

Chapter 1143

Hearing that, everyone shuddered.

They had witnessed the arrogance from Jameson, but who would have thought that Philip was even more arrogant!

Hitting someone in public!

He was completely disregarding the Larson family of Fernvale.

How dare he speak like this?

Could it be that Young Master Clarke's origin was more terrifying than theirs?

That was everyone's question.

However, Seamus just sneered in his heart.

The arrogant Gold family was completely ignorant of Philip's identity and dared to act so boldly. Only the worst results awaited them.

"Young Master Clarke, I have to say that you're very brazen. However, you may not be aware of the power and methods of the Larson family. I'd advise you not to step out of line. Do everything within your means and you can go far."

Jameson was holding his right eye, his face full of chills. He glanced at Philip and felt nothing but resentment!

Was this Young Master Clarke really not afraid of the Larson family?

“What if I say I don’t want to let go of the Gold family in Uppercreek?”

Philip smiled, and the faint smile made the atmosphere in the room cold.

Many people there took a deep breath!

This was a blatant confrontation against the Larson family.

Jameson gritted his teeth in resentment and yelled furiously, “Philip Clarke, don’t be too presumptuous! No matter how great you think you are for having destroyed the Hull family, if you want to go up against the Gold family in Uppercreek, you must pay heed to the Larson family in Fernvale! Do you wish to go to war with them?”

He could not help it.

Philip’s intensity was too strong and putting immense pressure on Jameson.

If he did not bring up the Larson family now, he was afraid he could not resist it!

Philip shook his head and said, “I’m not interested in the Larson family of Fernvale at all. Even if Patriarch Larson were to stand in front of me right now, I’ll say the same thing. For the Gold family of Uppercreek, your final chance is gone. Half an hour from now, you shall see all businesses of the Gold family in Uppercreek going bankrupt and liquidated one after another. The Gold family shall also fall into the abyss step by step, gradually becoming history in Uppercreek.”

Philip's words were enchanting, calm, and indifferent.

However, the implied dominance made many people in the room startled.

This guy's tone was very high-handed indeed.

He wanted the Gold family to go bankrupt within half an hour.

Jameson was furious and sternly shouted, "Insolence! Just because you destroyed the Hull family, you think you're invincible? Let me tell you, what goes around comes around. If you dare to do anything to the Gold family, the only thing that awaits you will be the relentless retaliation from the Larson family of Fernvale!"

Jameson was livid and had never been so aggrieved like today.

He was being threatened by a junior like this.

Even if the Larson family was mentioned, the other party paid no heed at all.

Despiteful!

"Excuse me, but I call the shots around here."

Philip grinned and said faintly, giving people an infinite sense of oppression.

Then, in front of everyone, Philip took out his mobile phone to dial a number. He said coldly, "Investigate the Gold family in Uppercreek immediately. I want the Gold family's businesses and properties to go bankrupt and liquidated within half an hour!"

After speaking, Philip hung up the phone. He put his hands in his trouser pockets and looked at Jameson quietly.

Jameson burst into laughter and mocked, "Ridiculous! Do you think a simple phone call can wipe out the Gold family? Absurd! Even if you have some means and skills, don't forget, we're talking about Uppercreek, the territory of the Gold family! What's more, we have the Larson family standing behind us. You think that with just a call from you, the Gold family can go bankrupt?"

Jameson laughed uproariously, his eyes full of disdain!

Ludicrous!

Chapter 1144

Did he think the capital market was child's play?

Many people who knew the Gold family and the Larson family shook their heads one after another.

"Alas, Young Master Clarke is taking it too far this time. Although his method of destroying the Hull family is unforgettable, we're talking about Uppercreek after all. Furthermore, the Larson family is involved. It's not going to be easy."

"No doubt about it. Uppercreek is going to be a tough nut to crack, made even tougher now that the Larson family is in the picture."

“The Gold family is very influential in Uppercreek and well-connected with the other families. Making a move against the Gold family means breaking the Upperglade Chamber of Commerce Alliance!”

Among them, some ignorant wealthy second-generations in other regions, including some foreign guests, shrugged their shoulders to express their lack of understanding. They asked, “What is the Upperglade Chamber of Commerce Alliance?”

Immediately, someone chuckled and said, “You don’t even know about the Upperglade Chamber of Commerce Alliance? What a daft.”

Following that, someone explained.

“Upperglade is the largest chamber of commerce alliance in Uppercreek. Basically, all business owners and major corporations in Uppercreek are members of this alliance. It’s no exaggeration to say that Uppercreek is the most united international metropolitan area. The members of this alliance are collaborative entities, supporting and competing with each other.

“To put it simply, Upperglade is the largest chamber of commerce in Uppercreek, also the only one. If something goes wrong in any company, all alliance members will unanimously unite against the outsider. In other words, if Young Master Clarke wants to make a move against the Gold family, he must first deal with the Upperglade Chamber of Commerce Alliance. Otherwise, all the other companies and affluent families in Uppercreek will be waiting for him!

“Just think about it. What scenario will that be? The entire Uppercreek! There are thousands of companies there, not to mention dozens of local families.”

After hearing this, everyone nodded.

It would be difficult.

No wonder Jameson was so confident.

It turned out that there was also the Uppergrade Chamber of Commerce Alliance standing behind him, representing the whole of Uppercreek!

That was the leading area for the development of international commerce, finance, and technology!

Could Young Master Clarke deal with the entire Uppercreek?

Not likely.

After everyone had finished discussing, Jameson looked triumphant and said, "So, Young Master Clarke, do you regret it now? You didn't even weigh your capabilities before going up against the Gold family! Do you really think Uppercreek is a rubbish pit like Riverton?"

In the venue, there were many local business owners from Riverton. Hearing such insulting words by Jameson at the moment, they immediately became furious!

"Jameson Gold, what are you talking about?"

"Show some respect when you speak! Uppercreek is the rubbish pit, not Riverton!"

Facing the anger of the business owners from Riverton, Jameson stood his ground and argued back with them before turning back to the silent Philip. He said, "Young Master Clarke, what's the matter? Are you finding it difficult to carry out your earlier threat? Let me see, there are another 25 minutes to go. I look forward to seeing what methods you have to make the Gold family go bankrupt!"

Overbearing.

After Jameson said this, everyone's eyes were on Philip.

There was basically no question about it.

No matter how powerful the family was, could it fight against an international city?

That involved trillions of GDP!

Who could possess such a heaven-defying method?

That was not simply a competition of financial resources, but also a competition of connections and methods in all aspects!

Including power.

Philip raised his head, looked at the ceiling of the carved beams, and murmured, "Uppercreek is a really nostalgic place."

Then, Philip lowered his eyes. With chills in his gaze, he stared at Jameson and said, "The biggest mistake you made is to mention the Upperglade Chamber of Commerce alliance. Do you know who I called just now?"

Chapter 1145

Jameson was confused by that question.

How would he know who he called?

“Hehe, Young Master Clarke, stop pretending. It’s not so easy to bring down the Gold family in Uppercreek! To tell you the truth, there’s no need for the Larson family to take action at all. Just the Upperglade Chamber of Commerce Alliance in Uppercreek is enough to stop you in your tracks!”

Jameson sneered, his face full of disdain.

Philip laughed, took out his mobile phone, and said, “The person I called just now is Hoyt Luther, the chairman of the Upperglade Chamber of Commerce Alliance!”

Hoyt Luther?!

When everyone heard that, they were shocked and amazed!

“It turned out to be Hoyt Luther, the chairman of the Upperglade Chamber of Commerce Alliance. He was the main person in charge!”

“How is this possible? He can actually reach Hoyt Luther!”

Not only were the onlookers shocked, but Jameson was also completely dumbfounded at this moment. He was suspicious and nervous at the same time.

He quickly grabbed the phone in Philip’s hand. Upon glancing at the number, his heart shook and his whole body was chilly. He was holding back a violent panic attack!

This... How could this be possible?!

That was Chairman Luther’s number!

Jameson panicked, and the cold sweat on his forehead fell drop by drop!

Who on earth was this guy to have Hoyt Luther's number?!

Wait a minute!

The tone and attitude when he spoke to Hoyt earlier clearly showed that he was giving the other party orders!

Impossible!

Absolutely impossible!

Jameson panicked as his pupils shrank. His legs began to tremble uncontrollably.

When everyone saw the change in Jameson's face at the moment, they all guessed it.

Jameson Gold, who had been extremely arrogant before, was panicking and nervous at this moment. This change was simply too dramatic.

Right at this moment!

The abrupt ringing of a mobile phone!

It was the phone in Jameson's hand.

This scared him so much that he almost dropped the phone with his shaking hands!

“Pick up the call.”

Philip stood with his hands on his back. His eyes were calm, and the smile at the corner of his mouth revealed a faint chill.

Jameson looked at the phone in his hand, and the caller ID displayed Hoyt’s number.

What should he do?

After hesitating, Jameson still answered. Holding the phone tremblingly, he placed it to his ear and said in horror, “Chairman Luther.”

On the other end of the phone in a luxurious office in a grand mansion, a balding middle-aged man who was slightly plump had a dark complexion at this moment as he asked, “Who are you? Where is Young Master Clarke?”

Jameson was nervous and said incoherently, “Chairman Luther, I’m Jameson Gold.”

“Jameson Gold?”

Hoyt’s face darkened. He understood in an instant, and he said in a cold voice, “Very well, as the chairman of the Upperglade Chamber of Commerce Alliance, I officially inform you that the Gold family has been delisted from the Upperglade Chamber of Commerce Alliance! From now on, everything that goes on with the Gold family has nothing to do with the Chamber of Commerce Alliance! By the way, let me remind you that within 20 minutes, the Gold family will go bankrupt and all your properties will be liquidated.”

Boom!

At this moment, Jameson felt as if he had been struck by lightning. His entire body trembled uncontrollably!

Delisted?

“Chairman Luther, please hold on. There must be a misunderstanding.” Jameson was anxious.

However...

On the other end of the phone, Hoyt said coldly, “Misunderstanding? How dare you say this when you’ve offended Young Master Clarke? I really wonder what you’re thinking. You reap what you sow!”

Jameson refused to accept reality and hurriedly shouted, “Hoyt Luther, I’m a member of the alliance after all. How can you delist me just like that? Over the years, the Gold family has made countless contributions to the Uppergrade Chamber of Commerce Alliance. How can you turn your back against me now? Have you forgotten the purpose of the alliance’s establishment? Unite against outsiders! Now, with just one word from this bratty Young Master Clarke, you’re delisting the Gold family from the alliance? I refuse to accept this!”

Jameson almost roared out his frustrations.

The onlookers were completely dumbfounded when they heard Jameson’s words!

What?

The Gold family was removed from the Upperglade Chamber of Commerce Alliance?

This was big news!

What exactly happened?

The Upperglade Chamber of Commerce Alliance actually made such a decision.

All of a sudden, everyone's eyes fell on Philip.

Chapter 1146

Was it just because of one request from him?

Even the Upperglade Chamber of Commerce Alliance had to follow his orders?

Terrifying!

On the other side of the phone, Hoyt sneered and said, "Jameson, you refuse to accept it? Do you f*cking know who founded the Upperglade Chamber of Commerce Alliance?"

Hoyt almost roared his words. Jameson trembled in fright and asked weakly, "Who?"

"It's the Young Master Clarke who's standing in front of you right now!"

Hoyt guessed that Philip must be standing with Jameson now, so he shouted directly into the phone!

F*cking idiot!

This was his comeuppance!

Over here, Jameson was petrified on the spot. His eyes were full of disbelief and panic!

The Uppergrade Chamber of Commerce Alliance was actually founded by Young Master Clarke?!

How could that be?

Jameson was completely stunned!

At this moment, Jameson's cell phone rang. After he answered it tremblingly, he heard an anxious voice on the other end of the phone. "Patriarch, something has happened! Several of our companies were suddenly seized and all the capital chains are broken! The bank has stopped lending and even told us to repay the loans!"

The capital chain was broken?

"What happened?"

Jameson was anxious. With cold sweat on his forehead, he said, "Don't panic. Channel all the funds back. We must stabilize our stock prices!"

However, as soon as his words fell, an assistant rushed in from the entrance of the front hall with an anxious expression on his face. He was shouting, "Patriarch, our stocks have collapsed and the price has plummeted..."

Crash!

The mobile phone in Jameson's hand fell to the ground and broke into pieces.

How could this be?

Immediately afterward, another piece of bad news came from the assistant's mouth.

The head office had also been seized and the capital chain was completely broken.

The stock market crashed.

Even the Gold family's mansion had been sealed up!

Everything was over!

It happened within 15 minutes!

Thud!

Jameson fell to his knees listlessly.

The consequence was too great!

At this point, everyone understood what happened and they were shocked!

The Gold family in Uppercreek was taken out just like that?

“Dad, is our family broke?”

Clifford also knelt on the ground with a thud. He took his father’s arm and cried.

Jameson looked at his son, then raised his eyebrows to look at Philip. He shouted, “Philip Clarke, you went too far!”

Philip smiled faintly and said, “Did I? I already gave you a warning long ago. Can you blame me if you chose not to listen?”

Jameson gritted his teeth fiercely, stood up from the ground, and stared at Philip resentfully. With a roar, he said, “It’s not over for the Gold family yet! Even if you are the founder of Upperglade Chamber of Commerce Alliance, I still have my trump card—the Larson family of Fernvale!”

Jameson refused to admit defeat because he had nothing to lose now!

He would fight to the death!

The Gold family had to survive this!

He immediately grabbed the mobile phone from Hubert, dialed a number, and said humbly, “Patriarch Larson, please save the Gold family.”

Chapter 1147

“Jameson Gold, why are you calling me?”

The voice on the other end of the phone was slightly low but sounded very oppressive.

“Patriarch Larson, the Gold family is facing bankruptcy and it’s caused by a junior!”

Jameson looked flustered and nervous at the moment.

“What? Didn’t you mention the Larson family of Fernvale?”

“I did, but they’re not taking the Larson family seriously,” Jameson said again.

There was a stunned silence on the other end of the phone, and immediately, with a wave of anger, he shouted, “Who is so bold and dares to disregard the Larson family of Fernvale?!”

Jameson immediately replied, “It’s a guy by the name of Philip Clarke.”

Click!

The phone was hung up immediately.

Before Jameson could say any further, he stared at the phone with dazed eyes. He continued, “Hello, Patriarch Larson?”

What happened?

The call got interrupted?

Was the signal bad?

At this moment, Jameson was like a cat on a hot tin roof. He was very anxious. He called back several times in a hurry, but still, the calls went answered.

At the brink of desperation, the phone rang.

Jameson's heart that had sunk to the bottom of the abyss felt hopeful again. With a flattering smile, he answered the call, "Patriarch Larson, was the signal bad just now?"

"Mr. Jameson Gold, I'm the butler of the Larson family. Now, I'd like to officially inform you that all cooperation between the Larson family and the Gold family in Uppercreek has been terminated. Anything that happens to the Gold family will have nothing to do with the Larson family."

After that, the phone was hung up again.

For a while, Jameson was completely dumbfounded. He stayed on the spot in a complete daze, unable to react.

The Larson family of Fernvale had terminated all cooperation with the Gold family?

Why?!

"Dad, what did the Larson family say? Are they going to help us?"

Clifford was scared and panicking at the moment.

If the Gold family collapsed, then he would end up with nothing!

Jameson burst into tears, looked at his son, and slapped him angrily. He shouted, "It's all your fault!"

Everyone in the entire front hall got a shock by that slap.

They looked at Jameson in utter astonishment.

They then saw the invincible patriarch of the Gold family turning around to kneel directly on the ground as he bowed to Philip repeatedly, begging for mercy. "Young Master Clarke, I was wrong, I was really wrong! I beg you to let go of the Gold family. If you want my son to apologize, including me, we can do it right now! If you think he's an eyesore, I'll break his legs right this instant!"

Clifford got such a shock from those words that his eyes widened and his legs turned to jelly.

A reversal!

Hiss.

Everyone thought that once Jameson called the Larson family for help, this incident would end.

After all, even if Philip was powerful, could he compare to the Larson family of Fernvale?

However, a miracle happened!

The Larson family was useless!

Jameson completely admitted defeat!

No one knew what was said on the phone, but from Jameson's behavior at the moment, it could be concluded that the Larson family had abandoned the Gold family!

Uproar!

The few big bosses who were drinking tea in the back of the hall also glanced at each other incredulously at this moment.

"This Young Master Clarke, his identity is not simple. I'm afraid that even with the combined strength of everyone present tonight, we can't hold a candle to him."

"He can't be the VIP guest who Jonas personally received, right?"

"It's possible. I'll ask Jonas later."

Here, the onlookers were already stunned.

Jameson was kneeling down in complete surrender.

Philip stood with his hands behind his back and lowered his eyes, looking at Jameson who was constantly bowing before him. He only said, "It's too late for regrets."

Philip stopped paying attention to these people, turned around, and left amid the envious and shocked gazes of everyone there.

Seamus also looked at Jameson coldly before catching up to Philip.

Zee stayed on the scene, drenched in a cold sweat.

Fortunately, Young Master Clarke had forgotten about her.

At this moment, she was so frightened that her legs had become weak. She only managed to stand with the support of the other team members.

Looking around again, the still kneeling Jameson and a generation of giants had just disappeared from the world!

After Philip left, all kinds of comments and exclamations broke out in the front hall.

“Too strong! Too exaggerated! Who the hell is this Young Master Clarke? Even the Larson family of Fernvale is afraid of him!”

“Awesome! My role model!”

Chapter 1148

Here, after Philip left the front hall, Seamus caught up to him not long after he went out and respectfully said, “Young Master Clarke, things with the Hull family are almost settled. The old master told me to check with you how to deal with this thing.”

With that said, Seamus took out a small brocade box and handed it to Philip.

Philip glanced at Seamus, took the small brocade box, and opened it. It was a piece of green jade, obviously a broken fragment due to the sharp corners and edges.

“What is this?” Philip asked in puzzlement.

Seamus hurriedly turned the jade over and gestured. “Young Master Clarke, look at this.”

Philip looked at it, and there was a word engraved on the back of the jade.

Although it was not complete, it was vaguely recognizable, forming the word ‘Larson’.

“Is this the only piece you could find?” Philip asked.

Seamus nodded and said, “We found this in Colin’s room when cleaning out the Hull family’s mansion. The old master told me to hand this to you.”

It was found in Colin’s room!

Philip took this small piece of jade and looked at it for a long time in silence.

Then, he asked, “What else did Knox say?”

Seamus quickly replied, “The old master mentioned that this jade may have something to do with the person standing behind the Hull family.”

The person behind?

Philip thought of the fully armed combatants in camo uniforms who Vinci had brought over.

Were the two related?

Philip did not say anything but walked aside, took out his phone, and called Fennel.

“Check the details of the Hull Chamber of Commerce again to see who is behind them. Also, pay attention to the movements of the Larson family. I’ll go to Fernvale in a few days.”

“Okay.”

After a simple word on the other end of the phone, he hung up.

Philip raised his head and looked at the sky. He had some speculations in his heart, but he was not very sure.

Turning his head and glancing at White Horse Hotel, Philip reluctantly shook his head and said to Seamus, “Send me back.”

On the way, he called his uncle and explained that he would not participate in the International Chamber of Commerce tonight but would return to Riverdale first.

Tim did not say anything either.

At seven or eight in the evening, Philip, Theo, and the others returned to Riverdale.

After separating from Theo, he returned to the villa without stopping. He was relieved when he saw Wynn who was fine and intact.

“Phil.”

With her large stomach, Wynn hugged Philip, her face full of grievances.

At this moment, when she hugged Philip, she finally felt a solid sense of security.

“It’s okay, I’m back.”

Philip gently patted Wynn on the back.

“Is Mila asleep?”

“Yes.”

After a long time, Philip coaxed Wynn to sleep and went back to the living room downstairs. He saw Rick sitting on the sofa with scorching eyes as he watched Peppa Pig on the TV.

“So, did you find anything?” Philip walked over and asked.

Rick tossed a portfolio to Philip casually, his eyes not peeling away from the TV. He said, “All the materials are in it, but I advise you to be mentally prepared.”

Philip was startled. He looked at the portfolio on the coffee table and hesitated.

Chapter 1149

He smoked a cigarette, picked up the portfolio, and opened the seal. He saw a picture of his sister Hannah at the age of seven or eight. There was also detailed investigation data and many pictures attached.

They were pictures of Hannah from the age of seven or eight, to the photo of the accident. Then, he saw photos of her when she was about 12 or 13 years old with a face full of fear and trepidation. At 15 or 16 years old, the young girl was shyly making a victory pose at the camera. At last, he saw the photo of the beautiful girl when she was 20.

Philip's hands trembled more as his eyes became moist.

After so many years, the guilt in Philip's heart was infinitely magnified at this moment.

"She... is really alive?"

Philip looked at the photo of 20-year-old Hannah in his hand, his eyes already very moist.

Rick hummed and said, "Alive."

After getting a positive answer, Philip could not speak for a while.

He was very calm.

No agitation could be seen at all.

However, at this moment, Philip's heart was like the calm before the storm.

Alive.

His sister Hannah Clarke was really alive.

It was good that she was alive.

“Can we contact her?” Philip asked again.

Rick shook his head. With some helplessness in his eyes, he said, “It’s difficult. According to the information, it seems that the young lady is not willing to return to the Clarke family, or rather, she’s not willing to see you and anyone related to the Clarke family.”

“She hates me and the Clarke family.”

Philip sucked a mouthful of the cigarette into his lungs, and it felt a little spicy.

However, it was only through this would he be more comfortable.

Back then, if not for him, his sister would not have been met with the accident.

After so many years, Philip always thought that he had harmed his sister.

He had been living in self-reproach.

As a result, his sister had become a taboo topic for Philip.

“Can you find out where she is now?”

Philip was unwilling to give up.

