

Chapter 601

“Stop!”

Yale shouted at this moment. Everyone stopped in their tracks, but one could still feel their anger.

There was extreme self-confidence and anger in Yale’s eyes. He did not care about who died as long as he did not fail. He stared at the man who suddenly appeared next to Philip and sneered. “You have such amazing skills, my friend. I wonder who’s the one who instructed you to do this? Care to tell the little old me who it is? I’ll double their price.”

Yale believed that the other party was ordered by other forces to suppress him. After all, his clan had been terrorizing Golden City for decades, and it was not news that some forces were eyeing his position.

Besides, their people were being reshuffled recently to elect the next president, so Yale was very sensitive!

Philip sneered. "He’s my bodyguard. Don't even think about leaving tonight, you guys."

“You’re so conceited!” Huck yelled, then said in a cold tone, “I’ll let you feel the wrath of the Fearsome Tiger Hall tonight, you conceited and arrogant fool! When that happens, don’t piss your pants from fear.”

“Hahahaha!”

After Huck said that, every member of the Fearsome Tiger Hall started laughing. It was as if Philip was just a joke in their eyes.

In Huck’s opinion, Philip might have some powerful people by his side, but now, he was going against all 40 men from Fearsome Tiger Hall. Did he think he could flip the earth upside down?

“Alright, I want to see how powerful the famous Fearsome Tiger Hall is.”

After Philip said that, Rick took a step forward. His imposing manner became more intense instantly.

“You’re asking to die!”

Huck could not hold himself back. He yelled loudly and charged forward. His hands were clenched into fists as he swung them toward Rick!

Huck was strong. He did not gain his huge muscles from consuming protein shakes but got them from real battles!

He was almost 180cm and the veins on his arms were protruding. It was as if he could take someone’s life with just one single punch.

His clenched fist was like a roaring tiger and his aggressiveness was through the roof. His fist was as big as a bowl as it aimed directly at Rick’s head.

Back then, Huck could easily punch down a wall with one single punch.

A hint of coldness flashed across Rick’s eyes as he averted his body slightly to dodge this punch completely.

Huck was pretty nimble and decided to kick Rick instead.

He channeled all of his weight onto his leg, but unfortunately, his kick did not land.

He punched and kicked once more.

He kept punching and kicking simultaneously.

If it was someone else, they would not be able to handle so many punches and kicks from Huck. If they did not die, they would be badly injured.

However, Rick was still able to evade the quick attacks easily. He did not have any intentions to make a move.

After all these, Huck was already out of breath. None of his punches and kicks had landed on Rick!

“Brother, are you tired?” Rick asked coldly with a shameless smile on his lips.

“You motherf*cker!”

Huck became angrier and angrier. The rage that he could not control for a long time had made him lose his reason. He shook his right fist while giving a thunderous blow!

Then, Rick disappeared from where he was standing with a poof.

A moment later, Huck's body flew out like a bouncing ball!

Rick appeared behind Huck and kicked him directly into the air. The latter was kicked to the other side of the lobby like he was an arrow shot out from a bow. His face made intimate contact with the wall that was painted golden on the opposite.

The muffled sound was as loud as thunder.

It was so pleasant to the ears, but at the same time, it was so shocking.

After Rick's powerful kick, Huck slammed into the wall face-first. The whole wall started cracking like a spider's web.

The power of Rick's kick shocked everyone in the room.

Boom!

Huck Thorn had never lost a battle. Plus, everyone addressed him as Master Huck. Now, however, he was lying on the floor on his back. His entire face was covered in blood!

The whole lobby fell silent instantly.

The men from Fearsome Tiger Hall never expected this to be the case! Master Huck was their master and the number one hero in their society.

This should not have happened!

Everyone was dumbfounded!

Huck collapsed on the ground. He felt that the kick he just received was extremely powerful. It was as if his entire spine was broken!

He could not move at all. His whole body was in excruciating pain!

Back then, he would kill a person with just one blow, but today, he was on the receiving end of that.

Huck could not move at all. He felt his whole body going numb.

He did not even have the power to lift a finger. Back then, Huck Thorn was so prestigious, but now, he was suffering this kind of treatment!

It was just one kick and Rick was able to cripple the second person-in-charge who was famous for his super strength.

Philip put both of his hands in his pockets and walked over to Huck slowly. Huck could hear Philip's footsteps as loud as bells with each step he took.

'You can kill me, but you can't humiliate me!'

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"Haha, fantastic! I never expected that I, Huck Thorn, will fall under the hands of a junior like you today!"

Huck gritted his teeth. His eyes looked menacing. He finally recovered his breath and attempted to get up from the ground.

However, in the next second!

Slam!

Philip directly landed a kick on Huck's chest and stomped him down to the ground once again!

Crack!

There was an audible sound of ribs getting broken!

"Argh!"

A miserable howl resounded throughout the lobby of Shangri-La Hotel!

Philip's follow-up kick had broken a few of Huck's ribs. There was no room for discussion at all!

Due to the fracture in his ribs, Huck involuntarily let out a scream. His entire chest seemed deflated!

Pfft!

Huck vomited blood on the spot, rolled his eyes, and glared at Philip vehemently. He forced out the words, "You deserve to die!"

Philip's cruel method shocked everyone present!

Huck's pitiful scream just now made everyone in Fearsome Tiger Hall take several steps back!

"You're going to die!"

When Yale saw his top henchman getting beaten to a pulp and not knowing if he was dead or alive, he could not bear it anymore. With a furious yell, he grabbed a saber, jumped into the air, and aimed the saber directly at Philip's head with a slash!

"Die!"

Yale Caruso was not a softie. He had been in the streets of Golden City for many years and was a ferocious tiger back in his youth with ruthless methods. With this slash, he aimed to take Philip's head off and hack him to death on the spot!

Philip was unperturbed. With a frown, he glanced at Yale who was about to pounce on him and sneered. "Since everyone's here, let's settle this once and for all! It's time to change the masters of the underground forces of Golden City!"

Philip moved!

He was personally taking action!

Philip did not try to evade the attack but stood on the spot before his whole body launched out like an arrow that was just released from the bow!

In the next moment, he had already launched a kick mid-air!

When the soles of his feet touched Yale's abdomen, a huge force suddenly swept through Yale's body before his figure was stopped abruptly in the air! Immediately following that, he flew back like a sack of potatoes!

He felt an intense force coursing through his body from that kick. His intestines seemed to form knots in his belly, and the pain was extreme!

Bam!

Yale flew into the crowd of people from Fearsome Tiger Hall, knocking several people down in a row before his rolling figure finally came to a halt. He slumped on the floor limply and could only wait for his comrades to help him up!

He could no longer muster his previous ferocity. He arched his back, stared at Philip with a cold glare, and spat out. "Kill him! Hack him to death!"

As soon as his words fell, a silhouette dashed in front of Yale's eyes. The smiling face was only one finger away from him. He clearly saw the wave of killing intent in those pupils!

Rick grabbed Yale by the neck and lifted his whole body into the air!

"If you want to kill my young master, first ask yourself if you have the strength to do so!"

Rick's voice was very cold and brimming with murderous intent!

Before Yale even realized what was happening, he was already thrown out and had landed heavily on the tempered glass showcase in the hotel lobby!

Crack!

The glass shattered!

An oddly-shaped rock in the showcase fell and directly struck Yale's body amid the shattered glass fragments!

Yale only heard a crackling sound from his legs. It was followed by a dismal howl!

“Argh! My legs!”

Everyone in the hall was stunned by the sound of bones cracking!

The huge rock that weighed a few hundred kilograms directly broke Yale's legs underneath it. Yale could not even struggle to free himself under that massive weight.

In just a short time, President Yale Caruso and Master Huck Thorn were eliminated!

The scene was in utter chaos!

Philip did not move. He glanced around coldly and said, “Who else wants to kill me?”

The entire hall went silent!

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Facing a grim reaper like Philip, no one dared to answer!

Only a fool would jump out at this time. It would be equivalent to seeking death!

This ruthless person had eliminated Yale Caruso who had resonated with the underground forces of Golden City for more than 20 years with his bare hands. Even Huck Thorn was not his opponent!

The blueprint of the underground forces of Golden City would see a change tonight!

In the face of absolute strength, all conspiracies and tricks would be in vain!

In Philip's eyes, he just wanted to say that everyone present in the hall was rubbish!

At the same time, he lamented that he had not been to Golden City for a long time. Had some people already forgotten his existence?

The whole hall was silent and no one dared to take the lead. Without their pillars of support, they were like headless flies!

Yale was lying on the ground, trembling. He had never been defeated like this before. The pain in his legs made him sweat all over!

“Kill him! Kill him for me!”

Yale shouted as he endured the pain. “Whoever hacks him to death shall be the next president!”

Before he could complete his sentence, Philip snatched a saber and threw it out. With a loud clunk, Yale's arm was severed at the wrist!

“Argh!”

Yale screamed as blood sprayed all over!

This vicious pain made Yale faint!

“Still talking nonsense at this time!”

Philip glanced at Yale coldly with murderous intent in his eyes!

“Since you’ve decided to kill me, then you must also have the resolve to be killed!”

Philip and Rick stood in the hall, facing dozens of elites opposite them without any signs of fear at all. Instead, they walked forward step by step, forcing the elites to retreat one by one!

He had managed to suppress everyone!

“Cynthia, how much longer?” Philip suddenly asked loudly.

“Soon.”

Cynthia, who was standing not too far behind Philip, was already stunned silly by Philip’s ruthless methods.

As soon as her words fell, alarms rang at the entrance of the hotel. Dozens of law enforcement vehicles surrounded them in an instant!

“Attention to the people inside, you’ve been surrounded. Do not resist!”

The law enforcement vehicle broadcasted outside. Following that, two groups of personnel fully-armed with ammunition broke in and immediately controlled the situation!

A grim-looking man with a gun in hand and a passport hanging on his chest glanced at all the thugs who had been apprehended by the armed personnel before he put away his gun. He walked toward Cynthia and asked with an expression full of anxiety as well as concern, “Cynthia, are you alright?”

Cynthia maintained her distance from that man and replied, “I’m fine, thanks to him.”

Hearing that, that man turned to look at Philip with a frown, but he still stretched out his hand. He then said with a smile, "Hello, I'm Eugene Harrod."

Philip laughed, shook the other party's hand, and said, "Philip Clarke."

At the same time in a hotel somewhere in Riverdale.

Darren Caruso was lying on the bed next to a woman with a slender body and a thin waist. He was just about to start another round when his henchman shouted from outside the door, "Master Darren, it's bad!"

"What are you shouting for? Can't you see I'm busy!"

Darren sat up from the bed angrily. After all, anyone who was interrupted in the middle of such activities would be in a bad mood, let alone a young master like Darren Caruso!

Knuckles' expression was full of horror as he scampered in and said in a panic, "Mr. Darren, something has happened! Mr. Yale... He... And Huck..."

Darren frowned as a bad premonition welled up inside him. He asked, "What happened to them?"

"They... They've been arrested!"

Knuckles sweated profusely.

"Arrested?"

Darren was taken aback and immediately jumped down from the bed. He had no time to put on his pants as he asked, "You said Huck has been arrested?"

Knuckles nodded fiercely, anxiety clear on his face.

After Darren paused for a while, he suddenly clenched his fists, smiled gloatingly, and said, "Great! I don't have to do it myself, then!"

Knuckles was confused. He interrupted and reminded Darren. "Master Darren, Master Yale has been arrested too..."

"What?"

Darren was startled and exclaimed angrily with a frown, "My dad's arrested too? Who did it?"

Knuckles wiped the sweat off his forehead and said cautiously, "It's... It's the local law enforcement officers!"

Darren's expression sank as he slammed the table abruptly and said, "Who has the balls to do that? Who dares to arrest my dad? They must be tired of living!"

"Master Darren, it's not like that. Apparently, Master Yale has offended a young man at Shangri-La Hotel tonight and got beaten up. After that, Master Huck went there with reinforcements but more than 40 men were directly trashed by the other party!"

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"What?"

Darren felt that his brain was unable to process this information!

More than 40 elites were dealt with just like that?

This was a world-class joke!

Huck Thorn was the strongest man in the fraternity, and Fearsome Tiger Hall was the strongest fraternity around!

In Darren's view, this was simply inconceivable!

His brain went blank for a while. He stood by the bed stark naked, his face getting uglier by the minute!

Over the years, he had fought with Huck privately for the top spot!

Nevertheless, they belonged to the same fraternity. Now that everyone was in trouble, he could choose to sit back and watch, but when it came to his father, he could not ignore it!

Otherwise, there would be no presidential election after this!

After thinking for a few minutes, Darren raised his head and said grimly, "Are you sure about the news?"

"Yes!"

Knuckles nodded his head with certainty and said gravely, "The person we planted at Huck's side just escaped from the chaos. The news is absolutely true!"

Darren nodded and asked, "Any news from Golden City's side?"

"The decision-makers are on their way here. To settle the matter this time, I'm afraid we have to pay a large price..."

Knuckles said anxiously, "Master Darren, should you go in person? This is Theo's territory after all."

"Damn it! Find a few people to watch that brat for me! Whoever dares to lay hands on my dad must be tired of living!"

Darren's face turned black!

As the vice president of the fraternity, he naturally knew that he had to pay a price if he wanted to settle this matter!

Sweating profusely, Darren suddenly asked, "What about the people from the other fraternities?"

Knuckles immediately replied, "They've been dispatched to greet the people from Golden City. Master Darren, you have to make a decision quickly. Otherwise, you'll be criticized by our people. It'll be bad if it affects our next plan."

Darren's face became extremely unpleasant!

"Damn it! A bunch of turncoats! All of them should die!"

Darren kicked the coffee table angrily!

"Darren, in comparison with the position of president, which one is more important? Don't tell me you can't tell?"

Suddenly, with a coquettish voice, the woman on the bed sat up and lazily hugged Darren from behind. She looked extremely seductive!

Knuckles was already stunned silly and could not help but swallow a mouthful of spit. He quickly lowered his head, not daring to look. However, he stole a few furtive glances.

Darren scratched her perky nose and said, "Wait for my return. I'll eat you up!"

With that said, Darren picked up the clothes on the floor and quickly left the suite with Knuckles.

In the next few days, Riverdale was as calm as ever. It would seem that what happened at Shangri-La Hotel did not cause any uproar in Riverdale.

Everyone eagerly waited for the Quaid family of Capital City to retaliate against the Beacon Group, but nothing happened even after two weeks.

Some people even suspected that Beacon had reconciled with the Quaid family in private.

In a different matter, the bloodshed that happened in Shangri-La Hotel that night was not circulated. It was likely deliberately suppressed.

Everything went on as usual with strange incidents occurring in ordinary events.

That night, Blake Michaels had escaped. Philip did not find the opportunity to lay a hand on him.

On this day, Wynn wore a little black dress and was doing her makeup in front of the mirror in the master bedroom when she suddenly turned around. She glanced at Philip and asked, "Phil, can you tell me why you were so strong the other night as if you weren't afraid of anything?"

Philip stared at his wife's perky figure. A happy smile tugged at the corners of his lips as he said, "Actually, I'm not the young master of Clarke Group."

"You're not?"

Wynn was startled. She turned her head around and stared at Philip dubiously.

What was going on?

"Do you really want to know who I am?" Philip looked at Wynn's beautiful features and asked.

Wynn was silent for a moment before she nodded.

“Let’s go, I’ll bring you somewhere.” Philip pulled Wynn along and walked out of the bedroom.

“Where to?” Wynn followed Philip curiously.

“A place that can prove my identity. You’ll know when we get there,” Philip said seriously.

A place that could prove his identity. Could it be?

The Clarke family?

Wynn immediately felt nervous and began to panic...

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Wynn was very nervous. Was Philip going to bring her home to the Clarke family?

Then, what should she do?

Would her father-in-law and the rest of the family members like her?

“Wait, Philip, wait a minute!”

Wynn immediately grabbed Philip and said bashfully, “I... I need to change.”

Philip was startled. He touched Wynn’s head and said, “It’s okay, just follow me.”

After that, Philip pulled Wynn into the BMW and left Longford Park.

When they left, Martha happened to see them at the entrance.

“Where are they going in such a hurry?”

Martha muttered to herself sullenly. She was followed by a group of friends, all dressed up.

“Hey, Martha, is this your villa? It’s so big and lavish.”

“Goodness, this must be First Palace. It’s too luxurious. How much is your Wynn earning again?”

“I’m so envious! Martha is the first among us to live in a villa, and it’s at Longford Park too! I’m so jealous!”

The friends chattered endlessly and could not stop heaping praises on her.

They were just flattering her.

Martha felt very gratified. Her nose almost floated to the sky. She said very proudly and arrogantly, “Of course, our Wynn is the chairwoman of Beacon Pharmaceutical after all.”

Then, Martha glanced around furtively and said mysteriously, “I’ll tell you this, not too long ago, Wynn’s company just refinanced three billion!”

Three billion?!

When the group of old ladies heard this, their eyes widened. They covered their mouths, their eyes full of disbelief.

That was crazy!

Three billion! How much earnings was that?

They were all full of jealousy!

“Wow, Martha, how many hundreds of millions is Wynn going to make?”

“That’s right. You’re going to be a billionaire in the future!”

Instantly, all the friends fawned over her.

Martha was full of joy and said arrogantly, “Hey, what billionaire are you talking about? Come on, let’s go inside.”

“Okay, sure, I’m looking forward to your support in the future.”

One of the middle-aged women with a simpering expression held Martha's arm intimately.

Martha swaggered as she led the group of sisters into the villa, acting like the wealthy lady of the house.

Back to Philip’s side, he drove Wynn all the way across the bridges and rivers, then headed into the vast mountains.

Cirrus Manor!

When they arrived at the entrance of Cirrus Manor, some bodyguards blocked them at the gate.

“Young Master.”

These bodyguards who belonged to Giada still recognized their master and stood respectfully in front of Philip’s car.

Wynn got out of the car and looked at this luxurious and huge manor only to recall that she was here the other night.

This was Aunt Giada's manor.

Why did Philip bring her here?

"Phil, isn't this Aunt Giada's manor?"

Wynn looked suspiciously at the manor.

Philip was taken aback. He looked at Wynn and asked, "How do you know that?"

Only then did Wynn realize she had visited this place previously without Philip's knowledge.

With a faltering attitude, she replied truthfully, "Actually, I visited Aunt Giada last time to find out about your identity."

Philip frowned and asked, "What did she tell you?"

"Nothing," Wynn responded, afraid that her husband would blame her for not believing in him.

Philip did not say anything else. He put his hands in his pockets, led Wynn through the door, and said, "Come with me."

Wynn followed Philip cautiously. This place was much more luxurious than First Palace.

It was simply the mansion among mansions.

In the manor, there were bodyguards in black suits, each stationed about five steps away from one another. As Philip walked in, all of them bent over to bow and greeted their young master.

Even if they were Giada's men, they had to prioritize their master.

As the two entered the lobby of the villa, Giada was already waiting there, her face skeptical.

She could not figure out why Philip would suddenly bring Wynn over here.

What was he trying to do?

Did he want to break the contract?

Was he trying to demonstrate something?

“Aunt Giada.”

Wynn was very polite. As she entered the hall, she stood beside Philip amicably and greeted her sweetly.

Giada just smiled and nodded as a greeting. Then, she stared at Philip with a scorching gaze. The latter sat on the goose down sofa and said calmly, “I want to bring Wynn back.”

That simple sentence exploded in the hall like a bolt from the blue sky.

Chapter 606

Giada's expression instantly changed from calm to shock, then to anger!

“Do you know what you're talking about?”

Giada admonished. Her aura exploded, and the temperature in the entire hall dropped sharply like a cold winter.

This damn Philip, why did he suddenly mention this?

Did he understand what it meant to bring Wynn back?

Giada would never allow this to happen!

Wynn was stunned. She did not expect that just the topic of going home would make Giada so furious.

She looked at Philip with flickering eyes. She did not understand what the reason was.

Philip merely smiled and said, "Of course, I know what I'm talking about. I also know what you and the Wallis family are doing. I know that you've done a lot to fight the other branches of the family over the years. However, you have to be clear, the Clarke family will always carry the name Clarke. It's impossible for our family to be named Wallis. I'm the eldest son of the Clarke family and the only heir. Even if you give me a restraining order, the outcome won't change."

With that, Philip got up, stared at Giada, and emphasized word by word. "I, Philip Clarke, will bring Wynn and Mila back home. No one can change this decision. By the way, the agreement between you and me is invalid starting from today!"

Invalid!

That word was like thunder upon Giada's ears!

How could Philip invalidate it?

"How dare you!" Giada said coldly as anger spurted from her beautiful eyes.

She was furious!

Philip's unexpected behavior went beyond her expectations. She would not allow his decision to disrupt her many years of careful planning.

The battle between the main and branch families had lasted for decades.

In recent years, things had been extremely intense!

