. She quickly took out her phone and called Philip.

The phone rang for a while before it was connected.

"Philip, come and save me. Please save me. They're going to throw me into the river!"

Martha burst into tears immediately.

As soon as Philip came out of the villa, he received this damned call.

"What happened?" he asked with a frown.

"I... I'm on a cruise ship. I lost some money in the casino. They're refusing to let me go."

Martha knew that her survival depended on Philip this time. After all, he was the big boss behind Milanelson Angel Investment Group. He had to have money!

“How much did you lose?” Philip frowned as he asked.

“One... 100 million.”

When Martha said this, she was very apprehensive.

Click!

The phone was directly disconnected!

Martha was stunned and frightened, yelling, “Philip? Philip!”

She called again and started cursing, “Philip Clarke, I’m your mother-in-law! Are you really going to leave me in the lurch?”

## Chapter 859

Martha was anxious and scared stiff. The other party had so many people with them. It was quite obvious that they would not let her go if she could not get the money.

Damn that Philip for hanging up on her at this time!

Was he really going to leave her to die?!

“Philip, bring the money and save me right now!” Martha roared, looking very miserable and disheveled.

Standing at the door of the villa, Philip sneered, “Martha, you gambled and lost. Why are you asking me for money?”

“What do you mean? You’re my son-in-law. What’s wrong with asking you for money?”

Martha glanced at the manager who was sitting while playing with the dagger in his hand. She was so scared that she started trembling and quickly said, “Okay! If you don’t give me the money, I’ll call Wynn!”

Philip was stuck when he heard Wynn’s name.

This damned Martha Yates was really inhuman.

Out of desperation, Philip had to agree. “Where?”

Soon, Martha sent the address to him.

Philip thought for a while, called Theo, and then rushed to the dock.

Back at the cruise ship, Martha and Amelia shrank in the corner, hugging each other while looking panicked.

“My son-in-law will bring the money soon.”

Martha was so scared that she was trembling all over.

“Great!”

The manager clapped his hands and laughed, then motioned to the two bodyguards to separate the two women. He said coldly, “Someone wants to see you.”

After that, two bodyguards took the struggling Martha away.

Martha disagreed at first and yelled, "I'm not going! My son-in-law will be here soon! I'm not going anywhere!"

However, the manager just slapped her again and she became quiet.

Along the way, Martha dared not speak. She was worried that if she accidentally angered the other party, she would be finished.

Soon, they came to the most luxurious presidential suite on the cruise ship.

The manager opened the door, walked in, and said respectfully, "Boss, she's here."

"Well, come in."

A lazy voice sounded.

When Martha heard it, she felt that the voice was very familiar. She was still wondering who it was when she was pushed in by the bodyguard behind her.

Entering the suite, Martha saw a woman in front of her in a fiery red dress with her back facing her. She looked tall and sexy. Holding a glass of red wine, she stood at the window that overlooked the river.

"Madam Yates, I'm very glad to see you on my cruise ship. Did you enjoy yourself?"

The woman slowly turned around, revealing her delicate features and charming smile.

"You... Are you Miss Pearson?" Martha asked.

The other party smiled slightly and motioned to the attendant to pass Martha a glass of red wine, saying, "Have a glass of wine to soothe your nerves."

Martha took the wine glass tentatively. Before taking a sip, she knelt and begged for mercy. "Miss Pearson, please let me go."

Margot looked at Martha dubiously and said with a charming smile, "What are you doing? Do I look that scary?"

Martha shook her head desperately and said, "No, of course not. Don't throw me into the river. I don't want to die. My son-in-law will return the money to you soon. Please have mercy on me."

Martha realized that she had fallen into a trap.

Margot's eyes twitched. With a face full of smiles, she motioned to her subordinates to pull Martha up. She said, "Madam Yates, let's make a deal. I'll even give you ten million after that. How about it?"

Ten million?

Martha was taken aback. She glanced at her surroundings. It seemed that she would not be able to leave if she did not agree to it.

"What deal?" Martha asked weakly.

Margot smiled indifferently and said, "Don't be nervous. It's not a difficult task. I only need you to do something for me."

"What... What is it?"

Martha was a little flustered. She dared not look at the woman at all.

She was too seductive. Even if she was a woman, she felt as if her soul would be hooked at a glance.

Margot motioned to her subordinates to pass Martha a photo. Martha took it and glanced at it. It was a jade thumb ring.

Coincidentally, she had seen this jade thumb ring before!

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“I need you to help me get this from Philip Clarke,” Margot smiled and said, blinking her pretty big eyes while strutting in cat-like steps.

When Martha heard this, her head buzzed.

Was this thing very valuable?

She was beaten up by Philip because of this item last time.

Was she going to steal it again?

“Um, Miss Pearson, I’m afraid I can’t do it. Philip always carries this thing with him. I can’t get hold of it.”

Martha was apologetic and hesitant, making it seem like it was a difficult feat.

Margot smiled faintly and poured herself a glass of red wine. Her red lips slightly parted as she said, “Madam Yates, that’s your problem. It’s okay if you don’t want the deal.”

Having said that, the two burly bodyguards directly dragged Martha to the window and made a gesture to push her out!

The rolling waves down below were horrifying!

This time, Martha burst into tears with fright and shouted desperately, “I’ll do it! Don’t push me down!”

Margot motioned to her subordinates to release Martha, then stepped on her high heels to walk over to Martha who was slumped on the ground. She said, "By the way, I don't have much time. I'll give you two weeks, okay?"

Two weeks?

"No way, two weeks isn't enough time," Martha exclaimed, but when she saw the two bodyguards stepping forward again, she immediately nodded frantically. "Okay, okay! Two weeks!"

After that, Martha was taken out again.

When she saw Amelia, Martha sobbed as she hugged her.

After Amelia saw Martha's appearance, she was also scared and asked quickly, "What's the matter? What did they do to you?"

Martha shook her head and said, "No, it's nothing."

At the same time, Philip had just arrived at the dock. As expected, a yacht was already waiting for him.

"Mr. Philip Clarke?" the other party asked.

Philip nodded and immediately boarded the yacht.

Ten minutes later, he boarded the Royal Princess Cruise. Following the two bodyguards leading the way, Philip noticed that the cruise ship was very well-equipped.

How did Martha Yates get here?

Did she know someone?

Soon, Philip was taken into a private room. He saw Martha and Amelia sitting at the gambling table, and a bald tattooed man was sitting across them.

“Philip, you’re finally here. Pay up quickly and let’s go.”

The moment Martha saw Philip, she rushed over.

However, the two bodyguards behind her held her back.

The moment Philip stepped in, this room was locked. There were eight bodyguards in the room.

Philip could not be bothered with Martha. He looked directly at the bald man and asked, “How much does she owe you?”

“Not much. 100 million,” The bald man stood up and said with a smile.

Philip thought for a moment, then suddenly said, “What if I don’t pay up?”