Rick looked at Philip, was silent for a moment, and took out a post-it note. He said, “This is the address, but Young Master, I have to remind you to be mentally prepared. The young lady may not wish to see you. If you go like this, it may trigger her displeasure.”

Philip looked at the post-it note in his hand—Merry Orphanage, Uppercreek.

“I know.”

Philip gripped the post-it note in his hand tightly and did not speak for a long time.

An orphanage?

How had his sister been all these years?

Had she been bullied? Did she have friends? A boyfriend?

For some time, many questions flooded Philip’s brain.

In this world, apart from his father, Wynn, and Mila, she was the closest person to him.

Philip did not know how to face Hannah, how to explain, or how to bring her back to the Clarke family.

Midnight.

Philip returned to the bedroom. Lying next to Wynn, he gently hugged her from behind and buried his head in Wynn's hair. He took in the fragrance of her body, seeking comfort.

"What's wrong?"

Wynn tilted her head slightly and asked softly.

"Let me hug you for a while," Philip said.

Rustling, Wynn turned around and hugged Philip. She could feel the slight tremor of the man's body in her arms.

He was crying.

Philip was crying.

"It's okay, Phil, everything will be fine."

Wynn gently patted Philip's back and said softly.

"I... I don't know how to face her. She's still alive. She's..."

Philip said before stopping, the grievance in his voice sounding very distressing. At this moment, he was just like a big aggrieved boy.

“Is it Hannah?” Wynn asked softly.

Philip nodded.

“Shouldn’t you be happy instead? Philip, look at me.”

Wynn held Philip’s face, looked at him seriously, and said, “Do whatever you want to do and don’t leave any regrets for yourself. Of course, I can also go with you. No matter what happened between you and Hannah, I believe that after so many years, the only thing left between you is the relationship between brother and sister. Blood is thicker than water and can never be separated.”

Philip looked at Wynn, nodded heavily, and controlled his emotions before saying, “I’m going to Upper creek tomorrow. Come with me.”

“Sure,” Wynn responded.

Chapter 1150

The next day, the two booked air tickets and flew directly from Riverdale to Upper creek.

After landing, Philip arranged for Wynn to go to the hotel first. After all, she was pregnant and not suitable for long-distance travel.

In the afternoon, Philip left the hotel and went to Merry Orphanage as specified on the address alone.

At the entrance of the orphanage, Philip raised his eyebrows and took a few glances before walking to the guardhouse.

“Mister, is this Merry Orphanage?”

Philip handed a cigarette to the old security guard.

The old security guard first glanced at Philip, and not a minute later, he grabbed a baton from the guardhouse before rushing out and shouting, “Go away! Villains like you come here every day. With me around, don’t even think about tearing this orphanage down!”

Philip was taken aback and hurriedly explained, “Mister, you’ve misunderstood. I’m not from the demolition team. I’m here to look for someone.”

The baton in the guard’s arm fell. He looked at Philip suspiciously and asked warily, “Who are you looking for?”

Philip hurriedly passed the cigarette over, then took out the photo to ask, “Have you seen this person before?”

The security guard took the photo from Philip, looked at it from a distance for a while, then looked at Philip vigilantly. He said coldly, “No, I don’t know this person. You can go now.”

Philip frowned and looked at the face of the old security guard. He clearly recognized her.

“Mister, you really don’t know her? This is my sister. I’m her brother.” Philip was anxious. Leaning on the window, he anxiously held the photo and said to the old man.

The security guard looked at Philip suspiciously and muttered, “Since when did Miss Clarke have an older brother?”

This question did not escape Philip's ears. He immediately said, "Mister, I'm really not a bad person. Look at the two of us. Don't you think our eyes and noses look similar?"

When the security guard heard this, he picked up the photo and compared the girl in the photo to Philip.

Upon seeing the similarities, the security uncle nodded and asked, "Are you really Miss Clarke's brother?"

Philip quickly nodded and said, "Yes, it's true. My sister and I have been separated for more than ten years. She went missing when she was a child. I've been looking for her for more than ten years. I just found out about her recently."

It was impossible for Philip to tell a stranger the truth, so he just found an excuse.

When the old man heard this, he immediately scolded Philip with a sullen face, "Just how are you performing your duties as an older brother? You lost her for ten years and only found her now. Do you know how much Miss Clarke has suffered over the years?"

Philip admitted to his mistakes, and after all the pleadings, the security guard finally took Philip into the orphanage.

It was a small orphanage with a very good environment.

Many children were playing around in the orphanage.

The old man looked at these lovely children, folded his hands, and bent over. He shook his head and sighed, "Alas, this group of children will soon have no place to eat and sleep. Such a woeful life."

Philip raised his brows slightly when he heard these words. He glanced at the group of happily playing children and could not help asking, "Mister, I heard you saying earlier that this place is going to be demolished?"

The old security guard became angry when he heard this and yelled with a grimace, "You heard right! That group of scoundrels keeps causing trouble once every few days, trying to force Miss Clarke into selling this place. They say that they want to build a commercial center. Those b*stards are blinded by profit with only money in their eyes. Why would they care about the outcome of these children?"

"We're here. The innermost room is where Miss Clarke sometimes comes to rest."

The old man pointed to the innermost room.

Philip nodded and thanked him before walking over slowly, feeling very nervous.

Standing at the door, Philip looked at the half-opened door and took a deep breath.

He was finally going to see his sister.

Chapter 1151

With a sense of anxiety, Philip gently pushed open the door.

A scene entered his eyes.

A beautiful silhouette with an exquisite back and a graceful figure had her arms raised. She was pulling up the big waves of her hair while putting on a white shirt and a fiery red professional skirt.

Such an enchanting figure!

As if realizing that the door had been pushed open, the woman hurriedly clasped the buttons on her chest and turned her head to glance in the direction of the door. She asked angrily, "Who's there?"

Philip was stunned!

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to!"

Philip apologized in a hurry, shut the door, and stood there while gasping for breath. He could not react for a long time.

Awkward!

A few minutes later.

The door was pushed open again from the inside and Philip turned around, wanting to apologize.

Smack!

Suddenly, he was slapped in the face. It was followed by a fragrant breeze!

"Who allowed you to barge in? Who are you?"

The woman looked very dissatisfied with a chill on her face. Her hands were folded over her chest. She had on a white shirt with a fiery red professional skirt. She had big wavy hair and wide black-rimmed glasses on her face. She looked very mature and charming.

An alluring woman.

Philip was stunned for a while as he stared at this beautiful face that was enough to suffocate a man.

He smiled.

Fortunately, it was not Hannah.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to. My name is Philip Clarke. I’m here to look for someone.”

Philip hurriedly bent down and apologized again.

The woman looked at Philip coldly and asked suspiciously, “Looking for someone? Who are you looking for? Who let you in?”

There was a layer of frost on Ivy Thomson’s face at the moment. A man had never seen her like that before!

Now, this man who rushed in hastily had actually seen her body!

Damn it!

However, she could not be too aggressive. She held back the anger in her heart.

“It’s the security guard who let me in. I’m looking for Hannah Clarke.”

Philip quickly replied. He could feel the chill on the woman in front of him and noticed that she looked as if she was about to kill him.

“Sorry, I really didn’t mean to.”

After Philip finished speaking, he kept apologizing.

Ivy looked at Philip bitterly and asked in dissatisfaction, “Why are you looking for President Clarke?”

President Clarke?

Philip was startled and said hurriedly, “It’s like this. I’m Hannah’s brother. We’ve been separated for more than ten years.”

Brother?

When Ivy heard these words, she was stunned. Her pretty brows twitched, and she pushed the frame of her glasses to glance at Philip better. Then, she sneered, “Are you her brother? Someone like you is our President Clarke’s brother?”

Ivy laughed.

Were there still scams like this nowadays?

She pointed angrily at the gates and shouted, “Get out now! Don’t let me see you again! Pretending to be our President Clarke’s brother? Do you know that scammers like you come here every day, pretending to be older brothers or younger brothers, with some even pretending to be her boyfriend?!”

Ivy was really angry.

President Clarke was too nice. She was young and beautiful too, so many people coveted her.

Every day, someone would drive a luxury car to the entrance of the orphanage, saying that he was her boyfriend and wanted to come in to see her.

However, it was the first time Ivy saw someone dressed so shabbily pretending to be her older brother.

What a joke.

“No, I’m really—”

Philip explained hurriedly, but before he could finish speaking, he was interrupted by Ivy’s rebuke, “What else? Pervert, hurry up and leave, or I’ll call for help!”

Ivy really looked down on a wishy-washy man like Philip.

The point was, he had stolen a sneak peek at her just now.

This was what Ivy hated the most.

Philip thought for a while. Knowing that he might not see Hannah today, he could only give up and turn around to leave.

When he was about to leave through the door, an unfortunate coincidence happened.

A group of gangsters holding things like baseball bats in their hands and had cigarettes dangling from their mouths rushed in.

Philip glanced at them but did not stop.

Chapter 1152

However, immediately afterward, there was the cry of a child, the violent shouts of men, and the sounds of things being smashed in the orphanage.

“Tell that Clarke chick to get out here! If she doesn’t sign the agreement today, we’ll smash this horrible place!”

“Hurry up! Beauty Thomson, call your President Clarke to get here at once! Otherwise, these children will suffer!”

Ivy looked at the swaggering hooligans in front of her. She was holding two children in her arms while hiding behind her was a group of parentless orphans. She shouted angrily, “You b*stards! Our President Clarke has already said she won’t sign it!”

“Won’t sign?”

The man in the lead was angry. With dragons and tigers tattooed on his neck and arms, he was a burly man. His name was Geoff.

He was quite well-known in this area.

He was a man who could do anything, and he had done some time on several occasions.

Bang!

He kicked over some playground facilities before raising the baseball bat in his hand and pointing at the trembling Ivy. He shouted, "If you don't sign it today, I'll smash this place up! If anything happens to these future sprouts, don't blame us!"

"Beasts! You bunch of animals!"

The old security guard brandished the security baton and rushed over.

However, the corners of Geoff's eyes were cold. He raised his leg, kicked the guard on the chest abruptly, and cursed, "Old man, you're f*cking dead!"

This kick was forceful!

The old guard got kicked and rolled over on the ground, unable to move for a while.

He was already so old, so how could he withstand such a kick?

Ivy hurried over, knelt next to him, and asked nervously, "Mr. West, are you alright?"

Mr. West gasped heavily, pointed at Geoff and the others with his shaking hands, and cursed, "Beasts, you'll meet your retribution."

Geoff and his men laughed, saying, "Retribution? We rule the world! Who dares to do anything to us?!"

Having said that, Geoff waved his hands and shouted, "Smash everything!"

In an instant, seven or eight people began to wreck the place.

These orphans, the oldest around eleven to twelve, the youngest around four to five, immediately started crying from fright.

Ivy watched all this with tears in her eyes. She rushed up, grabbed Geoff, and exclaimed, "Stop it! You beasts, don't you have any children of your own? They're already so pitiful, and this is the only place for them to eat, sleep, and play. You're destroying their only home! You're heartless!"

Geoff was annoyed. He pushed Ivy away and shouted, "Get out of my f*cking sight!"

As he roared, he raised his hand and slammed it across Ivy's face in anger!

Ivy got a fright, stood motionlessly in a daze, and closed her eyes while waiting for the slap to land.

However, the slap did not fall.

Ivy opened her eyes and saw a tall figure standing in front of her.

Geoff's raised hand was being tightly grabbed in the air!

It was him.

The pervert who peeked at her just now.

"Damn it! Who the f*ck are you? Get lost!"

Geoff was furious and glared in a predatory manner at the man who had suddenly appeared. He was trying to break free.

However, the opponent's strength was so great that he could not get away at all.

A hero trying to save the beauty?

Instantly, all the goons brought by Geoff swarmed around aggressively.

Philip squeezed Geoff's wrist and said coldly, "I'm giving you a piece of advice. Apologize to her and these children at once!"

Chapter 1153

In an instant, the scene fell silent.

Geoff frowned as he looked at Philip coldly and laughed. "Damn! What nonsense are you talking about?"

He laughed!

Was this kid not right in the head?

He could even spout such brazen remarks.

Did he just tell Geoff to apologize?

The goons around also laughed uproariously.

“Moron! Why don’t you find out who Geoff is first? How dare you make him apologize?! Are you stupid?”

“Hahaha, he’s probably an idiot who wants to be the hero.”

“Geoff, this kid doesn’t respect you. Break his legs.”

The bunch of swaggering goons was looking at Philip sarcastically at this moment, not paying any heed to him at all.

After all, they were in Geoff’s territory.

Philip frowned slightly as he looked at this group of people, contemplating something in his mind.

“Brother, where are you from, acting so arrogantly here? Give us a name so we know who we’re dealing with.”

Geoff rubbed his wrist that was released by Philip and asked with disdain and arrogance.

He was not a fool either.

Since the other party dared to make a move, it meant that he was not an unknown person.

Philip shook his head, stood with his arms behind him, and said, "I'm from out of town, here to find someone. I don't belong anywhere."

Hearing that, Geoff instantly flew into a rage!

"F*ck! How dare a poor wretch like you from out of town intervene so casually? Are you tired of living or something? Do you know where this is? This is Uppercreek! Do you know who is in charge of this area? Me, Geoff!"

Geoff pointed a thumb at himself, his face full of pride.

He initially thought he was from some other forces, but he turned out to be a passerby!

From out of town too!

He was courting death!

However, amid the mocking laughter of the crowd, Philip shook his head lightly and said, "I'm sorry, I don't know about any of this. But you still have to apologize."

Geoff and his subordinates got annoyed by this.

"Damn, can't you listen for once? I told you to get lost!"

Geoff raised the baseball bat in his hand and smashed it down Philip's head!

Ivy, who had been watching, covered her mouth at this instant and exclaimed, "Watch out!"

The orphans behind her also quickly closed their eyes, not daring to look.

Philip calmly watched as Geoff made his move. Lifting his left hand, he directly grabbed the baseball bat that was falling, then shook his head and said, "Time's up. Don't blame me for this."

Smack!

As his words fell, Philip suddenly moved and slapped Geoff's left cheek directly. He asked, "Are you going to apologize?"

Geoff was stunned by that slap. Anger spread all over him as he shouted, "F*ck this! You're dead!"

Smack!

Philip slapped him again and repeated, "Are you going to apologize?"

"F*ck! You're—"

Geoff's eyes went red!

Smack!

Another slap.

After three slaps in a row, Geoff was a little dizzy and could no longer tell east from west. He was also filled with disbelief.

There was actually someone who was not afraid of him.

The goons on the side were also surprised by Philip's fierce actions and did not react for a long time.

"Why are you standing there in a daze? Is it fun watching me get beaten up? Why aren't you doing anything? Kill him!"

Geoff roared.

Instantly, the group of ruffians hollered and rushed at Philip.

Ivy was so scared that she quickly grabbed the children and withdrew to the side of the open space.

Biff, bang, thud!

The noises were endless.

Just when Ivy and Mr. West thought Philip would be defeated, neither of them expected he could beat everyone on his own until they were sprawled on the ground!

At one glance, they saw a group of people laying on the ground—all clutching their arms, legs, and heads while wailing constantly.

"Apologize!"

Philip walked forward and stepped on Geoff's chest heavily.

The strength of this kick was incredible!

Crack!

Geoff felt that the ribs in his chest seemed to have been crushed under that foot.

Suddenly, he let out a painful wail and yelled, "You're courting death! Do you know who I belong to? My boss is Heath! The big boss of this area! If you dare to touch me, you're dead!"

Philip frowned, the strength under his feet increasing. He said coldly, "Still talking back? I don't know any Heath. I only know that you should apologize to this group of children! By smashing this place up like this, you're destroying the paradise of these orphans! Whoever ruins their heaven, I'll let them go to hell!"

Philip was furious.

Chapter 1154

Since he had Mila, he could never watch such a thing happening.

Especially since his sister, according to the records, once lived in this orphanage for some time.

Although Philip did not know the specific reason, since his sister was still taking care of the orphanage here, Philip would guard it for her to the end!

Whoever dared to make these children homeless, Philip would make them disappear from the world!

Geoff looked at Philip. From his angry eyes, Geoff could discern the freezing and biting chill!

This guy was obviously very ordinary, but why was there such a look in his eyes?!

Moreover, he could actually take down seven or eight of them at once!

“Ivy Thomson, think about it carefully, you’re going up against Heath! If he finds out, it’s over for you! And this bunch of kids will be doomed!”

Knowing that Philip could not be intimidated, Geoff turned his head. Enduring the severe pain, he shouted threateningly at Ivy over there.

Ivy was still in shock, but she reacted to his words.

Since Miss Clarke was not around, she was in charge.

If anything happened, she would not be able to explain it to President Clarke.

“Stop it!”

Ivy ran over immediately, pushed Philip away, and gave him a resentful look. She chastised, “Who told you to do this?!”

Philip was taken aback.

What was going on with this woman?

He had been kind enough to help but was being reprimanded instead.

Ivy did not bother to look at Philip. She bent over and helped Geoff up while nodding and apologizing. "Geoff, I'm sorry, are you alright?"

Geoff got up, clutched his chest, and shoved Ivy's hand away. He yelled, "Well done, Ivy. You actually found an outsider who can fight to help you. It's very smart of you. But don't forget, this is Heath's territory. Even if you don't want to sell this piece of land, you have to sell it! I'm here to pass you a message from Heath. Tell that Clarke chick to sign the agreement at once! You only have one final day to consider it! When the time is up, the excavator will be here!"

Ivy was anxious and replied with a firm attitude, "Impossible! We won't sign it. President Clarke said she will handle everything when she returns."

"Haha, then don't blame us. We will come again tomorrow. If you don't sign it, then you and this bunch of b*stards without parents can wait to be kicked out!"

Geoff sneered, turned around, and led his men away.

His words frightened the children into crying and hugging each other.

They were very scared and fearful.

Their big eyes were full of doubts about this world.

Why were there so many bad guys trying to drive them out?

Suddenly, a cold voice sounded.

“Wait a minute, what did you say just now? This bunch of b*stards without parents?”

Philip’s face was very dark at this moment, his eyes staring sinisterly at Geoff and his men.

Geoff stopped walking, turned around, and looked at Philip grimly. He sneered, “Yes, this bunch of b*stards without parents are better off dead!”

Bam!

This time, Philip did not show any mercy as he kicked!

Geoff’s entire body, under everyone’s astonished gaze, flew out like a cannonball!

Boom!

He slammed into the big iron door at the entrance and fell to the ground with a thud!

The iron gate was distorted by that knock!

That showed the force contained in Philip’s kick!

Clap, clap, clap!

Just when Philip was about to continue, there was sudden applause at the entrance.

“Well done! Excellent! Someone actually dares to lay a finger on Heath’s man?! Boy, you have some courage and ability!”

A crowd of people stepped out of four or five black Mercedes-Benz vehicles parked at the gate.

The man in the lead looked to be in his 30s. He was wearing a black suit with a cigar in his mouth. He had his right hand in his waist pocket, revealing the black vest and white shirt underneath.

He also wore a black gentleman’s hat and had a mustache on his face. His fingers were full of rings, and he wore light brown sunglasses. As he puffed on a cigar, he seemed very pompous and snooty.

Pretty much the style of an Italian mafia.

Chapter 1155

This was Heath, the leader of the entire Southcross District in Uppercreek.

He was a man with money and manpower.

He had more than 40 men under him and managed more than 20 venues, large and small.

Anyone on the streets would have to greet him courteously when they saw him!

This was his prestige.

“Heath, you’re finally here. This kid hurt several of my men and wants to stand up for Merry Orphanage!”

Geoff and his men had already scrambled up from the ground at this moment. They were standing beside Heath in a hurry and panic.

Philip put his hands in his trouser pockets and looked at the group of people indifferently. The newcomers looked aggressive and hostile.

Heath puffed on his cigar with a smile of admiration at the corners of his mouth, saying, "Young man, you're very courageous. Why don't you join me? Beauties, manpower, and money, you can have anything you want."

At this moment, Heath had actually set his eyes on the talent and said with a faint smile.

Hearing that, Geoff dared not say anything. He only glared at Philip with utmost resentment in his eyes.

An offer from Heath was something most people could only dream of.

In the outside world, countless people were hoping to earn Heath's acknowledgment.

If they followed Heath, they could practically rise with the tide and stay on top.

Therefore, his words directly stunned everyone around him.

This kid was really lucky.

"Hey, brat, didn't you hear Heath talking? You should count your lucky stars to be looked upon favorably by Heath, so you should thank him quickly!"

Next to Heath was a burly man with a crew cut and a deep scar on his face. He was wearing a vest that revealed his dark and muscled forearms.

Heath narrowed his eyes, turning the cigar with his fingertips around his mouth while looking extremely conceited.

Even Ivy shuddered when she heard this sentence.

She was afraid that Philip would agree.

However, beyond everyone's expectations...

Philip shook his head and declined. "Sorry, you're not qualified."

Hiss!

Everyone on the scene took a deep breath!

This oblivious boy was too arrogant.

What did he say?

Heath was not qualified?

He was seeking death!

Heath's face also changed and gradually became colder. There was a faint sneer at the corners of his mouth. His chin was slightly raised, and he muttered to the scarred man with a crew cut, "Break both his arms."

After that, Heath no longer looked at Philip but silently walked to Ivy who was standing on the side.

There was a shred of woe in his eyes at the loss.

However, an unruly guy like that must be taught a good lesson.

The scarred man nodded with a sneer at the corners of his mouth. He cracked his knuckles, walked toward Philip, and smiled coldly before saying, "It has been a long time since I've seen such a stubborn kid. Very well, let's see how good your skills are."

With that said, the scarred man kicked his legs high as if performing acrobatics and punched the air several times like he was accumulating energy.

Then, he provocatively beckoned his fingers at Philip and shouted, "Come on!"

Philip frowned and wondered if he was an idiot.

Following that, he walked directly toward the scarred man.