At Giada's exclamation, dozens of bodyguards in black suits suddenly rushed out of the hall to surround Philip and Wynn.

Vivian also appeared behind Giada. A chill reflected in her eyes as she stared grimly at Philip.

Once the madam gave the order, Vivian would shoot Philip on the spot!

Wynn was frightened by the dozens of bodyguards who suddenly rushed out. She trotted behind Philip, clutched his hand tightly, and whispered, "Phil, don't be angry at Aunt Giada. Talk calmly."

She was scared. It seemed that Philip had made Giada angry.

She was Philip's stepmother, after all. Wynn could not say anything. She only knew that as the younger family member, Philip should be the first to bow his head and admit his mistake.

However.

Philip just turned his head, looked at Wynn, and said with a smile, "Didn't you always want to know who I am? Don't you want to know my identity?"

Wynn raised her head. Her bright shining eyes stared confusedly at Philip.

At this moment, she felt an unprecedented sense of security from Philip.

“Giada, I’m standing here right now. Do you dare to touch me?”

Without fear, Philip stood in front of Wynn. He stared at Giada with a cold expression.

Giada was somber at the moment. She was staring at Philip and gritting her teeth.

This was the first time she felt uneasy.

She always had the impression that Philip was not such a simple fool. Did he come here just to tell her this?

“You think I don’t dare to do it?” Giada said as her eyes filled with a chill.

As soon as the words fell, the dozens of bodyguards in black suits beside her took a few steps forward and pulled out the anti-riot batons from their waists!

“Since you’re going back on the agreement between us without cause, don't blame me for being ruthless!”

Giada had made up her mind as she gritted her teeth. She said coldly, “Perhaps what I should have done seven years ago was confine you.”

She blamed herself for being soft-hearted seven years ago and releasing him from the Clarke family.

Otherwise, there would not be so many problems with her plan today.

“Take them down!” Giada ordered, and all the bodyguards in black suits surrounded them.

Wynn trembled with fright and clutched Philip's arm tightly. She tried to say something, but her throat was so tight that she could not say anything.

“I want to see who dares to touch my nephew!”

Suddenly!

There was a thunderous roar at the door.

Immediately afterward, an armed squad of more than ten rushed in and surrounded Giada and her men.

They were all armed men with guns and live ammunition. They had insignias of an island and floating swords on their chests!

The armed forces of the Clarke family from Arcadia Island!

They only answered to one person!

Tim Clarke!

His burly figure dressed in a formal grey suit appeared at the entrance of the hall. One could see his broad back, his face full of chills, and the pipe in his mouth. He was striding over in huge steps.

Chapter 607

Giada frowned at the unexpected appearance of Tim Clarke.

“Uncle Tim.”

Philip looked at Tim with a smile. The latter also gave him a doting look, patted him on the shoulder, and asked, “Are you alright?”

Philip shrugged and said, "I'm fine."

Tim nodded, turned to Wynn, and said smilingly, "Niece-in-law, we meet again."

Wynn tucked the hair that hung around her ears, politely nodded at Tim, and said, "Uncle Tim."

"Haha, hello!"

Tim was very happy. This greeting was better than anything else.

Wynn was really frightened just now. She did not expect Philip's uncle to appear so suddenly.

Moreover, looking at this scene, Uncle Tim's identity did not seem to be so simple. He had armed men with him!

It was horrifying!

Wynn raised her chin and looked at Philip with doubts in her heart.

Who on earth was her husband? Why was he always so mysterious?

When Tim turned his head, the smile on his face immediately fell grim. He stared at Giada and said coldly, "Giada, what were you going to do to my nephew just now?"

Giada frowned. She knew that since Tim was here, things would be more difficult to handle.

"Aren't you supposed to be at the island?" Giada asked.

Haha.

Tim chuckled and said, “Those old antiques from the branch family still don’t pose a threat to me. As for you, your recent methods are a little unscrupulous.

“Don’t tell me these people here are going to do something to me?” Tim glanced at the black-suited bodyguards beside Giada and said indifferently.

Giada ordered, “Step down.”

Dozens of bodyguards in black suits retreated from the hall just like that.

Even so, Tim did not relent and said, “Giada, I have to warn you, don’t stretch your arms too long. There are some people you can’t touch. Even that old thing, Jack Wallis, has to watch his step around me.”

When Giada heard this, she was angry.

She did not like others insulting her father.

“Tim Clarke, how dare you! I’m your sister-in-law after all!”

Giada exclaimed, the corners of her mouth twitching slightly. Her heart was filled with anger.

However, Tim remained nonchalant and said, “Haha, you’re just the second wife of my oldest brother. Do you really think you’re an important character?”

This sentence ignited the anger in Giada’s heart. With a cold expression, she pointed at him and cursed. “Tim Clarke! Even though I’m the second wife, I officially married into the family! In terms of seniority, you must call me sister-in-law! Aren’t you worried that I’ll report this matter to the elders in the family and accuse you of disrespect!”

Giada was very angry. This Tim was already so old but still so rude.

Insolent!

“Haha, the old guys in the enforcement hall at home are already senile. Even if you charge me for being disrespectful, I’m not afraid! If you have the ability, get them to come to Riverdale! I’ll be waiting!”

After that, Tim turned around. He took Philip and Wynn out of this place.

Before that, Tim left some final words. “By the way, my eldest nephew said that he’s going to bring my niece-in-law back. If you dare to stop them, I don’t mind destroying the Wallis family! I hope you know what to do!”

Boom!

That sentence pierced right through Giada’s heart, making her extremely furious!

Watching as Tim and the others left, Giada went berserk!

She immediately smashed the things in the hall, all expensive customized products!

“Damn you Tim Clarke! How dare you bully me like that! I’ll make the entire Clarke family pay for it!”

Giada was very angry. With a face full of anger and cold eyes, she directly contacted several elders of the Clarke family’s enforcement hall in Arcadia Island.

On the other hand, Tim was leaving Cirrus Manor with Philip.

At the gate, Tim and Philip had a private conversation.

“Uncle Tim, how did you handle the branch family?” Philip asked.

“By force, of course. All the old things have hidden agendas. It’s high time to teach them a lesson. Otherwise, they can’t tell who’s the true master of Arcadia Island.”

Tim laughed loudly while smoking his pipe, not caring at all.

Philip shook his head helplessly and sighed. As expected of his uncle—his methods were always quick and violent!

However, he was not a fool.

Otherwise, he would not have gotten the Sovereignty Seal.

“Oh yes, do you really plan to take Wynn and Mila home? Do they know your identity?” Tim suddenly asked with some worry.

The situation of the Clarke family on the island was now very uncertain.

For Philip to choose to go back at this time was undoubtedly not a good signal. It was likely to cause some retaliation from the branch family.

Philip nodded and said, “Yes, I don’t want to keep it from them too long.”

Tim nodded, patted Philip on the shoulder, and said, “It’s okay, I’ll escort you. No one can prevent the heir of the Clarke family from going home. Not Giada, not the branch family, and not even the hidden forces behind them!”

Philip smiled, chatted with Tim for a while, and walked to Wynn who was waiting there.

Tim said that he wanted to invite them for a meal this time.

Philip had no idea what Tim was up to.

Chapter 608

Wynn stepped on the lawn with her hands behind her back. She looked very fresh and attractive.

When the sun shone on her through the mottled leaves, she looked as if she was covered with a layer of gold. It was a stunning sight to see.

“Wynnie.”

Philip walked over with his hands in his trouser pockets.

Wynn turned around smilingly and asked, “Are you done?”

Philip nodded and reached out to remove a small leaf from Wynn's hair. The latter asked hesitantly, “By the way, Phil, what does Uncle Tim do? His appearance is so...”

Wynn pointed to the rows of armed men over there, her big eyes filled with suspicions.

Philip considered before saying, “Those belong to my family.”

Wynn's eyes widened at those words. She stared at Philip incredulously, then pointed at the armed men over there before asking again, “You, what did you say? Those belong to your family?”

How could that be?

What did that mean?

Those men were all armed with ammunition!

They belonged to her husband's family?!

Bodyguards?

“Yes, they're the family's bodyguards. Or rather, they're Uncle Tim's subordinates.”

Philip nodded and did not hide anything.

Revealing a bit of Tim's identity could be a foundation before he brought Wynn home. This could help avoid her being too surprised later.

This way, when he took action under certain circumstances, Wynn could also accept it better.

“Uh, really... They really belong to your family?”

Wynn was shocked. She covered her mouth. Her eyes were wide while her face was full of disbelief.

Her husband seemed to be more mysterious now.

What exactly did his family do to employ the security of armed personnel?

It was... Simply too terrifying.

“Phil, is it really you? Are you my husband?”

Wynn touched Philip's cheek with her hand. She looked very restless, mainly because she was really scared.

Philip grabbed her hand, smiled, and said, "Of course it's me, silly. Let's go home."

Wynn nodded blankly, followed Philip into the car, left Cirrus Manor, and returned to their home.

Even when she returned to the villa, Wynn was still in a daze. It was difficult to digest what she had seen and heard today.

What on earth was her husband hiding?

Also, was Philip's family so powerful?

They had armed bodyguards! Goodness gracious!

Wynn almost could not accept it.

Philip parked the car and walked into the villa with Wynn only to see seven or eight middle-aged women sitting in the living room of his home. They were fawning over Martha.

Anne Foster served tea and was serving them an assortment of nuts and seeds while clearing the garbage that the women threw out.

Seeing Philip's return, Martha immediately pointed at him and instructed, "Why are you standing around in a daze? Pour us some tea. There's no more nuts and seeds. Go and buy some."

When she said this, Martha held her chest and head up high, but she still felt a little apprehensive.

She had no choice. She had already bragged in front of the old friends that she was the master of this house.

When it came to Philip, she had belittled him with a lot of unpleasant words.

Therefore, Martha was doing this now to prove herself.

However, she was also uneasy. She was worried that Philip would expose her.

The group of old ladies eating nuts and seeds glanced at Philip who was standing at the door. They laughed tauntingly. "Martha, is this your son-in-law who lives off your family? He's really a good-for-nothing indeed."

"Hey, Philip, is it? Why are you still standing there? Go out now!"

"That's right. What are you doing there, you useless piece of trash?! Didn't you hear Martha telling you to buy us more nuts?"

Instantly, four or five middle-aged women yelled at Philip one after another.

Philip frowned and glanced at Martha who had an unnatural expression on her face. Wynn, who was standing beside him, pulled his arm and whispered, "Phil, don't argue with them. I'll come with you."

Philip thought for a while, sighed, turned around, and went out with Wynn.

On this side, Martha's anxiety also relaxed.

"He's really a good-for-nothing. Martha, this son-in-law of yours is no good."

A fat woman dressed in checkered clothes taunted at this moment. She had on heavy makeup on her big round face and a lot of pockmarks.

"Yes, that Philip is too useless, not masculine at all. He can't even compare to my son-in-law."

“Oh, Martha, I think you should get your daughter to divorce him quickly. I can already tell he’s no good at once glance. Exactly like a lazy loafer.”

When Martha saw that Philip had left, she also mocked. “Haha, just watch and see. I’ll get rid of him sooner or later.”

Just as the old ladies were chattering away, little Mila tottered down from the second floor with sleepy eyes.

“Anne... Anne...”

As she called out in her childish voice, Mila noticed a lot of people sitting in the living room.

Adorable Mila, unknowing of the situation, walked up to Martha and asked, “Grandma, where’s Anne?”

Martha pushed Mila away unhappily and said impatiently, “Go find her yourself.”

Mila’s mouth crumbled. She glanced at the food on the coffee table and stretched out her hand to take some, but Martha slapped her hand away.

“Are you worthy of eating anything? You’re just like your useless father, living off other people.”

Martha grabbed Mila by the shoulders and scolded angrily.

“Ouch... Waa!”

Mila was scared and cried. Her face was full of tears as she struggled to shout, “Dad, Mom... Waa... Anne...”

Coincidentally, this scene was witnessed by Philip and Wynn who were by the door carrying food.

“Martha Yates!”

A furious roar resounded throughout the hall!

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Philip was full of anger and his face turned grim.

It seemed that Martha had already forgotten the lesson from before as she dared to treat Mila this way again.

Martha was also flustered at the time, especially when she saw Philip rushing in from the door. The latter’s face was full of chills, which reminded her of her beating in the living room that night.

Damn it, why was the timing so coincidental!

“That, Philip, hear me out...” Martha tried to explain.

However...

Philip rushed over, waved his big hand, and slapped Martha angrily!

Smack!

This slap could be said to have exploded directly in the living room.

The old ladies all jumped from the sofa and hid aside in fear.

They were dumbfounded. Was Philip not a wastrel? How dare he hit his mother-in-law?

“What are you doing? How dare you hit Martha? You’re too disrespectful!”

One middle-aged woman wanting to please Martha stood up at this time and pointed at Philip arrogantly.

However, Philip just cast her a cold stare and said sternly, “Get lost! I don’t care how you flatter her and please her, but I can tell you this, this is my home. Whether you’re qualified to sit here, that’s my decision!”

Arrogant!

Brazen!

This was how the old ladies felt about Philip.

“Wow, it’s amazing. A bum dares to be so arrogant. This is Martha’s house. Who are you to tell us to leave?”

“That’s right. You’re just a useless man who lives off his wife and even dares to hit his mother-in-law. We must go to the Women’s Association to report you!”

“Martha, say something. We’ll take care of this son-in-law for you. He’s too audacious!”

Instantly, the group of ladies was excitedly pointing at Philip’s nose and condemning him.

Wynn had already rushed in at this time. She was holding Mila and comforting her.

At the same time, she also stared at Martha angrily and scolded, “Mom, you’re too much. This is the second time I’ve seen it!”

Martha was also flushed red, especially with that slap from Philip that made her lose her dignity in front of her friends.

With her temper, it would be impossible not to create a scene from this!

As expected...

Martha immediately retaliated, scratching Philip as she approached him. She yelled, "Philip, are you turning on us now? You dare to hit me? I'm your mother-in-law! You beast, you dare to hit me?! Get out of here right now!"

Martha immediately yelled and cursed. When her friends saw this scene, they rushed over enthusiastically and began to help Martha chase and insult Philip.

Philip was full of anger. Facing these middle-aged women, he really dared not to do anything. In the case of any injuries, he would be in trouble.

When middle-aged women got serious, they were akin to gangsters and hooligans.

Therefore, he could only defend passively and keep moving back.

"Hit him! Beat up this b*stard! He dares to hit his mother-in-law!"

"Yes, bash him! We'll avenge Martha today!"

Five or six middle-aged women rolled up their sleeves and began to fight Philip. They scratched his hair, pinching his arms, and kicked his thighs.

Wynn was very angry when she saw this scene.

Just then, Anne returned. She passed Mila to Anne and walked to the group of middle-aged women who were constantly chattering and cursing angrily.

“Stop it!” Wynn shouted sternly.

Abruptly, the group of ladies stopped and looked at Wynn in bewilderment.

“Wynn, your husband hit your mother. Aren’t you going to help her?” someone asked.

However...

Wynn pulled Philip directly behind her, rolled up her sleeves, and faced the group of middle-aged women.

She looked like she was ready to argue with them.

Smack!

Wynn actually slapped the face of the woman who asked the question just now. She pointed to her nose and scolded. “Since you dare to hit my man, I’ll hit you too!”

Shocking!

It was simply staggering!

Wynn’s slap had scared off the middle-aged women. All of them closed their mouths and retracted their necks.

Did Martha not say Wynn disliked Philip and wanted to divorce him?

What was the meaning of this?

“And you, did you hit my man too?”

Suddenly, Wynn turned toward another woman and asked coldly.

The middle-aged woman immediately retracted her neck with a blush and mumbled, “No... I didn’t.”

“Get lost! All of you!” Wynn shouted.

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Instantly, these middle-aged women all picked up their bags and fled the living room in a swarm.

“Martha, we’ll come back another time.”

Before they left, they did not forget to say a polite remark to Martha.

Very soon, the living room was left with Martha, who was flushed red, Philip, his wife, as well as Anne who carried Mila upstairs.

Wynn held her forehead and looked at Martha. She was absolutely disappointed with her mother.

“Mom, I’ve had enough of you. You’re a retired university lecturer after all. How have you become so unreasonable now?”

Wynn asked helplessly.

Martha was still irritated as she said, “Are you already so grown up that you can speak to me this way?”

Martha was very angry that her daughter was so protective of Philip.

She just did not like Philip. Even if he had some money now, Martha just could not like him.

He was like her enemy from the previous life.

“Mom, can you stop being so unreasonable? You know Philip is the one who bought this villa and you’re still treating him like this. What do you want me to do?” Wynn was really about to cry.

Martha lost all confidence at those words.

Yes, the villa was bought by Philip.

Wynn said, “Mom, apologize to Philip.”

“No way! Why should I apologize to him? There’s no such thing as a mother-in-law apologizing to the son-in-law!” Martha yelled.

Wynn glanced at Philip. In the past, because Martha was her mother, she requested Philip to bear with it. However, it was different now. Wynn knew that Philip’s identity was not simple. If her mother continued to behave this way, she would end up miserably.

“It’s okay if you don’t apologize. I’ll go out tomorrow to find a new house for you and dad. You can move out,” Wynn said sternly.

Wynn’s words completely stopped Martha in her tracks.

She looked at her daughter in bewilderment. This turncoat!

She never thought that her daughter would stand on the opposite side one day.

“Wynn Johnston, you really want me to apologize to you both?” Martha gritted her teeth.

Wynn shook her head. Her mother was too much this time. Martha had laid her hands on Mila again. That was her own daughter. She would not allow others to bully her, even her grandmother!

“Mom, it’s your fault this time,” Wynn said.

Martha hated this, but she was reluctant to leave this villa. She could only bite her teeth bitterly and say, “Sorry.”

It was very perfunctory.

Despite that, Philip could not be bothered.

It was mainly because he was in a good mood now. His wife was on his side!

Going to the second floor, he went to Mila and comforted her.

Philip took Wynn to the master bedroom and asked, “Aren’t you afraid that your mother will hate you for this?”

Wynn smiled and took off her dress. Her graceful waist and figure made Philip’s eyes burn with desire.

“You’re my husband and someone I can rely on in the future. Besides, my mother is indeed too much. If you want them to move out, I have no objections.”

Wynn, who had put on a lace nightdress, walked over at this time. She leaned on Philip’s shoulder and hugged his waist.

Philip did not say anything but just basked in the tenderness of this moment.

“No need. Just let her stay,” Philip said. Then, the two looked at each other, both their eyes fiery.

A kiss.

However, there was no next step.

There was another child in the belly.

Martha was very angry. She sat in the living room alone, pondering about it. Then, she got up and walked to the bedroom. She opened the drawer, took out a small box, removed a small packet from it, and returned to the kitchen.

With great determination, Martha made two cups of drinks and brought them upstairs.

Damn Philip! He should not blame her for being mean when he was so harsh!

Martha was so aggravated that she came to a decision.

Anyway, it was not poison. No one would die from it.

Besides, Philip was the one who would be drinking it, so what did it have to do with her?

With that thought, Martha put on her slippers, walked to the door of the master bedroom, and knocked on it gently. She lowered her posture, calmed down, and said, “Wynn timer, Philip, can I come in?”

“Enter.”

Martha pushed the door open, stepped inside, and said with a smile, “Philip, Wynn timer, it was my fault just now. I specially made herbal tea for you. Drink it while it’s hot.”

With that said, Martha put two cups of tea on the coffee table. One cup was pushed to Wynn while the one with powder was given to Philip.

“It’s very nutritious and good for a young couple,” Martha said smilingly.

“Thanks, Mom. Just leave it there,” Wynn said.

Martha did so and walked out of the bedroom slowly.

Wynn and Philip were both blushing. Philip sat on the sofa and pretended to read a magazine. They were almost caught by the mother-in-law while he was making out with his wife.

“I’m taking a shower. It’s too hot,” Wynn said awkwardly. She got up and walked to the bathroom with her two slender legs.

Philip leaned back on the sofa and rested his eyes.

At this time, he suddenly received a call from George Thomas.

“Hello, Old Man George, did you find it?”

Philip took his cell phone and walked out of the master bedroom.

Ten minutes later, Wynn wrapped her bathrobe around her, wiped her hair, and walked out of the bathroom. She looked very beautiful with her belly slightly protruding.

She sat cross-legged on the sofa, glanced at the herbal tea on the coffee table, and picked up the cup that originally belonged to Philip. She raised her fair and delicate neck, about to drink it.

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Just as Wynn was about to drink it, the bedroom door was pushed open. Mila ran in crying, her small mouth pouting. She looked very sad.

“Mommy,” Mila called out childishly and pounced into Wynn’s arms.

Wynn had to put down the cup. She carried Mila and put her on her lap, laughing as she teased her and asked, “What’s happened to Mila? Why aren’t you happy?”

Mila sat on her mother’s lap, inhaled her comforting scent, and said, “I want to play outside.”

Wynn thought for a moment and said, “Okay, wait for me. I’ll bring you out to play, okay?”

“Okay!”

Mila nodded heavily, smacked a loud kiss on Wynn’s cheek, and got down from her lap. She pestered Wynn and pulled her into her small bedroom to show her the mermaid princess doll.

Wynn could not help but oblige. It was her day off anyway, so she started playing with Mila.

Anne started her cleaning duties. She walked into the master bedroom, saw the two cups of herbal tea on the table, took them downstairs, and poured the contents away.

Back to Philip. He was on a call with George who was talking respectfully. “Young Master, we’ve found Fennel Leigh, but he’s currently not in Chinatown.”

Philip was currently in the floating gardens. He asked without wrinkling his forehead, “Not in Chinatown? Then where is he?”

This Fennel.

He should never have allowed him to go abroad in the first place. This was a lawless person who never respected any rules or restrictions.

“Fernvale,” George replied. At the moment, he was in a restaurant somewhere in Chinatown with six or seven bodyguards beside him. A woman with a tantalizing body sat across from him.

He got the news about Fennel from her.

Philip frowned. What was that guy doing in Fernvale?

He had made an agreement with Fennel back then. Philip would send someone to Chinatown to find him if something happened. There should be no direct contact between the two of them. This plan was devised by Philip to avoid any unnecessary trouble.

“Okay, I understand,” Philip said before he continued speaking, “Oh yes, George, please help me with another thing.”

“Young Master, you hurt my feelings by saying that,” George responded respectfully.

“Go back to the island and help me get my father’s handwritten permission to lift the restraining order. With the restriction on me right now, I can’t do a lot of things.”

Philip looked quite uncertain when he said this.

“Young Master, I’m afraid this won’t be easy. The castle guards on the island have all been replaced with Giada’s people. We have less than one-tenth of our people there, and the personal nurse taking care of the master is also one of them,” George spoke.

“I know that. Just try your best to get in contact with my father. If it doesn’t work out, I’ll return to the island personally.”

Philip’s expression sank as he made a decision internally.

George trembled at those words and said, "Young Master, you're returning to the island?"

Philip did not refute. "As a last resort, I'll bring Wynn and Mila back. You'll need to make some early preparations."

"Yes, Young Master, I'll return right away."

George looked unusually excited. The young master was about to return to the island, so his identity as the heir of the Clarke family would be set in stone.

However, he was still worried and asked, "But Young Master, if you go back like this, won't Madam Giada stop you? You have an agreement with her after all."

Philip paused for a while before he replied, "I saw her today. Our agreement is no longer valid. The war between us has begun. After this, she should no longer have any scruples and will spare no effort in taking action against me. Therefore, I must lift the family restraining order as soon as possible. I need to have my own strength to protect Wynn and Mila."

Yes, what happened in the morning had already started the battle between Philip and Giada.

Without the constraints of the agreement, Giada's methods would become more and more intense.

Philip must make some preparations to deal with emergencies.

Not only to deal with the Wallis family, but also the elders of the branch families.

All of them were waiting for him to return so that they could try to exert control over him.

After he hung up the phone, Philip turned around and returned to the villa.

Coincidentally, he received a text message from Cynthia.

‘Philip, are you free for dinner tonight?’

Cynthia actually took the initiative to ask him out.

Philip frowned as he considered many things.

‘Okay.’

After the short reply, Philip informed Wynn before heading out.

As Wynn was also about to take Mila outside to play, the three of them went out together.

Martha was in the living room. When she saw Philip, she asked, “Philip, did you drink the herbal tea?”

Herbal tea?

Philip shook his head and said, “No. I have something to do. I’ll be going now.”

Martha was speechless for a while. She was very puzzled as she watched Philip leave. He did not drink it?

As she thought about it, she hurried upstairs and found that the cups had already been cleared.

“Anne Foster!” Martha roared furiously.

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Philip was supposed to meet Cynthia in a western restaurant. Cynthia, who was here early, was dressed very simply, but her appearance was not inferior to other women because of her good image and poise.

Even in just a simple white dress, she was like a lotus flower in the water, attracting the eyes of most men in the restaurant.

Cynthia noticed Philip walking in from the door and waved happily with a smile on her face.

Philip also waved briefly and walked through the crowd toward Cynthia. He pulled out the chair and sat down.

Cynthia grinned and handed him the menu. "This restaurant is newly opened. There are a lot of delicious dishes. You can look through the menu and see if anything interests you."

Philip obliged. He picked up the menu and thought for a long time before he ordered a few dishes casually. "That's it. I don't really know what to eat."

After that, Philip finally asked, "Cynthia, why are you looking for me? Is something wrong?"

Larson family of Fernvale, his mother's family.

Philip had been looking for information secretly, but the area of Fernvale was different from any other city on the mainland.

It was very complicated.

There were many forces and many foreign ones too.

Besides, over the years, the Larson family had deliberately avoided the mainland. They even cut off all their businesses and resolutely withdrew from the mainland market.

Philip could not understand the reason.

What exactly happened back then to cause such a major force second only to the Clarke family to break off their ties in order to protect themselves?

“It’s the same matter as before, I wish to talk to your wife.”

Cynthia did not beat around the bush and directly stated her intentions.

This piqued Philip’s curiosity. “Is this your wish or the Larson family’s wish?”

Cynthia said, “The Larson family knows that Beacon has a new type of anti-cancer drug that’s very promising and valuable in the domestic and foreign markets. Since you’ve been with your wife for so long, you must be aware of this. If this medicine is marketed nationwide and introduced abroad, the value it’ll bring will not be tens of billions of dollars but thousands of trillions. With such huge profits, we’ll inevitably be interested. Of course, there are both pros and cons. By that time, Beacon will not only face the competition from the pharmaceutical companies in Riverdale but also the crazed encroachment of more forces from all over the country and the world.”

Cynthia said a lot in one go. She also told Philip about the current situation in Beacon.

In fact, Philip had started paying close attention to this issue early on, which was why he transferred Buffer from abroad.

Currently, Beacon was holding the golden key to open a whole new world.

In the future, there would be more people who would have ideas about Beacon.

Michaels family of Golden City, Quaid family of Capital City, Wallis family, and also Larson family of Fernvale.

“What you’re saying is, the Larson family will help us?” Philip was not in a hurry and asked after a sip of tea.

Cynthia laughed lightly and said, "That's right. Although the Larson family has withdrawn from the mainland, our foundation from over the years is still there. As long as we cooperate, we'll mutually benefit from this cooperation and can open up a new world. By that time, you and your wife can just sit and count your money while hundreds of billions and trillions flow into your hands."

Cynthia was very excited, but what she said was also true.

This was the future value of Beacon's new drug.

Philip had already established this fact with Buffer and the rest.

"Your suggestion is very good, but I need to consider it again. After all, I can't make the decision. I have to discuss it with my wife when I return. You know, I'm just someone who lives off my wife."

Philip smiled as a sign of refusal.

The thing was, he was not familiar with the Larson family and did not know what they were up to.

Cynthia stared at Philip and felt very curious about him. She said, "You're a very special man. This is the first time I've met a man who'd say that so matter-of-factly."

Philip chuckled.

Cynthia had investigated Philip and found him to be a useless person. To describe his characteristics, he was cowardly and afraid of his wife as well as his mother-in-law.

He was a notorious good-for-nothing in Riverdale.

Oh, but he could fight.

She had witnessed it herself during dinner with Melody the other day.

It was such a guy who actually beat someone from the Hane family of Capital City, the young master of Golden City's Michaels family, and the second young master of the Quaid family of Capital City.

The entire Quaid family was still in an uproar.

If Cynthia had not suppressed this matter through the Larson family, Philip would most probably be dead by now.

"I'm really curious to find out exactly who you are. I recall that there was a rumor about a prestigious rich second-generation in Riverdale not long ago. I wonder if it's you."

Cynthia asked suddenly and fixed her gaze on Philip.

"Who?" Philip laughed as he asked.

"The young master of Clarke Group in Capital City, Young Master Clarke," Cynthia said. She stared at Philip, hoping to see something from his expression.

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Philip shrugged but said nothing.

Cynthia continued, "Perhaps everyone in the world thinks that Clarke Group is very rich and holds a capital flow of more than 100 billion, but in Capital City, there are many families better than them."

Philip smiled and said, "Cynthia, why are you saying this to me? I'm just an ordinary guy, not the young master you're talking about."

This woman was very smart. She had guessed it.

Cynthia did not say anything else.

Right at this moment...

“Cynthia Larson, you’re here too?”

Suddenly, a noble and handsome man in the restaurant appeared in front of Cynthia and Philip. He looked at her with a grin.

This handsome man wore a suit and looked quite decent.

Philip was drinking coffee when he was suddenly disturbed. Naturally, he was a little unhappy. He glanced around casually and found that the other person was looking at Cynthia with desire in his eyes.

Philip frowned and glanced at Cynthia. He found that she had already stood up and was saying with a polite smile, “Mr. Fadden, what a coincidence.”

That person laughed and said, “I came here for dinner with a few friends, but I didn’t expect to meet you too. It’s so fortunate.”

After that, the Fadden guy turned to look at Philip and asked, “And this is?”

Cynthia quickly introduced. “Oh, this is my friend, Philip Clarke.”

“How do you do, Mr. Fadden.”

Philip was not an impolite person, so he smiled and waved.

Fadden’s eyes suddenly turned grim. He had already seen Cynthia and Philip talking and laughing on the other side. Their relationship was definitely more than just friends!

He had not heard any news of Cynthia having a new boyfriend, so who was this guy?

Fadden was very upset, but he could not show it. His purpose tonight was very clear, to woo Cynthia and fulfill the bet!

Therefore, he just smiled faintly, pulled a chair over, and sat down. He leaned close to Cynthia and said, "Cynthia, I have a few friends over there who are also in the hotel industry. They heard that you're the lobby manager of Shangri-La and want to meet you. How about it? Are you interested in making a few friends?"

Cynthia had been working for so long, so naturally, she understood what the other party was trying to say. She tried to decline by saying, "Mr. Fadden, I think it won't be necessary. I don't know your friends. It'll be very awkward."

"Oh, Cynthia, it's going to be okay. I'll be around, so you don't have to worry. I'm trying to introduce some new customers to you, okay? Just go over and have a chat. It's nothing much. I've already agreed to their request. If you decline, how am I going to explain to them?"

Fadden was a sly man. His words made it difficult for Cynthia to decline further.

Cynthia frowned. She looked at Fadden, then at Philip. It appeared as if she was asking Philip for help.

This Chad Fadden had been pursuing her for quite a while. As he was quite rich, he always treated everyone as beneath him.

"I say, Mr. Fadden, since she doesn't want to go, why are you still forcing her?"

Philip interrupted and said, "Or else, I'll go with you. How about that?"

At Philip's unpleasant words, Fadden's eyes gradually became gloomy. The whole restaurant instantly became quiet!

Those who came here to eat were people with status and more or less knew each other. They had already noticed the commotion from this table and naturally paid more attention out of curiosity.

It looked like a love triangle!

Moreover, a beautiful woman like Cynthia was standing there. It would be difficult not to attract the attention of others!

She was simply a goddess who had descended to earth. Her temperament was too outstanding. Many men secretly compared Cynthia with their dates for the night. They absolutely paled in comparison!

Everyone held the anticipation of a good show and was ready to watch the next plot development!

Chad seemed to deliberately ignore Philip's words but just glared at him. He continued to talk to Cynthia with a smile, "Cynthia, it's okay, just have a few drinks. Everyone wants to make more friends."

Cynthia was helpless and could only say timidly, "Mr. Fadden, I'm really sorry. I'm not very good with words. It'll just be embarrassing. Let's do it another time."

"Don't be like this, Cynthia. They're just in the next room. After two drinks, I'll bring you back. It's okay," Chad spoke.

"Hey, didn't you hear that she's unwilling? Why are you still pestering her? What do you want?"

Philip stood up at this time and pulled Cynthia to his side.

After all, she belonged to the Larson family of Fernvale and had ties to him. Philip could not just sit back and watch.

Initially, Chad wanted to ignore Philip.

However, this man interrupted him time and again, so he was angry now!

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Chad frowned. Impatience was written all over his face. He sneered. "Brother, who the hell are you? I'm talking to Cynthia. Who are you to interrupt us?"

"Excuse me, she's my girlfriend. Is there something wrong with your eyes? Can't you see she has rejected you? Why are you still here? Are you just looking for a fight?"

Philip raised his face slightly. He could not help being amused at Chad's frozen smile.

He seemed to have used this excuse before.

The words just came out automatically.

Chad frowned and watched as Cynthia leaned against Philip. His hand was still tightly grabbed by Philip. A bout of fury suddenly welled up inside him!

He almost exploded in anger, but this was a Western restaurant and he was the general manager of Worsett International Hotel. He naturally had to maintain his composure and display a gentlemanly demeanor.

Chad smiled and touched his nose. His expression was changing rapidly. He stood up, glared at Philip, and said, "You're her boyfriend? How come I've never heard of it?"

"So what if you don't know? Do we have to inform you? Who the hell are you?"

Philip smiled slightly, and at the same time, he stretched out his arm to put it around Cynthia's shoulder!

Actions spoke louder than words!

Being hugged by Philip like this, Cynthia tried struggling, but it was to no avail. She lowered her head silently, a faint blush on her cheeks.

Philip also felt a little helpless. It was purely unintentional.

Chad chuckled and glanced at the crowd watching in the restaurant. He knew that he could no longer retreat silently. Plus, Philip had deliberately spoken loudly just now!

He nodded, glared at Philip, and said, "Okay, you have guts! But this is between Cynthia and me. I want her to reject me personally."

"Okay then. If you insist, I won't stop you."

Philip embraced Cynthia's shoulders graciously with a smile on his face and looked very calm.

It was Chad who was anxious now.

After a glance at Philip, Chad started to guess the other party's identity. He appeared to be just an ordinary and uninfluential salaryman. A trace of contempt flashed in Chad's eyes.

He refused to believe that Cynthia would fall in love with such a man. At first glance, Philip was a man without power or wealth. How could he attract Cynthia Larson?

"Cynthia Larson, I'm inviting you as the general manager of Worsett International Hotel. You won't refuse me this time, right?"

Chad said placidly, but the intentional threat was clear in his tone!

Chad sneered secretly in his heart. He would not believe that Cynthia would still refuse after he mentioned the name of Worsett International Hotel.

Cynthia was also at a loss. After all, the other party was the general manager of Worsett and a partner of the group. If she offended the other party, then the company might lose at least tens of millions!

Therefore, Cynthia was caught in a difficult position. She silently broke free from Philip's arms.

Chad saw her actions and was immediately happy. He knew this trick would work!

Philip frowned. It would seem that this Worsett International Hotel was up to no good either!

“Philip, I'm sorry. Why don't you wait for me? I'll be back soon.”

Cynthia was apologetic.

Philip looked at the gloating Chad and asked Cynthia, “Are you sure you want to go?”

Cynthia did not reply but her silent attitude indicated her decision.

Philip did not say anything else but watched as Cynthia turned to leave.

Chad, who was following behind Cynthia closely, suddenly turned around at this time. He patted Philip's shoulder smugly and said, “Brother, don't try to push your luck. There are some people you can't afford to offend. Who do you think you are? You're dressed cheaply from head to toe, and you want to compare yourself to me? I can trample you under my feet just by saying a few words! One must always be aware of their capabilities. I advise you to leave Cynthia quickly. You're not worthy of her.

“Don't worry, I'll take good care of her tonight.”

With a wretched smile on the corner of his mouth, Chad was expressing his meaning explicitly!

When he said this, Chad scorned Cynthia's taste in men severely!

How could she fall in love with a cowardly man like this?

He had already spoken in such a manner, but the other party just looked indifferent.

It seemed that he had won the bet tonight!

With that said, Chad turned to leave, but Philip's next words stopped him in his tracks.

“You said one must always be aware of their capabilities?”

“What? You don't agree?”

Chad was in a rare good mood today, so he turned around again. He looked aloof.

“Your face really deserves a beating. I'll return this saying to you intact,” Philip said lightly with a slight coldness in his tone.

The general manager of a hotel group dared to be so arrogant.

Besides, this Worsett International Hotel seemed to be part of his family's business.

Chapter 615

Chad looked at Philip provocatively and sneered. “It looks like you're unconvinced, but so what? Tonight, Cynthia Larson will be my woman.”

Smack!

A loud slap resounded throughout the entire restaurant!

No one thought that Philip would land such a fierce slap on the opponent's face!

Clean and decisive!

Philip jerked his hand away, shrugged, and said, "Didn't your mother teach you to speak and behave appropriately? Weren't you taught not to be impertinent and arrogant?"

Chad held his red and swollen cheek. He took a long time to react. His face immediately turned somber. He pointed at Philip and shouted, "You dare hit me? Do you know who I am?"

"What has that got to do with me?"

Philip looked at Chad as if he was an idiot. He was totally unconcerned about this Mr. Fadden.

Chad held his face and was so angry that he was about to explode!

When had he ever been slapped in public before?

The other party was seeking death!

"You're courting death!" Chad roared furiously.

The commotion here had long attracted crowds of onlookers from the restaurant. Cynthia was also shocked. She did not expect Philip to hit someone.

However, it seemed exactly his style.

He even dared to hit the second young master of the Quaid family from Capital City. Who did he not dare to fight?

She quickly ran over and apologized on Philip's behalf. "Mr. Fadden, I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. Are you alright?"

“Enough! You’re in cahoots with each other! Neither of you will leave tonight!”

Chad shoved Cynthia away and roared angrily.

“Cynthia, don’t apologize to a person like him,” Philip said coldly. He pulled Cynthia over, then glared at Chad and said, “Let’s go.”

Chad was livid. It would not be possible for him to let Philip and Cynthia off like this. He pointed at Philip and shouted, “Don’t leave! You want to leave after hitting someone? No way!”

He had made a bet with his friends. After doing so much work, he was c*ck-blocked and even got hit. Chad became angrier the more he thought about it.

“Why, do you want more?” Philip tilted his head with a half-amused expression.

“You!”

Chad was furious. He picked up the knife and fork on the table and stabbed Philip in the abdomen. “Die!”

When he saw that the knife was about to plunge into Philip’s stomach, a cold sinister smile appeared on Chad’s face.

The corner of Philip’s eyes twitched as he raised his hand to grab Chad’s wrist!

Chad only felt an intense force spread all over his body through his wrist, making his legs tremble uncontrollably. He fell to the ground in an instant!

Everyone was shocked and had no idea what was happening!

They only saw the attempted murderer, Chad Fadden, kneeling on the ground. His expression was changing drastically by the second. It was very unpleasant to watch.

Cynthia originally wanted to say something to stop him, but when she saw Philip's somber eyes, she chose to be silent. She knew that she had shown her cowardly side tonight.

"Argh! Ouch! Let go!"

Chad knelt on the ground as he shouted miserably. The knife and fork in his hand had already fallen to the ground. He could not muster any strength at all. He was only aware that his wrist felt as if it was being pierced with a needle. He immediately lost his strength!

"You want to attack me in broad daylight?"

Philip said sternly, "All of you witnessed this guy trying to kill me. I'm only trying to protect myself, so my attacks will inevitably be a bit heavy-handed."

With that said, Philip exerted some force and a crisp cracking sound could be heard!

"Argh!"

Chad screamed and watched helplessly as his arm got broken by Philip. He was drenched in a cold sweat from that soul-wrenching pain!

"Hand... My hand!"

With sweat dripping down his forehead, he desolately looked at his hand that was already bent at a 90-degree angle.

The crowd of onlookers was simply here for the show, but the sudden turn of events caught them off guard!

This man was simply too ruthless. He broke his opponent's arm at the drop of a hat!

Then again, that guy by the name of Fadden was indeed looking for trouble in the first place. He attempted to murder someone with a knife, so he deserved it!

Philip pulled Cynthia along with him. He left the restaurant without another glance at Chad who was clutching at his arm and screaming his head off.

“What are you looking at? Get lost!”

Chad knelt on the ground, the pain in his arm making him unable to straighten up.

At this time, a group of people ran down from the second floor. They helped Chad sit up and asked after him in concern.

With a gloomy face, Chad left the restaurant with his friends' help and was rushed to the hospital.

On the way, Chad endured the pain and took out his phone. He dialed a number and ordered the person at the other end of the line, “Gary! Find two people for me. I'll send you the photos later. Beat the guy senseless and bring him to the usual place. As for the woman, knock her out and bring her to the villa.”

With that said, Chad leaned back on the seat, gritted his teeth, and said sullenly, “I'll repay this tenfold!”

It would be impossible for him to let this matter go. After being humiliated like this, if he did not seek revenge, then he would not be able to survive in Riverdale at all!