The opponent squatted slightly, took on a fighting stance, and yelled out a battle cry. He launched a kick at Philip but stopped at the position where his kick was just about to meet Philip's neck.

The scarred man continued to laugh mockingly and said, "Are you scared already?"

He punched Philip's forehead again.

Originally, he just wanted to play with Philip.

However, this time, Philip frowned and did not hesitate.

Smack!

A slap was launched preemptively and it slammed into the opponent's face before a punch landed!

Quick, accurate, and ruthless!

The scarred man was stunned and furious. He roared, "You're looking for death!"

Then, he kicked Philip's chest.

However, Philip evaded it. Raising his leg, he kicked the guy in the face!

Bam!

The sound of bone cracking!

Blood suddenly spurted from the nasal cavity of the scarred man. He uncontrollably took a step backward. He only managed to stabilize himself with the help of several men.

"F*ck! He's a tough one. Everyone, charge!"

The scarred man realized something and dared not take it lightly, so he waved his hand!

Suddenly, a group of people waved their fists and rushed toward Philip.

However, in an instant, these people all flew out one after another!

Chapter 1156

This scene completely shocked everyone.

Including Heath!

He paused and turned to look sideways.

All the people he brought had fallen to the ground!

Looking at the kid again, he was kicking the scarred man's chest with a sharp kick, then retracted his foot before turning to look at him indifferently.

"You!!"

Heath panicked, and his hand holding the cigar could not help shaking a little.

However, right after, Heath reacted and pointed at Philip while shouting, "You piece of sh*t, do you know what you've done? You're dead meat! How dare you touch my men?! I'm going to kill you right here and no one can stop me!"

After speaking, he hurriedly took out his cell phone and wanted to call someone.

However, Philip moved and stood right in front of Heath.

Snap!

The wave of wind brought by his hand made Heath take a few steps back.

The phone in his hand also fell to the ground and was crushed under Philip's foot!

Overbearing!

Heath was flustered!

He was completely panicking!

He looked at Philip, who was walking toward him, and his raised hand fell again.

Smack!

The slap made Heath take several steps back again!

"F*ck! You must be crazy! I'm Heath from the Southcross District! Standing behind me is Master Bell of Uppercreek! Do you want to die?"

Heath was furious, and his eyes were full of chills!

When had he ever suffered such a loss? He was even slapped twice in front of everyone!

If news of this spread out, he would have no standing in Southcross ever again.

“So noisy!”

The corners of Philip’s eyes froze, and he raised his hand before slamming it down again!

This time, no strength was held back!

Smack!

The four wisdom teeth in Heath’s mouth were directly knocked out by this slap, and blood gushed from his mouth instantly!

“Let me ask you, I’ve beaten up your people and also slapped you, do you concede?” Philip asked coldly.

“Concede! I concede!”

Heath said with a trembling voice at this moment.

He could not object.

The man in front of him was like the devil!

Once he made a move, it was so overbearing and powerful!

Smack!

Another slap landed.

“I’ve already conceded. Why are you still hitting me?”

Heath was a little aggrieved and even wanted to go home to his mother.

“No reason. I just can’t stand the sight of you. Do you concede?”

“I concede! I was wrong! You... What should I do for you to let go of me?”

Heath surrendered.

Could he provoke such a person?

Philip thought for a while and said, “Ask the Master Bell standing behind you to come here. I want to talk to him.”

After speaking, Philip directly moved a chair over and sat at the entrance of the orphanage grandly.

“You guys, kneel over there,” Philip said indifferently to the goons on the ground.

Instantly, all the men brought by Heath got up from the ground in a panic and knelt in a row.

This scene really frightened Ivy.

However, the orphans were very excited. One by one, they gathered around Philip, shouting praises at him energetically.

Heath was stunned and looked at the nonchalant young man in front of him in disbelief.

He actually wanted Master Bell to come over?

The audacity!

Did he know who Master Bell was?

Chapter 1157

He was one of the three heroes in Uppercreek!

With a wave of his hand, the entire Uppercreek would stomp its feet!

The power of Master Bell in Uppercreek was deeply ingrained and had been unshakeable for the past 30 years!

Countless people had challenged Master Bell before, but the result?

In Master Bell's hand, all were dead!

For such an oblivious and unknown junior like Philip... To put it nicely, he had some skills, but to put it harshly, he was nothing but cannon fodder!

The four King Kongs around Master Bell were mercenaries from abroad!

Each of them was an expert who could take down dozens of opponents with no problem!

This guy was simply a madman to be so arrogant!

“Are you sure?”

Heath’s voice trembled slightly, but his eyes were cold.

Once Master Bell turned up, this kid would be dead for sure!

However...

Philip merely accompanied the children and ignored Heath.

It was as if the Master Bell who Heath spoke of was so insignificant and not worthy of his attention.

Ivy realized something at this time.

He had actually hit Heath!

That was Heath!

The leader of Southcross District!

Now, he wanted Master Bell to come over!

Oh my!

Was he crazy?

That was Master Bell!

He was one of the three underground leaders and heroes of Uppercreek!

In Uppercreek, who would dare to disrespect Master Bell?

She ran to Philip immediately. Her face was cold as she whispered, "Who are you and what are you doing? Are you crazy? Do you know who you beat up just now? Heath! Do you know who is behind Heath? Even the most prominent figures in Uppercreek must show their respect to Master Bell!"

"Oh," Philip replied indifferently and then turned to continue playing with the children.

This annoyed Ivy.

She stomped her foot, dragged Philip up in desperation, and said, "Leave quickly. Once Master Bell arrives, you won't be able to run!"

“Master Bell is not an ordinary person. He’s more terrifying than a simpleton like you can ever imagine! If not for the fact that you helped the orphanage just now, I really can’t be bothered about you.”

Ivy said angrily, then turned around and ran into the small room just now. She returned quickly, out of breath and with a heaving chest.

Holding a card in her hand, she stuffed it into Philip’s hand and said, “There’s 100,000 dollars in here. The farther you hide, the better. If Master Bell finds you, you’re dead. Don’t worry about our business here.”

Philip was stunned. Holding the card in his hand, he was still unable to process the information.

He did not expect that Ivy was actually cold on the outside but warm on the inside.

“What are you going to do? And these kids?” Philip asked, staring at Ivy fixedly.

“Why do you care about us? With President Clarke around, you don’t have to worry about anything. We didn’t have a problem in the first place. It’s all because you made the first move and beat Heath up. Ah, you’re so annoying. Hurry up and leave. It’d be too late if you don’t go now.”

Ivy stomped her feet anxiously

Her reaction was a fair sight indeed.

However...

At this moment, the originally scared and flustered Heath suddenly became extremely arrogant. His eyes were dark and sinister-looking as he said coldly, “Hehe, thinking of leaving? I’m afraid it’s too late!”

The eyes of Philip, Ivy, and the others immediately focused on Heath.

The guy laughed wildly before yelling, "Welcome, Master Bell!"

Immediately afterward, Heath ran out of the orphanage and humbly greeted a Rolls-Royce that had quickly arrived at the door. Seven or eight black Mercedes-Benzes followed behind the car!

The appearance of this convoy immediately caused an uproar!

Master Bell was here!

The 66666 license plate of the Rolls-Royce was Master Bell's symbol!

In Uppercreek, no one except for Master Bell dared to use this license plate!

The commotion in the orphanage had already aroused the attention of many onlookers.

Many passersby stopped and watched.

Chapter 1158

Soon after, Heath respectfully opened the car door. From inside the car, an old man walked down with a cane. He was wearing a white suit and a white top hat, looking to be about 50 or 60 years old.

At first glance, he exuded a strong presence and seemed very robust.

That square face of his was full of majesty.

That was Master Bell!

He was one of the three underground heroes in Uppercreek!

Behind Master Bell, another old man in black followed. With his waist bent and his footsteps light, his pair of somber eyes scanned past the venue.

He noticed Philip at first glance.

Philip frowned and naturally noticed that the old man was not an ordinary person.

From the aura and walking posture, he should be a martial artist and an expert at that.

“Interesting. It’s no wonder this Master Bell is doing so well. He has such an expert in national martial arts by his side.”

An aloof smile appeared at the corners of Philip’s mouth.

When he was in the family back then, Philip had already been involved in national martial arts. In the eyes of most people, it was only for strengthening the body. However, in the eyes of a true expert, that was the art of killing!

Many fighting techniques were now mixed with national martial arts.

The masters of national martial arts were generally hidden in the secular world, fighting for the country, but that did not rule out some exceptions.

Some professional personal bodyguards of certain bigwigs were knowledgeable in national martial arts.

When Ivy saw Master Bell coming, her heart thumped in panic. She muttered, "It's over, we're done for this time! President Clarke is not here. What should I do?"

She had fully anticipated what would happen next.

Until now, Ivy had been glancing at Philip who was next to her but found that the latter was actually quite indifferent. He was still holding a child in his arms and totally did not pay any attention to Master Bell who had already entered the orphanage!

She was angry!

Was this guy really that oblivious?

At this point, he could still play around with the children.

"Put the child down! Master Bell is here! Aren't you afraid at all?"

Ivy was so angry that she was almost in tears. She snatched the child from Philip's arms.

Ivy was like the mother hen guarding her chicks, bringing all the children into the room and not allowing them to come out.

Master Bell came in with his hands behind his back. His eyes indifferently scanned the orphanage.

This was a great place, but because of these kids, this place had become worthless.

“How did this happen?”

Master Bell glanced at the people who Heath had brought, all of them with bruised noses and swollen faces. Even Heath had injuries on his face.

Heath hurriedly nodded and bent over to Master Bell, crying out, “Master Bell, this is the kid who disrespected you and beat us up. He also said arrogantly that he wants to see you. Otherwise, he wouldn’t let us go. Master Bell, you must stand up for us!”

Master Bell glanced at the wounds on everyone’s faces, and instantly, his expression darkened as his face turned pale.

Beating up his people... No one had dared to do so for many years.

It was because anyone who did this would either end up crippled or dead.

Master Bell suppressed the anger in his heart, glanced at the opposite side, and shouted in a low voice with an inviolable tone, “The person who did this, step out on your own volition, kneel, and beg for mercy!”

That was Master Bell’s attitude and dominance!

Everyone’s gaze simultaneously fell on Philip who was calm and composed.

Chapter 1159

Naturally, there were also a lot of discussions going around.

“Hey, that young man is really unlucky. Provoking Master Bell spells the end for him.”

“Alas, such a young man. It’ll be useless even if his family members came and pleaded for him.”

“I’ve been optimistic about this orphanage for many years, but a lot of things have happened recently. Master Bell is determined to demolish it.”

A group of people stood and watched.

After they understood the situation, different gazes from the crowd fell on Philip.

There was admiration.

After all, he was standing up for this group of helpless children and was very manly for doing that.

There was also contempt.

A kid who was unaware of his ability dared to provoke Master Bell! He was simply tired of living.

“Haha, he’s just a greenhorn who doesn’t understand anything. That’s Master Bell. He’s courting death!”

“I think he’s just playing hero. Not only has he gotten himself into trouble, but the children in this orphanage are also implicated too.”

In the crowd, some people on the sidelines repeatedly expressed their criticisms.

Over here, since the arrival of Master Bell, Heath and his men had been full of confidence.

No matter how powerful the kid was, he must kneel down and apologize in front of Master Bell!

However, to everyone’s surprise, Philip did not put Master Bell in his eyes at all. He still sat there calmly, his eyes only narrowing slightly.

Upon seeing this, Heath immediately jumped out and pointed at Philip to reprimand, “Boy, don’t you see that Master Bell is standing there? How dare you remain sitting?! Who gave you the courage?! Kneel down at once!”

He was too pompous.

As expected of a greenhorn.

Heath sneered inwardly as if he could already imagine the scene of Philip getting his limbs broken by Master Bell.

As for Philip, his eyes were cold as he glanced at Heath next to Master Bell. Killing intent rose from his body as he said, “So much nonsense!”

Following that.

Under everyone's shocked gaze, he got up directly, stepped forward, and walked toward Heath.

Smack!

A shocking scene happened!

Philip, in front of Master Bell and everyone else, slapped Heath across the face and asked coldly, "Are you still unwilling to yield?"

Dead silence!

The audience suddenly became quiet!

Everyone dropped their jaws in shock!

They could not believe what had happened before them.

Someone dared to beat Master Bell's subordinate in front of him!

Holy sh*t!

A storm!

This would definitely set off a storm!

“It’s over! Why can’t this young man know when it’s time to stop?! How dare he hit someone in front of Master Bell?!”

“Oh no, look at Master Bell’s face!”

“Haha, idiot! How dare he disrespect Master Bell like that? He can’t die fast enough!”

The crowd completely exploded.

Ivy was so shocked that she covered her mouth. Her eyes widened. She was very scared and nervous.

This guy was too reckless!

That was Master Bell!

Heath was also taken aback for a moment, but soon, he reacted and punched Philip while roaring, “You’re looking for death!”

Boom!

Next, Philip raised his leg and kicked Heath.

“I’m talking to your boss. Why are you interrupting us? Do you have the right to speak here?” Philip said coldly, a ray of killing intent flashing across the corners of his eyes.

When Heath fell to the ground, a few goons hurriedly helped him up.

At this moment, he almost spat blood out of anger.

This kid was too pretentious!

He actually said he had no right!

For many years, no one had ever dared to speak to him like this.

Just as Heath was about to rebuke, Master Bell raised his hand slightly. With a faint smile at the corners of his mouth, he said, "Heath, that's enough. Step back."

Hmph!

Heath snorted coldly but had to obediently retreat behind Master Bell.

Following that, Master Bell scrutinized Philip nonchalantly and said coldly, "Young man, you seem to be very arrogant."

Philip stared at Master Bell and said lightly, "That's because I have the right to act as such."

With these words, Master Bell frowned. What a cocky kid!

"Very well. Show me what you have to be worthy of such arrogance!" Master Bell barked sharply.

In an instant, the four King Kongs rushed out from behind him. They were all the foreign mercenaries he had hired, each of them murderous!

Chapter 1160

Their eyes were all filled with a special look that could only be obtained after experiencing life and death!

It was chilling to the bone!

After these people stood forward, everyone else around them all stepped back several meters!

It was because they had all heard of the prestige of the Four King Kongs.

Without Master Bell's permission, the four great King Kongs beside him would not even let a fly get close.

"Gone! That kid is doomed for sure with the four great King Kongs around. One of them can go up against ten!"

Someone joked in the crowd.

The older people in the crowd shook their heads and shouted, "Young man, please kneel down and apologize. Your life is more important."

However, Philip's expression remained indifferent while his figure remained motionless. His cold eyes looked at the Four King Kongs who were rushing at him in a flash.

Life or death was just a thought away!

Almost everyone believed that Philip would be beaten up badly and even lose his life.

“How dare foreign mercenaries like you cross the border? Have you forgotten the terms of the war agreement signed on the border back then?”

Suddenly!

Philip shouted angrily, his eyes full of killing intent. He continued, “Anyone who crosses the border without permission will be killed without mercy! Haven’t you heard of this?”

Imposing!

Full of murderous intent!

With Philip at the center, his raging aura burst out suddenly, covering the entire area within a 200-meter radius!

Everyone was stunned!

What a strong intensity!

The Four King Kongs who suffered the brunt of it stopped charging at once.

They looked at each other, feeling extremely shocked!

The young man in front of them actually knew the terms of the border war agreement!

Anyone who crossed the border without permission would be killed without mercy!

These words were a nightmare for all foreign employment agencies!

It was because that was the clause engraved on the border by the military god, Reed Williams, with his 108 death warriors with their lives and blood!

All the mercenaries who stepped into this place without permission had turned into dead souls!

No one could manage to escape!

So far, this country had become a forbidden place for mercenaries, and no one dared to break in randomly.

The four of them had sneaked in incognito and became Master Bell's bodyguards. They held high salaries and did dirty deeds.

"Who are you?"

Among the Four King Kongs, a brawny dark-skinned man asked with a cold voice!

Philip's expression condensed, angry flames burning in his eyes!

Were some people getting impatient already?

"Dragon Warrior!" Philip shouted gruffly.

These simple two words directly scared the Four King Kongs on the opposite side. Their eyes became terrified!

Dragon Warrior!

He was actually a Dragon Warrior!

That was a nightmarish name circulating among foreign employment agencies!

No!

It was a codename!

The codename for the 108 warriors!

Instantly, in everyone's trembling eyes, the Four King Kongs stood at attention. They bowed in fear while apologizing, "I'm sorry, we shouldn't have stepped into the territory. We will leave now!"

After that, they completely ignored the horrified eyes of Master Bell and the others. They simply turned around and left.

No, to be precise, they wanted to escape!

However...

Philip said emotionlessly, "Did I allow you to leave? Since you ignored the rules set by the Dragon Warriors and stepped into this land at will, your lives are forfeited!"

Chapter 1161

As soon as these words came out, the scene quickly fell silent!

Everyone was baffled.

Why did the Four King Kongs belonging to Master Bell act as if they were scared and frightened of Philip, like a mouse in front of a cat?

The astonishment on Ivy's face was the most obvious.

The guy in front of her had surprised her again and again.

Who the hell was this guy?

Was he really President Clarke's brother?

On the other hand, Master Bell's face was extremely gloomy at the moment.

The Four King Kongs he had hired so many years ago had turned their backs and were about to run away just now!

It was a humiliation!

"I'm ordering you to attack! Break his limbs! If anything happens, I'll be responsible for it!"

Master Bell yelled at the Four King Kongs.

At this moment, the four mercenaries also stopped in their tracks and looked at each other. The corners of their eyes were full of cold killing intent!

They quickly turned around. Their four pairs of cold eyes stared at Philip closely as they asked solemnly, "Are you really not letting us go?"

Philip looked calm, but his eyes were dormant with chill and anger.

The terms of the border war agreement had been fought by him and those lovely comrades together, through life and death!

The terms were made of flesh and blood!

Although it was only a short two-year military career, it had a great influence on Philip Clarke!

Were those lovely people okay now?

Did anyone remember those who died?

"You may, but leave your arms and get out of here. Never take another step into this place!"

Philip shouted coldly, his eyes full of killing intent!

He could not go too far. Otherwise, it would cause dissatisfaction among some people.

Hmph!

The leader of the mercenaries said in a deep voice, "A Dragon Warrior is indeed very powerful, but don't forget, my boy, it's now four of us against you!"

As the words fell, the four of them surrounded Philip completely. Their aura became cold, containing a strong murderous intent!

They understood that today was a life and death situation!

However, Philip just said calmly, "You can try."

Instantly!

All four of them launched fierce killing moves and attacked Philip's vital parts such as the neck, heart, and lower back!

Philip discerned their killing techniques. He moved his body and flashed past one person. His eyes were red as he stared into the magnified face full of shock and punched him!

Bam!

This punch contained incomparably overbearing power, directly blasting out the dark-skinned mercenary with one punch!

Instantly, the other three people drew daggers and other weapons from their waists to stab Philip fiercely.

Philip stood still, swiped out with his leg at an extremely fast speed, and kicked another person away.

Immediately afterward, he leaped forward and grabbed the dagger from the man's hand before directly raising his hand for a strike.

The silver dagger swished and stabbed into a person's thigh!

Puff!

The dagger pierced through!

The mercenary did not even notice how the other party made the move. He knelt down, clutched his bloody thigh, and fell to the ground wailing.

Now, there was the last person left.

Philip got up. Like a grim reaper, his eyes reflected a biting chill. He walked over step by step.

The last mercenary was extremely flustered at this moment!

The combat effectiveness of a Dragon Warrior was so powerful!

In just one minute, he had taken down three of them!

Argh!

With a loud roar, the last man rushed toward Philip in a desperate attempt.

However, Philip turned sideways, raised his hand, and strangled the man's neck tightly!

Following that, he gently lifted the other party and slammed him to the ground!

Boom!

A deafening sound!

The mercenary was pressed heavily on the ground, and there was a sharp pain in his back as if his entire spine had been broken. He could not move for a long time.

Everything ended in an instant!

Everyone was dumbfounded!

It was incredible!

The Four King Kongs of Master Bell were taken down by that young kid so easily!

Everyone looked at Philip with awe and fear.

That guy, with that invincible posture and suffocating aura that surged all over, made everyone breathless.

Too strong!

Philip clenched his fists tightly. His eyes were red as he recalled a very heartbreaking experience!

After a long while, the soaring anger in his eyes slowly dissipated. The oppressive aura on his body also receded.

Throughout this entire time, Philip had never mentioned to anyone about his two-year battlefield career on the border.

It was because he did not want to recall some unhappy past events.

For this reason, he withdrew from Reed William's service earlier on.

After that, he returned to his family and was forced to sign an agreement with Giada Wallis to leave Arcadia Island and live an ordinary life in Riverdale.

At this moment.

Master Bell was not so stupid to think that the young man in front of him was an ordinary person.

His brows twisted tightly in a frown. After decades in Uppercreek, he had never felt afraid.

At this moment, however, Master Bell was slightly panicking in his heart.

This guy must not remain!

Here, Philip turned around abruptly, his cold eyes directed at Master Bell!

Master Bell was frightened by the icy gaze and unconsciously took a few steps back, but the old man behind him supported him.

Was this kid trying to kill him with that look?

“Old Jude, can you take on this guy?” Master Bell asked in a low voice.

The old man next to him nodded and said in his weather-beaten voice, “Yes, he’s just a junior. He has some skills, but in front of me, he’s still too tender. There’s nothing to be afraid of.”

Old Jude’s posture was very simple, but he was extremely arrogant.

When Master Bell heard this, he could not help taking a long sigh of relief. He respectfully said to Old Jude, “In that case, I have to trouble you to make a move then. After it’s done, it will still be the same number.”

No outsider knew who the old man next to Master Bell was.

Although Old Jude had been with Master Bell on various occasions, no one had ever seen him speak.