Chapter 616

Philip and Cynthia were on the way home. To be more precise, Philip was sending Cynthia home. The latter finally could not stop herself and said apologetically, “Philip, I'm really sorry, I...”

Philip immediately shrugged and said nonchalantly, "You don't have to apologize to me. I understand. You can't avoid certain business relations."

Since when did the Larson family start to swallow their anger and watch other people's moods before acting?

What position did Cynthia Larson hold in the Larson family?

Cynthia lowered her head, fiddled with her fingers, and said, "Chad Fadden is the general manager of Worsett International Hotel. It happens that our hotel is currently collaborating with Worsett, so I'm afraid that rejecting him will affect our cooperation."

Philip nodded and said, "I understand. However, I still want to remind you that sometimes girls have to learn how to protect themselves. That guy obviously has ulterior motives toward you. If you agree to his demands for the sake of the company's cooperation, what will you do if something happens?"

Looking at Philip's reaction, Cynthia's heart trembled slightly. She suddenly stopped, looked at Philip very seriously, and said with a blush, "Philip, I know you mean well, but Chad is quite influential in Riverdale. I'm worried that he might retaliate against you."

"Haha, you don't have to worry about that. I'm not even scared of Marcus Quaid."

Philip patted Cynthia's shoulder casually and said, "I have 100 ways to deal with a hypocrite like him."

"But I'm very curious. You're from the Larson family, so why do you behave so weakly?" Philip asked.

Cynthia refused to answer this question but said instead, "This is my own problem. As for my proposal just now, please consider it carefully and make an appointment with your wife for me."

When Philip had walked Cynthia to the downstairs of her apartment, the two of them were very self-conscious.

It was not because of Philip, but rather Cynthia who wanted to invite Philip upstairs but was embarrassed to do so.

When Philip looked at Cynthia's coquettish and shy look, he knew that this little lady was hiding something in her heart, but he did not expose her. He said instead, "You should go upstairs quickly. It's getting late and I still need to go home to accompany my wife and daughter. Thank you for your hospitality tonight."

Cynthia did not invite him upstairs in the end but simply nodded in agreement.

Suddenly!

"Hey, this big beauty is so beautiful. What are you doing here alone at night? How about playing with the few of us?"

"Yes, that's right. So pretty. If you don't mind, how about we accompany you instead?"

"You'd better watch your f*cking mouth. Of course, it's up to the pretty lady if she's willing, hehe."

A bunch of hooligans who came out of nowhere was making eyes and comments at Cynthia. They completely ignored Philip who was standing next to her.

Among these people, few were bald, few others were bare-chested, and some were wearing vests with cigarettes dangling from their mouths. They did not seem to be upright citizens!

Cynthia frowned and unconsciously moved closer to Philip. The appearance of these rascals made her feel scared.

A trace of coldness appeared on Philip's face as he looked at these gangsters.

Those seeking trouble were here.

Huh, this Cynthia was such a trouble magnet.

“Beauty, how about it? Say something. Don’t keep us waiting.”

One of them started to yell.

“Gary, do you need to ask? Can’t you see a little lover standing beside her?”

“F*ck! You don’t say! I really didn’t notice him! We’ll all be her little lovers tonight.”

The man who was addressed as Gary looked at Cynthia with a lewd smile, his eyes filled with possessive desire!

“Hey, all of you don’t look like good people. I’ll count to ten. Get the hell out.”

Philip shrugged with an indifferent smile on his face.

Philip had already predicted that the Fadden guy would not give up so easily, but he did not expect him to make a move so soon.

This group of people looked exactly like second-rate scums of society.

Philip had already given a clear warning, but this group of gangsters did not take him seriously at all. After all, the other party was alone and weak, so this group of people laughed uproariously at his warning instead.

“Gosh, here comes someone who’s not afraid to die. Count to ten? Hey Brother, do you know who you’re talking to? You dare use this tone when talking to Boss Gary? Are you looking for death?”

A bald guy smoking a cigarette flexed his arms, squinted at Philip, and said, “Bro, I advise you to get lost quickly. The brothers want to have an in-depth chat with your girlfriend. Haha, if you understand the situation, quickly disappear from our eyes. Otherwise, don’t cry for your mama later.”

Several people ridiculed Philip and laughed raucously.

At this time, Philip turned around and looked at Cynthia. He said with a smile, “Need my help to get rid of these rascals?”

Cynthia was at a loss. She looked at Philip and said, “Yes.”

“Then you have to promise me one thing. Take me to the Larson family in Fernvale,” Philip said.

Cynthia hesitated. She did not know why, but she always felt that Philip had been asking about the Larson family.

However, looking at these stinky hooligans, Cynthia had no choice but to grit her teeth and say, “Okay, I promise.”

Philip smiled and turned his head, his eyes bursting into a cold glint. He stared at the hooligans and coldly said, “Then I’ll get rid of them for you.”

Chapter 617

“Brat, you’re very gutsy, huh? You think I’m a joke?” the lead hooligan said viciously.

He circled Philip, pulled at his clothes, and said sarcastically, “Looking at your little pale face and weak arms and legs, you probably can’t withstand a beating at all. We just want to have a drink and chat with your girlfriend. We’ll send her back to you tomorrow, how about it?”

As soon as this person finished speaking, those guys all laughed and chimed in with a bunch of crude words!

At this time, many residents were walking in and out of the apartment, but no one dared to stop them. The other party was obviously gangsters. Furthermore, every single one of them looked and dressed like evil villains too, so most people dared not be too nosy!

This night, Gary brought a bunch of men specifically to close in on Cynthia and Philip. He received an order from Mr. Fadden of Worsett International Hotel to take these two people back!

Chad Fadden was the general manager of Worsett International Hotel. If this matter was handled well, Gary thought that he would certainly benefit more from it.

Therefore, he took a few men with him, followed the address and photos given by Chad, and kept wandering around the apartment area. He finally came across Philip and Cynthia after a while!

“Who sent you here?” Philip suddenly asked.

Philip could already tell from their aggressive stance that their motive was not pure, but in order to confirm his guess, he must ask this question.

However, these few street punks did not realize why Philip suddenly asked such a question but assumed that the other party was starting to get scared. They said very smugly, “Haha, brat, we belong to the Gold Nine Society of Mega East Street. Don’t you know that our Gold Nine Society is a well-known underground organization in Riverdale?! If you understand now, get lost at once!”

The eyes of several guys fell on Cynthia. They were filled with a wretched glint!

If Philip had not sent Cynthia home tonight, she would have been in big trouble by now!

At the same time, a guy whispered in Gary’s ear, “Gary, Master Chad has said that we must break this brat’s limbs. We can’t let him go!”

Gary nodded as a sneer appeared on his grim face. “My men, let’s stop wasting time on him. Break the man’s legs and drag the woman into the trees!”

Philip merely snickered and said, "Gold Nine Society? Never heard of it. I don't care which society you belong to, but if you provoke me today, I'll make you crawl on your stomach. If you still don't understand the situation, you'll end up like him!"

As soon as his words fell, he moved as fast as lightning and threw a forceful kick right between Gary's legs!

Everyone could not help the chills running over their bodies and vaguely felt a sense of frigidity between their legs!

"Argh!"

Gary immediately grabbed his crotch with a loud scream. His eyes went dark as he fell on the ground before passing out on the spot!

"Gary... Gary!"

"You dare to lay a hand on Gary?! Everyone, kill him!"

"Avenge Gary, bash him up!"

The remaining four people saw that Philip had rendered Gary unconscious. They were instantly enraged and rushed forward with their fists!

"Hmph!" Philip huffed coldly. "If that's the case, no one shall leave!"

Philip snorted and took a step to his left. At the same time, he kicked out with his right leg and stomped on the belly of Gary who was lying on the ground!

"Pfft!"

An indescribable sound was heard, followed immediately by the pungent odor of urine!

Gary screamed again, covering his crotch with one hand and his stomach with the other. His face was full of cold sweat as he woke up from the pain!

What a brutal kick!

The onlookers were stunned. Gary's bladder had exploded with this kick!

Gary wetted his pants in an instant. The sight of the yellowish urine mixed with blood flowed and shocked everyone's senses!

This group of people initially thought Philip was a lamb waiting to be slaughtered. They did not expect Philip's speed to be so fast. His attacks were intense. It was definitely not something an ordinary person could do!

They had met a strong opponent!

Everyone felt chills on their backs. Looking at Gary's excruciating expression, they felt that the world had shattered around them!

Philip was not a pushover. Back then, the Green Dragon Court, Klaus Harris, the Logan family, and the Anderson family... Which one was not destroyed by Philip?

How could these lightweight punks be a match for Philip!

Now, Philip's aura was so intense that those guys dared not even step forward!

“Just now, did you say you want to take her away?”

Philip narrowed his eyes and glared at them!

The guy who had previously teased Cynthia and spoke harshly was stunned by Philip's stern look. He lowered his head and dared not even let out a squeak.

Cynthia pulled at Philip's sleeve as an indication that he should stop.

After all, to her, the other party had four people.

However, Philip merely turned around and chuckled. "Don't worry. Don't you know who I am? Since they dare tease you, they should pay the price for it!"

Philip said this in an extremely overbearing manner. Cynthia's anxiety finally calmed down because of that. At the same time, she felt a surge of warmth in her heart. She truly hoped that a man like Philip could be her boyfriend.

However, he was already married after all and even had a kid...

Why was her fate so miserable that everything was arranged by others?

Chapter 618

Countless thoughts flashed through Cynthia's mind and she became despondent.

"Since no one dares to step out, all of you can stay!"

As Philip said this, he stepped forward and his aura exploded!

The few people could not move under the pressure of Philip's aura, but they were unwilling to sit still and wait for death!

"Guys, he's alone, let's just do it!"

One of the guys shouted and rushed out immediately!

However, before he finished his words, Philip had already turned around. With a forceful kick, the man flew out!

The man flew several meters away and fell heavily on the sidewalk garden, landing face-first in the dirt!

The terrifying power displayed by Philip made them despair. After his lightning-fast kick, everyone was stunned on the spot and took a deep breath!

It was horrifying!

Could someone actually produce a kick like this?

Was he Bruce Lee reborn?

This group of gangsters was so scared that they almost forgot what they needed to do at that moment. They simply stood still in a silly daze with their jaws dropped open in astonishment!

Philip's movements were so fast that it went beyond their scope of knowledge!

It was more exciting than the scenes in kung fu movies!

Cynthia was also so scared that she covered her mouth with her hand, her expression full of shock!

Although it was not the first time she saw Philip fighting, she was still shocked by his performance!

During the incident at the Shangri-La Hotel last time, she already knew that Philip was not as simple as he appeared to be on the surface. This time, she had absolutely confirmed her guess. He knew kung fu!

“If you don’t want to lose your ability to reproduce like him, you should slap each other. Use all your strength and slap the other person until I’m satisfied.”

Philip said somberly, his tone full of threat that they could not resist!

These guys dared to speak rudely to Cynthia, so they deserved a beating!

They must know the consequences of bullying women!

“Who the f*ck do you think you are? You just know a few kung fu moves. You think you’re so great?”

At this time, a guy in a sleeveless vest yelled at Philip, but as soon as he spoke, a huge palm had already greeted his face!

Smack!

The crisp sound of a slap!

The man was directly slapped to the ground by Philip. He clutched the half of his cheek that was already swollen and spat out a mouthful of foamy blood!

“Anyone have a different idea?”

Philip glanced around coldly. All the guys stood there silently, their heads lowered. They were all afraid to speak!

Next, it was time for Philip to slay the evil. The several hooligans were beaten to the ground.

After that, Cynthia chose to call the police. Several law enforcement officers arrived and dragged their incapacitated bodies into the police car!

Cynthia was safely escorted upstairs before Philip bade her goodnight. He hummed and prepared to return to the villa.

At the same time, the atmosphere at First Palace was a little unusual.

A handsome man wearing a tailored suit by Brioni Vanquish II with a Rolex watch worth millions on his wrist was sitting in the living room.

He shook his propped leg and munched on grapes, his gaze sharp and piercing. His hair was styled in a center parting. His whole body, even his pores, exuded the demeanor of an arrogant and domineering wealthy boy.

“Tch! This is far worse than the Chardonnay white grapes at home. It’s too unpalatable.”

The youth spat it out and looked disgusted.

At the door and behind the sofa, eight men in suits stood there. All of them were burly and exuding chills.

Wynn, Martha, and Mila all sat on the sofa across from the man, afraid to speak.

“Hurry up, call Philip and tell him to get the hell back.”

The young man yelled arrogantly and looked a little impatient.

Martha was nothing but a coward. Facing an unknown and powerful man, she trembled with fright.

She glanced furtively at Wynn and pestered her. “Wynn, hurry up and call Philip. That useless bum must have caused trouble outside again.”

Wynn was fairly calm. Although she was very nervous when facing the man sitting across from her, she forced herself to relax and asked weakly, "Who are you? Why are you looking for my husband?"

The man looked Wynn up and down a few times, his eyes full of disdain. He said, "You must be my older cousin's wife."

Cousin?

Wynn and Martha were dumbfounded.

Philip was his cousin?

However, the man suddenly raised his hand and randomly nodded to a bodyguard behind him. He said, "I don't like this woman. She's rude. Smack her mouth."

"Yes, Sixth Young Master."

The bodyguard said respectfully, then walked up to Wynn. He raised his hand and gave her a loud slap in the face!

"A b*tch like you dares to talk to me? Do you know who I am? Continue to slap her until my dear cousin returns."

The young man's eyes were full of malicious intent.

His name was Canon Clarke, the sixth young master of the Clarke branch family in Arcadia Island!

Chapter 619

The atmosphere in the living room was somber.

Facing Canon Clarke, Wynn could feel the oppressive aura usually exuded by children from a wealthy family.

His aura was quite scary, especially the cool indifference that he inadvertently revealed. The feeling of in-born prestige made her panic.

“Who the hell are you guys? What right do you have to hit my daughter? If you want to look for that trash Philip, go look for him! Don’t put up a front here!”

Martha mustered up the courage to shout out, mainly because she was also very angry when she saw her daughter getting beaten.

Following that, she pointed at Canon and cursed, “You, take your men and get out of my house now! Otherwise, I’ll call the police!”

Canon raised his sharp eyebrows, eyes filled with a chill. He sneered coldly. “Call the police? You think that’ll be useful?”

Bam!

Canon raised his leg and kicked Martha in her stomach. The latter collapsed on the sofa, rolled her eyes, and retched. Her insides were roiling in pain.

“You... You’re too audacious! This is my home. You dare to beat people?! I’ll call the police now!”

Wynn hurriedly helped her mother up and took out her mobile phone in haste.

However.

Smack!

The bodyguard in a suit raised his big hand and another slap landed directly on Wynn’s face. At the same time, he snatched the phone from her hand.

With this slap, Wynn's head buzzed. She became dizzy, and the corners of her mouth also overflowed with blood.

Mila sat between the two of them and cried in fright. She rushed up to Canon, waved her little fists at him, and sobbed. "You're a big baddie. You hit my mom. My dad's going to beat you up when he gets home."

Canon was unperturbed. He glanced at Mila coldly, got up, grabbed her by the collar, and lifted her up.

Wynn was absolutely petrified at this scene!

Mila wailed loudly as her entire body trembled in fright.

"You, let go of my daughter!" Wynn shouted at Canon, her eyes filled with worry.

Canon merely sneered and said, "My cousin's daughter actually looks quite cute, but I wonder if she'll survive a fall."

After saying that, Canon violently threw Mila to the ground!

At the sight of this action, Wynn was so scared that she covered her mouth and screamed loudly. She rushed forward desperately, grabbed Canon's arm, and opened her mouth to bite!

Canon was in pain and loosened his hold. Mila fell to the ground, crying loudly.

Wynn immediately let go of Canon and hugged Mila tightly in her arms.

"F*ck! You wh*re! You dare to bite me? B*tch!"

Canon was livid and kicked Wynn on her shoulder!

With this kick, Wynn fell back with Mila in her arms!

Wynn was in pain. She hit her head on the corner of the coffee table and broke her skin instantly, but she could not be bothered about it at all. She still held Mila tightly for fear that something would happen to her.

Fortunately, Mila just took a small fall and was all right now.

Wynn glared at Canon furiously with blood running down her head. Like a lioness, she roared at him, "Who the hell are you exactly? What right do you have to hit my daughter!"

Wynn was enraged. This man was rude, arrogant, and dared to beat people so violently.

Were there any laws in this world?

Canon chuckled and said, "You're just an ordinary girl. It's an honor for you to be my cousin's wife. In his eyes, you're a treasure, but in my eyes, you're just a wh*re! Including the blood that runs in this child's veins, all of you are impure! As long as this is an offspring from a wh*re like you, I'll kill it!"

"Kill us? If you have the ability, kill us now! My husband will never let you off!"

Wynn was also prideful and yelled without fear.

Canon frowned. He disliked b*tches like Wynn who came from ordinary families. She even dared to bite him and shout at him. Did she know who he was?

No one had ever dared to speak to him in such a manner!

"You're courting death!"

Canon stepped forward, raised his hand, and slapped Wynn.

This time, Wynn reached out and grabbed his hand, saying viciously, "I don't care who you are. You're causing trouble and beating people in my house. I won't let you off, nor will my husband! Just wait to be arrested!"

Canon was infuriated. This sl*t dared to stop him?

No one ever dared to stop him from hitting others!

Who dared to stop the sixth young master of the Clarke's branch family from beating people up?

"It seems that if I don't teach you a lesson, you won't know your place in life! You're just a b*tch that my cousin married. You dare to speak to me this way? Do you know who I am?" Canon shouted angrily, his eyes cold.

"I don't care who you are. You're trespassing on private property, causing trouble, and beating people up. You'll definitely not escape prosecution from the law."

Wynn held her head high as if she was not afraid of death.

"Hit her until she begs for mercy!"

Canon was angry and yelled. The suited bodyguard stepped out from behind him, forcefully separated her from Mila, grabbed Wynn's hair, and slapped her back and forth!

Chapter 620

Smack!

Slap!

This painful sound echoed throughout the living room!

Wynn cried bitterly and screamed, but she was not a match for the bodyguards at all. Her head was grabbed and pressed to the ground.

“Kneel! Apologize to Sixth Young Master now!”

One of the bodyguards pressed Wynn’s head and kicked her calf.

Wynn was stubborn with a fiery temper. She refused to kneel!

Even if her face was red and swollen and the corners of her mouth were bleeding, she would not kneel!

However, under the enormous brute force, Wynn could not help but kneel on the ground with a loud thud.

Canon laughed triumphantly, pinched Wynn’s chin, and mocked. “B*tch, someone like you dares to be arrogant with me? Believe it or not, even if I kill your entire family, nothing will happen to me.”

Sinister, conceited.

The ominous smile on Canon’s face made him seem like a devil from hell.

Wynn stubbornly twisted her head, raised her face, glared at Canon, and said, “I don't believe you can get away with it! My husband will be back soon. When he sees my daughter and me being beaten, you’ll die miserably!”

Wynn had no idea why she said such words.

However, she truly believed it.

Recently, anyone who bullied her and her daughter would be crushed by Philip!

This was the mystery of Philip.

“Hard-headed, huh? I want to see how stubborn you can get!”

Canon looked indifferent and motioned for the bodyguard to continue slapping her mouth. After that, he slowly walked up to the crying Mila and violently slapped her on the face, cursing. “What are you still crying for? I hate kids!”

“Waa...”

Mila’s cries became louder!

Mila almost passed out with this slap. She lay on the ground choking with sobs.

As for Martha Yates, she was pretending to be dead at this time. She was lying on the sofa, closing one eye, clenching her teeth, and not daring to make a sound.

Anyway, it was Mila who was beaten up—The daughter of that good-for-nothing Philip, so it had nothing to do with her.

It would be best if she was beaten to death.

Seeing that Canon was about to hit Mila again, a burst of maternal love exploded from Wynn. She broke free from the shackles of the bodyguards and rushed over!

Bam!

Just as Wynn was about to dash over, a bodyguard threw out a kick. Like a kite with a broken string, Wynn flew in mid-air and landed on the ground!

Thump!

With her delicate body, Wynn fell on the floor tiles and made a muffled noise.

Immediately afterward, two bodyguards stepped forward, grabbed Wynn's ankles, and dragged her like she was a dead dog toward Canon.

Canon looked at Wynn who was groaning on the ground. With a cruel sneer at the corner of his mouth, he stepped heavily on Wynn's stomach!

Before Canon's big leather shoes fell, she grabbed the soles of his feet and blocked some of the force with her strength.

She had another child in her stomach.

However, Canon did not notice this at all. Instead, he raised his foot and stepped on her dainty palm fiercely. He said, "You're nothing but a b*tch who gave birth to another b*tch. Are you even worthy to talk to me? The bloodline of the Clarkes cannot be dirtied by wh*res like you!"

When he said this, his eyes coldly fell on Mila.

The murderous intent was unmistakable!

If he killed his cousin's daughter, Philip would definitely go mad and return to seek his crazed revenge. At that time, he would trick Philip into returning to the island, then put him under house arrest or even kill him. The branch family would then surpass the main family!

Wynn lied on the ground trembling and groaning as she looked sideways at the crying Mila.

‘Philip... My husband, are you back yet? I can’t hold on any longer. He hit Mila... Phil, come back. I’m afraid I won’t be able to see you anymore.

‘Phil, you said you’ll protect me and love me forever, so where are you now? Come back, Phil. Even if I die, you mustn’t let them torture Mila.

‘Phil, thank you. I’m glad to have met you. From the time we first met to getting married, I’m happy to have spent these seven years with you. I love you, thank you, Philip. I really love you... I hope you can find someone better than me.

‘Goodbye, Philip...’

Wynn wept. She did not know if she could survive tonight, so countless emotions burst from her heart.

“Put her into a bag and throw her into the river! For the small one, break her limbs and bring her back to the island. I believe my dear cousin will come after us.”

Canon sneered viciously and was about to walk out of the living room.

Suddenly!

“Phil! Save me! Save Mila! Philip! Come back quickly!”

At the last moment, Wynn summoned all her strength and roared!

Her shouts reached the gates of the villa.

Philip was just walking through the electronic gates when he heard Wynn’s heart-wrenching cries!

Wynn!

Chapter 621

Philip sprinted all the way and rushed into the living room. He saw Wynn and Mila lying on the ground. Wynn's forehead was all bloody, her cheeks were red and swollen, and a man was stepping on her. Philip's heart exploded in anger!

This anger rose to the sky with a world-shaking killing intent that could bring an end to the world!

Moreover, his daughter, the lovely Mila, had fallen on the ground. She was sobbing and faintly cried out, "Daddy... Save Mommy..."

Fury!

Indomitable wrath!

Earth-shattering killing intent!

At this moment, Philip's anger was like a giant sword unsheathed that could split the sky in half!

That intense aura prevented people from approaching him within a radius of several meters!

The entire villa was filled with Philip's wrath!

"Canon Clarke, you're seeking death!"

Philip roared, stepped forward, and kicked out!

Bam!

The kick was too fast and too forceful!

Canon had just raised his head with a cold smile on the corner of his mouth when Philip kicked him. He flew for several meters and hit the wall pillar!

Boom!

The pillar cracked!

Canon collapsed on the ground, clutching his stomach and retching bile!

With a grim face, he exuded a bitter killing intent. Philip walked up to Wynn, squatted down, and gently picked her up. Philip took a few deep breaths as he looked at Wynn who was limp in his arms and covered in injuries.

How dare he hit Wynn!

Canon Clarke actually dared to hit his wife!

The branch family!

All must die!

They must be destroyed!

Annihilate them!

“Cousin Philip, you’re finally home. You’re lucky I didn’t kill them just now. Otherwise, what you’ll see now are just a few corpses.”

Canon got up from the ground tremblingly. He wiped the blood overflowing from the corners of his mouth. With his eyes cold, he looked at Philip who was half-kneeling on the ground with disdain.

The only heir to the Clarke family of Arcadia Island.

Haha, nothing but a good-for-nothing!

After being kicked out of Arcadia Island seven years ago, what right did he have to inherit the Clarke family!

Furthermore, with the family restraining order still in place, he was nothing but a total waste!

This was Canon's assurance for coming here tonight!

Although he was only the sixth young master of the branch family, in his eyes, the young master of the main family who had a restraining order placed on him should not be able to cause any disturbance.

As long as Philip was removed, Canon could then inherit the head position of the branch family before annexing the main family. By then, the entire Clarke family and the entire Arcadia Island would be his!

That was right.

Canon Clarke was conceited, ambitious, and brazen!

However, he had neglected Philip's preparations over the seven years, or rather, he did not understand Philip at all.

The corner of Philip's mouth curled up with an extremely sinister smile. He suddenly raised his head as his pupils exploded with biting killing intent. He said to Canon, "You've crossed my limits. Tonight, no one can take you away! You stay here, kneel down, and apologize to my wife and daughter!"

"You want me to kneel down and apologize to that b*tch and her b*stard?"

Canon smiled contemptuously and said, "Cousin, are you confused? Have you forgotten who you are? Have you forgotten your identity?"

Philip clenched his fists, carried Wynn to the sofa, and glanced at the bodyguards behind Canon. All of them were carefully selected elites from the branch family.

He said grimly, "Today, you'll die a miserable death!"

Canon glanced at Philip in disdain. He really could not understand. For a wastrel who had been driven out of Arcadia Island for seven years, what right did he have to say such a thing!

In Canon's eyes, Philip was just a useless heir of the family!

"Philip, I have to say, after seven years of absence, you're still as pompous as before. This makes it look as if all the children of the Clarke family are as pompous as you. You're atrocious, but that was in the past. It's different now. You've been kicked out of the family and still have the restraining order on you. Based on your current situation, what resources do you have to fight me with?" Canon said angrily, his eyes full of scorn.

As soon as his words fell, the eight bodyguards behind him stood up and surrounded Philip.

Canon continued to speak, "Cousin, listen to my advice. Go back with me and give up your identity as heir. This way, your wife and daughter can be safe. Otherwise, don't blame me for being ruthless. It's not just your wife and daughter. As long as they're the people around you, I'll find them one by one and make them disappear from this world!"

Disappear!

Martha's heart trembled violently when she heard this word!

Who the hell was this man? How dare he say such arrogant words? Was he really not afraid of getting caught?

Too brazen!

Martha was very scared. She would never allow her family to be implicated by Philip. He was nothing but a wretch!

“Philip, why are you still in a daze? Hurry up and go back with him! Don’t cause any more trouble for me and my daughter! From now on, you get out of the Johnston family! I don’t have this son-in-law anymore! My daughter will divorce you too!”

Martha got up from the sofa, pointed at Philip, and shouted.

Chapter 622

It was a rather amusing scene.

Canon burst out laughing and looked at Philip with pity in his eyes. “Oh Phil, you poor thing. Even your own mother-in-law doesn’t acknowledge you. What happened to your old spark and pride? Someone like you is not qualified to inherit the main family’s fortunes!”

“Not qualified, you say?”

Philip’s head was slightly lowered as he looked at Wynn on the couch. “True, I was not qualified to say that the past few years, but...”

All of a sudden, he looked up at Canon with wilful eyes and said angrily, “Mere mites like you will never understand what I truly possess! You will never have the qualifications I do! The main family will always reign above the branches!”

Rage flaring in his eyes, Philip made the first move, going so quickly that Canon never even saw how he did it!

Canon’s gaze shifted. He never thought Philip would be such a good fighter!

But how was that possible?

Canon was stunned as he watched Philip get rid of all the bodyguards he had brought along.

Those men were the best of the best among the family's trainees. Each of them could fight ten men on their own!

Now, however, they were each taken down with a single kick, as feeble and helpless as straw men!

Canon's face was as white as a sheet. He stood there, trembling, too afraid to say a word or even breathe too loudly.

After all, he had just witnessed Philip knocking down the last guard with his own two eyes!

All of the bodyguards laid out on the floor were rendered completely out of action now!

"You... How can you fight like that? Who are you?!"

Canon freaked out, taking several steps back. He looked at Philip in sheer disbelief.

How could this be?

Philip had been chased out of the family and did nothing worthwhile in the past three years. Why was he suddenly such a terrifying fighter?!

"I'm your cousin, Philip Clarke!"

Philip said coldly, taking a few steps toward Canon, who was so scared that his entire body shook.

Finally, Canon wet himself out of fear, falling flat onto his backside. He kept trying to scuttle back and away from Philip, his breathing quick and jagged as he whined, “W-What do you want? I’m the sixth young master and heir to the Clarke branch family, you can’t... you can’t touch me!”

“The sixth young master?”

Philip scoffed, his eyes icy. “So you do remember that you’re just the sixth young master? What right do you have to challenge me on my turf? What right do you have to hit my wife and daughter? You’re forcing me to kill you here!”

Bam!

Philip lashed out his foot and kicked Canon right in the chest!

Pshh!

A spray of blood erupted from Canon’s mouth. He felt like he had broken a few ribs, that piercing pain so intense he could barely catch his breath!

“Have you forgotten the family rules? What should you do when you meet an heir from the main family, huh?!”

Philip roared!

Canon held his chest, blood leaking from the corners of his mouth and he laughed coldly.

“Haha, do you really think I’m scared of you? Look outside, look who’s out there!”

Canon had long since ordered his personal bodyguard to stand by outside. The man had stayed with him since childhood!

As he looked at the door and at the figure appearing from the shadows, his lips spread into a bloodthirsty grin. He howled at Philip, "No matter how good you are, Philip, even if you did manage to take everyone else I brought, do you really think you can defeat him?!"

Canon's heart grew colder and more ruthless. Looking at the shadow approaching them, he yelled, "Kill his wife and daughter!"

However!

The shadow Canon was looking at did not move. He was dragging someone else like a ragdoll behind him!

Crash!

The figure at the doorway threw a limp body toward Canon, sending it rolling on the ground lifelessly!

Canon's eyes widened in shock. The man that had been thrown into the room, his limbs all broken and useless, was none other than his personal bodyguard!

N-No way!

Canon looked up abruptly and finally saw that the shadow was not his subordinate at all. It was a handsome man he did not know.

"Young Master, this guy had been hiding in the shadows for a while now, so I just got rid of him while I was out there."

Rick said calmly. His brow was deeply furrowed as he looked around the room.

Philip never once looked behind him, his cold eyes still fixed on Canon. "Who told you to come here?!"

“What, are you saying you have the guts to kill me? The first family rule is that members of the family must not kill each other. If you dare to take my life, you will definitely be kicked out of the main family forever! You will no longer be their heir, and they’ll even remove your name from the family tree! You will be reduced to nothing!”

Canon threw his head back and laughed even as he coughed blood.

The audacity of it all!

He behaved so arrogantly even with the threat of death looming over his head.

Philip’s eyes gradually grew colder as he stared at Canon. “Are you sure I won’t kill you?!”

Chapter 623

His eyes were ice-cold!

His murderous aura filled the room!

Philip kept staring at Canon, approaching him one step at a time. He grabbed Canon by the collar and lifted him from the ground, saying coolly, “Since you don’t care about your own life, Canon Clarke, why do I think I would care?”

Canon looked up, blood leaking from his mouth. He said wildly, “Haha, don’t sound so scary, Phil. If you really have the balls to do it, you would have done it by now. You’re just trying to scare me. As if you actually dare to kill me! Would you really be willing to give up your inheritance?”

Canon’s bluster came directly from his knowledge of the family rules.

He knew that members of the family were not allowed to kill each other!

“Do you think I care about the family rules?”

Philip said all of a sudden, his eyes filled with a brutal bloodlust!

Ba-thump!

Canon shuddered when he saw the look in Philip's eyes. Stuttering slightly, he said, "W-What are you doing?"

Philip responded with a punch right into Canon's gut!

That single punch sent Canon's innards into an upheaval. He vomited a torrent of blood!

Bam!

Philip then kicked him one more time!

The kick landed on Canon's stomach. Add that to the previous kick, and Canon had broken five or six ribs!

By now, Canon was lying on the ground like a dead dog. It hurt to even talk, and every time he panted, he could taste blood.

"Y-You... can't kill me! I'm the sixth young master of the branch family!"

Canon forced the words out through his teeth, watching in horror as Philip stalked toward him, his expression cold and his fist clenched.

Right now, Canon finally smelled death in the air!

Philip really did dare to kill him!

“Canon Clarke, you hurt my wife and my daughter. You challenge my limits over and over, so even if you are an heir to the branch family, I will kill you today. No one can save you!”

Philip said coldly, swinging his fist!

That punch was a culmination of his overflowing fury.

Canon’s pupils dilated and he watched as that clenched fist approached his face. He wailed, “Grandpa, save me! Save me!”

All of a sudden!

A cold voice barked from the door!

“Stop! Who dares hurt my grandson!”

An old man in a gray suit suddenly appeared at the villa door, with more than ten bodyguards standing at attention behind him. All of them looked at the scene in the living room, unblinking.

The old man had white hair, a frosty expression, a hooked nose, and a sharp gaze. He held his hands behind his back, looking imposing in his silence. He had the air of a long-time ruler.

Also, Giada Wallis was standing next to him!

She wore a long white gown and held a royal Persian cat with heterochromia in her arms. There was the ghost of a cool smile playing on her lips.

Philip’s fist froze in mid-air. The moment he turned around, he saw that old man.

Canon was elated to see that old man. He thought he was saved, so he yelled at the top of his lungs, tears and snot flowing freely. “Grandpa, you’re finally here! Quick, you gotta teach this trash a lesson!”

He hit a fellow family member and even tried to kill me! You must punish him severely, Grandpa! In fact, get all the elders from the enforcement hall to strip him of his status!”

Canon wailed, full of emotion.

“Philip Clarke! How dare you break the rules right in front of me! You’re disrespecting the family rules and harming your own family! According to the rules, you should be kicked out of the main family and disowned!”

The old man held his hands behind his back, glancing at the battered Canon on the floor before addressing Philip coldly.

That cursed Philip, how dare he so flagrantly flout the rules! He was blatantly disrespecting his great-uncle here!

Philip frowned deeply. He never expected someone from the enforcement hall to appear here at Riverdale!

He then glanced at Giada. Was it because of what happened with Uncle Tim?

“What’s the matter? Shouldn’t you greet me, Philip?”

Gerard Clarke said without warmth, his hands still behind his back and his expression full of ice.

He was a representative from the Clarke family enforcement hall!

There were ten members in the enforcement hall, all carefully chosen from the main and branch families. They were all influential elders from within the family who followed the family rules to the T!

At the same time, they represented the family’s image and influence to some extent.

That was why most members of the family were terrified of them like mice afraid of cats.

Just the slightest violation of the family rules could result in three months of solitary confinement!

Solitary confinement under the Clarke family enforcement hall was nothing short of a nightmare.

“Great-uncle Gerard.”

Philip raised his brow but eventually greeted Gerard anyway.

Only then did Gerard walk in. He looked at Canon, who was still lying on the floor, and then turned to Philip, his voice icy. “You hurt a member of the family. Do you still remember the seventeenth family rule? Are you reciting the rules every day?”

Philip’s gaze gradually grew colder as Gerard pressed him forcefully.

This old man was clearly trying to accuse him of a crime, by hook or by crook.

“Won’t you ask me why I beat him up, Great-uncle?”

Philip asked coldly, fury flaring in his chest.

Fury aimed at Gerard Clarke.

Chapter 624

This shameless, senile old fool!

These geezers in the enforcement hall were mostly fossils frozen dead in their thinking.

Gerard just gave Wynn and Mila a cool look, as though they did not even warrant thinking about. “So what if Canon beat up a useless woman and a bastard child? You’re an heir to the Clarke family fortune,

yet you disrespected the family rules. You're disrespecting me, your great-uncle, the family rules, and the branch family!"

He gave no inch whatsoever.

He pelted Philip with a barrage of questions!

The atmosphere was sub-zero and on the verge of exploding into chaos!

Philip's gaze was completely cold now. For the first time, he was infuriated at this elder of his!

Gerard was being ridiculous here!

He was just nonchalantly accusing Philip of so many charges.

He was despicable, just like his grandson!

Philip's silence incensed Gerard further, and the old man continued, "Philip Clarke, starting from now, I sentence you to three months in solitary confinement. You must head to your cell right now. At the same time, you will cut off all your ties here. We will handle your wife and child as we see fit."

Solitary confinement?

They were going to 'handle' his wife and child?

Philip burst out laughing. Well, well! So this was his great-uncle from the enforcement hall, so this was the branch family!

They thought he was a pushover!

“I advise you to think things through, Philip. If you dare to go against my orders, if you dare to go against the enforcement hall, you know very well what fate awaits you. Even if you don’t care about yourself, you should think about your wife and child!”

Gerard said coolly, his threat barely veiled.

Philip frowned deeply, looking at Wynn and Mila, who were still lying on the couch. His heart burned with rage!

Rick had been standing next to him the entire time, locked and loaded. The moment his young master gave the order, nobody here was leaving the house alive!

Right now, Rick was surprisingly angry. He had never seen branch family members act so shamelessly before!

Giada just watched the entire thing without a word, playing with the cat in her arms.

When Philip still did not say anything, Gerard sneered and gestured at the guards behind him. “Take Master Canon home.”

As soon as he said that, the guards boldly walked into the living room, picked Canon up, and strode out of the living room.

When Canon walked past Philip, he stopped and held his chest, taunting Philip with a chuckle. “Oh Philip, my dearest cousin! You’re the main family’s only heir, right? You want to kill me in revenge, didn’t you? You do whatever you like, right? So why are you staying still and quiet, like a well-behaved dog? Look at your wife and kid. I beat them up! Hahahaha, but you won’t do anything to me? You useless trash!”

Canon jeered at Philip openly, no longer afraid at all.

Would Philip dare to do anything funny while Canon’s grandfather was right here?

Of course not!

As he said that, Canon coughed violently a few times and then glared at Wynn and Mila. “Those two b*tches over there, just you wait! I will definitely kill you one day!”

After that, Canon slowly walked out of the living room with the guards’ help.

Gerard did not linger for long, either. Before he left, he told Philip, “You had better watch yourself. I will definitely report today’s incident to the enforcement hall, so you should best be prepared.”

With that, he turned around and made to leave with the others.

Just then!

Philip had been silent the entire time, but now he clenched his fists until they turned purple!

He suddenly raised his head, his eyes shining coldly as he stared at Canon and Gerard, who were trying to leave the living room. He barked, “Anyone who dares to step out of this villa today will die!”

As soon as Philip said that, several dozen black saloon cars surrounded the entire First Palace of Longford Park!

Leading the fleet was Theo Zander’s signature ride, a black Maybach!

Swoosh!

The doors to the several dozen black cars opened at once, and a hoard of thugs in black suits streamed out of the cars, all of them armed to the teeth!

Theo stepped forth and took off his hat, striding toward the villa.

In an instant, the dozens of thugs in suits surrounded the yard around the villa completely!

Gerard and the others gave a jolt when they saw the formation, turning around to glare at Philip. "What are you trying to pull, Philip!"

Philip was now kneeling on one knee in front of the couch, caressing Wynn and Mila gently. He gestured to Theo's men who had entered the villa, telling them, "Take them to the hospital."

Wynn looked at Philip dazedly, a tear flowing down her cheek as she murmured, "Don't be rash, honey..."

Even now, Wynn was still worried about Philip.

She could tell by now that Philip's family situation was very complicated.

"Don't worry, it's fine. I know what I'm doing."

Philip chuckled lightly and watched as his subordinates took Wynn and Mila away. Once they were gone, his eyes turned bright red, his rage exploding!

He took one step at a time, each footstep clicking on the brick floor like a piano concerto of death, striking deep into the hearts of Gerard and the others.

He was terrifying!

"As the heir to the main family, I, Philip Clarke, officially issue the branch family belonging to Gerard Clarke a banishment order! Anyone who defies said order will be killed without exception!"

Philip said coldly. He had a seal in his hand and held it up in the air, barking, "Who dares to defy the Sovereignty Seal!!!"

Chapter 625

As soon as he gave the order!

Everyone was stunned!

Gerard and the others, and even Giada, had all turned pale!

That was the Sovereignty Seal!

The actual Sovereignty Seal!

Damn it!

That cursed Tim Clarke had given Philip something as important as the Sovereignty Seal!

That threw Gerard for a loop. His gaze sharpened and turned cold.

He never expected a small fry like Philip to have the Sovereignty Seal with him. That was a trump card that could control the family's armed forces at will!

It was the family's ace in the hole!

Giada could not keep her calm any longer either. Her expression was cold and her gaze faltering as she stared at the jade ring in Philip's hands!

She had been lusting after that item for such a long time, but she never once guessed that Tim had long since given it to Philip!

Curses!

“How dare you, Philip! This is absurd! Do you really think you can cast my family out of the Clarke estate with just the Sovereignty Seal? In your dreams! I am your great-uncle! Your grandfather’s brother! I am Gerard Clarke of the branch family! A permanent member of the enforcement hall!”

Gerard was furious, roaring at Philip angrily.

Was he not worried?

Of course he was!

Canon was spooked too. Since he was a child, he had always known what the Sovereignty Seal meant. It was practically the equivalent of an ancient war horn!

With a single sound of its signal, it could mobilize armies of millions!

Such was its power!

“What should we do, Grandpa? H-He has the Sovereignty Seal! We’re screwed, we’re done for! Our family is done for!”

Canon was in a right panic, his forehead drenched in sweat as the guards propped him up.

He had once heard about how Tim Clarke used the Sovereignty Seal to exterminate the entire underground scene in another country. The man had proceeded to take over that small nation all by himself!