However, Master Bell knew very well that Old Jude was an honorary expert he had hired from the country’s most powerful National Martial Arts Association at a high price.

He was a first-class expert in national martial arts!

Master Bell had witnessed Old Jude with his own eyes, splitting eight wooden boards with one palm and shattering a tree trunk with one kick!

Terrifying!

To be more precise, it was Kung Fu!

That was right.

Old Jude was an honorary expert of the National Martial Arts Association and the Kung Fu Sub-Association!

He was worth 50 million!

In recent years, the reason why Master Bell had developed steadily was largely because of Old Jude!

Without Old Jude's help in the dark to solve some of the things he could not, Master Bell would never have made it big in Uppercreek.

Under everyone's gaze, Old Jude stepped out. He was standing with his hands behind him, looking like a grand expert. His eyes were cold and staring at Philip in front of him.

"Not bad, you have some skills, but they're just for show. Don't think that just because of that, you can act all high and mighty. The world is full of surprises. In my eyes, you're still a little tender."

The moment he stepped out, Old Jude acted like he was an expert imparting guidance and castigation.

It was full of pompadour.

“Boy, I’ll give you one minute to think about it. Kneel and apologize to Master Bell,” Old Jude said coldly.

Chapter 1162

Seeing Old Jude’s attitude at the moment, Master Bell knew that the kid was doomed!

No problem could not be solved if Old Jude took over!

A junior who did not know his own ability, did he know that Uppercreek was Master Bell’s territory?

Of course.

All the people watching around also turned and discussed.

“Wow, who is that old man? He looks so awesome.”

“I’ve found out about him. Jude Jensen, the honorary expert of the National Martial Arts Association and the Kung Fu Sub-Association!”

“What the hell? A Kung Fu master? It must be a bluff, right?”

A group of people got excited and chattered endlessly.

Soon, someone found the video of Old Jude splitting tree trunks with Kung Fu, which had been broadcasted to the entire network. This information was from a long time ago, but the scene was still very shocking!

For an instant, the crowd was extremely excited and looked at Old Jude in admiration.

A real-life Kung Fu master!

In the past, there was a Kung Fu master who had made waves, but later, he ended up quite miserably.

Old Jude was also full of pride and arrogance, standing with his hands behind him while exuding the demeanor of an expert.

“Some unacknowledged titles are not worth discussing.”

He pretended to be very humble and said to everyone.

Hearing these discussions, Ivy Thomson quickly pulled out her phone and read the information about Jude Jensen.

The more she read, the more flustered she became.

Everything was over!

Old Jude was a powerful character who knew Kung Fu!

This guy was dead for sure!

Ivy was very worried about Philip's safety, so she rushed out in a hurry and grabbed Philip's arm. He was still standing there very calmly when she said, “You should apologize quickly! Old Jude is not a simple

figure. He's an honorary expert of the Kung Fu Sub-Association with many titles on him. Just being a member of the Kung Fu Sub-Association means he can crush you to death!"

Ivy was very anxious.

She had seen that many powerful characters were actually honorary apprentices of the old man in front of her.

For these characters, a move of their fingers and a word from their mouths were enough to make the entire Uppercreek tremble in its boots!

However...

To everyone's surprise, Philip looked at Ivy with a smile on his lips and joked. "Why, are you worried about me?"

Ivy was dumbfounded. She twisted her eyebrows, rolled her eyes at Philip, and said, "Who is worried about you? I'm just afraid you'll die here!"

After speaking, she turned around with an apologetic smile and said to Master Bell and Old Jude, "Master Bell, Old Jude, I'm sorry. Please show some mercy and don't make things difficult for my friend. In regards to everything else, why don't we wait until President Clarke returns?"

Master Bell was immediately furious. He slapped Ivy's face directly and shouted, "Who are you to talk to me in this manner? Even your President Clarke has to be polite in front of me!"

Ivy immediately covered her face. Her big eyes were getting misty and glistening with tears. "Then I beg Master Bell to let him go. I'll bear all the responsibilities."

Ivy said as she signaled Philip to leave quickly.

Over here, Master Bell was furious. His raised hand fell again.

However, this time, his hand was directly grabbed by Philip in mid-air.

With a frigid face, Philip shoved Master Bell's hand away and shouted sternly, "If there's anything, come at me! Is hitting a woman something a person like you should be doing?"

Ivy was also startled as she looked at the handsome side profile and resolute face.

Was he protecting her?

Deep in her heart, Ivy was touched, but she hurriedly lowered her voice to say to Philip, "Oh, don't worry about it. We don't know you, so hurry up and leave!"

However, Philip made no move and only looked at Ivy seriously while saying, "You're very kind, just like this group of children. Don't worry. With me around today, no one can drive you away!"

Ivy was moved, and tears from the corners of her eyes dripped down her face. She stomped her foot, pretending to be angry while saying, "Forget it. I'll contact President Clarke as soon as possible."

Over here, Master Bell had been insulted by Philip several times already and was naturally unhappy. He glared at Philip viciously and said to Old Jude, "Old Jude, I want this kid crippled for the rest of his life!"

Old Jude nodded, and his weather-beaten gruff voice sounded again. "Boy, Master Bell wants you crippled, so a cripple you shall be. If you want to blame someone, blame yourself for having no foresight and offending people who shouldn't be offended!"

Old Jude's aura was very majestic, and the audience went silent as soon as he said this!

However, even under such circumstances, Philip's expression remained calm. There was only a frown on his face.

This made Master Bell and the others happy.

This kid was finally showing some fear.

However, Philip's next words made everyone astonished at his arrogance!

"So noisy! If you continue talking nonsense, believe it or not, I'll beat you up too!"

Hiss!

The atmosphere quickly cooled down. Old Jude's expression also changed suddenly as anger flashed in his eyes!

What an arrogant junior!

How dare he be so disrespectful?!

After hearing Philip's words, most of the onlookers covered their mouths in amazement, for fear of making a sound!

Master Bell and the others, with a sneer on their mouths, had already determined in their hearts that this arrogant boy would be dead for sure!

Old Jude also shook his head and sighed. "There's a price to pay for arrogance!"

With that said, Old Jude paused briefly. His whole body tensed, and in the next second, he slashed across Philip's face with a palm strike!

Everyone closed their eyes, afraid to look at the scene!

It was because they had seen with their own eyes Old Jude shattering seven or eight wooden boards about two to three centimeters thick with that palm!

In a flash!

Old Jude's palm had already slashed in front of Philip's face!

That strike brought a ferocious wind with it!

"I'll personally teach this junior a lesson so that you know the world is vast!"

However, Philip did not make a move. He was still standing there calmly with his hands in his trouser pockets!

He shook his head and just said, "The Jensen family's Kung Fu being in the hands of someone like you is an insult to the prestigious reputation of Mr. Jacob Jensen, who made a name fighting for the country in the martial arts arena!"

Old Jude's eyes were cold, and his head was full of questions!

How could he know Jacob Jensen?

That was his uncle!

Already 80 this year, he was the honorary president in the National Martial Arts Association and revered by all.

Was it a coincidence?

"Break his arms so that he can no longer perform Kung Fu in public again."

Immediately afterward, Philip said something that was like thunder in everyone's ears.

Old Jude also did not quite understand how the other party could brag so much.

In the blink of an eye, his palm was infinitely close to Philip's face!

In the next second, he would fall to the ground and pass out!

However, the moment Philip's voice fell, in a dark corner that no one noticed, a figure darted out like a cheetah!

Old Jude also felt a huge sense of crisis!

He wanted to stop!

However, it was too late!

Boom!

The rushing figure kicked Old Jude directly. He flew out like a cannonball, drawing an arc in the air before falling several meters away!

Instantly!

The crowd fell into a dead silence!

Everyone's eyes widened, and they could not believe the scene in front of them!

Master Bell and the others were also stunned in place, trembling all over and not daring to move an inch.

What happened?

Old Jude lost?

Ivy was originally holding her phone, about to dial President Clarke's number. At this moment, her eyes widened in fright as she watched the scene in front of her.

Chapter 1163

Pfft!

Old Jude lay on the ground, clutching his chest while spitting out a mouthful of blood. "You... You are?"

Swoosh!

Instantly, all eyes fell on Philip. In front of him, a stunning woman had appeared at some point. She was wearing a black leather jacket and had a hot sexy body with shoulder-length hair!

"Young Master, he's so weak for a Kung Fu master. It's nothing but for display."

17 crossed her arms over her chest. The proud figure directly caused all the men in the crowd to gulp.

Pfft!

Old Jude spat another mouthful of blood as her words had struck a sore point!

At this time, Philip had already walked over and now stood in front of Old Jude calmly. He said coldly, "Back then, old Mr. Jacob Jensen had visited me and personally asked me to learn the Kung Fu of the Jensen family. Unexpectedly, I met his descendants today, but you're such a disappointment. Have you forgotten the Jensen family's motto?!"

It was a stern reprimand!

Old Jude was shocked by his words!

Uncle had personally visited him and asked him to learn the Jensen family's Kung Fu?

What nonsense was he talking about?!

His uncle, Jacob Jensen, was an incomparable Kung Fu master of his generation in this country, a true character!

In the martial arts world, he had put the name of this country on the board!

He was full of honor and glory!

He was also the honorary president of the National Martial Arts Association, revered by everyone!

“Bullsh*t! How could someone like my uncle personally visit a person like you?!”

Old Jude was anxious and stood up from the ground with difficulty.

His chest and abdomen were severely injured. He might not be able to use his strength for several months.

Furthermore, the person who did this to him was the young woman standing beside Philip!

Old Jude felt that he had lost all dignity in an instant.

Sure enough, in the crowd, all kinds of discussions were heard.

“What’s the situation? Isn’t he a Kung Fu master? He can’t even beat a little girl!”

“Haha, it’s nothing but a load of bull! The current national martial artists are all fake!”

“Don’t forget, there’s a man who specializes in counterfeiting in the martial arts circle, and many deceptive tricks of his have been exposed. I think this so-called master is also a fake!”

The discussions of all sorts mixed with sarcasm almost made Old Jude keel over and die after listening to them!

“Insolent! How can the Jensen family’s Kung Fu be fake?! Stop talking nonsense if you don’t know anything!”

Old Jude was furious as he roared at the crowd of onlookers.

“Hehe, you can’t even beat a little girl,” an onlooker sneered.

“Ridiculous! How can you understand the real Kung Fu I practice?” Old Jude retorted.

“You can’t even beat that little girl,” the onlooker repeated.

“I’m an honorary expert of the Kung Fu Sub-Association and an honorary professor of the National Martial Arts Association. I’m also the 18th-generation Kung Fu descendant of the Jensen family!”

Old Jude was absolutely livid.

“You still can’t beat that little girl.” The onlooker was adamant.

Pfft!

Old Jude spat another mouthful of blood that had been stuck in his chest.

Master Bell and his men saw the seriously injured Old Jude at this moment and looked surprised. They gathered around and asked in a low voice, "Old Jude, are you alright?"

Old Jude waved his hand and said, "I'm fine. I just didn't want to attack a little girl and fell into a trap."

Even if he said that, everyone was still full of questions.

Old Jude did not care for these people either. Instead, he looked at Philip coldly and squeezed a question from his throat. "Who are you? How do you know my uncle?"

Old Jude was almost 60 years old. His uncle, the former patriarch of the Jensen family, had already retired and no longer concerned himself with affairs of the secular world.

"Who am I?"

Philip looked at Old Jude condescendingly. At this moment, his demeanor became extremely intense. He stood in a posture as if he was above everyone else.

"My name is Philip Clarke. You may call Mr. Jacob Jensen to find out who I am."

Philip said with a smile that did not reach his eyes.

Old Jude's heart was shocked. The corners of his eyes were cold, but he said, "Okay, let's see just who you are to use my uncle's name and say such things! If I find out that you're making things up, be prepared to accept the Jensen family's anger!"

Ivy was shocked when she heard this.

She had heard of the National Martial Arts Association and also knew about the various deeds of Mr. Jacob Jensen.

The point was, the Jensen family's influence in this country was very large.

They were one of the rotating council presidents of the World Martial Arts Association!

They were also a figure of representation in the domestic martial arts circle with the authority and right to speak!

To provoke the Jensen family spelled trouble for Philip!

"Why don't you know how to advance and retreat? Do you know what kind of existence the Jensen family is? You're in big trouble this time!"

Ivy ran over, pulled Philip's arm, and looked at him with a cold expression.

However, Philip still looked indifferent and said with a smile, "It's fine. After this matter is resolved, I want to see your President Clarke."

Ivy gave him an angry look and said, "If you really can solve this issue, I'll take you to see her."

“Okay, deal,” Philip said.

Here, Old Jude had already taken out his phone and soon dialed Jacob’s number. Once connected, an old voice sounded on the other end, but it was still hearty. The person said, “Jude, what’s the matter?”

“Uncle, I met an arrogant junior who said that you once visited him personally and invited him to learn the Kung Fu of the Jensen family.”

Old Jude looked at Philip grimly.

On the other end of the phone in a villa near a lake in the mountains, an old man in a white martial arts uniform was practicing.

Next to him was a beautiful girl of 18 or 19 years old. She was wearing a martial arts uniform and imitating his movements.

All around the villa were bodyguards who heavily guarded the place.

These bodyguards were all true martial artists.

“Who?”

Jacob Jensen furrowed his sparse and pale brows at the moment. It was followed with a slight smile on his face as he continued to teach the girl.

“He said his name is Philip Clarke. Uncle, this ignorant junior actually dared to slander the Jensen family’s reputation. We can’t let him off—” Old Jude continued to speak coldly.

However, at this time, Jacob was already stunned. He then sternly reprimanded, "Shut up! Where is the other person? Give him the phone!"

Old Jude's face was a little dumbfounded as he held the phone.

Uncle actually scolded him.

What was the situation?

However, after thinking about it, could it be that his uncle wanted to teach this junior a lesson himself?

Instantly, Old Jude rejoiced. With a cold smile on his face, he threw the phone to Philip and said, "Boy, you're done for. My uncle wants to speak to you personally!"

Everyone held their breath after seeing this scene.

They were not stupid. Through the information online, they already learned about the Jensen family and Jacob Jensen.

That man was a behemoth!

In front of such a family, Master Bell was nothing but an ant.

Immediately afterward, under everyone's nervous gaze, Philip calmly took the phone and said with a smile, "Mr. Jensen, how have you been recently?"

"Young Master Clarke? Are you really Young Master Clarke?"

On the other end of the phone, Jacob was already excited and about to jump!

However, he was getting on in years.

The charming girl next to him, Lydia Jensen, was Jacob's great-granddaughter. She was 18 years old this year. At this moment, she was also surprised.

This was the first time she had seen the old master so excited!

Who was the person on the other end of the phone to make the old master lose his cool?

Young Master Clarke?

Which Young Master Clarke?

Chapter 1164

At this moment, Lydia looked at the agitated and excited old master with doubts on her pretty face.

With excitement and surprise in his heart, Jacob asked respectfully, "Young Master Clarke, did my nephew offend you?"

Here, Philip glanced at Jude who looked hostile and had an expression full of mockery. He nodded and said, "You've indeed raised a good nephew who bullies others by relying on the Jensen family's reputation. I think it won't take long for the prestige and reputation of the Jensen family to be destroyed by him."

"What?!"

Hearing that, Jacob was very angry. He restrained his anger and said to Philip, “Young Master Clarke, please pass the phone to him.”

Philip hummed and returned the phone to Jude.

Jude was still full of contempt and said, “Haha, kid, do you feel the fear and regret now? It’s too late! Today, if I can’t break your arms and legs, it’d only bring shame to the Jensen family!”

This arrogant kid would pay the price!

Master Bell, seeing the confidence in Old Jude, slowly relaxed his nervousness.

However, Philip glanced at Old Jude indifferently and raised his eyebrows before saying, “Idiot.”

Following that, an angry roar came from the phone!

“Insolent! Jude Jensen, how dare you be disrespectful to Young Master Clarke and abuse the reputation of the Jensen family with your actions outside?! Do you admit your mistakes?”

Jacob had heard everything clearly through his phone and was livid!

If his second brother had not died young because of that martial arts competition, Jacob would not have indulged Jude so much.

Someone in their 50s was still so frivolous and arrogant!

Jude was startled, and his voice trembled with fear as he held the phone. "Uncle, what's the matter? What Young Master Clarke?"

"Jude Jensen, I now order you to apologize to Young Master Clarke immediately. Otherwise, the family's punishment will be waiting for you!"

Jacob shouted in a deep voice, all ready to leave his lakeside villa in the mountains.

He must see Young Master Clarke as quickly as possible!

"Young Master Clarke?"

Jude looked up at Philip suspiciously with cold sweat on his forehead.

This was the first time his uncle was so angry, and it was because of the kid in front of him.

How could that be?

"Uncle, you must have misunderstood something. How can this kid be a young master? He's just a..."

Jude still wanted to argue.

However, on the other side of the phone, Jacob directly shouted in a cold voice, "Are my words useless now?"

Boom!

Jude almost fell to his knees!

His uncle was really angry.

However, if he apologized to that guy, would he not lose his dignity?

He was an honorary expert of the Kung Fu Sub-Association, after all.

Besides, he was already in his 50s. If he apologized to a junior in his 20s and word of this spread out, how could he uphold his reputation in the domestic martial arts arena?

“Uncle, who the hell is he? Is he worthy of you to do this? I’m your only nephew!”

Jude was still struggling.

Hmph!

Jacob snorted coldly. At this moment, he and Lydia were sitting in the black Audi A8L with a special license plate. He was already making his way over.

“Do you know who is standing in front of you? He’s the person who supported the Jensen family to become the president of the World Martial Arts Association! Now, no matter what method you use, you must apologize to Young Master Clarke and calm his anger. Otherwise, I’ll personally expel you from the Jensen family!”

After Jacob finished saying this, he directly hung up the phone.

Jude was dumbfounded.

He froze in place, the cold wind blowing on his face and making him shiver.

He looked at Philip in confusion while shaking violently!

It was him!

It was that person!

Jude was already stunned, and the cold sweat on his forehead was pouring down like a waterfall!

Thud!

Without hesitation, Jude knelt in front of Philip and said, “Young Master Clarke, I’m sorry. I was blind and ignorant. I hope you can forgive my stupidity.”

Jude lowered his head and knelt just like that.

Chapter 1165

This scene completely shocked all the people around, including Master Bell!

Old Jude, a Kung Fu master and an honorary expert of the Kung Fu Sub-Association, was actually kneeling?

Swoosh!

Everyone's eyes focused on Philip. Who was this ordinary-looking young man?

He could actually make Old Jude kneel down and apologize to him!

Master Bell was flustered!

Total panic!

At this moment, Ivy widened her eyes in astonishment while covering her mouth. She could not believe the scene before her.

Who was he?

This was everyone's question.

Philip just glanced at Jude coldly and said, "For Mr. Jensen's sake, I won't do anything to you, but I have to warn you. If I ever find out you're doing more dirty deeds or anything that damages the reputation of the Jensen family, there won't be any mercy!"

This sentence rolled out like thunder!

"Yes! Young Master Clarke is right to reprimand me!"

Jude nodded hurriedly, then got up and stood aside.

At the same time, Philip's gaze fell on Master Bell and his men.

This group of people, at this moment, had completely lost their previous arrogant attitudes. Everyone just stood there, not daring to move.

“Master Bell, do you have anything else to say?” Philip asked calmly.

When Master Bell heard this, his legs went weak as his face changed drastically. Without a care about anything else, he knelt directly in front of Philip.

“Young Master Clarke, it’s all my fault for looking down on others. As long as you show mercy, I’m willing to work hard for you!”

Master Bell was also a decisive person. He was very clear about the current situation. Even Old Jude had gone down on his knees. It was enough to show that he could not afford to offend this young man in front of him!

It was a matter of life and death, fortune and misfortune intertwined!

Master Bell was also betting on an unprecedented future.

If Young Master Clarke forgave him, his future would be limitless.

If that did not work, Master Bell would have no regrets.

Philip raised his eyebrows as a faint smile appeared at the corners of his mouth. This Master Bell was very smart.

However, he still said coldly, “Do you think I need your apology?”

Master Bell's heart gave a thump and he immediately understood. He turned to Ivy and the old security guard to apologize. "Miss Thomson, Mr. West, I'm sorry for not controlling my men better. Please forgive me. From today onward, I'll not lay a finger on this place. Whoever dares to demolish this orphanage will answer to me!"

After saying this, Master Bell turned around and shouted to the men behind him, "Why are you still in a daze? Kneel and beg Miss Thomson and Young Master Clarke for forgiveness!"

Instantly!

Thud!

Dozens of Master Bell's subordinates were kneeling at the door of the orphanage!

The onlookers around were completely dumbfounded!

Too shocking!

That was Master Bell, one of the three underground heroes in Uppercreek!

This was an unprecedented event!

Chapter 1166

Ivy had not recovered from her shock when she saw the formerly high and mighty Heath, Master Bell, and all the goons kneeling right in front of her. For a moment, she really did not know what to say.

Everyone waited for Ivy to speak.

A few minutes later, the terrified Ivy suddenly said, "Master Bell, please stand up. As long as you don't demolish the orphanage, I'll forgive you."

After speaking, Ivy glanced at Philip furtively.

It was because of the man in front of her that things had such a reversal.

Who the hell was he?

Was he really President Clarke's brother?

Did President Clarke have such a powerful brother?

Why had President Clarke never mentioned it before?

Oh, yes, President Clarke had always stared at the south in a daze. She would go to the beach many times, point at the depths of the sea, and say her home was there but she could not go back.

It had happened many times before.

Ivy always felt that President Clarke was very sad and seemed to be missing something.

Here, after hearing Ivy's words, Master Bell beamed and was about to stand up.

However, a cold voice made him kneel again.

“Did I allow you to stand up?”

Philip said coldly as his eyes swept over those people.