“Shut up! Stand properly. You’re my grandson, so what are you afraid of? I want to see what right he has to banish our entire branch today! We are members of the same family!”

Gerard said coolly, his gaze frosty and his lips curved into a vicious smile.

By now, Theo had surrounded First Palace with his men, filling the interior and exterior of the villa with his thugs in suits!

“The preparations are complete, Mr. Clarke.”

Theo said respectfully, standing next to Philip. His gaze shone as he glanced at the people they were standing off against.

He had received the order out of the blue, so he had to call his men in a hurry and rush over here.

“However, Tiger is seriously wounded. We have already sent him to the hospital.”

Theo continued his report. Tiger had been patrolling the villa recently.

In other words, Tiger had evidently failed to report this incident tonight fast enough. The enemy must have taken him down too quickly and decisively.

Philip nodded, his eyes void of warmth. His brow was deeply furrowed and his gaze shining with waves of rage as he stared at Gerard and said, “What right do I have, you ask? I am the heir to the main family and the wielder of this Sovereignty Seal. With those alone, I will banish your entire branch from the family today!”

Philip was infuriated. Gerard was from the branch family, and although he was Philip’s great-uncle, he had still gone way too far this time!

After all, Wynn and their daughter Mila had just suffered such torture. There was no way he could sit still after that!

So what if he killed them?

So what if he broke the family rules and ended up under investigation by the enforcement hall?

Today, he was determined to show those lurking in the shadows what the price of angering him was!

What the consequences of hurting his wife and child would be!

The guards Gerard had brought along were all perfectly silent right now!

All their lives, they had been hand-picked from the ranks and followed their masters' orders to the letter.

Now that the Sovereignty Seal was in play, they had no choice. They had to stand quietly to the side.

The Sovereignty Seal was the representation of Roger Clarke's authority!

Just then, Giada broke her silence and stepped forth, her eyes cold. "I advise you to stop there, Philip. You should know that Gerard is a member of the enforcement hall. He represents the Clarke family rules. What you're doing won't do you any good!"

Giada only wanted to call someone from the enforcement hall here to come to Riverdale and give Tim a rap on the wrist. She never thought Gerard's grandson, Canon, would come to First Palace and make such a scene!

The boy had no limits to his arrogance!

After all, Philip was still the main family's heir. How could a mere son of a branch family be so reckless?!

The boy even hurt Wynn and Mila!

Giada had long since known that Wynn and Mila were Philip's landmines!

He would never stop until he avenged them!

As she spoke, Giada gave Canon a cold look. The boy was nothing more than a brainless trust fund kid.

His presence in the branch family was an insult to their name and honor!

Chapter 626

"Are you going to meddle in this, Giada? I suggest you reconsider before you do! I'm not implicating you in this because you're Giada Wallis, from the Wallis family. But if you dare to get in my way today, the Wallises will no longer have any reason to exist!"

Philip turned around, his gaze piercingly cold as he stared at Giada intently.

His eyes shone with a warning and killing intent!

They made Giada shudder. She had never felt such a cold murderous aura from Philip before!

It was almost scarier than his father, Roger's!

That was right!

Philip's killing aura was unmatched!

Giada had no choice. She glanced at Gerard and then reached out her slender hand, where she also wore an antique jade ring.

She said coolly, "You're not the only one with a Sovereignty Seal, Philip. I have one too. Our seals may mean different things, but right here and now, they have the same effect."

She continued, "Heed my order, oh guards of the Clarkes. Protect Gerard Clarke's family with your lives. If Philip Clarke insists on his reckless behavior, he shall violate the third major family rule. Those who kill

other members of the family with abandon must have their limbs broken, and then they must be dragged back to the family shrine!"

The temperature in the villa instantly dropped to sub-zero!

The guards who did not dare to move before now received their orders, all taking a protective stance by carefully surrounding Gerard and the others, shielding the latter with their bodies!

Gerard chuckled to himself and said cockily, "Philip, since this is your first violation of the rules, I can put your actions today behind me. Shall we forget this ever happened?"

Gerard knew that things would not end well for him today, especially since Philip had the Sovereignty Seal. It would not be worth it if the situation erupted into a full-on bloodbath.

That was why he decided to compromise.

However, Philip laughed coldly. "Didn't you hear me? I said, today I'll be getting rid of your family, once and for all!"

As soon as he said that, the dozens of thugs Theo had brought to the villa pulled their batons from their waists in an instant!

Swoosh!

They all moved in unison!

The air was tense with the promise of violence!

Even Giada barked coldly, "Don't you dare, Philip!"

She never expected things to get this messy either!

Did he really dare to go so far?

That was the question on Gerard's and Giada's minds right now!

They watched, wide-eyed, as Philip held up his hand and then swung it down like a sword. "Take them down!" he roared.

That very moment, Giada and the others finally felt the full extent of Philip's rage from the fury in his voice.

He was serious this time!

He was really going to ignore Giada's Sovereignty Seal and the family rules!

"Philip, you brat, don't you dare! You're disrespecting the family rules and the branch families! You have no right to inherit the main family! Once I get back, I'll definitely strip you of your status as heir!"

Gerard howled, utterly infuriated!

However, it did not matter what he said. It was no use!

Theo's men swarmed them and instantly engaged Gerard's guards!

The scene was exceptionally brutal!

Although Theo's men were impressive in their own right, they were slightly weaker than Gerard's guards.

The difference in individual ability was nevertheless overcome by sheer numbers.

As a result, both sides sustained losses, but after a skirmish lasting several dozen minutes, Gerard's guards were all subdued!

Even Gerard himself was forced to kneel on the grass, his hands trapped behind his back under Rick's iron grip!

Next to him, Giada was not exactly having the time of her life either, but she had her personal female assistant to protect her, so she at least managed to maintain her cool and graceful appearance.

Philip just looked at Vivian and Giada behind her coolly.

He did not intend to remove Giada just yet.

In that case, he might as well give her a good look at what he was capable of!

Philip took a few steps forth, slowly approaching Gerard. He looked at his great-uncle, so prideful just a second ago, from above and said coldly, "Gerard Clarke, as the heir to the main family, I officially issue you a banishment order! You, Gerard Clarke, are hereby banished from the Clarke family! Your branch must leave Arcadia within three days, and those who resist will be killed without exception!"

As soon as he said that, Philip took the baton Theo offered and smashed it down hard. Right then and there, he shattered all of Gerard and Canon's limbs!

Their bones were reduced to dust!

They were rendered immobile for life!

Ahhh!

The screams would not stop!

Gerard crumpled onto the grass like a sack of potatoes, his body convulsing from the pain.

He cursed, "You will go to hell, Philip! How dare you treat my family like this! Be prepared to face the wrath of the branch families! The enforcement hall won't forgive you for this!"

Gerard was filled with hatred!

One wrong step, and he had lost everything!

"Is that so? Well then, watch me destroy your entire branch!"

Philip said icily, his eyes betraying his cold viciousness.

Chapter 627

Nevertheless, Philip knew no fear as he looked at Canon frostily.

Right now, Canon's limbs had been completely shattered. He wept tragically and pleaded for mercy, "Phil, cousin, please don't kill me! I'm sorry, I'm so sorry."

He was scared of dying!

Canon had never expected to be so close to death one day.

Philip was a demon for ignoring the family rules and Giada's Sovereignty Seal.

"Kill you?"

Philip chuckled coldly. "I won't kill you. I'll make you live the rest of your life as trash, begging on the streets. I want you to live every minute and every second in regret and pain!"

With that, he sneered, "Throw him onto the streets and make sure he can only beg for a living. He must never take a single step out of Riverdale!"

“Yes, sir!”

Theo nodded.

After that, Philip turned to Gerard and continued, “Do you know what your biggest mistake was, Great-uncle? It was thinking that I was nothing in the seven years since I left the family, thinking that I can’t do anything to you. Well, you’re wrong there. To me, even the Clarkes aren’t a hundredth bit as important as my wife Wynn and daughter Mila!

“Send him back to Arcadia and show the branch families what happens to those who cross me. At the same time, tell them that anyone who tries to touch my friends and family will suffer the same consequences!”

Finally, Philip turned his gaze to Giada.

Meanwhile, there was a small island in the distant seas...

Arcadia!

The entire island was created by nature and renovated by man. The whole process involved vast amounts of money and manpower!

It was shrouded in mystery!

It was almost a myth at this point!

Other than the members of the Clarke family, nobody in the world knew the exact coordinates of the island’s location!

The island itself was built like a fortress!

The very center of the island was a castle on the mountain peak. It was pure white, extremely extravagant, and surrounded by clouds. That was where the island's center of authority, the very emblem of Arcadia itself!

No building in the world could compare!

The castle was built from scratch for one woman and for her alone.

She was a woman of unspeakable beauty, whose grace put the stars to shame-- Charlotte Larson!

Right now!

Somewhere on the island, several dozen teams of armed guards gathered in formation. All of them wore the same uniforms, berets, combat boots, guns, goggles, and night vision equipment. There was the same symbol of a golden island and a floating sword embroidered on all their chests!

The leader had a golden star on his shoulder patch!

His eyes were sharp, like that of a leopard hunting at night. He swept his gaze across the several dozen teams of almost a hundred men.

“Everyone, listen up! We must obey Master Clarke's orders upon his Sovereignty Seal and banish Gerard Clarke's family from this island. Remove them all, and those who object must be killed!”

The man barked coldly, his voice especially loud in the night!

Even so, it was barely more than a bee's buzz on this huge island.

“Move out! Complete the mission ASAP! We must take down Gerard Clarke from the branch family no matter what it takes!”

In an instant, the special forces, almost a hundred strong, all rushed to a certain area on the island, armed to the teeth.

The place they were headed was brightly lit, with all the riches and vices one could imagine. There were several dozen mansions, small castles, even karaoke parlors, bars, and other entertainment!

It was practically a small city!

That just showed the true financial prowess of the island inhabitants and the power held by the area's masters.

This was the territory of Gerard Clarke's branch family here on Arcadia!

The teams of special forces brought their guns under the cover of night and wove through the streets, all equipped with night-vision goggles. They moved in unison according to orders, just like SWAT teams would operate in the movies!

Gerard's descendants playing on the streets and even their servants were all stunned to see the soldiers who appeared out of nowhere!

“Hey! Who are you lot? Who gave you permission to be here?”

One of the more arrogant young heirs, one of Gerard's descendants, rudely yelled at the armed special forces.

They recognized their family's guards well enough.

The question was, why were their armed guards suddenly here in the branch family territory?!

They did not seem to be here to play, either!

“Daheck?! They’re ignoring Master Jean!”

“What’s with that attitude? They’re probably here for a military drill, right? So what if you’re with the main family? You’re still servants!”

The inhabitants of the area instantly turned on the guards, their expressions filled with contempt.

The young man with a hot woman in each arm, the one they called Master Jean, sneered as he said, “Well, well, how dare the main family’s guard dogs intrude onto Master Gerard’s land! You’re asking for a beating here!”

As he spoke, Jean let go of the scantily-dressed women’s slender waists and then sauntered up to the armed special forces!

“Hey, guard doggies, cat got your tongue? Don’t you know me, your Master Jean?”

Chapter 628

While Jean taunted the guards, he repeatedly turned around to show off to his cousins.

“C’mon! Shoot me if you have the balls!”

Jean was drunk and fearless right now, pointing to his head as he challenged the guards.

The captain in charge had already raised his gun and was looking through his scope. “We received orders to remove Gerard Clarke’s family branch from Arcadia. Get down on the ground and put your hands behind your head! If you disobey, we will shoot to kill!”

Shoot to kill?!

His declaration made the young branch family heirs and heiresses turn pale.

Jean was taken aback too, but then he laughed wildly. “Hey hey hey, have those helmets given you guys concussions or something? The nerve of you to say something like that! You want to banish our family?”

“Yeah, what a joke! Know your place, how dare you address your masters like that!”

“You’re just a pack of guard dogs, remember that!”

“Notify the branch family guards, chase them out of here!”

The young masters and ladies began to riot.

Jean was used to having his way, so he sauntered up to the armed guards and barked at them, “Let’s see you try to chase me out today! Go on! Shoot!”

His angry roar sent his peers’ hearts ablaze!

“Wow, Master Jean, you’re amazing!”

“I love you, Master Jean! I want your babebs!”

“Jean, Jean, Jean!”

The beautiful young models who were brought onto the island whooped and cheered, waving their fair slender arms.

Bam!

All of a sudden!

There was the bang of a gun!

The rioting masses instantly fell silent!

Bathump!

As they watched, Jean fell onto his back, his rancor from earlier silenced forever!

There was a bullet hole in the middle of his forehead, and his eyes stared blankly into the sky.

The young and handsome Master Jean did not even know why he died.

“Ah!”

Everyone immediately panicked and scattered to the winds!

These young sons, daughters, and daughters-in-law of the branch family had never before seen the main family's armed guards shoot dead a branch family young master like that!

“Proceed according to orders. Banish them all, and any who resist will be killed on the spot!”

The next moment, the armed guards all surged forward and pressed their targets onto the ground!

The same scene repeated itself countless times in this area, throughout the night.

Within half an hour, the hundred or so of Clarke's men had gathered all of Gerard's descendants from the outskirts to a small plaza at the center of the area!

Just then, there were several armed helicopters hovering in the air above the plaza, their floodlights on and shining down on the plaza!

The roar of the motors and the gusts of wind they blew about made it feel as though they were brewing an actual storm on these grounds.

At the same time, in Gerard's branch family's ancestral hall!

“What?! Master Philip ordered the banishment of our entire branch?!”

An old man with a cane in the hall flew into a rage, roaring, “That foolish rascal! How dare he turn on his own family! Ridiculous, how utterly absurd! Mobilize the guards right now! If anyone dares to touch us, it'll be an all-out war!”

The old man was Graham Clarke, Gerard's oldest brother and a family leader from the same generation!

“That measly brat, does he think our generation is powerless against him?!”

Graham was furious, slamming his cane onto the brick floor!

Just then, a servant ran into the hall in a hurry, falling onto his knees and wailing, “Old Master, Old Master! This is bad, what a tragedy! Master Jean, he...”

“What? What happened to Jean?”

Graham's heart shook. He had a bad feeling about this.

“Master Jean was shot dead!”

The servant sobbed, rubbing away his tears.

“What?!”

Graham was shocked. He leaped out of his armchair, his eyes bright with an endless rage as he roared, "Philip, that foolish boy! The damage he has done to our family's future! Curse him! Curse him to hell!

"Men, gather all the power our generation has and get out there! I want you to storm the main family and demand an explanation!

"I won't rest until I've killed that useless boy! I need to avenge my dear grandson Jean!"

Chapter 629

Graham Clarke's branch family was in a complete uproar!

Soon after Graham gave his orders, another servant rushed into the hall and fell on their knees, weeping, "Old Master Graham! Old Master Gerard and Young Master have been grievously wounded and rendered immobile!"

Whoosh!

This piece of tragic news once more took Graham off-guard. He lost his balance and fell back onto his armchair, fighting to catch his breath!

He only recovered slightly when a servant hurriedly offered him some medicine.

"That b*stard, that little b*stard! Why do we have such an unfilial son in our ranks! The main family is doomed, I say, doomed!"

Graham cried at the top of his lungs and then slowly struggled to his feet like a man twice his age. He leaned on his black dragon cane and smashed it into the marble floor, barking, "Heed my orders! Gather all of our forces immediately and storm the main family! I will go to the enforcement hall now and request their intervention. We must make that useless brat pay, an eye for an eye!"

With those orders, everyone else hurried out of the fortress-like mansion.

All of Graham's generation's forces from the branch family leaped into action at once!

From above, one could see hundreds of guards in black, all armed to the teeth and gathered at the open space outside Graham's hall!

They were locked and ready to move out!

Inside the hall, Graham sat in his armchair, looking at Jean's corpse at his feet. His eyes glistened with tears.

He survived his own grandson!

That was a tragedy that he could not tolerate, not as the leader of this branch. He must make them pay!

Just as he was about to walk out of the hall, however...

A man in a black assassin's suit suddenly appeared at the door. He wore a large cap and a mask, revealing only his eyes.

His gaze was cold, heartless, and filled with contempt.

The only eye-catching thing about him was the golden insignia at his collar.

It was a short dagger!

The symbol of the Shadow Squadron!

He was part of the Shadow Squadron, the master of the family Roger Clarke's elite guard!

There were only thirty-six members of the entire squadron, and they only obeyed Roger himself!

Every master of the family could establish their own Shadow Squadron!

The man's appearance sent a shudder through Graham's body, and his presence immediately weakened slightly.

The Shadow Squadron was close to the center of authority here. They were just like a dagger who could pierce the heart of any enemy!

The organization itself was extremely mysterious.

Even the other men of the Clarke family had never seen the members' true faces.

Swoosh!

The man raised his hand and shot out a sun-shaped flying dagger with thirteen spikes. It quickly and decisively grazed Graham's ear, sinking into the white wall behind him.

"The master's orders. Master Graham's branch family must not resist. The master will deal with this matter fairly, and make sure justice is served for your branch. As such, Old Master Graham, kindly do not take a step out of this castle."

The man hidden in the darkness conveyed his message.

He was cold.

There was no other way to describe it.

The moment he spoke, the temperature in the hall plunged by several dozen degrees.

It was bone-piercingly cold.

The corners of Graham's mouth shook. He was frustrated, slamming his black dragon cane onto the ground as he said icily, "That brat Philip maimed my brother and great-nephew, and he even killed my grandson. I will avenge them!"

"He ignored the first family rule and hurt other members of the family. He has no right to inherit the main family!"

Graham was furious, his red scarlet!

The figure in front of him continued, "Gerard and Canon Clarke deserved that punishment. So what if they were maimed? They hurt Master Philip's wife and daughter, so logically their entire families should be exterminated. Nevertheless, the master has stated that he would prefer to let bygones be bygones, since we are all a family, after all. The master will judge the fairness of this matter, so please do not disobey his orders, Old Master Graham."

With that, the stranger disappeared from the hall, leaving Graham stunned and alone inside.

Graham clenched his hands into fists, sparks of anger flying from his eyes. Through gritted teeth, he said, "So that's your decision! Roger Clarke!"

Several minutes later, in the castle above the clouds at the very heart of Arcadia.

"How did it go?"

The voice was old and weak, its owner clearly on his deathbed.

"The deed is done, Master."

The person in the shadows replied.

“Alright. Send Seventeen to Riverdale, tell them to follow Phil until he returns here. The rest will be his to settle.”

“Yes, Master.”

Chapter 630

“How are the branch families reacting?”

“The head of the branch family already brought his men over, but the Fourth Madam persuaded him to leave. The head of the enforcement hall should be here soon too. After this, members of the branch families and enforcement hall will probably keep streaming into Riverdale to trouble Young Master Philip. After all, he did go too far this time. He ignored the rules and even...”

Cough cough.

There was a bout of coughing, followed by slightly quiet panting.

“I see. I’ll leave the matters on the island to the Fourth Madam for now. You... Cough cough, go to Fernvale and convey this message...”

Back at Riverdale, at First Palace of Longford Park.

Philip looked at Giada coldly, approaching her one step at a time.

Right now, Vivian was like a feral kitten with all her hackles up, protecting Giada with her life.

“Do you dare get in my way?”

Philip said icily, his gaze completely devoid of warmth!

Vivian was beyond surprised!

She always thought Philip was just a rich young heir who did not pose much of a threat. Right now, however, she could clearly sense an endless ocean of ruthlessness and killing intent coming from him!

The pressure he was emanating snuffed out any intentions she might have of fighting back!

“I-if you dare to hurt the madam, I’ll definitely kill you!”

Vivian said stubbornly, gritting her teeth and flashing a gleaming dagger.

The moment she spoke, however, someone appeared next to her and stabbed his knee into her body, sending her flying far away. She tumbled forward and was instantly forced down.

Rick gripped her slender wrists as her dagger clattered to the floor.

He had her pinned down to the ground!

“Let go of me! I’ll kill you!”

Vivian raged, but her struggles were useless.

Rick smiled faintly. “A girl like you shouldn’t play with knives. Shall we have a nice long talk about our lives and dreams?”

“Scram!”

Vivian barked.

Philip ignored them, keeping his cold gaze trained on Giada. “What will you do now?”

Giada did not reply to his question, saying coolly, "Do you know what you've done, Philip? You're lighting the fuse between the main and branch families. You're starting a war! If the branch family's wrath descends upon you, forget me, you won't be able to withstand their ire either! When that happens, you will drag Wynn and Mila into this too!"

Philip had gone too far!

How could he do something like that?!

He was setting up his own destruction!

"Haha." Philip chuckled softly. "Everyone thinks I'm useless. The branch family especially assumed that I'll be easy to handle since I was away from the family for seven years and lost my foundations. But there's one thing they're forgetting, and that's the fact that I'm the main family's only heir. That is an unchangeable fact!"

Giada did not say anything, her gaze dark.

Philip played with his jade thumb ring and continued, "To everyone else, the Sovereignty Seal is one of its kind in the world, something that represents all our assets in one. To you and me, though, it's merely a ring, nothing more than a weapon. I won't obey its summonses, and neither will you. It's too early for you to try and subdue me with it, Giada Wallis!"

"Haha, Philip Clarke, your head is grown too big for your own shoes! What happened today goes beyond a petty squabble between you and me. Remember, you've insulted the branch families, the enforcement hall! Let's see how you deal with the consequences!"

Giada said coldly, her expression growing darker.

She had underestimated Philip for seven years. She never thought he would grow so quickly in that time!

He was overwhelming!

Far too overwhelming!

Philip smiled faintly and said, "Oh, don't worry about me. After this, I'm turning my sights onto you."

He was talking about the Michaels family from Golden City!

It was time he defanged them.

Giada frowned slightly when she heard that, then her lips curved into a smile. "So you're coming after me now? Well, I look forward to it."

With that, Giada turned around and left with her subordinates.

After she left, Martha, who had been hiding in the house the entire time, finally crept out of her hiding place.

She was very shaken and terrified.

After she witnessed just how vicious Philip could be earlier, she grew even more panicked.

It was not as though she had never seen that side of him before.

However, his actions tonight left too much of an impact on her.

Martha carefully walked up behind Philip and asked, "Um, Philip, are all these people your friends?"

She pointed at Theo's men.

She knew Theo Zander, since they had met several times now.

Philip looked at her expressionlessly and simply ignored her. Right now, he wanted to visit Wynn and Mila at the hospital.

Martha saw that he was leaving and yelled at his back anxiously, “W-Who are they? And who are you? Are you really my son-in-law, Philip?”

He used to be so worthless, so why did his capabilities now seem so limitless?

Philip turned around and looked at Martha coolly, asking, “Do you want to know I am?”

Chapter 631

Martha was terrified. Philip’s gaze was eerie, looking directly at her.

What did he mean by that?

“I hope you watch your step from now on.”

Philip said coldly before turning and leaving First Palace. He got into Theo’s car and headed for the hospital.

Now Martha was standing alone in the villa, watching in a fluster as the crowd dispersed.

That damned Philip, what was he being so high-and-mighty for?

What did they even mean by the main and branch families?

Martha’s chest felt tight with fear and panic.

Philip’s last words to her gave her an especially inexplicable feeling.

Was it a warning?

Meanwhile, Philip arrived at the hospital and immediately ran to the wards. When he saw Wynn lying in bed and resting, his heart finally settled back in his chest.

He sat on the side of the bed and gently touched Wynn's fair forehead. The wound on her face was still so gruesome to behold.

That cursed branch family!

The flames of rage still burned in Philip's chest.

Wynn opened her eyes. The moment she saw Philip, her gaze filled with tenderness and reliance. "All settled?"

Philip nodded and apologized to her. "I'm sorry, Wynn. I got you into my mess."

Wynn propped herself up and smiled at him. "It's fine. You're my husband, so we should face these difficulties together."

Philip held her delicate little hand tightly, his heart overflowing with gratitude. Tears welled in his eyes. "Thank you for your understanding, Wynn. I may be your husband, but I feel like I've failed in that role all this while. There are a lot of things I can't tell you right now, so I hope you'll be patient with me for a while longer."

Wynn reached out her hand and patted his head, smiling gently. "I believe you, Philip. I'm your wife and Mila is your daughter. We'll support you and have your back, no matter what."

Wynn loved this man. She always had.

Yes, they had fought before, and she once considered divorce.

However, she never went through with it. She would rather fight with her own family, all to get out of divorcing him for now.

After all, she always believed that he would change someday.

Now, he had changed so much, becoming someone strong enough for her to rely on. She now knew what it felt like to rest on her husband's dependable back.

That was why she believed him.

“Wynn, if one day I lose everything, will you divorce me?”

Philip suddenly looked up and asked.

Wynn replied without hesitation, “No.”

The two of them exchanged a glance full of tender love.

After a while, Philip stood up to go and check on Mila.

When he saw the wound on his daughter's face, Philip's rage continued to burn ceaselessly.

They asked the doctor and confirmed that both Wynn and her unborn child were fine. Just in case, however, she had to stay at the hospital for a few more days.

Later, Philip visited Tiger in his hospital room. The man was sound asleep, snoring away.

Theo smiled rather helplessly. “I hope you won't hold it against Tiger, Mr. Clarke. The enemy was just strong, he was no match.”

Philip shook his head and said, "It's alright. Just take good care of him."

About an hour later, Tim rushed over to the hospital, his expression cold as ice. He checked on Wynn and Mila for a while before exploding into a fit of rage. "That cursed branch family, they just won't sit still! I'll go back right now and wipe them out!"

Tim was furious. He had been overseas for work lately and had just returned to Riverdale when he heard the news from his subordinate. It set him off immediately!

Philip hurriedly stopped Tim before the latter could leave. "It's alright, Uncle Tim. The matter is resolved now."

"Resolved? No way! The branch family thought too highly of themselves! How dare they hurt my niece-in-law and great-niece! I'll kill them!"

Tim was furious, with the air of an ancient conqueror ready to commit genocide.

To reinforce that impression, he came with several dozen well-trained guards, all of whom were gathered at the hospital doors.

Philip pulled Tim back and spent a long time persuading him before the two of them finally calmed down somewhat.

"What do you plan to do now? The leaders of the branch families and enforcement hall won't let this slide. You don't have much support within the family now, so they'll be able to take you down quite easily."

Once Tim calmed down, he began assessing their current situation.

Although Philip was the young master and heir of the main family, even he would not be able to withstand the combined pressure of the branch families and enforcement hall.

If the situation went out of control, they might really sacrifice Philip's status as heir to restore some semblance of calm.

Philip smiled faintly. "Don't worry, I have my plans. They're just a bunch of old geezers. I'll be right here waiting for them. To be honest, I'm curious to see just what the branch families are capable of."

Tim gave his nephew a sideways look. For a second there, he saw a shadow of his brother back then in the young man.

Well, well, the boy was really growing into his position as heir.

"Alright then, I'll go to Arcadia tonight in your place and shake those old geezers up a bit. Try to buy you some time."

Tim stood up, letting his aura show as he blew some cigarette smoke into the air. Finally, he pressed his hand onto Philip's shoulder and said solemnly, "I have high hopes for you, Philip. Don't disappoint me, and definitely don't disappoint your father. We're waiting for your return."

Philip raised his head to look at his uncle.

All he saw was the man's back as he left without a care.

Chapter 632

That was just what Uncle Tim was like. Bold and decisive, just like an ancient military general.

If that had not happened back then, Uncle Tim's daughter would probably be about Philip's age by now.

To be honest, Philip rather missed his cousin.

Was that brat Ethan Clarke doing well over there? Philip could not help but wonder.

He hoped Ethan could pull through.

After all, Philip had survived that place himself. Everyone in there was a genius in their own rights, and they had a really good way with words too.

Philip hoped that the boy could shake off his terrible spoiled-brat attitude and reemerge a changed man.

After he stayed at the hospital for a while, Philip stood up, about to go back to the villa and get something.

On the way, though, he suddenly sensed something amiss.

Philip paused and abruptly looked behind him. There were two blindingly bright lights coming right at him at breakneck speeds!

The lights grew brighter and brighter. Anyone else would be temporarily blinded by them!

However, Philip reacted quickly and leaped out of the lamps' way. He even managed to see the silhouettes in the cars!

“One, two, three...”

Oh-ho? They pulled out all the stops here!

Who could be behind this attack this time?

The branch families?

Probably not.

Giada?

Philip chuckled coldly. He had gotten a good look at the people in the car!

The car had clearly been upgraded before. It moved extremely quickly, and its headlights were ten times brighter than those of a usual car!

Philip flipped the car that was pouncing at him a friendly middle finger. He then raised his brows and chuckled before leaping into the air!

Just as the car was about to hit him, all three people in the car saw Philip flipping them off!

The driver's eye twitched and he immediately slammed his foot onto the accelerator!

“Kill him!”

The next second, they saw that Philip had vanished from before their eyes!

The car came to a sudden stop!

The atmosphere was strangely tense.

Crash!

Suddenly, there was a loud thud on the roof of the car. It felt as though someone stomped down hard on the car!

At the same time, Philip's smiling face appeared at the driver side window. He flashed his pearly whites and said, “Isn't it past your bedtime yet?”

The next second, the man in the passenger seat pulled a gun from his pocket. The man had a knife scar on his face and a vicious expression, aiming the gun at the window and pulling the trigger without any hesitation!

Bam!

The sound of the gunshot rang out in the busy streets!

However, Philip had disappeared from the window like a phantom!

“Where did he go?!”

All three people in the car looked solemn. They could not imagine anybody moving faster than a bullet!

The next time they saw Philip, they realized that he had leaped up and into the window of a red racecar passing next to them.

He even flipped them off again from the car window!

Unfortunately for them, Philip had undergone special training before, plus he was a bona fide legend in racing.

“Catch him!”

The three men in the car were swift and decisive, at the very least. They immediately slammed the accelerator and gave chase!

At the same time, in the red Porsche racecar ahead, a stylishly-dressed woman was looking at Philip in the passenger seat in sheer disbelief!

She opened her mouth wide and giggled delightedly.

“Whoa... Oppa! Daebag! (Awesome!)”

Philip turned to look at her. She was in her early twenties, her eyes shining as she looked at him and rambled in a language he did not understand!

F*ck, a Korean chick?

The girl was beautiful, he would give her that. She had curls falling across her forehead, just like those Korean goddesses.

She was dressed stylishly as well, with large metal hoop earrings, a figure-hugging black vest and itty-bitty shorts!

As for her body, it was a sight for sore eyes too, with curves in all the best places.

Philip was pretty lucky in that sense. He had just jumped into a random car, but he never thought he would bump into such a gorgeous woman!

The girl who kept calling him “oppa” did not seem afraid at all. After Philip jumped in through her window, she just chattered away excitedly, as though this was a madcap adventure!

Philip tried to comprehend her, but he could not understand a word she was saying!

“Um, lady, can you speak English?”

Philip could not help but ask.

The girl blinked her attractive eyes and giggled. “My name is Vivi Joo, oppa. What’s yours?”

“Philip Clarke.”

Philip replied helplessly. So she did know English, after all.

“Ooh, I know, I know! You’re the racing god, Philip Clarke, right? Uncle Chase mentioned you before.”

The girl said excitedly, her eyes full of surprise and disbelief!

Chapter 633

The scantily-dressed Vivi was quite animated. “I finally met you in person! You’re pretty good-looking, hehe.”

Philip was exasperated, his face twitching. “We just happen to have the same name. I’m nowhere near that impressive.”

Well, f*ck!

Philip had forgotten all about that.

Chase Fisher, huh?

From the Dragonstone Mountain Race Course back then, huh...

Vivi pouted. “So you’re not him? Aww, what a bummer.”

Philip was rather flabbergasted. “Aren’t you worried I’ll do something to you, gorgeous?”

“Nah, what’s the point of worrying? Now that I’ve seen what you’re capable of, it’s not like I can stop you if you do want to do anything to me.”

Vivi said with a shrug, as though she was truly not worried about Philip at all.

The black car behind them kept chasing Vivi's car, but they just could not close the distance, perhaps due to the undeniable difference in the two cars' specs!

"F*cker! Is he a motherf*cking superman? How did he worm in there?"

The driver of the black car could not help but swear!

The man in the passenger seat with the stormy expression was thinking the same thing. How did that punk dodge his bullet just now?

"How are your driving skills?"

Philip glanced at the rearview mirror and saw that the small black car was still hot on their trail.

"I just got my license."

Vivi winked and smiled at him. She had noticed the black car behind them as well, and she asked eagerly, "Did you commit a crime?"

Philip nearly spewed blood. He hurriedly explained, "I didn't! They're the ones hunting me! They wanna kill me, do you understand? The three men in the car back there are all thugs, and I'm just a regular citizen. I reported their boss to the authorities, so now they keep trying to kill me."

"Whoa, that's so cool! Just like in one of those gangster flicks."

Vivi was still excited.

"Gangster flicks?"

Philip looked at her helplessly. All of a sudden, he realized that the girl probably had a screw loose somewhere. How had she survived so long with such an innocent mindset?

“This is sooo exciting!”

Vivi slammed the gas as she squealed. The red racecar weaved through the traffic like a giant scarlet beast!

Philip never thought that a girl who supposedly just got her license could be so bold in her driving. When he made that connection with the way she dressed, he abruptly realized something.

“You’re a street racer, aren’t you?”

“More or less.”

Vivi winked and laughed, her expression full of self-satisfaction.

Philip looked at the black car still chasing them, his mind whirring away. Who was trying to kill him this time?

“Where are we going?” Vivi asked.

“The Department of Law Enforcement, of course. Where else?” Philip replied after some thought.

“Okie dokes.”

Vivi agreed without much hesitation, slamming the gas and waving her left hand out of the window.

Philip glanced at her and saw her barely-covered body. It was very tempting!

‘Well damn, just how bold is this girl?!’

“Whatchu looking at? Interested in me?”

Vivi turned back and saw that Philip was staring at her, so she purposely straightened her body and teased him.

Gentlemen should not ogle!

Philip cleared his throat and looked away. “Why are you dressed like that in the middle of the night? Aren’t you worried about attracting a bad crowd?”

To be honest, Philip had outgrown his wild lifestyle over the past few years, and he was now quite conservative in his thinking.

Almost all men liked it when women dressed like this, but Philip was an exception.

“Oh, I don’t mind. Everyone has their own preferences, so why must we listen to anyone else? I like dressing like this, so I will.”

Vivi shrugged and gave him a mischievous wink. “What’s the matter, oppa? Don’t like it?”

As she spoke, she even stuck out her chest toward Philip and raised an eyebrow.

Philip did not really mind, but he still pushed her head away politely. “Sit still.”

He was vaguely impressed. This girl’s worldview was slightly messed up. Was she neglected as a child?

Soon enough, their racecar reached one of the Department of Law Enforcement offices in Riverdale. As they approached the entrance, Philip turned to look at Vivi and said, “Thanks for tonight. I’ll see you if I see you.”

Vivi frowned. "Hmm? Are you dumping me after using me?"

Philip shrugged. "A young girl like you shouldn't be wandering around at night, especially not dressed like that. You should call your family to pick you up."

Vivi grew desperate as the car raced toward the station at almost 100 miles an hour. "Hey, what do you mean by that?"

Philip just grinned at her, patted her head lightly, and then jumped out of the window, his figure disappearing into the darkness!

Chapter 634

Vivi slammed the accelerator and said angrily, "You jerk!"

The men in the black car behind them did not expect Philip to pull that either, but it was too late by the time they tried to stop!

More than ten armed cops rushed out of the station and surrounded both cars!

Vivi pouted and crossed her arms in front of her chest, getting out of her car in a huff. She made a call and looked in the direction Philip had disappeared into, frowning as she muttered, "Just you wait, I'll definitely find you!"

The three would-be assassins were in much worse shape. They were dragged out of the car and pinned onto the ground, babbling in Thai.

As for Philip, he managed to shake them all off and saunter back to the villa, whistling away.

...

At the same time, in a fancy presidential suite somewhere in Capital City...

“Damn it! Those three are useless! They couldn’t even capture one man!”

Marcus Quaid threw a fit, his expression stormy as he stood before the floor-to-ceiling window. He looked at the city’s night lights outside the window before making another call. “Uncle Len, I want you to bring me someone!”

The next noon at Riverdale port, a large cruise ship slowly approached the shore!

It was the Quaid’s private cruise liner from Capital City, with their name spray-painted in red on the hull!

A man in a white suit stood on the deck, looking at the distant skyscrapers in Riverdale. As he beheld the prosperous new land, his eyes gleamed with an unknown light!

The man was none other than the second son of the Quaid family, the man who had attended that banquet not too long ago-- Marcus Quaid!

Half a month had passed since then, and the cold aura around him was even more evident now. His eyes were bright, as though burning with fury!

What about his injuries?

Thanks to the medical marvels in Capital City, he had long since recovered.

“I’m back, and this time, I’ll definitely make you lot pay!”

The man said viciously. Although his tone was relatively calm, the killing intent behind his words was barely veiled, forming an invincible pressure around him!

Behind him, there was an old man in a gray suit, his white brows blowing slightly in the wind. He had a thin face and narrowed eyes. At first glance, he may look friendly, but the way his aura seemed at one with his surroundings made him seem formidable indeed!

“Young Master Marcus, your father warned you not to act too rashly here at Riverdale. You must watch yourself.”

“I know, Uncle Len, but I just can’t let this slide.”

Marcus swept his gaze across the skyscrapers before him, his gaze ice-cold.

“No matter what, I must collect my dues! I can’t let them shame our family like that! Don’t worry, Uncle Len, I won’t do anything that will jeopardize the family’s plans.”

With that reassurance, the old man behind Marcus protested no more. He simply nodded and said, “Then I await your orders, Young Master.”

Marcus looked at the tallest building in front of him, his eyes shining even brighter!

...

The past few days, Blake Michaels had been busy with his company’s master plan. All of his companies in Riverdale were wrapped up in these preparations!

Early that morning, Blake brought his son and subordinates to the port, where they awaited the second son of the Quaid empire, Marcus Quaid!

When he saw that young man standing on the deck from afar, Blake’s heart suddenly tightened in his chest!

The last time, Blake could not help even though he was the Quaid's business partner here in Riverdale. As a result, the Quaid's were already suspicious of him and his family. If he could not aid Marcus properly this time, his plans for the future may just go up in smoke!

Blake had been planning all this for a long time now. He wanted to use this opportunity to monopolize Riverdale's entire pharmaceutical industry so that he could bolster and strengthen his family's position in the national economy.

However, the previous incident showed him that Beacon still had a few aces up their sleeve. If he wanted to take down Beacon once and for all, he would need to make use of the chance he had now that the Quaid's were here in Riverdale for business negotiations!

Besides, Blake knew that he had handled that matter with Shangri-La very badly.

Madam Wallis even called him over to issue him a stern warning.

As for Yale and his fraternity, Blake could not do anything about them right now.

Madam Wallis said she would handle that herself.

In fact, she was the one who asked him to greet Marcus today too.

She was going to start plotting Beacon's downfall!

Chapter 635

Houston stood behind Blake, watching as the cruise gradually entered the port. "Why are you so nervous, Dad? He's just a young master from the Quaid family, right? Do you have to be so scared? It's not like we can't live without their help.

"Don't forget, we have an even more powerful patron!"

They had the Wallises from Golden City!

Now, that was a powerful empire!

Houston sounded quite miffed. He had only gotten beaten up because he tried to defend Marcus last time. At first, he thought that Marcus must surely be capable, since he was the young master of the Quaid's and all, but after what happened last time, he realized that he had been mistaken.

The Quaid's from Capital City really were not all that. Their reputation must have been exaggerated.

After all, they did not even dare to do anything to that trash, Philip.

He had waited for so long, but the Quaid's did not do a thing.

So much for having four generals in one family!

They were probably bluffing.

That Marcus Quaid was even worse, looking down on the Michaels family like that. As if he was any better.

Blake turned around and gave his son a glare when he heard that. He knew what his son was thinking, so he told the boy off, "Shut your trap! You're the one who started all this, but you just had to drag Master Marcus into your mess. Do you really think the Quaid's are all bark and no bite? Don't say a single word later. If you dare to run your mouth, I'll freeze your assets!"

Houston turned pale and swallowed his words with a harrumph.

Blake continued, "I know you want to fight Philip, and I won't stop you. But you need to know when to move. Right now, our main mission is to take over Beacon. Once we have Beacon, I don't care what you do to him and that Wynn Johnston! But before that, don't you dare put a foot out of place!"

The cruise was docking at the port now. Marcus was especially eye-catching in his white suit, walking down the jetty one step at a time. The old man followed behind him.

This time, Marcus had only brought three people with him, namely Uncle Len, a secretary, and a bodyguard.

As far as he was concerned, he did not need any other bodyguards as long as he had Uncle Len here.

Blake hurriedly greeted him, all smiles. "Master Marcus! Thank you for coming all the way."

When his gaze met that of the old man behind Marcus, Blake did a sudden double-take. He had met this old man before!

Many years ago, Blake had been fortunate enough to join a dinner party in Capital City. This old man had been next to the master of the Quaid family back then!

"Sir Len! I didn't know you would be here too, sir."

Blake hastily greeted Len respectfully.

Len simply nodded without a word.

On the other hand, Marcus laughed. "So Uncle Len is even more popular than I am."

Blake responded with a laugh as well, explaining, "Many years ago, Master Marcus, I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation from your father. At that banquet, I happened to meet Sir Len here."