Master Bell’s forehead was full of cold sweat, but he dared not wipe it off.

Just like this, after kneeling for more than ten minutes, Philip said, “Get up.”

Master Bell and his men stood up together, then stood respectfully on both sides with their heads lowered. They did not dare to look directly at Philip.

“Young Master Clarke, from today, Victor Bell will serve you well!” Victor Bell said solemnly.

“Young Master Clarke, we will serve you well!”

The shouts were in unison!

All the men belonging to Victor yelled out respectfully.

Philip raised his brows but did not refuse.

He should make some arrangements in Upper creek.

“That’s enough. You may leave. I’ll contact you if there’s anything,” Philip said flatly.

Victor left his number and then slowly withdrew from the orphanage.

The crowd dispersed, and 17 also disappeared from the orphanage.

Philip helped to clean up the scene at the orphanage. Ivy wanted to thank Philip several times but was too embarrassed to speak up.

After all, her attitude toward him just now was inappropriate.

“Philip.”

In the end, Ivy yelled out with her eyes flashing, “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have mocked you before.”

Philip smiled faintly. He was very relieved to see those lonely and helpless children playing around here.

He said, “It’s okay. I wanted to do it.”

Ivy suddenly remembered something and asked, “Did you say you’re President Clarke’s brother?”

Philip nodded and asked, “Can you help me contact her?”

Ivy nodded, took out her phone, and dialed President Clarke’s number.

After waiting for a while, no one answered.

Philip stared at her, feeling very impatient.

Ivy made a few more calls, but still, no one answered.

Finally, she said apologetically, "I'm sorry. She might be busy. Why don't you come back tomorrow?"

Philip's eyes were a little disappointed, but he squeezed a smile and said, "Okay, I'll come back tomorrow."

Ivy looked at Philip's departing back and felt a little unbearable.

She gritted her teeth and stomped her foot. She then hurriedly chased after him and shouted, "Philip, wait."

"What's wrong?"

Philip turned around in confusion and asked.

Ivy hesitated and said, "Give me your number."

Philip was taken aback. He blinked at Ivy and quickly explained, "No, I'm sorry. I'm married and have a daughter."

She could not be interested in him, right?

However, Ivy was startled. She rolled her eyes at Philip and said, "You think too much. I'll text you her address. You can go there and have a look."

With that said, Ivy took Philip's phone, added her number, and sent President Clarke's address to Philip.

"By the way, if you meet her and she asks about it, don't tell her I gave it to you."

Ivy repeatedly reminded, and with her hands behind her back, she skipped back to the orphanage.

Chapter 1167

Philip looked at the address on his phone, shouted his thanks, and then immediately hailed a cab. He said to the driver, "Mister, please head to Blossoms Park."

The driver was taken aback at first. He glanced at Philip's dressing and said, "You want to go to Blossoms Park?"

"Yes, what's the matter?" Philip asked in confusion.

The driver chuckled. "Young man, are you applying to be a security guard? The wages of security guards there are quite high. My son works there for 8,000 a month. That's a wealthy area in Uppercreek. A villa there costs tens of millions."

Philip smiled awkwardly but not impolitely. He said, "Yeah, I'm there to have a look."

"Okay, sit tight then," the driver said before stepping on the accelerator.

Soon, Philip arrived at the entrance of Blossoms Park. He got out of the car and paid for the ride.

The cab driver said in a friendly tone, "Good luck, young man."

Philip nodded politely before walking toward the main entrance of Blossoms Park.

Sure enough, it was a wealthy area and very magnificent!

Looking around, these villas were worth a lot of money!

Blossoms Park of Uppercreek was the place where only the rich could live.

All kinds of facilities could be found here, including clubs, bars, nightclubs, and hotels.

When Blossoms Park was launched back then, it was marketed as a villa area integrating business and entertainment. Everything here was very luxurious and extravagant.

Each villa unit was worth millions.

It was a piece of land worth its weight in gold. Even the tiles on the floor were imported white marble, each piece worth 10,000!

To step on the ground was to step on money!

Philip glanced at the address on the phone—Area A, Building 013.

Then, he stepped toward the main entrance and was quickly greeted by a good-looking female attendant at the door. “Welcome to Blossoms Park. May I ask if you’re alone? Are you here to look at the units?”

Philip was a little embarrassed. He touched the back of his head and said with a smile, "No, I'm here to look for someone."

"May I know who you're looking for? I need to check."

The female attendant's attitude was quite good. She was very polite, gentle, and soft-spoken.

Although Philip was dressed casually and his clothes were a little dirty, the other party did not show any contempt.

This proved that the management standard of Blossoms Park was very high!

Philip smiled slightly and was just about to say the name of the other party when there was a voice of surprise behind him.

"Philip Clarke? Why are you here?"

Philip turned his head to see a few beautiful women and a few handsome, lavishly dressed men standing together. They were looking suspiciously at him.

Yolanda Lee?!

It turned out to be her!

Yolanda wore a little yellow dress, her straight and slender legs wrapped in a thin layer of light black stockings. She was holding the arm of a young handsome man and staring at Philip with suspicion as well as surprise.

Soon after, the expression on Yolanda's face turned directly into coldness and anger. It was full of hatred!

Back then, it was because of him that she had to leave Riverdale and come to Uppercreek!

Unexpectedly, she ran into this jerk here today!

"Oh, isn't this Philip Clarke? It's been a long time since I saw you," Yolanda immediately smiled coldly and said with disdain.

Chapter 1168

Philip looked at Yolanda. He did not expect to meet her here after such a long time.

She still looked the same, with the same look of contempt in her eyes.

Speaking of which, there seemed to be a photo of Yolanda that was still on his phone.

"Hehe, yeah, long time no see."

Philip smiled faintly but did not intend to continue the discussion.

Yolanda snorted. "Oh, what happened? Weren't you doing pretty well before? Did you mess up again?"

Yolanda had once witnessed Philip's greatness. After that, she left Riverdale and came to Uppercreek.

However, after some inquiry, she found out that Clarke Group had gone bankrupt!

Did that mean Philip had become useless again?

Hahaha!

After hearing this news, Yolanda could not sleep for a few days due to excitement!

She was just waiting for the day when she made it big so that she could go back and show off to Philip. She would return to him tenfold the deception and humiliation he had given her!

Unexpectedly, she ran into him here today.

Heaven was being good to her.

Philip smiled calmly and replied, "It's okay."

Okay?

Haha.

Sure enough, this guy was full of bull.

Yolanda twisted her sexy waist, snorted, and said, "A prodigal scumbag can really go on living shamelessly."

At the same time, there was a man beside Yolanda wearing a beige shirt with the top two buttons wide open. He looked a little snarky with distinct eyebrows and a cold face.

The man wore a pair of black slacks. The texture seemed very good, definitely not made out of cheap material at first glance.

He wore a pair of white Yeezy sneakers on his feet, a branded item that made people envious.

As a whole, this young man was handsome, rich, and elegant.

To be honest, when such a man met Philip, it was a distinct gap between heaven and earth.

The man frowned and asked Yolanda beside him in a low voice, "Is he that useless Philip Clarke you used to talk about?"

Yolanda raised her eyebrows and said with a mocking smile, "Young Master Dean, yes, it's him."

Only then did this Young Master Dean look at Philip, his eyes full of mockery and disdain.

Yolanda crossed her arms, stared at Philip in dissatisfaction, and reprimanded, "Philip, what are you doing here? Is it because your family went bankrupt and you can't stay on in Riverdale any longer so you came to Uppercreek to start all over? Where's your wife, Wynn? She didn't divorce you, did she?"

Philip did not wish to continue talking to Yolanda but still chose to shake his head before replying, "I'm here to look for a friend."

Pfft!

Instantly, Yolanda and Young Master Dean burst into laughter.

“What? Philip, are you talking nonsense? Do you have friends living here?”

Yolanda raised her eyebrows with a mocking expression on her face.

A glamorous-looking woman next to her also ridiculed, “Yolanda, this is your friend from Riverdale, huh? Hahaha, it’s too funny. Wearing such shabby clothes and he says he’s here in Blossoms Park to look for a friend!”

“I don’t have a friend like this jerk,” Yolanda muttered in disgust.

Young Master Dean also snorted without saying anything.

Yolanda sneered, “Very well, Philip. A useless delivery guy like you has a friend living in Blossoms Park? Okay then, tell me the name of your friend and let’s see if I know this person. After all, I’m staying in Blossoms Park right now. Do you know how expensive a villa here is? 50 million! Can you afford to live here?”

When Yolanda said this, her eyes swept across Young Master Dean and the others. Their eyes were full of anticipation of waiting to watch a good show.

Philip clenched his fists. He did not intend to continue talking to a woman like Yolanda who looked down on others.

Thus, he turned around and said to the female attendant, “Excuse me, I’m looking for Janice Clarke.”

Yes.

According to the information from Rick's investigation, his younger sister Hannah Clarke had long since changed her name and went by Janice Clarke now.

Even her past historical information had been changed and replaced.

This was why Philip had not found any news about Hannah for so many years.

Someone had secretly helped Hannah change her identity.

As his voice fell...

Before the female attendant could react, Yolanda already stepped out.

She approached Philip frivolously and mocked, "What did you say? Your friend is Janice Clarke? Philip, are you crazy? Do you know who Janice Clarke is? A top artist recently signed on by Leisure Entertainment of Uppercreek. She just returned from abroad and set up a studio not long ago. In Uppercreek, she's a known celebrity!"

Yolanda laughed.

Chapter 1169

Philip actually said that he was here to look for Janice.

Ridiculous!

Immediately afterward, another enchanting woman stepped out and looked at Philip provocatively. She said, "I understand now. Could he be a stalker or a paparazzi?"

Yolanda immediately reacted and thought that this must be the case!

“You’re really disgusting! Did Wynn kick you out of the house? Why are you resorting to such shameful jobs? I really feel sorry for you.”

Yolanda yelled, looking down on every inch of Philip with that contemptuous attitude of hers.

In Yolanda’s eyes, Philip was nothing more than a useless person!

Philip was helpless. A stalker? Paparazzi?

With a smile at the corners of his mouth, he said calmly, “Excuse me, I’m here to look for her purely because Janice is my sister.”

Huh?!

Instantly, the bunch of people laughed uproariously.

Yolanda stretched out her hand, patted Philip’s face, and said with a smile, “Philip, I don’t mean to insult you, but Janice Clarke is your sister? Have you taken a look at yourself in the mirror lately? Is a wretched piece of trash like you worthy of being related to the goddess Janice Clarke? Just because your last name is Clarke doesn’t mean you can call her your sister, okay?”

With that said, Yolanda pulled out a platinum electronic door card from the latest LV bag that she was carrying, threw it directly on Philip’s face, and said, “Look at this clearly. This is the keycard of Blossoms Park. You can only enter with this. Since you claim that Janice is your sister, then you must have the electronic keycard. Show it to me.”

Philip was stunned.

Electronic keycard?

Seeing Philip stunned on the spot, the rest laughed again.

Yolanda jeered, "What, you don't have one?"

Young Master Dean also scoffed. "He's nothing but a piece of trash bluffing his way around. What a total waste."

After that, he said with a cold face to the female attendant, "This person is not to be allowed in. He's here just to make trouble. If I see him sneak in, I'll get my dad to fire all of you!"

The female attendant hurriedly bent over and nodded. "Yes, Young Master Dean."

Who was Young Master Dean?

Gil Dean was the young master of Watchful Security Group in Uppercreek!

One-third of all communities and villa security, including Blossoms Park, were trained by this family.

All of them looked at Philip disdainfully before taking out the electronic keycards one by one. They patted his face and teased, "Why don't you show us your card?"

Philip clenched his fists furiously.

Just at this moment some distance away, a woman wearing a black and white professional suit with a curvaceous sexy figure and long wavy hair stepped on her high heels and walked toward Philip briskly.

When she saw Philip still standing at the door, she was relieved.

She held a gold electronic keycard in her hand.

Chapter 1170

“Mr. Clarke, sorry I’m late. Director Luther asked me to come. He already knows that you have arrived in Uppercreek. My name is Bernice Owen. I’m Director Luther’s assistant.”

The woman in the black and white professional suit was only in her early 20s. She was very beautiful. She stood directly in front of Philip with her slender and white long legs, bowing her head as she apologized.

This scene gave Yolanda and the others a fright.

What was the situation?

Had everyone gone mad?

Where did this woman come from, calling that piece of trash Mr. Clarke?

Philip was also taken aback and glanced at the beautiful woman in front of him.

Bernice Owen?

Did Hoyt Luther ask her to come over?

That old man was very well-informed.

“Hey, miss, are you sick? Do you know who is standing in front of you? He’s a hopeless and useless person. Did you recognize the wrong person?”

Yolanda jumped out immediately, looking at Bernice solemnly with contempt in her eyes.

Was this an act?

Bernice stood up straight, and suddenly, a layer of frost hung on her face. Her expression was full of intensity.

She glanced at Yolanda first before waving her hand directly.

Smack!

A crisp slap landed directly on Yolanda’s face.

“Presumptuous! How dare you humiliate Mr. Clarke like this?! Believe it or not, I’ll tear your mouth apart!”

Bernice shouted with a cold expression in her eyes.

This slap shocked Philip.

Damn!

The person chosen by Hoyt Luther had such a personality?

Yolanda was also dumbfounded at that moment. Since arriving in Uppercreek, she had never been beaten.

Immediately, she pointed at Bernice and cursed, "You... How dare you hit me?! Do you know who I am? I'm Yolanda Lee, Young Master Dean's woman! I'm going to ruin your entire family!"

Hehe.

Bernice crossed her arms over her chest, her attitude aloof. She said, "Such a young age but speaking so aggressively. Were you not brought up well? Is Young Master Dean that great? If you say another word, I'll slap you again!"

After this sentence, Yolanda covered her face, not daring to say anything more.

She had never met such an aggressive woman as Bernice.

After being in Uppercreek for so long, Yolanda had managed to enter the circle of young belles.

She had always been pursued and flattered by men while becoming the envy of countless women.

No one had ever dared to beat her, let alone threaten her.

“Young Master Dean, you must help me. She actually dared to hit me!”

Yolanda immediately hugged Gil’s arm coquettishly and said.

Gil also stepped out immediately, but when his eyes fell on Bernice, there was a hint of lustful desire.

“Miss, it’s not right to hit someone. Moreover, what she said isn’t wrong. He’s a piece of trash. You must have gotten the wrong person,” Gill said lightly.

However...

Bernice totally ignored them. She turned around and directly gave Philip the golden electronic door card in her hand, saying, “Mr. Clarke, this is an electronic keycard. Director Luther got to know that you’ve been to the orphanage. Knowing that you’re here, he’s worried that you won’t be able to get in, so he told me to send this to you. The most expensive Bird of Paradise Villa has been especially reserved for you by Director Luther. You can bring your wife along and take a rest there.”

This scene directly stunned Gil and the aggrieved Yolanda!

Electronic keycard?

He actually had an electronic keycard now!

Wait, why was the keycard gold in color?

The Bird of Paradise Villa was actually being given to Philip?

Bullsh*t!

Ludicrous!

Did they know how expensive the Bird of Paradise Villa in Blossoms Park was?

It was worth 200 million!

Although it had indeed been taken by an unknown buyer some time ago, how could it be left to a piece of trash like Philip?

“F*ck! Are you putting on an act together? You even got the keycard wrong!”

Yolanda understood immediately.

In order to get in, Philip actually found someone to put on a show with him and even got a fake keycard!

Yes!

It was just an act!

It could not be so coincidental otherwise.

After cursing, Yolanda rushed out and waved her hand at the face of the unsuspecting Bernice.

Philip, with his quick eyes and quick reflexes, stepped out immediately and pulled Bernice behind him.

Smack!

This slap fell unerringly on Philip's face.

Chapter 1171

"Are you trying to protect her? What a shameless couple! Philip Clarke, this matter is not finished yet! Let's settle all the old and new grudges now!"

After the slap, Yolanda stomped her foot angrily with bitterness in her eyes.

Here, Philip clenched his fists, and Bernice behind him was also angry while looking cold.

She actually dared to hit Mr. Clarke?!

It was an act of death!

Just as Bernice was about to rush out and fight back, she was held back by Philip. "That's enough. Let's talk about it later."

Gil also took the opportunity to persuade Yolanda, saying, "Yola, stop making trouble and let's quickly go in. The people inside are still waiting for us. Why are you holding a grudge against a slanderous scumbag?"

After that, Gil put his hands in his trouser pockets, glanced at Bernice intently, and turned his head to go in.

Yolanda stomped her foot angrily before giving up. She caught up to the people in front.

Very soon.

Philip and Bernice were left at the gate.

Bernice lowered her head very reproachfully and muttered, "Mr. Clarke, I'm sorry. I was too impulsive and caused you to be..."

Philip rubbed his flushed cheeks, waved his hand, and said, "That's enough. It has nothing to do with you. Don't worry about it."

"Mr. Clarke, wait a minute. I'll go back and call someone. That woman must be taught a lesson!"

Bernice immediately turned around to leave.

The heck!

Philip hurriedly stopped her and reprimanded, "Just forget about it. I won't stay for long. Don't cause trouble. Give me the keycard."

This Bernice Owen was really a woman of temperament.

Bernice panicked, repeatedly apologized, and handed the keycard in her hand to Philip.

Philip took it, looked at the tearful Bernice, and said, "Everything is fine. It was just a few harsh words. Why are you crying? Did Hoyt Luther ask you to come over?"

Bernice nodded. Appearing aggrieved, she said, "Director Luther has no time to contact you personally for the time being. He told me to take charge of all affairs."

"Okay, I get it. You can go back now," Philip said.

Bernice was anxious and immediately said with tears of grievance, "Mr. Clarke, you don't want me anymore?"

Philip could not bear to see a woman crying and quickly said, "No, I'm asking you to go back and wait. I'll contact you if I need you."

"Sure, Mr. Clarke."

When Bernice heard that she was not fired, she immediately beamed through her tears.

Seeing Bernice leave while swaying her hips, Philip turned around and handed the golden keycard in his hand to the female attendant at the gate. He said with a smile, "Keycard."

The female attendant was still in a daze and numbly took over the keycard in Philip's hand.

Golden!

Instantly, the female attendant was shocked!

How could she not know what the golden keycard meant?

That was the special keycard only the owner of Bird of Paradise Villa could possess!

The one and only in the world!

Such people must be treated with courtesy and any requests must be met!

However, the female attendant thought of the previous incident and felt a little doubtful. She said apologetically, "Sir, please wait a minute."

After speaking, she trotted in immediately.

About five minutes later, she briskly showed up at the gate with a middle-aged man in a suit.

The middle-aged man, with his head full of cold sweat, stretched out his hand respectfully when he saw Philip. "Hello, Mr. Clarke, I'm Anson Goode, the property manager of this community. Welcome to this place. Please follow me."

Philip simply shook hands with the other party and then walked in.

It was not until Philip had left that the female attendant came back to her senses.

Oh my!

He was really the owner of the Bird of Paradise Villa!

Earlier, Young Master Dean and the others had actually humiliated the most distinguished owner in the entire community!

Chapter 1172

Here, Philip followed Anson Goode to his sister's villa.

Unfortunately, Janice was not around.

Philip had made the trip for nothing.

In desperation, Philip, who had waited for half an hour, finally chose to leave.

He would return tomorrow.

As for Anson, he accompanied Philip the entire time. Seeing that Philip was about to leave, he hurriedly stepped forward to stop him and respectfully said, "Excuse me, Mr. Clarke, it just happens that there's a private banquet for all the owners in this community. Those attending are famous people in Uppercreek. Since you're the most distinguished owner in this community, I wonder if you'd be interested to show up at the banquet hall later?"

Philip thought for a while and found it difficult to decline Anson's hospitality, so he nodded and said, "Let's go."

Anson was overjoyed. He was able to invite the super owner of the Bird of Paradise Villa to tonight's banquet. His future career progression was bound to be unstoppable!

The Bird of Paradise Villa was originally bought by a mysterious rich man, and it caused a storm in various circles such as the Uppercreek real estate, entertainment, and financial circles!

Everyone wanted to know who this extravagant rich man was!

Unexpectedly, Anson had the honor to be the first to see him today.

However, Philip had no idea what Anson was thinking about. In fact, he was not the one who bought the Bird of Paradise Villa—it was a gift from Hoyt Luther.

Soon, Philip followed Anson to the banquet hall.

This was an exclusive area in Blossoms Park, especially used to welcome VIPs and for the owners to have a party.

After all, those who could buy a villa in Blossoms Park were no ordinary people.

The whole hall was magnificent with carved beams and painted pillars. It looked very luxurious and extravagant.

“Mr. Clarke, this way please. Do let me inform a few entrepreneurs in Uppercreek of your arrival. They should be very happy to meet you. Please have a seat and have a cup of tea. The main hall is over there.”

Anson said to Philip respectfully and took a few steps back before turning around and trotting away.

Philip glanced in the direction of the main hall. After waiting for a while and seeing that no one was approaching, he got up and walked toward the main hall.

At this moment, in the main hall.

Yolanda Lee, Gil Dean, and the rest were huddled together on a sofa in the rest area. They were drinking tea and chatting while surrounded by many glamorous men and women.

“What? That useless Philip Clarke who you used to talk about actually tried to sneak in?”

“Haha, that’s too funny! A wretch like him actually got someone to put on a show with him and pretend to send him a keycard! What a joke!”

“Yola, you should have given him a few tight slaps to wake that fool up!”

After listening to Yolanda’s encounter at the entrance earlier, a group of men and women mocked and criticized Philip unscrupulously.

Before long, the embarrassing incident of that useless Philip asking someone to send him a fake keycard and trying to sneak into Blossoms Park was circulating throughout.

Those who heard it could not stop laughing.

“Hehe, he’s just a wretched person from out of town. I heard that he’s the husband of Wynn Johnston, the chairwoman of Beacon Group in Riverdale.”

“To be honest, I really want to see what this stinking Philip Clarke actually looks like. After ending up like that in Riverdale, he even dares to come to Uppercreek now. How embarrassing.”

“I want to see him too.”

A group of people chattered incessantly.

Right at this time, the door of the main hall was pushed open and Philip appeared.

Originally, when Philip first appeared at the entrance of the main hall, he did not attract too many people's attention.

After all, he was too ordinary.

Among the glamorous and lavishly dressed crowd, Philip was simply too shabby.

However, it was quite unfortunate that Yolanda happened to glance at the entrance of the main hall and suddenly spotted Philip.

"Philip Clarke?!" Yolanda cried out in surprise.

The other people around her followed the direction of her gaze and saw Philip standing in a daze at the door with a wine tray in his hand.

"Damn! That idiot really got in here!"

Yolanda immediately exclaimed, her face full of surprise.

This wimp actually managed to sneak in here. For a piece of trash like him to be here, it was a disgrace to the people of Riverdale!

Thinking of this, she got up, stepped on her high heels, and swayed her tiny waist. She walked directly toward Philip, her face cold.

“Philip Clarke!” Yolanda scowled as she chastised.

Philip frowned, staring coldly at Yolanda in front of him.

Yolanda raised her filled-in eyebrows and reprimanded unhappily, “Who allowed you to come in? Get lost!”

Yolanda’s reprimand directly attracted the attention of the audience.

Everyone pointed at Philip and discussed.

“Oh, is that the useless son-in-law of the Johnston family in Riverdale, Philip Clarke?”

“He really snuck in here. Interesting. Just look at his appearance. Don’t you think he looks exactly like those cleaners who sweep the sidewalks outside?”

“It’s so alike!”

As everyone laughed and mocked, the whole hall was full of teasing voices.

Gil Dean and the others also walked over arrogantly.

“Oh, well done, you really snuck your way in. Tomorrow, I’ll ask my dad to fire all those useless door securities!”

Gil put his hands in his trouser pockets and declared pompously.

Many people who recognized Gil also shouted fawningly.

“Wow, the eldest young master of the Dean family is here too!”

“I’ve heard of him! He’s already worth hundreds of millions at such a young age! He’s one of the young talents of Uppercreek!”

“Haha, just by looking at this, all the people from Riverdale are rubbish!”

Those at the peanut gallery immediately followed along.

“Young Master Dean, do you know this wretch?”

Gil shook his head, shrugged, and replied, “No, I don’t. I’m not interested in rubbish. I just think it’s an eyesore.”

As everyone ridiculed, Philip’s expression quickly darkened.

Yolanda did not intend to spare Philip so lightly and deliberately continued, “Oh, it’s no wonder he could get in. He’s a waiter.”

Yolanda only noticed the wine tray in Philip’s hand.

Had this jerk ended up so badly now?

Philip glanced at the wine tray in his hand and explained, “This isn’t mine. I passed by the door just now and a waitress was having a stomachache, so she asked me to help.”

Yolanda immediately rebuked, "Bullsh*t!

Following that, her movements and expressions were full of sarcasm toward Philip. She contemptuously said, "Philip, do you think anyone will believe your words? Did you take a good look at your identity before coming here? It's a disgrace to the people of Riverdale! I'm warning you, get out now! This is Uppercreek!"

Philip frowned. Yolanda's actions had crossed his tolerance limit!

He was the heir to the dignified Clarke family, an existence that could raise storms and waves!

With one thought, this place would collapse!

"Yolanda Lee, where I am has nothing to do with you, right?" Philip said coldly.

Seeing Philip's attitude, Yolanda's eyes froze. She slapped off the wine tray in his hand, pointed at his nose, and said coldly, "Philip, I'm warning you. You're from Riverdale, after all, and whatever you say or do will affect Riverdale. Of course, scum like you will only bring negative effects! So, I'm asking you to leave this place immediately!"

Yolanda's words sounded very unpleasant.

However, the people around seemed as if they were just interested in watching the show with no intention of helping Philip out of the predicament at all.

"Sorry, but your request is declined!"

Philip said with a cold face, "Also, I'm warning you, Yolanda Lee, don't mess with me!"

Chapter 1173

He was almost at the limit of endurance.

If he was not concerned about causing unnecessary trouble after hitting Yolanda, Philip would have made a move long ago!

"What did you say? Philip, don't tell me you want to remain here obstinately. Let me tell you, we're not in the same class. Look at your own appearance, then look at us. Someone like you wants to get into the upper-class circle?"

Yolanda continued to chastise, "Look at the people present. All of them come from wealthy families or have successful careers. A pauper like you, with the cheap clothes on your back, is nothing but an oddball! Now that your family is bankrupt, you have to accept the reality! Just be a useless piece of trash quietly! I advise you to leave as soon as possible. Otherwise, if the manager here asks about it, you'll definitely not be able to escape!"

At this moment, a waitress trotted in. Seeing this scene, she walked up to Philip in fear.

When she saw the wine tray on the floor, she hurriedly bent over to Philip and bowed her head to apologize. "Sorry, sir, this should be my job."

She had heard part of the conversation at the door just now, so at this moment, she was hurriedly apologizing to everyone, "I'm sorry, he's not a waiter. I had an emergency just now and asked this gentleman to take the wine tray for me."

When everyone heard it, they realized.

However, the expressions on their faces did not change much.

Even if he was not a waiter, this person who came from Riverdale was still rubbish!

Moreover, it meant he had snuck his way in here!

The result was even worse.

“Bullsh*t!”

Yolanda directly raised her hand, about to slap the waitress on the face.

At her action, the waitress immediately closed her eyes in fear and dared not move!

She was just a waitress and could not be an opponent for these upper-class people. If anything happened, even if it was not her fault, she could only suffer a beating and hope that the general manager would not fire her.

This was the woe and tragedy of the lower-class people.

Fortunately, Philip had quick eyes and reflexes. He grabbed Yolanda’s tender white wrist in mid-air and shook it off, saying coldly, “Yolanda Lee, that’s enough! How much longer do you want to cause a scene?!”

Suddenly, the main hall quickly fell silent.

Everyone looked at Philip, dumbfounded.

They did not expect that a piece of trash would dare to scold Yolanda so harshly.

Who was Yolanda Lee?

A renowned belle!

Within the circle of wealthy people in Uppercreek, her reputation was up there.

Yolanda was immediately annoyed and stared at Philip with hatred!

This rotten fellow actually stopped her in front of so many people!

“Philip, you dare resist?! Do you know what you’re doing?” Yolanda sternly scolded!

At this time, Gil had already stepped up and ordered Philip unceremoniously, “Boy, I advise you, hurry up and apologize to Yola! Otherwise, I can kill you with just one finger!”

Gil’s face was full of arrogance.

In his eyes, people like Philip were garbage. Philip was like an ant, and Gil could kill him whenever he pleased.

The people around were also watching the scene expectantly.

Since Gil was personally standing up for Yolanda, Philip would surely be doomed!

However, to everyone's surprise, Philip replied casually, "Oh, is it?"

Everyone was astounded!

This Philip was so arrogant and ignorant!

Did he know who was standing in front of him?

The young master of the Dean family!

The young master of Watchful Security Group in Uppercreek!

With just a flick of his finger, he could gather a group of super-rich second generations!

Gil smiled disdainfully, as if he did not put Philip in his eyes at all. He said coldly, "Brat, are you going to fight me?"

"So what if I am?" Philip's eyes were indifferent.

"Do you know who I am?"

Gil seemed to have heard the funniest joke in the world.

Chapter 1174

"I'm the young master of the Dean family in Uppercreek. My dad is the coach of Uppercreek's security forces, and my grandfather is also the retired coach!"

After he finished speaking, he looked at Philip amusedly. "Now, do you still want to go against me?"

"The Dean family? Are they very powerful?" Philip retorted unwaveringly.

"Haha."

Gill smiled cruelly before stepping forward and glaring at Philip fiercely.

"Since I grew up, you're the first person who dares to provoke the Dean family like this.

"I'll let you know how big the gap between us is, just like the geese in the sky and the ants on the ground!"

Philip smiled faintly. When he was about to speak, a middle-aged man with a dignified face pushed the crowd away and walked over.

"What's going on? Who dares to make trouble at the banquet for the owners of Blossoms Park? Don't you know the banquet tonight is hosted by Sam Cohen of the Soaring Real Estate Group?"

"Oh, Supervisor Sandler is here. This wretched man from out of town named Philip is going to suffer now."

Someone who knew the middle-aged man whispered.

"Sam Cohen is very influential in Uppercreek. By trespassing into a private banquet, I'm afraid this Philip Clarke is going to end up badly."

“It’s best to kick that jerk out. I think he’s annoying.”

“Supervisor Sandler, I’m Gil Dean.”

Gil took a step back and looked at Philip with a smile. “I suspect that this person sneaked into tonight’s banquet for the owners. Please drive him out now.”

Sandler was taken aback. He apparently recognized Gil and said respectfully, “Yes, Young Master Dean!”

Then, he turned to Philip and said, “Sir, please show me your invitation.”

Philip frowned. He did not have the so-called invitation at all.

“Sir, please show me your invitation immediately. Otherwise, I will call the security guards.” Supervisor Sandler’s expression had already darkened. Seeing Philip’s hesitation, he immediately said unceremoniously.

“I don’t have an invitation. The property manager, Anson Goode, invited me here.”

Philip was silent for a moment before saying.

The crowd went into an uproar.

“Nonsense!”

Supervisor Sandler immediately rebuked, “Manager Goode is not someone you can mention lightly!”

Who was Anson Goode?

The property manager of Blossoms Park and also his boss!

“I don’t think this kid has an invitation at all. He sneaked in.”

Some of the onlookers snickered.

“Yes, just look at the cheap clothes he’s wearing. I refuse to believe he was invited here.”

Another person sneered.

“He’s in trouble now. Sam Cohen is most particular about his image and identity. Besides, he has also offended Gil Dean. I’m afraid he can’t get out of it now.”

Someone shook his head and sighed.

“I said he snuck in, didn’t I? Drive him out quickly before I get angry.”

An arrogant smile appeared on Gil’s face, and his eyes looked at Philip from high above as if he was looking down at a humble ant.

“Let’s see what he’s going to do.”

When Yolanda saw this scene, she was gratified from head to toe.

Gil also shook his head and said mockingly, "Why bother? Since you're not in this circle, don't come in. Otherwise, people will only laugh at you."

However, Philip suddenly said again, "I haven't finished talking yet."

"Since you don't believe me, you can call Anson Goode and ask."

Chapter 1175

"Manager Goode?"

Supervisor Sandler was taken aback before he yelled mockingly, "Presumptuous! What right do you have to mention Manager Goode? Do you think we're at a small gathering where you can talk about him so casually?"

The audience's blood boiled at his words.

"Supervisor Sandler, hurry up and get rid of this rubbish!"

"This idiot is really good at bragging."

"A poor place like Riverdale is really good at producing rubbish. It's really shocking."

At this time, everyone's gaze at Philip was full of disdain and contempt.

Philip frowned slightly at these countless accusations.

Supervisor Sandler did not want to delay this matter any further, so he turned his head and shouted, "Where's the security guard? Hurry up and throw this filthy guy out for me."

"Sneaking into the private banquet for the owners of Blossoms Park is not an easy act to forgive. Call the cops too. I want to see what the police have to say about someone sneaking into private territory."

Everyone looked at the forlorn Philip with pity.

At this time, who would dare to stand up and intercede for him?

Yolanda did not speak, but the pleasure in her eyes was evidently growing stronger.

This piece of trash was finally being taught a good lesson by someone else.

A wastrel like Philip was really the scum of society.

Supervisor Sandler also picked up the intercom and called the security.

Gil stood proudly and sneered at Philip, "As I said, rubbish like you isn't at the same level as us. I can drive you out with just one word, but what about you? What can you do now?"

At this time, some people responded to Gil's words and shouted for Philip to get lost.

Philip stood there silently, his eyes drooping and his body motionless. His thoughts were unknown.

He said, "Your ridicule and insults now is the price for your regrets later."

When everyone heard Philip's words, their faces were dumbfounded.

"Haha, this bum is really not afraid to say anything."

"This is ridiculous! Who does he think he is? He really thinks he's some big character."

"Didn't he say he knows Manager Goode? I want to see if Manager Goode will come here because of him."

Everyone laughed.

Yolanda stared at Philip sarcastically and said, "Philip, you're truly a disgrace to the people of Riverdale. If Wynn finds out you're doing this, won't she jump off the building in anger?"

At the next moment!

At the entrance of the main hall, four security guards rushed in.

Supervisor Sandler pointed directly at Philip sternly and shouted to the four security guards, "Hurry up and throw him out! If he dares to sneak in again, just break his legs!"

"Yes!"

Immediately, the four security guards approached Philip coldly and with anticipation.

Seeing that they were about to come to blows, everyone's faces were full of scorn.

Suddenly, a cold voice sounded.

“Who dares to throw him out?!”

When everyone looked for the owner of the voice, they saw that the crowd had already parted.

A middle-aged man in a suit strode over briskly with a cold face.

As soon as he appeared, he carried an invincible aura of intensity. He was looking at the banquet hall, making many people shrink back in fear.

Those cold eyes of his swept over the place, the chill and arrogance in his eyes making countless people bow their heads.

“Who is this person, trying to help that wimp?”

An onlooker sneered.

The companion of the person who spoke recognized that man, and his face changed immediately. He hurriedly covered his mouth and said, “Are you crazy? Don’t you recognize Manager Goode?”

“Manager Goode? The capable assistant to Sam Cohen and the president of Soaring Real Estate Group, Anson Goode?”

The person who spoke before was taken aback for a moment. He then suddenly thought of something as his face instantly turned pale. He quickly fell silent.

The newcomer was none other than Anson Goode.

“Manager Goode?”

The moment he saw Anson, Supervisor Sandler’s face changed. A bad feeling welled in his heart.

He squeezed a smile and said, “Why are you here?”

“Hmph, if I didn’t turn up, were you going to drive away the guest I invited?” Anson snorted coldly.

He was furious, and his face seemed to be able to shave off frost.

“Mr. Clarke is my distinguished guest. What are you trying to do by chasing him away and calling the police?”

After listening to Anson’s words, Supervisor Sandler’s face changed completely.

Chapter 1176

This jerk turned out to be Anson’s distinguished guest?

How could that be?

It must be known that everyone present tonight had to be polite in front of Manager Goode.

With Anson’s distinguished identity, how did he get to know a bum in shabby clothes like Philip?

He tried to defend himself. "I didn't know that this gentleman was invited by you. If I knew, how would I possibly dare to do this?"

Anson remained unmoved. Instead, he smiled apologetically to Philip and said, "Sorry, I'm late.

"I didn't expect my subordinates to be so ignorant and cause such trouble."

With that said, Anson was full of anger.

What kind of person was Philip Clarke?

Manager Goode's distinguished guest!

He was the person with the highest status tonight!

He was the owner of Bird of Paradise Villa!

Even Sam Cohen had given specific instructions that he must invite Mr. Clarke upstairs for a private meeting.

These people had chastised Philip so much and even tried to kick him out of the banquet. Was this not a show of disrespect to Mr. Cohen?

Thus, Anson was very angry!

Philip's expression remained as usual as if all the previous accusations did not exist.

“It’s okay, I’m used to it.”

As he said that, he glanced at Supervisor Sandler and said calmly, “However, this supervisor seems to have a prejudice against me. I already told him I was invited by you and everything would be cleared up if he asked you about it. He didn’t listen to me and insisted on driving me out anyway.”

Supervisor Sandler trembled when he heard the words and almost stumbled.

He reluctantly smiled and said, “Manager Goode, please listen to my explanation.”

“No need to explain.

“I will report this matter truthfully to Mr. Cohen about what you did and suggest that he fire you directly, relieving you of your position in the company.”

Anson’s nonchalant words made Supervisor Sandler’s heart fall into the deepest pit of the abyss.

At this time, Supervisor Sandler could only look at Gil pleadingly, hoping that Young Master Dean could help him because of his earlier performance.

However, he did not know that Gil was also frustrated at this time.

The moment Anson appeared, his heart jumped.

When Anson said that Philip was the distinguished guest he had invited, he could hardly believe it.

This was Anson Goode, the general manager of Soaring Real Estate Group!

Sam Cohen's right-hand man!

Not to mention Gil himself, but even his father had to be courteous and polite in front of Anson Goode!

Being arrogant in front of Anson was tantamount to a slap in Sam's face!

That was an act of death!

Moreover, the influence of Soaring Real Estate Group in Uppercreek was deeply entrenched. It was not something that the Dean family could compare to.

Seeing Supervisor Sandler's eyes asking for help, Gil could only bite the bullet and step forward.

"Manager Goode..."

Anson turned around and looked at Gil, smiling nonchalantly. "Do you have an explanation for me? Do you think I'm not aware of your behavior?"

Hearing this, Gil could no longer suppress the anger in his heart. He said grudgingly, "But this guy insulted my friend earlier."

"Shut up!"

Anson's face was cold when he heard the words, and he scolded Gil angrily.

Chapter 1177

He looked at Gil reproachfully.

“Is Mr. Clarke someone you can humiliate casually?”

“I’ll talk to your father about this matter myself.”

After he finished speaking, he ignored Gil’s pale face, turned his head to Philip, and whispered in his ear, “Mr. Clarke, Mr. Cohen and a few friends are waiting for you upstairs.”

“Sure.”

Philip nodded, glanced at Gil Dean lightly, then smiled before turning away.

Supervisor Sandler could not take it anymore. He slumped to the ground, his face pale.

Gil lowered his head and gritted his teeth with his fists clenched.

That final look from Philip seemed to be ridiculing him, turning into a sharp sword and piercing his self-esteem fiercely.

“That son of a b*tch!”

After the two walked away, Gil finally exploded. He took the wine glass from the nearby table and smashed it on the ground.

“How does he know Anson Goode? This is impossible!”

The moment Yolanda had seen Anson, her expression could not help but change slightly as she exclaimed in a low voice.

Was it possible that she was not aware of what kind of guy Philip was?

What was going on here?

Yolanda felt very apprehensive. Anson was not someone she could provoke at all. Even Gil could not compare in front of him.

“We’ve offended him this time. What if he retaliates?”

Yolanda felt regretful.

Her few best friends and rich second-generation friends around her were also pale.

That was the Soaring Real Estate Group, not an organization ordinary people could provoke.

Who knew how that piece of trash managed to suck up to them?

Yolanda’s face was as pale as a sheet. Although she did not say a word, there was deep hatred in her heart.

At this moment, the onlookers in the distance were watching this scene in amazement.

Philip Clarke, who had been forced into desperation, actually fought back?

“Who is that man? He seems to have a high status. Even Gil Dean can’t suppress him?”

“That’s right. Isn’t that Philip Clarke known to be a man who relies on his wife? How does he know someone so powerful?”

At their level, they had only heard of Anson Goode’s name at most, without the chance of meeting him. Naturally, they were surprised!

In the crowd, someone whispered, “That’s Anson Goode, a manager in Soaring Real Estate Group and Sam Cohen’s capable assistant. He’s also rumored to be one of the next board members of that company.”

Everyone’s face changed slightly when they heard this.

Soaring Real Estate Group was very famous in Uppercreek.

That jerk was actually Anson Goode’s friend? Seeing Anson’s unusual attitude toward him, could it be that he had an extraordinary identity?

Thinking of this, many people’s gaze on Yolanda and Gil changed.

Yolanda was very disgruntled and gritted her teeth bitterly. She just could not figure it out.

What right did Philip have to know Anson?

Gil approached her at this time, staring coldly in the direction where Philip left. He said, "Didn't you say that this kid was the young master of Clarke Group that went bankrupt later? Could it be that he's still using the identity of the so-called young master of Clarke Group to cheat money off people?"

When Yolanda heard the words, she was immediately excited and said hurriedly, "Yes, that must be it!"

She stared fiercely in the direction Philip was heading and said, "This disgusting guy is still doing this sort of thing. No way, we must expose him!"

Yolanda, Gil, and the others quickly chased after them.

They wanted to expose Philip!

When Philip arrived with Anson, there were already more than a dozen people in the private room upstairs.

"Mr. Clarke."

Sam Cohen immediately got up to greet him with a respectful smile on his face.

In the private room, most of them were famous entrepreneurs in Uppercreek invited by Sam.

Of course, in terms of fame and financial resources, there was still a gap between them and Sam.

At this moment, seeing Sam, one of the top ten most outstanding entrepreneurs in Uppercreek, being so respectful to such an ordinary young man, they were caught by surprise.

Earlier, Sam had said that a distinguished guest had arrived. He even kept it a secret from them about who it was.

Unexpectedly, he was such a young person.

It would seem that the identity and background of this man were extraordinary.

“Mr. Cohen, you don’t have to be so polite. You’re an outstanding entrepreneur in Uppercreek. Your reputation precedes you.”

Philip smiled and responded politely.

Chapter 1178

The two took a seat, and Anson accompanied him next to him.

After a round of toast, Sam immediately broached the topic and said, “Mr. Clarke, this time, Soaring Real Estate Group has decided to set up a real estate company in Riverdale to expand our business there. When the time comes, we hope you can extend some help, Mr. Clarke.”

If they could get some help from Philip, or rather, an investment, then the ten-year plan of Soaring Real Estate Group in Riverdale would face no problems at all!

By itself, the Soaring Real Estate Group of Sam Cohen had a certain influence. In Uppercreek, it was one of the three giants in the real estate industry.

However, Riverdale was different; its waters ran deep.

Moreover, Philip was different, and the background he came from was different.

Through Hoyt Luther, Sam already knew and understood this point deeply.

He and Hoyt had been friends in private for many years, and naturally, they knew the true identity of Philip Clarke!

When he was just a teenager, he had founded the Upperglade Chamber of Commerce Alliance single-handedly as a vocational hobby!

One could imagine how grandiose this young man was.

If Philip's approval could be obtained, the development of Soaring Real Estate Group in Riverdale would definitely go smoothly.

Philip said calmly, "You can discuss this matter with Theo Zander and Hoyt Luther. Just look for them if you need any support."

When Sam heard this, he immediately raised his glass with a smile on his face and said, "Mr. Clarke, thank you for your support. Let me propose a toast to you!"

With that, Sam downed the contents in his glass.

After eating and drinking their fill, everyone got up and sent Philip off.

Philip went to the gents, and when he passed the hall, unfortunately, there was a shout from behind.

"Philip Clarke? I didn't expect to meet a piece of trash like you here."

The tone was frivolous, full of contempt and disdain.

Philip frowned slightly. When he turned around, he saw Juan Parker approaching. He was wearing a navy blue suit, looking polished and well-groomed like a very successful man.

Juan was very upset these days because he never found a chance to get back at Philip!

This guy had been away from Riverdale for many days and was now in Uppercreek.

Philip glanced at Juan lightly. He could not be bothered to talk to a presumptuous guy like him.

He did not plan to make a move against Juan now because someone was standing behind him.

He wanted to lure the snake out of the hole.

Therefore, Philip turned around and prepared to leave.

However, how could Juan let go of this opportunity? He directly blocked Philip's path and said with sarcasm, "Well done, Philip. Do you have a mistress in Blossoms Park now? Does Wynn know about this?"

Juan thought of something and laughed, his eyes becoming more contemptuous.

How could such a guy be with Wynn?

In terms of assets, Juan was not inferior now.

In terms of strength, he had a big boss behind him.

Philip was just the boss of an investment group, so what?

As soon as Martha's plan was implemented, Philip would go bankrupt and get kicked out of the household!

At that time, Philip would be no better than a dog, ready to beg for mercy from Juan!

Philip looked at Juan coldly and said, "Is it any of your business where I am?"

Juan was startled, then his face turned dark and he said fiercely, "Damn it, Philip, don't be too cocky! Sooner or later, I'll make you kneel in front of me and beg for mercy!"

Philip's brows twisted deeply.

Should he teach Juan Parker a lesson?

At this time not far away, there was a rapid sound of high-heeled shoes clicking against the floor.

Yolanda had already brought Gil and the others and they were now walking over. She had a chill on her face.

"Philip Clarke, you've really done it this time! How dare you use the identity of a bankrupt young master to cheat money off people? I'm going to expose you right now!"

Yolanda said angrily with a cold face and then raised her hand to slap Philip across the face.

However, a shocking scene appeared.

Chapter 1179

Philip's eyes were cold as he shook his hand directly, brushing away Yolanda's arm.

Smack!

Philip responded in kind, slapping Yolanda's face angrily while saying, "Yolanda Lee, that's enough! You keep challenging my patience time and again! If not for the sake of our acquaintance, I'd have dealt with you a long time ago!"

Every person had a limit.

Philip Clarke was no exception!

He had always kept a low profile and did not wish to cause any trouble most of the time, especially now that he was looking for his sister Hannah Clarke. He did not want news of his actions to be spread or to cause a sensation as it would only lead him to be noticed by people with ulterior motives. That was why he had been deliberately restraining his temper.

However, Yolanda's actions had crossed the limit!

Yolanda was stunned, clutching her pretty face while staring at Philip in disbelief.

"You... How dare you hit me?!"

Yolanda's eyes widened, and the anger in her heart surged.

Why had she come to Uppercreek for development in the first place? It was so that when she returned to Riverdale in the future, she could deal with Philip more vigorously.

Now, however, this guy actually dared to lash out at her!

A young master who had gone bankrupt, what right did he have to do so?

"If you dare to take another inch, I'll do it again!"

Philip said coldly, already displaying his attitude clearly.

When Gil Dean saw Yolanda being beaten, he immediately felt angry. He pointed at Philip and scolded, "Son of a b*tch, how dare you hit Yola! Believe it or not, a phone call from me will make you a cripple in the hospital at any time!"

However, Philip only smiled calmly and said, "Oh, I'll be waiting then."

His attitude was indifferent and uncaring.

"F*ck, you're very arrogant. Just you wait!"

Gil was really annoyed. Before this, he had suffered some embarrassment in the banquet hall because of Philip. Now, this guy still dared to be so arrogant!

Immediately, he took out his phone, dialed a number, and said in a cold voice, "Hurry up and bring some people to Blossoms Park! I want to get rid of someone! The more the better!"

After hanging up, Gill glanced at Philip who was indifferent and became even angrier!

He said unhappily, "A piece of trash like you is still pretending to be calm? Not only did you hit my woman, but you even dare to act pretentious with me? Soon, my people will be here. I shall see how you're going to kneel and beg me for mercy!"

Brazen!

Gil was very confident at this moment. When his people arrived, no matter who it was, that person must kneel and call him their daddy!

"By the way, I also heard that your wife is as pretty as a flower. Once you're crippled, I'll take good care of your wife. But only her body, of course."

Gill added and stretched out his hand to pat Philip on the shoulder.

This was the sentence that marked the beginning of Gil's imminent death!

The corners of Philip's eyes froze as he immediately grabbed Gil's outstretched hand. With a twist and a click!

Gil felt that his arm seemed to have been broken!

Immediately afterward, Philip's fist was infinitely magnified in his eyes!

Boom!

No prior warning!

Philip's punch landed on Gil's face directly, causing a nosebleed!

"I didn't want to cause trouble, but you've crossed my bottom line again and again, so I'm sorry, Young Master Dean, you need to pay the price for your stupidity!"

Philip said angrily with murder in his eyes.

"F*ck!"

Gil arched his waist and covered his nose, his face aching with pain. He glared at Philip and roared, "You trash! If I don't kill you today, I won't show my face in Uppercreek ever again!"

Gil stared at Philip with eyes burning with fire, his heart full of anger.

A useless person dared to do this to him?!

He must break all his limbs today!

He must be taught a good lesson of who not to provoke!

However, Philip only looked at all this very indifferently.

It was because he had already decided.

Gil Dean must die!

He had violated his bottom line.

Moreover, Philip realized that if he did not use extreme means to deter small potatoes like these, his next plan to look for Hannah would definitely be affected!

Thinking about it, Philip took a step forward and stared at Gil with a cold expression. He said, "Young Master Dean, enjoy your last moments because the following consequences are not something you can bear."

Chapter 1180

"Hehe."

Gil sneered, taking a tissue from the side to cover his mouth and nose. His eyes were stern as he said, "What, a bankrupt young master like you wants to make a move against me?"

Ludicrous!

A useless and bankrupt young master dared to challenge him?

He was simply courting death!

The corners of Philip's mouth were slightly raised as a sneer appeared. He said, "You'll find out."

Then, he raised his fist and threw it at Gil again.

Gil's eyes widened in fright and he quickly raised his hand to cover his face.

He acted very arrogantly most of the time, but when it came to a fight, he was a weak chicken.

“Stop! Who dares to touch Young Master Dean?!”

At this time from the direction of the stairs, a group of men in security uniforms rushed in. All of them were big and burly men, each holding an anti-riot baton in their hand.

The guy in the lead was the chief coach of the Dean family's security guards, Sunny Howe, also known as Howie on the streets!

Everyone in the circle knew about Howie's temper and violence. After all, he was a retired kickboxing champion!

As soon as he stepped through the door, Howie led a group of people and surrounded the place. Pointing at Philip, he said angrily, “Are you the brat who wants to teach Young Master Dean a lesson?”

His roar echoed in the long corridor!

This group of people looked fierce.

Yolanda was exhilarated now. Young Master Dean had finally made his move, which meant Philip was doomed for sure!

“Philip Clarke, do you regret it now? You dare to beat me and be arrogant with Young Master Dean, you really don’t know who you’re going up against!”

Yolanda put her arms around her chest, looked at Philip triumphantly, and then said to Gil next to her, “Young Master Dean, I want to slap him ten times later. I’ll also record it and send it to his wife!”

Gil sneered menacingly at this moment and said, “Sure, as long as you can vent your anger, anything will do.”

As he said that, he looked at Philip coldly, unable to conceal the arrogance on his face.

Juan Parker, who was on the side, watched the drama unfolding with a face full of sneers.

Unexpectedly, Philip had already provoked the people in Uppercreek without him having to do it.

Young Master Dean?

He was probably the young master of Uppercreek’s Dean family.

Haha!

Philip Clarke was a trouble magnet, indeed.

After thinking about it, Juan took out his phone and concealed himself on the side. He was prepared to take a picture of Philip’s beating later and then send it to Wynn.

“Do it!”

Seeing Philip still acting so calmly, Gil shouted directly, his eyes flashing with killing intent.

In an instant, Howie led a group of men and they all rushed toward Philip with anti-riot batons in their hands!

At this critical moment, an angry shout sounded at the end of the corridor!

“Stop it!”

With a panicked expression on his face, Sam Cohen ran over with his friends and a few security guards.

From a distance, it turned out that Mr. Clarke was being targeted!

How could this be!

Sam trotted over in a panic, bent over, and said respectfully, “Mr. Clarke, you’ve suffered a fright. Please leave the rest to me.”

At that greeting, a lot of people present were stunned!

Gil and Yolanda, who were watching this sudden scene, felt a little thump in their hearts.

This... Was this Sam Cohen from Soaring Real Estate Group?!

Chapter 1181

Mr. Clarke?

Yolanda was also in a daze, her mind wandering.

Philip... Why was he being addressed to as Mr. Clarke?

Wait a minute!

Gil's heart trembled suddenly!

This person was the chairman of Soaring Real Estate Group, Sam Cohen!

Now, at this moment, Sam was here and he addressed that piece of trash as Mr. Clarke!

Seeing Juan and Yolanda looking at him suspiciously, Philip's heart trembled.

Oh no, if his identity was exposed in Uppercreek, the people keeping an eye on him in the dark would definitely investigate his purpose for coming here.

At that time, it might cause unnecessary trouble or even cause harm to his sister!

Philip must conceal it temporarily.

Therefore, he stared at Sam coldly, and Sam stammered in fright with just one look.

Sam was taken aback but understood quickly.

Hoyt Luther had once explained to him that Mr. Clarke's identity must be kept secret.

This was also the reason why he wanted to receive Philip in the private room upstairs, so Sam immediately changed his words. "All visitors are my guests. By treating my guest like this, are you not putting me in your eyes?!"

Gil was so scared that cold sweat beaded on his forehead. He exchanged a glance with Yolanda.

"Mr. Cohen, what do you mean?"

Gil dared not be rude to Sam.

Sam Cohen was the chairman of Soaring Real Estate Group, and the forces behind it in Uppercreek were complicated.

Many rumors said that Sam was related to some high-ranking officials.

Therefore, Gil's attitude was very polite.

Moreover, the other party was an elder from the same generation as his father. Even his father had to be respectful when he met Sam Cohen.

At this time, Sam said to Gil with a cold face, "Gil Dean, this place belongs to me. Even your father won't dare to do anything here, yet you actually took the lead to cause trouble?"

Sam did not want to ruin his relationship with the Dean family either. After all, he and Gil's dad had some business cooperation together.

Gil immediately said, "Mr. Cohen, you've misunderstood. We just want to tell you that the idiot behind you is not Mr. Clarke at all. Did he tell you that he's the young master of Clarke Group? That's a scam! He was bankrupt long ago!"

Idiot?

Smack!

Sam stepped forward with a slap!

This slap was so sudden that Gil was stunned, and blood gushed out from his nose again!

"F*ck! Sam Cohen, have you gone crazy? I'm a member of the Dean family, after all!"

Gil shouted angrily and quickly clutched his nose.

Even if Sam Cohen had a strong identity and status in Uppercreek, the Dean family was not a pushover!

If Sam was not showing him any respect, why should Gil?

"Shut up! Kid from the Dean family, I'm warning you not to be rude to Mr. Clarke. Otherwise, even if your dad shows up, you have to obediently apologize to Mr. Clarke!"

Sam shouted, his eyes bursting with a chill.

Gil immediately got annoyed and roared, "Sam Cohen! Okay, if you're willing to be duped, so be it! I'm just telling you that this idiot is nothing but a bankrupt son of a b*tch! When you're deceived by him later, don't cry your eyes out! Also, I'm going to teach this piece of trash a good lesson for my friend today. Who dares to stop me?!"

With a roar, Howie and his gang confronted Sam and his people.

The atmosphere was too tense, like a balloon at the brink of bursting. It was just waiting to be pierced by external forces.

On the side, Yolanda and the others were also shocked by Gil's actions.

How dare he use force against Sam?!

Had Gil Dean gone mad?

"Young... Young Master Dean, let's forget it. The opponent is Sam Cohen, after all."

Yolanda whispered in Gil's ear.

Another one of his friends also echoed, "Yes, Gil, Sam's forces in Uppercreek is not a joke. Haven't we gone far enough?"

Chapter 1182

However, at this moment, Gil had already been consumed by anger. He just wanted to teach Philip, this ignorant trash, a good lesson!

Thus, he shouted arrogantly, "What are you afraid of? Are there things I can't do in Uppercreek? So what if he's Sam Cohen? This is Uppercreek, the land of the young. One Sam Cohen will be trampled under my shoes sooner or later!"

Audacious!

Outrageous!

At this moment, Gil Dean had brought into full play the flippant temperament of a rich second-generation young master.

On the opposite, Sam's face was as dark as night.

No one had ever dared to talk to him like this!

"Rascal, what are you talking about? This is an outrage!"

Suddenly, a gruff shout came from behind Gil's group.

Soon after, the group of people brought by Gil made a pathway automatically!

It was a burly middle-aged man with an angular face. His pair of thick eyebrows were raised, and his face was full of anger. Wearing a gray suit, he came up and kicked Gil directly on his ass!

Immediately, Gil stumbled forward and fell half a meter in front of Sam's feet!

“F*ck! Which idiot dares to kick me? Do you want to die?”

Gil roared furiously and glanced back but was instantly shocked!

“Your old man!”

The middle-aged man who kicked Gil directly roared!

He was here. He was really here.

Gil’s father, with a chill all over his body, was here.

In an instant, Gil was so frightened that he stammered, “Dad... That... Why are you here?”

Gus Dean stood there, full of anger. He stretched out his fingers and pointed at Gil who was on the ground, reprimanding him, “If I didn’t show up, wouldn’t you be turning this place upside down by now? You even dare to show disrespect to Mr. Cohen. Who gave you the balls to do that?!”

After reprimanding, Gus hurriedly turned around with a flattering smile on his face and apologized to Sam. “Mr. Cohen, I’m sorry. I didn’t train my son well enough. Don’t worry, I’ll teach him a good lesson when we return!”

With that said, Gus turned around, kicked Gil, and said angrily, “Rascal, why are you still in a daze? Apologize to Mr. Cohen at once!”

Gil was depressed.

His father was famous for his violent temper. Since he was a child, he had endured a fair share of his father's beatings. His ass was full of marks from his teachings.

Therefore, Gil quickly murmured his apology to Sam, "I'm sorry, Mr. Cohen."

"What the heck? Did you leave your voice at home? Speak up and kneel properly!"

Gus kicked him again, and Gil was extremely frustrated.

Too embarrassing!

With so many people watching, why did his father not leave him any dignity at all?

Boo-hoo, was he still his son?

He was helpless.

Gil said to Sam again, "I'm sorry, Mr. Cohen. I was wrong."

However, Sam only said lightly, "It's useless to apologize to me. You should apologize to Mr. Clarke."

Chapter 1183

Gil flew into a rage, jumped up, and pointed at Philip, saying angrily, "You want me to apologize to this scheming piece of waste? I refuse!"

Smack!

Gus slapped him mercilessly and asked with a cold face, "Why don't you ask my hand if it agrees?"

Thud!

Gil directly fell on his knees!

"Sorry, Philip, please forgive my recklessness!"

Gil almost gritted his teeth and forced out each word.

He was very upset and unwilling!

Why should he apologize?

Why was he being made to apologize to a useless person who was nothing?

"Mr. Clarke, my son already knows his mistake. May I ask if you're satisfied?" Gus asked with a grin.

Philip's face was calm, and the anger in his eyes had cooled down.

He glanced at Gil, who was kneeling on the ground, and did not plan to pursue it anymore.

After all, there were too many people around.

Thus, Philip said, "Forget it."

Then, he stepped forward and left directly in front of Gil, Yolanda, and the others.

Sam followed Philip and personally sent him off.

After Philip left, Gil jumped up from the ground and stared resentfully in the direction of Philip's departure. He said angrily to his father, "Dad, why did you make me apologize to that piece of trash?"

"Trash? Do you think a piece of trash can make Sam Cohen so respectful?"

Gus angrily reprimanded him, then shook his head and walked away.

Here, Gil, Yolanda, and the others remained.

Juan Parker, seeing this scene, frowned deeply.

Gil had totally lost all his dignity. He screamed angrily and vented his emotions, saying, "I'm not convinced! I must teach that piece of rubbish a lesson!"

At this moment, Juan saw Gil's face turning blue and said with a smile, "Young Master Dean, I have a plan to help you vent your anger, but I don't know if you're willing to do it?"

When Gil heard this, he immediately nodded and said, "As long as I can teach that piece of trash a lesson, I can do it!"

...

After Philip left Blossoms Park, he returned to the hotel.

Seeing Philip, Wynn stepped forward, gently took off his coat for him, and hung it on the hanger. She then asked, "How did it go? Did you see her?"

Philip sat on the sofa, shook his head, and said, "No."

"Don't worry, you'll see her eventually. Do you want me to accompany you tomorrow?"

Wynn leaned on Philip's shoulder and asked sweetly.

Philip hugged Wynn's waist, shook his head, and said, "No, you should rest in the hotel."

Wynn pouted and said, "But it's boring to stay in the hotel alone."

Philip thought that it was true and said, "I'll ask Anne to come and accompany you, then. Mila can come along too. I might be staying in Uppercreek for a while, so you can take this chance to go sightseeing."

Wynn did not refuse. She nodded and continued, "If it doesn't work out, you can take me with you. Maybe I can help to persuade her. After all, I'm her sister-in-law."

Philip calmly looked up at the ceiling and said, "I'm just afraid she won't recognize you as a sister-in-law."

For the next two days, Philip arrived at the orphanage on time every day, bringing some fruits, toys, and picture albums with him each time.

Whenever they saw Philip, those lonely children would look as if they had met their closest relative.

“Big Brother, what do you do? Even Master Bell is afraid of you.”

“Big Brother, can I be as strong as you in the future? You can fight several people at once!”

“I also want to learn Kung Fu from you, Big Brother. I want to protect my younger siblings as well as my older siblings!”

Being surrounded by this bunch of innocent kids, Philip felt that life was extremely interesting.

These children, although they had no fathers or mothers and were abandoned, their hearts were the purest. They yearned for life and light the most.

Ivy Thomson watched from the side, dimples appearing at the corners of her mouth. With her arms behind her back, she stepped on her white shoes and looked at Philip who was surrounded by the children. Her heart was warm.

“President Clarke still hasn’t returned today. Brother Clarke, maybe you should stop waiting. I’ll let you know when she returns.”

Ivy stepped forward and said.

Philip nodded, then got up and said, “Okay then. I’ll take a look at Blossoms Park.”

Chapter 1184

After leaving the orphanage, Philip came to Blossoms Park. This time, no one dared to stop Philip.

Anson personally accompanied him and waited for more than an hour at the door of Janice's villa.

"Mr. Clarke, why do you come here every day? Are you a fan of Ms. Janice Clarke?"

Anson could not help but ask.

Philip shook his head and looked at the promotional poster at the door. It was his sister, as beautiful as an angel, looking very pure in a white dress and smiling cutely at the camera.

"Yes."

Philip did not tell Anson his true identity.

Anson smiled without comment and said, "Mr. Clarke, you're really the most persistent fan I've ever met. Ms. Janice is a celebrity from Uppercreek. She just returned from abroad and is already the top artist of Leisure Entertainment. If you want to find her, Mr. Clarke, you can go to Leisure Entertainment."

These words reminded Philip of something. He turned around with a smile, patted Anson on the shoulder, and said, "You're very good."

After that simple compliment, Anson hurriedly nodded respectfully and said, "Thank you, Mr. Clarke, for the compliment. This is what I should do."

Philip smiled without comment.

Anson hurriedly went out, drove a car over, and said, "Mr. Clarke, let me take you there. I know the way."

Philip did not decline either.

Soon, the two arrived at the building where Leisure Entertainment Company was located.

Leisure Entertainment was a big presence in Uppercreek and had many popular stars under them!

The most recent and hottest dramas all starred popular artists from Leisure Entertainment. Moreover, Leisure Entertainment had turned their focus on grooming Janice Clarke right now, intending to hype her popularity.

When Philip first arrived downstairs of the building of Leisure Entertainment, he saw several luxury cars driving in one after another.

Anson stood by and explained, "These are all artists signed by Leisure Entertainment and are quite famous."

Philip nodded and was just about to step into the building when a dissatisfied curse came from his side. "Where did this poor wretch come from? Get out of the way quickly. You're blocking my lady's way!"

Philip turned his head and saw a burly man in a black suit staring at Philip with a scowl full of dissatisfaction!

Next to this man was a middle-aged woman with an above-average appearance. She was in her 30s or 40s and dressed very fashionably, wearing a dark blue silk tube top paired with white wide-leg pants, broad sunglasses, a white hat, and a small purse in her hand. She was acting in a queenly manner.

The makeup on her face was fairly delicate, but the subtle wrinkles at the corners of her eyes betrayed her age.

Even the traces of surgery on her face had started to become obvious.

Philip took two steps back while Anson next to him started to explain, "Mr. Clarke, her name is Wendy Jones, the leading artist of Leisure Entertainment. Due to her chaotic private life and news of her beating people up, cheating and fooling around with boy toys, and acting like a big shot, she's being kept on ice by Leisure Entertainment. She used to be a first-grade star in the country but she can no longer keep up. Her acting career has basically come to an end."

Philip nodded. He glanced at this woman and found her familiar. It turned out that he had seen this woman on TV before.

Wendy looked at Philip sharply and with disdain. She could not be bothered to pay attention to such people from the bottom of society. She turned her head and stepped into the building.

As she walked, she also confirmed with the bodyguard next to her, "Are you sure that little b*tch Janice Clarke will come over today?"

"My lady, it's confirmed."

"Very well, I must teach that little b*tch a good lesson today. Pretending to be pure and innocent in front of everyone but stealing my role, does she think I'm a piece of decoration?"

Wendy said viciously, her voice floating into Philip's ears.

Janice Clarke would be coming here today?

Chapter 1185

Philip was startled and happy.

However, in an instant, anger appeared on his face again.

Did that woman say she wanted to teach Janice a lesson just now?

She was courting death!

Philip immediately followed while Anson behind him also became anxious. He dialed a number and said a few words before quickly chasing after him.

“Mr. Clarke, wait for me.”

Here, Philip had followed Wendy to the front desk of Leisure Entertainment.

Upon seeing Wendy, those good-looking front desk girls all lowered their heads in fear and respect, shouting in unison, “Master Jones.”

For a woman to be called ‘Master’, it was enough to show that Wendy’s influence in this entertainment company ran deep!

Wendy did not even look at those receptionists. She twisted her figure and walked in with the temperament of a queen.

“Master Jones, wait a minute. Mr. Snell said he’s meeting clients and is not free to see you. Would you like to have a rest in the lounge first?”

Seeing that Wendy was about to barge in, a female receptionist hurried out and stretched out her hands to block Wendy’s path. She smiled politely as she explained.

However...

Smack!

Wendy simply slapped the female receptionist’s face suddenly!

She pointed to her nose and yelled, “Who are you? How dare you stop me! Didn’t Denver Snell train you properly? Get lost!”

That was Wendy’s dominance.

In Leisure Entertainment, she was not afraid of anyone!

It was because the entire company relied on her to bring in business.

Of course, that was in the past.

As for now, that was difficult to say.

However, without Wendy, there would be no Leisure Entertainment today.

Moreover, Wendy's current husband was not an ordinary person. He belonged to one of the most affluent families in Uppercreek, the Wes family!

Her husband, Sidney Wes, was the chairman of Weston Group—the largest financial company in Uppercreek. With assets worth tens of billions, it controlled the economic lifeline of dozens of large and small companies in Uppercreek!

Moreover, Weston Group cooperated with certain special fields in Uppercreek, and that was an iron-clad relationship.

No one could shake it.

Therefore, Weston Group, and even the Wes family, were giants in Uppercreek.

It was not an exaggeration to say that they were one of the major forces here.

The female receptionist who was slapped by Wendy was stunned. With her head lowered, her eyes turned red.

Wendy shoved her away harshly, but the young woman obviously took her job seriously and once again blocked Wendy's path.

She bent down and bowed her head to apologize before saying, "Master Jones, Mr. Snell is really meeting guests and he's not free to see you. Please wait for him in the lounge."

Hehe.

Wendy chuckled, crossed her arms over her chest, and took off her sunglasses. Raising her eyebrow, she looked at the receptionist in front of her and suddenly said angrily, "Do you want to die? Don't you know who I am?"

The female receptionist was terrified and buried her head even lower.

Immediately afterward, Wendy shouted, "Ern, give her ten slaps and tell her who I am!"

The brawny man next to Wendy stepped out, raised his hand, and swept it toward the face of the female receptionist!

Smack!

Smack, smack!

With every slap, the bodyguard named Ern would roar, "Madam is the benefactor of Leisure Entertainment, the madam of the Wes family. You're nothing but a front desk receptionist. How dare you stop Madam?"

Smack!

After four or five slaps, the female receptionist's cheeks were already swollen and she was bleeding from the corners of her mouth.

However, Wendy had no intention to give in at all. She stared at the female receptionist with cold eyes.

The other female receptionists shuddered in fright at this moment, afraid to speak up or help.

Sally was really reckless, too persistent in her job. Now that she had provoked Master Jones, it was over for her.

Several female receptionists looked at each other, their eyes full of worry and fear.

However, just when Ern's sixth slap fell on Sally's red and swollen face, a big hand directly grabbed his wrist in the air!

"That should be enough. The young lady is only doing her job as her boss instructed. Bullying her like this isn't appropriate."

Philip had stepped forward, staring at Ern with cold eyes. He then glanced at Wendy.

This woman was really cruel.

If he had not come today and Wendy really caused trouble with his sister, was his sister not going to suffer?

"Who the f*ck are you? Let go!"

Ern was grumpy and glared at Philip, only to realize that this kid turned out to be the guy at the door earlier.

Chapter 1186

Philip shook off Ern's arm, pulled the female receptionist behind him, and calmly said to Ern, "I'm no one. I just can't stand watching you being so arrogant."

Wendy was annoyed. Why did she keep running into this idiot today?!

"Brat, do you know who I am? How dare you stick your nose into my business?! Are you upset that your mother is still alive? Believe it or not, one phone call from me and I can ruin your entire family!"

Wendy was also very arrogant with her mouth spewing a bunch of spiteful words.

It really made people wonder how such a woman became popular in the first place.

Was it the end of the road already?

Initially, Philip did not intend to take things any further, but when he heard the other party insulting his mother, his eyes immediately glinted with a chill.

He stared at Wendy and said solemnly, "I'll give you three minutes to apologize!"

Hahaha!

There was a burst of laughter.

Wendy looked at Philip. This ordinary young man was very audacious.

"You want me to apologize to a piece of trash at the bottom of the society? Who do you think I am? Let me tell you, I, Wendy Jones, am the leading best actress in the industry and also the madam of the Wes

family. Who are you to make me apologize to you?"

Wherever Wendy went, she would announce herself as the best actress and the madam of the Wes family.

When most people heard this, they would be intimidated and dared not provoke her.

Therefore, this also developed Wendy's arrogant temperament. She became not afraid to cause trouble at all.

After all, in Uppercreek, who would dare to provoke the Wes family?

However, Philip was expressionless and said coldly, "I don't care who you are. I want you to apologize for what you did!"

Wendy laughed and ordered Ern, "Slap his mouth too! He's a piece of ignorant trash!"

After that, Wendy raised her foot and walked inside.

Ern sneered, rolled up his sleeves, and raised his arm to throw a punch at Philip's face.

However...

Bam!

Philip raised his leg and kicked Ern in the chest. The latter flew out a few meters away and hit the counter at the front desk!

“F*ck! How dare you fight back?!”

Ern was furious. He had not expected the other party to fight back.

Wendy was also taken aback for a while, looking at Philip’s indifferent appearance with his hands in his trouser pockets. She was slightly frightened.

Why was she feeling afraid?

“Ern, what’s the matter with you? Can’t you even take care of a brat?”

Wendy was angry and scolded.

Ern hurriedly got up from the ground, bent over, and apologized to Wendy. “Madam, don’t worry, dealing with this kind of garbage is a piece of cake. I just wasn’t prepared just now.”

After that, he hit Philip’s chin with an uppercut.

However...

Smack!

Crack!

In just a few seconds, Philip first slapped Ern's face angrily, then lifted his foot and kicked Ern's knee. It was followed by him grabbing Ern's finger and pulling it hard!

Instantly, Ern was kneeling on the ground and howling.

This scene shocked the surrounding three receptionists and Wendy.

"Stop it!"

Suddenly, a loud roar came from a distance.

A tall and lean middle-aged man wearing glasses and dressed in a navy blue suit ran out of the elevator with an angry face.

"Vice President Wells."

Several receptionists immediately bowed to the man respectfully.

The man trotted to Wendy with a flattering face, smiled humbly, and said, "Master Jones, why are you here without telling me in advance? I could've welcomed you."

"Dixon Wells, don't talk nonsense with me. What are you going to do about this kid who beat my man up?"

Wendy's face was cold, and her temperament was arrogant. She did not even look at Dixon when she spoke.

Dixon wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, turned around, and scolded Philip, “Who are you? How dare you hit people and make trouble at Leisure Entertainment?! Security, arrest him for me!”

Chapter 1187

As soon as Dixon’s voice fell, four or five security guards immediately rushed out from the front desk and surrounded Philip.

Philip’s expression was cold. He glanced at the people around him and asked Dixon, “Aren’t you going to ask me why I hit him?”

This Leisure Entertainment was not as professional as he imagined.

“Who are you to question me? He belongs to Master Jones. He’s not a person someone like you can hit at will.”

Dixon handled this matter indiscriminately, pointing at Philip as he shouted angrily.

Wendy Jones was a veteran at Leisure Entertainment. Everyone in the company, from the cleaning ladies to the general manager, feared her.

Firstly, it was because of her connections in the entertainment industry. Secondly, it was because of her identity as the madam of the Wes family.

Who dared to be rough with her?

Who dared to touch her people?

Philip chuckled, shook his head helplessly, and said, “So it turns out that you’re also a prejudiced person, Mr. Wells. Your company’s employee was beaten up under the orders of an arrogant woman just because she did her job and enforced the company’s rules and regulations. Shouldn’t you stand from the perspective of your company’s employee and support her?”

When he said this, Dixon’s gaze fell on Sally standing behind Philip.

He scowled and shouted angrily at Philip, “This is Leisure Entertainment, not a place for you to poke your nose in! Besides, who the hell are you? How dare you meddle in our affairs? Are you tired of living?”

Dixon’s brows furrowed, looking all high and mighty.

A seemingly ordinary young man actually dared to open his mouth and meddle in the affairs of Leisure Entertainment.

What right did he have?!

Philip shook his head. Standing with his arms behind him, there were chills reflected in his eyes when he said, “My name is Philip Clarke. I just can’t stand the sight of arrogant and domineering people who don’t treat ordinary people as human beings. No matter what position they’re in or what they do, they have their own dignity. You should never use your identity and power to humiliate or even beat them! Although they’re ordinary employees, they’re the cornerstones of this company!”

Without waiting for Dixon to refute, Philip continued saying to him coldly, “And you, as the vice president of this company, what is your reason for helping an arrogant and domineering madwoman instead of helping your employees? A person like you still wants your employees to work hard for you?”

When he uttered the last sentence, Philip’s voice was very deep—so deep that it vibrated!

Several young ladies at the front desk, and even the four or five security guards as well as the staff who had gathered around to watch the excitement, all showed faint anger in their expressions.

That was right!

They were humans too!

Thinking of it now, they had always been bullied by Wendy Jones.

However, they chose to swallow their grievances.

Was it because if they left this company, they would not be able to live?

Was it true that the rich were humans while the poor were not?

Some people in the crowd even started to record videos secretly, but the angle was not very good and only Philip's side profile could be seen.

However, when he said those words, he looked very cool and spirited on the screen!

"Dixon, why are you still in a daze? Take this brat down for me at once! How dare he scold me in return?!"

Wendy was furious. She had never met such a fool since her debut!

Who was this guy to be so arrogant?!

Dixon trembled and hurriedly scolded the four security guards in a cold voice, "What are you doing in a daze? Take him down for me! Why, do you guys want to resist too? Believe it or not, I will fire you now!"

The four security guards glanced at each other and looked at Philip helplessly. The guy who took the lead whispered, "I'm sorry, dude, we need to keep our jobs. We'll try our best not to hurt you."

Philip glanced at the depressed security guards and knew that things were not easy for them either, so he simply said, "You don't have to bother."

With that said, under everyone's astonished gaze, Philip walked toward Dixon.

Smack!

His big palm, carrying a strong wind with it, swept across Dixon's face angrily!

Dixon was stunned in place, staring at the young man in front of him in disbelief.

After a long while, he finally reacted and roared angrily, "How dare you hit me?! Son of a b*tch! Do you know who I am? I'm the vice president of Leisure Entertainment! You're looking for death!"

Chapter 1188

This scene shocked the surrounding group of people!

Everyone's eyes widened as they looked at Philip incredulously.

The nerve of this guy!

He actually beat Dixon Wells!

Dixon was not an ordinary person. He had worked his way into this position after he got off the streets!

This man knew a lot of local gangs in Uppercreek.

There was no choice. The entertainment industry could not avoid dealing with such people.

Problems that could not be solved out in the open had to be dealt with through these people.

Unexpectedly, Philip stood with his arms behind him, looked at Dixon indifferently, and said, "Not only am I beating you, but I also want you to apologize! Apologize to her at once!"

Philip pointed to Sally standing behind him.

Although Sally was supported by her two colleagues at the moment, the injuries on her face were obviously very serious.

"F*ck you! She's just a small front desk receptionist. Why should a vice president like me apologize to her?"

Dixon roared, "Boy, you're finished! Do you want to stand up for her? Fine! Let's see how tough you are!"

After that, Dixon took out his phone directly and dialed a number before talking into it, "Bring two cars worth of people here immediately! I met an ignorant kid today!"

After hanging up the phone, Dixon sneered at Philip, "You're finished. Be prepared to go out from here with your arms and legs broken!"

The audience was silent.

Everyone knew that Dixon was a vengeful person.

Provoking him was equivalent to provoking a sinister wolf that would definitely bite until the target was dead!

Most of the onlookers at the scene were shaking their heads and sighing helplessly at this moment.

Provoking Vice President Wells was the same as getting the death sentence.

Although everyone had their blood boiling earlier, they had all come back to their senses now.

Now that they were back to reality, would they dare to fight Dixon Wells? Would they dare to say no to Wendy Jones?

No.

This was the sorrow of being an ordinary citizen.

Wendy stood at one side where she retouched her makeup. She looked at the situation indifferently. After saying a few words to Dixon, she swayed her waist and entered the elevator.

Before leaving, Wendy raised her middle finger at Philip.

Philip looked at Wendy who got into the elevator and frowned.

He wanted to chase after her because he was worried about this vicious woman. What if she met his sister and did something to her?

As soon as he was about to give chase, Dixon jumped out and blocked his way. He yelled, "Are you trying to escape? If I don't break all your limbs today, I can't uphold my position as the vice president here!"

As his words fell, several black vans quickly stopped at the entrance of Leisure Entertainment.

Swoosh!

Immediately afterward, the cars' doors opened and more than a dozen fierce-looking burly men jumped out from inside. All of them carried baseball bats in their hands.

"Who the hell dares to make trouble in my territory?"

A gruff shout sounded and more than a dozen big guys walked in. The guy in the lead pushed the crowd away, smoking very arrogantly.

"Geoff!"

Dixon yelled and quickly walked over, nodding to the man in the lead.

The man in the lead nodded back. While holding a baseball bat with a Harley Quinn sticker in his hand, he exhaled a puff of smoke before saying, "Where's the man? I'll break his arms right now!"

“It’s that idiot. Geoff, he dares to make trouble in Leisure Entertainment, so let’s break all his limbs first!”

At the same time, Philip turned around and stared at the guy who was taking the lead.

In an instant, the leader of the gang could not hold the baseball bat in his hand anymore and it fell to the ground. He almost knelt on the ground along with it!

The f*ck?

Holy sh*t!

Mr. Clarke?!

Chapter 1189

Philip naturally saw the other party and a faint smile appeared at the corners of his mouth. He was an old acquaintance.

At the same time, the people around were speaking in low voices, full of worries.

This guy was doomed.

Geoff was known as a ruthless man in this neighborhood, and his methods were dirty.

However, no one knew what Geoff was thinking at this moment. He stood there blankly for a long time.

This... Dixon Wells, that idiot!

The person he was supposed to take care of was actually Mr. Clarke who even Master Bell dared not provoke?

The cold sweat on Geoff's forehead poured. The group of subordinates behind him naturally recognized Philip and all of them panicked.

"Geoff, what's wrong? Have you visited too many chicks lately that you can't even hold a baseball bat properly?"

Dixon bent over with a smile, picked up the baseball bat from the ground, and shoved it back into Geoff's hand.

Geoff, at this moment, was full of jitters and there were beads of cold sweat on his forehead. He was cursing in his heart.

Why was Dixon giving him the baseball bat? He wanted his life, not the f*cking bat!

He turned to look at Dixon and said, "Dixon, the person you asked me to take care of is him?"

"Yes, it's him!"

Dixon immediately nodded and yelled, then walked up to the aloof Philip. He provocatively said, "Boy, are you scared now? Do you want to kneel down and beg me to forgive you? Yes, you can kneel now."

Hahaha!

This was too exhilarating.

Every time this happened, Dixon would stand with his arms behind his back, looking very superior as he waited for the other party to kneel in front of him and beg for mercy.

Seeing the other party bowing to him, Dixon would feel that his life was meaningful!

People with money and manpower ruled the world!

However, to everyone's surprise...

There was a twitch in the corners of Philip's mouth as his eyes went cold. He said, "Doesn't your back hurt from puffing your chest out so much? Do you need to massage your back?"

The heck!

Hearing this, Dixon was taken aback for a moment and then he reacted, immediately roaring, "Geoff, whack him!"

"Whack the f*ck!"

Behind Dixon, Geoff also roared and went straight up to kick Dixon on the waist!

Before Dixon knew what was going on, he was already sent flying from the kick and fell to the ground with a thud.

With his face hurting, Dixon clutched his waist and climbed up from the ground with difficulty. He yelled at Geoff in bewilderment, "Geoff! You kicked the wrong person!"

The onlookers around were also shocked.

What was the situation?

Was Geoff not the person who was called over here by Dixon? Why was he turning on him now?

"Dixon Wells, you son of a b*tch, are you trying to get me killed?"

Geoff became angrier as he walked up and grabbed Dixon by the collar, instantly slapping him on the face back and forth!

"Geoff, stop, what are you doing?!"

Dixon covered his face, crying without tears.

The staff of Leisure Entertainment who were standing around dared not step forward to stop them. Besides, this Dixon Wells bullied and exploited them all the time.

Therefore, the way things were turning out could be considered as retribution, and no one was willing to go up and help.

Furthermore, that was Geoff!

Who dared to intervene?

“What the hell are you doing, standing there in a daze? Hold him back for me!”

Dixon was almost mad with anger and hurriedly shouted at the security guards.

The security guards also rushed over, trying to stop him.

“Whoever dares to come over, I’ll break your arms!”

Geoff yelled at them with a flushed face. The dozen or so goons behind him also rushed up immediately, directly surrounding the four or five security guards.

Instantly, the security guards were at a loss. Was it necessary for so many people to surround them?

Was this not coercion?

Over here, after Geoff gave Dixon a thorough beating, he turned around and walked to Philip. He respectfully bent over and said, “Mr. Clarke, are you alright? Do you want to kick him to vent your frustrations?”

His tone was flattering.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

What the hell?

What was the meaning of this?

Why was the normally swaggering Geoff being so respectful to that young man?

There was not a bit of pretentiousness!

Dixon was also stunned, and his heart was very shocked. He did not expect this to be the case at all!

Geoff knew that silly boy?

By the looks of it, that idiot's status was not low.

Otherwise, how could Geoff treat him so respectfully as if he was a son in front of his daddy?

Chapter 1190

Seeing that Philip was ignoring him, Geoff hurriedly explained, "Mr. Clarke, I'm sorry, I didn't know that you'd be here. If I knew it was you, I wouldn't have dared to come here."

As his voice fell, Geoff winked at his goons.

"Mr. Clarke, sorry!"

In an instant, a dozen men all bowed their heads in apology.

This scene really frightened Dixon. His little heart almost could not take it!

Oh no, trouble was coming!

He had met a tough opponent this time!

“Ignorance can be overlooked,” Philip said flatly.

Geoff sighed in relief at those words. Fortunately, Mr. Clarke did not blame him for today’s incident.

Over here, Dixon climbed up from the ground with his entire face swollen. Pointing at Geoff and Philip, he shouted, “Geoff, do you really think you should be doing this?”

Upon hearing this, Geoff scowled and turned around to look at him, sneering, “Dixon Wells, who the hell do you think you are to question my actions? Laying a finger on Mr. Clarke is an act of death!

“Men, bring your weapons and beat him up for me!”

Geoff said again.

In an instant, a group of people rushed up and beat Dixon up violently.

Finally, Dixon knelt on the ground and begged for mercy. “Geoff, I was wrong. Stop it, stop hitting me!”

Geoff’s face was cold as he said, “Beating you up is on account of Mr. Clarke. Otherwise, you wouldn’t even be left with any chances!”

Damn it!

In an instant, Dixon wanted to spit out a mouthful of blood.

He was beaten up so badly and it was on the account of the other party.

Were these people demons?

“F*ck you! I’m the vice president of Leisure Entertainment! If you do this to me, aren’t you afraid that Mr. Snell will pursue this matter with Heath?”

Dixon made his last desperate attempt.

Hearing these words, Geoff laughed and stepped directly on Dixon’s chest. He said coldly, “Do you want to complain to Heath?”

Smack!

Geoff stepped forward, slapped him, and chastised angrily, “An idiot like you don’t even know who you’ve offended. If you ask Heath to help you out of this situation, he might even break your arms!”

Philip shook his head and patted Geoff on the shoulder. Turning around, he got into the elevator.

He must hurry up and take a look.

Anson Goode followed him.

Initially, he wanted to call for help, but now it looked like Mr. Clarke could handle it on his own.

The elevator went straight to the top floor.

Once out of the elevator, Philip glanced at each office, and finally when approaching the general manager's office, he heard an angry voice from inside scolding. "You little b*tch, how dare you steal my roles?! I'm going to kill you!"

"Master Jones, cool down, we can discuss this."

This was the voice of a man in his 30s.

"Denver, don't you f*cking pretend to be a peacemaker. Today, I'm going to teach this little b*tch a lesson no matter what. Just try to stop me!"

Wendy Jones cursed angrily.

At the same time, she raised her hand and slapped the cheek of the charming and quiet woman, who looked like an angel, when she was reading on the sofa.