Marcus did not pursue the matter further, instead saying calmly, "I hope there won't be any more accidents during my trip here to Riverdale. Do you understand what I mean, Mr. Michaels?"

Blake's body gave a jolt, and he nodded firmly. "Don't worry, Master Marcus. Everything is in order."

Marcus got into the Lincoln limousine Blake had booked for him, his expression frosty the entire time.

“Master Marcus, how do you plan to buy Beacon this time?”

Blake ventured in the car.

Marcus had been looking out of the car window, but now he turned toward Blake. Faced with Blake’s wide and flattering smile, Marcus’ lips barely curved as he said softly, “Is it just me, Mr. Michaels, or are you in quite a bit of a rush?”

Blake wiped the cold sweat away from his brow and explained awkwardly, “You know this as well, Master Marcus, but Beacon’s new cancer treatment drug will be revealed in a few days. If we can’t take over Beacon before that, it will all be for naught.”

Marcus gave Blake a look. He was in no rush to discuss the project, so he changed the topic, saying, “I want to go to Beacon myself to see that new cancer drug.”

Blake shuddered at that and said, “Master Marcus, I’m sure you know this but... Yes, I’m a member of Beacon’s board, but we pulled out of the deal, so...”

Just then, Houston leaped into action for some reason, interrupting with, “Dad, I think Master Marcus has a point here. He’s no stranger, right? He’s here as an investor, and he’s here representing the Quids. We should welcome him with open arms.”

Blake glared at his son. “Shut up. You don’t know anything!”

Marcus watched their little quibble, saying coolly, “Looks like I overestimated you, Michaels. In that case, I can’t guarantee we’ll keep cooperating with you.”

It was a threat, a bold-faced threat!

Blake frowned deeply and forced a smile. "I'll contact Beacon right away, then."

"No need for that. Let's just go there now."

Marcus said. He already had a plan in mind.

Chapter 636

Marcus stepped out of the Lincoln limo and tugged at his suit, looking up at the skyscraper in front of him. There was a cold smile on his lips.

Behind him stood Len, Blake, Houston and the others.

The security guards at Beacon hurriedly approached them with a bow when they saw this line-up.

Blake invited Marcus into Beacon's building with a gentlemanly bow, as though he truly owned the place.

As for the young beautiful girls at the reception, when they saw that the visitors were Mr. Blake Michaels, the vice-chairman, and another extremely eye-catching young man, their first instinct was naturally to contact the chairwoman's secretary.

Soon enough, the news that Blake was here with a mysterious young man spread all throughout Beacon.

Philip was in a good mood today. He was chatting idly with the other members of the marketing department, watching live streams with Julia Jones and the others as they snacked and gossiped. Just then, they saw Nina and a few others run out of the door.

"Huh? Where's Nina going in such a hurry?"

Julia cocked her head and asked.

Philip frowned slightly. He had not exposed Nina for who she was yet, and the two of them co-existed in a relative peace.

All of a sudden, Philip's eyes gleamed and he stared at the door, his entire body emanating waves of hostility!

Julia was taken aback by the sudden change in Philip's demeanor and rendered temporarily speechless!

As Philip stared, Nina reappeared at the marketing department entrance, smiling brightly as she led another group of six to seven people.

One of them was Marcus Quaid!

Why was he here?

Philip noticed Marcus, clad in a white suit and an attitude, followed by that old fox Blake Michaels and his punk son Houston!

However, he did not care about any of them. The only one who gave Philip any sort of pressure was the old man in the gray suit with his hands behind his back, trailing after Marcus!

In Philip's eyes, that old man was intimidating even as he smiled. The aura coming off from him was terrifying indeed!

Philip was not blind.

The old man was a fighter, with his hooked nose, wide forehead, upturned eyes, and thin lips.

Philip's gaze hardened. He could abruptly sense that these visitors were far from friendly!

Meanwhile, in the chairwoman's office, Wynn was busying herself with company affairs after her hospital discharge a few days ago.

Today, she was wearing a figure-hugging long black dress with a belt at the waist and a cherry-red blazer. Her make-up beautifully emphasized her eyes, and her hair fell over her shoulders in gorgeous waves!

“Master Marcus Quaid! To what do I owe this honor today?”

Wynn took a small sip of the Blue Mountain Coffee on her table with her red lips before she spoke calmly.

If it were not for the fact that he was the second son of the Quaid family from Capital City, she would not even bother meeting him today!

Marcus took a sip of his coffee and pulled his gaze away from Wynn's body, saying instead with a smile, “It's been a while, Madam Johnston. I've missed your beauty since I last saw you at that banquet. I'm mainly here today to discuss the matter we had no time to talk about back then. I would like to know more about your new cancer drug, DSII. The Quaid family is quite intrigued by it.”

“That's right, Madam Johnston. Master Marcus is representing the Quaid family, here to find out more about the DSII research project. If the deal works out, Beacon will soon become one of the top ten pharmaceutical companies, and we'll definitely be able to enter the Capital City market.”

Next to Marcus, the old fox Blake interrupted as though he had not pulled out as an investor at all.

“The Capital City Quaid family, you say?”

Wynn said calmly, “Why didn't we receive any word that the Quaid family is interested in a partnership?”

The atmosphere turned tense.

Chapter 637

“Madam Johnston, I came here personally. Don’t you think that means I represent the Quaid’s when I speak? Efficiency is most important these days, and a partnership will be a win-win situation. I’m sure you can read the trends, Mada, Johnston. No one in the entire Riverdale can compete with my family. If I say that Beacon can enter the top ten with us, I mean it. If I say that Beacon can enter the Capital City market, then you can. I hope you understand what I’m getting at, Madam Johnston.”

Arrogantly, Marcus stood up and put his hands in his pockets, walking toward the floor-to-ceiling window. He looked out at the entirety of Riverdale and spoke with utmost certainty.

“Our family has the funds and resources. We’re here today not only to discuss a deal with Beacon, but also with Everlast Glory, Starlight, and United International.”

Marcus turned to look at Wynn, smiling confidently. “Beacon is merely my first stop here. You won’t disappoint me, will you? Madam Johnston?”

Wynn frowned slightly before smiling professionally. “Master Quaid, we would dearly like to cooperate with you. But...”

“But what, Madam Johnston? It’s a big deal for us to cooperate with the Quaid’s! Are you going to pass on this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity?”

Blake said desperately.

He just had to use Marcus to take over Beacon now, then he would be able to pull some strings and win over the profits. With that, the Michaels family would make it rich!

“In that case, Master Quaid, why don’t you tell us how you plan to make this deal?”

Wynn knew that this was a rare chance as well.

“Well said! I like making deals with women like you, Madam Johnston. You have the beauty and the brains!”

Marcus chuckled and gestured at Blake to continue.

Blake immediately smiled, as cunning as a fox. “Madam Johnston, Master Quaid’s plan is simple. He wants to purchase Beacon. What do you think, Madam Johnston?”

Purchase Beacon? The Quaid’s had quite the appetite!

Wynn’s lips curved slightly sardonically. She looked at Blake and Marcus, asking them, “Who wants to purchase Beacon, exactly? The Quaid’s, or you, Mr. Michaels?”

“Don’t look at me like that, Madam Johnston. Of course it’s the Quaid’s. Think about it, they’re one of the biggest families in Capital City, with unbelievable resources. Wouldn’t that solve Beacon’s current financial troubles? Even if the Quaid’s take over, Beacon will still be Beacon. We’ll just have another supporter. What’s wrong with that?”

Blake tempted her with honeyed words, just like an old fox.

As for Marcus, he took the main seat and said with a smile, “We will definitely offer you a satisfactory price, Madam Johnston. We won’t spare any expenses.”

“In that case, Master Quaid, Mr. Michaels, I’m afraid I’ll be disappointing you. Nobody will be purchasing Beacon! We have our own investors and funding!”

Wynn rejected them outright, her expression instantly turning cold.

“As long as the price is right, I’m sure we can strike a deal. Just name the price, Madam Johnston.”

Marcus eyed Wynn’s body greedily.

“I’m very sorry, Master Quaid. If it was any other sort of deal, we might be able to negotiate something, but an acquisition is out of the question!”

Wynn stood up and said coldly, “I’ll have someone see you out!”

Marcus frowned slightly, his expression also turning dark. “Are you rejecting my offer, Madam Johnston?”

“What, am I not allowed to?” Wynn laughed without mirth.

“No one has ever rejected me before. You’re the first. I hope you’ve thought this through, Madam Johnston. I represent the Quaid, and Beacon should be honored that we’re even thinking of purchasing you. Don’t disappoint me, Madam Johnston!”

Marcus was making his intentions very clear. It was an open threat!

Wynn’s gaze sharpened, and she said icily, “Beacon fears no one, and we will not compromise under threat of force!”

Marcus burst out laughing. “Well said! As expected of Riverdale’s pharmaceutical rose. You definitely have thorns!”

There was no way he would give up on Wynn. He was dying to acquire a woman as beautiful as her.

Marcus was a man with an insane desire to conquer everyone and everything. He could already feel his heart pounding and his flesh lusting over the woman before him. He just had to conquer her!

The temperature in the chairwoman’s office dropped by several dozen degrees. It was scarily cold now!

Wynn coolly glared at Marcus, but the latter just sat in the chairperson’s chair proudly, looking down on her from above as he said, “I hope you will reconsider, Madam Johnston. I’m only here for two things,

either to successfully purchase Beacon, or else to successfully destroy Beacon. The choice is yours, so think carefully.

“You should know that the three billion in investments Beacon just won is nothing but small change to us Quaid’s.”

“You! Don’t push your luck!”

Wynn could not control her temper, her slender brows rising in anger!

“Now, now, Madam Johnston, Master Quaid is only doing this for Beacon’s own good. Think about it, from now on, you’ll have the support of the Quaid empire. You’ll reach the top ten in the industry and easily enter the Capital City market. At the same time, you’ll still be chairwoman. What’s not to like?”

The old fox Blake Michaels put in his two cents as well, his demeanor disgustingly slimy.

He had not expected Master Quaid to propose something like that out of the blue either, but he was more than glad to see it.

His plan was now that much closer to fruition!

“No way! If you want him to purchase something, sell him Michaels Corp! Beacon is never selling out!”

Wynn’s voice rose an octave, her rage showing on her face.

“Seems like negotiations have failed, then.”

Marcus sat in the chairperson’s seat, fiddling with the ring on his finger like a superior ruler.

Chapter 638

Marcus stood up and held his hands behind his back, telling the old man Len next to him, “Uncle Len, take her away.”

Len nodded slightly.

Wynn saw the old man take one step after another toward her, the pressure rolling off him in dangerous waves!

“Sorry, girl.”

With that, Len reached his hand out and grabbed Wynn!

Just then, the door to the chairperson’s office flew open. Philip stumbled in, smiling sheepishly. “You asked for me, Madam Johnston?”

They were at work, after all. He should not call her honey.

Everyone in the office froze and stared at Philip, who was standing at the door.

Some of the gazes were enraged, others suspicious, nervous, grateful, confused...

As for Philip, he just walked in obediently and closed the door behind him.

“Um, Madam Johnston, what’s happening here?”

Philip had been standing outside for a long time now. He came in and feigned ignorance, though.

“Philip Clarke! Well, well, you saved me the trouble of going to you.”

The embers of rage in Marcus’ chest flared to life the moment Philip barged in. He pointed at Philip, his expression instantly dark!

Just the mere thought of what happened last time made Marcus grit his teeth in pure hatred!

He had never been so embarrassed before!

If his family had not been holding back, he would have come for revenge a long while ago!

When Blake and Houston Michaels saw Philip, both of them quietly took a few steps back and stood in a corner wordlessly. They had unanimously chosen to stand by and watch this conflict unfold.

“Oh my, Master Quaid! When did you come to Riverdale? Why didn’t you tell me in advance? I would’ve come to greet you.”

Philip laughed heartily and politely reached his arms out to Marcus, giving the latter a hug.

Marcus was perplexed. What was Philip planning this time?

Marcus pushed Philip aside, patting the dust off his expensive suit. “Get away from me! Know your place!”

To be honest, Philip had never taken Marcus Quaid seriously. From the moment he walked through the door, he only had eyes for the old man, Len!

Philip watched Len’s every move, and vice versa!

Both of them were strategically positioned right now. Len was half a meter away from Wynn, his arms by his sides and his eyes narrowed, twinkling with a calculative light!

Meanwhile, Philip was standing next to Marcus, about half an arm’s length away. He wore a smile, but the moment his gaze met Len’s, both of them understood!

They were both experts!

About equally as strong!

Len was shocked. He never expected to see such a skilled young man in Riverdale!

He did not make any sudden moves, his eyes slightly narrowed as he stared at Philip.

Philip chuckled and was the first to break the silence. "What are you talking about, Madam Johnston? Something feels off about the atmosphere."

Wynn was extremely grateful right now, like a drowning person grasping desperately onto a raft. She kept giving Philip signals with her eyes as she said coolly, "The Quaid's want to purchase Beacon, but I won't have it."

Philip turned to look at Marcus with a smile. "You want to purchase Beacon, Master Quaid?"

Marcus was irritated by Philip's face, annoyingly close to his. He replied coldly, "That's right! As if you have any say in the matter."

"Oh, but I do!" Philip laughed. "Shall we discuss the terms?"

Marcus paused and looked toward Wynn, smiling as he asked, "Madam Johnston, this is...??"

Wynn crossed her arms in front of her chest and sat on the couch, lifting her chin coolly as she said, "If you have anything to say, say it to him. He's my husband, and he can decide on Beacon's behalf."

Marcus laughed coldly as well, taking a seat. "Very well. What do you want to discuss, Clarke?"

He was in no rush. This time, he came prepared.

He was determined to win Beacon, obtain Wynn, and then kill Philip!

Three birds with one stone!

Philip chuckled. When he saw that the old man was not moving, he purposely sat down and crossed his legs. "All of a sudden, I don't want to talk anymore."

"You're playing with me!"

Marcus flew into a rage, leaping to his feet and jabbing a finger at Philip angrily. "Do you know what happens to people who think they can make a fool of me?!"

Chapter 639

Philip shrugged and said, "I don't know, but what I do know is that I beat someone up pretty badly a while ago, and then I warned him that if he ever came to Riverdale again, or if he ever tried to get back at Beacon, I would make him suffer even worse!"

Marcus flipped out, roaring, "Famous last words! Uncle Len, show him what happens to people who defy our family! Make him regret it!"

The old man Len stepped forth, his eyes gleaming. With every breath, his aura seemed to expand to the size of a mountain as he pounced at Philip!

Len made his move. He lifted his hand and lashed out a punch that surged toward Philip's chest like a tsunami!

Marcus chortled ruthlessly. To him, Philip was already as good as dead!\

Anyone who opposed him was dancing with the devil!

He could already imagine how that b*stard would soon be crawling on the ground and begging him for mercy, wailing his eyes out.

Blake was secretly pleased as well. He did not know how strong Len truly was, but he knew that anyone who could stand by the master of the Quaid household's side had to be among the strongest martial artists in the country, if not the world!

This time, they were surely going to nab Beacon and avenge all the wrongs that had been done to him. It would be killing two birds with one stone!

Wynn's eyes were full of worry. When she saw the old man attack Philip, she could not help but cry, "Watch out!"

Philip's gaze hardened, and he responded with a punch!

Bam!

Everyone's hearts skipped a beat.

Marcus's sneer blossomed into a grin...

However, there was an unexpected turn of events!

Len was actually pushed several steps back, swaying slightly before he could regain his footing!

As for Philip, he did not escape unscathed either. He took several steps back and regained his balance, standing firm in front of Wynn!

"Are you alright, Philip?"

Wynn asked anxiously.

Philip's gaze was serious and sharp, like a blade of ice, as he stared intently at that old man!

Len shook out his fingers for a bit and took a deep breath before giving Philip a kind smile. "Well done. Very well done! I didn't expect to find such a capable young man here in little old Riverdale. The future truly is bright!"

Len did not continue fighting, his combat aura settling down as well.

Philip frowned slightly before saying with a chuckle, "No, no, I'm not that special. You flatter me, sir."

Everyone here could see that after that first exchange of blows, Philip and Len came to a draw!

Blake and Houston Michaels looked especially shaken. They had gone green around the grills, frowning deeply and not saying a word.

Marcus was even more badly affected. He never expected Philip to tank one of Uncle Len's punches!

He knew very well just how powerful Uncle Len was. The old man was his father's personal guard, a national-level martial artist that the Quaid's have been hiring at extremely high wages for several decades!

How could this be?

Marcus was utterly furious, pointing at Philip as he roared, "Hurry up and get him, Uncle Len! Break his arms and legs!"

To Marcus, Philip was his arch-nemesis. He could not stop until Philip was dead!

Len did not initiate another fight. Instead, he whispered into Marcus's ears, "This man is not your average Joe, Young Master. We should not be getting into a fight here. Dealing with him requires further planning."

Marcus frowned even deeper at that, but there was nothing he could do!

“I hope you’ll think about it carefully, Madam Johnston. I’ll only give you three days to reconsider. After that, I’ll pay you another visit!”

Marcus said viciously before storming out of the office.

Once the others left Beacon, Wynn finally felt the pressure lifted off her shoulders. She slumped onto the couch, her entire body shaking.

Philip hurriedly helped her up, asking in concern, “Are you alright, honey?”

“W-Water..”

Wynn felt much better after she gulped down an entire glass of water. She then began to appraise Philip, asking him, “Seriously, sweetie, who are you?”

He was so terrifying just now!

What was up with those moves he showed off?

He looked just like one of those elite martial artists in those fighting movies!

Philip’s expression betrayed nothing as he teased her, “I’m me, of course. Is something the matter, honey?”

Wynn frowned her pretty brows and did not continue grilling him. She stood up, crossing her arms in front of her chest and standing before the large window as she said wistfully, “The Quuids are coming at us hard this time, I’m not sure we can handle them. Philip, is your friend not back yet?”

Philip listened without a word before replying, “Oh, him? He’s overseas. If you need him, I can try contacting him.”

Wynn turned around and looked at Philip solemnly. “Honey, I know that your family is rich and powerful. You’ve changed a lot too. This time, however, I hope you won’t interfere. It’ll be bad for the company if things go awry. Besides, your family froze your assets, right? Why don’t you just settle down and be my husband for a bit? I can earn enough for both of us, alright?”

Wynn was seriously worried that Philip would try something funny, and then things would really get out of hand.

After all, she still did not understand how Blake Michaels ended up in cahoots with Marcus Quaid.

Marcus was clearly here to pick a fight too.

Philip taught him a lesson last time, and despite the fact that he was the young master of the Quaid empire, Marcus had stayed his hand until now.

That made no sense. How could that be?

Was Philip really that formidable an opponent?!

Was he telling the truth when he said that he was more than just the heir to the Capital City Clarke Group?

Chapter 640

Wynn suddenly remembered the scene she had witnessed at Cirrus Villa back then. Then there was the armed forces Uncle Tim came with, as well as the recent incident at First Palace.

It seemed that Philip’s family was not just the owners of a small business group.

“You’ll earn enough for both of us, you say?”

Philip said with a chuckle, "Don't worry, honey. If it really can't work out, just tell me. I think that friend of mine can help."

His wife was pretty darn cute.

Wynn nodded. "Alright, I got it. You can leave now."

Philip looked at Wynn's tall and dignified back. She looked quite helpless right now. He left the office and walked back to the marketing department, his thoughts weighing heavy on his mind.

Wynn was a strong independent woman with a great deal of pride. She was not willing to go running to him for help every time.

That was why he did not know how long he could keep up this lie.

His friend, huh?

'Honey, that friend is none other than your dear old husband.'

As he mused, Philip arrived at the washroom where he called Buffer.

"Hello, my dear Mr. Clarke! I've been waiting for your call."

Buffer sounded as enthusiastic and eager as ever from the other side of the phone.

"Buffy, could you do something for me? Look into the Quaid family's business and financial dealings. Find out how much they're worth and how much it will take to bring them down."

Philip said calmly.

He did not have his family's support, and he was now under a restraining order, so he had to rely on Buffer for these things.

"Alright, Mr. Clarke. I'll get on that right now."

Buffer ended the call respectfully.

Marcus returned to the hotel and smashed a bunch of things in a huff. His expression was terrifyingly dark!

"Why? How? Who the hell is he?!"

"Master Marcus, we need to look into that man. He is definitely no pushover. To be that skilled at such a young age, chances are high that he is from one of the hidden powers in Capital City, out here as part of his heir training."

Len stood next to Marcus quietly, watching the latter throw a tantrum while he remained expressionless.

"A hidden power? Which hidden power? Investigate, find out everything!"

Marcus was furious.

After that, he dialed a number and said spitefully, "Dania, look into a man for me, and send some assassins here too! Right away!"

Once he hung up, Marcus's usually cocky face was filled with nothing but shadows. He sneered, "Let's see if you can survive me, Clarke!"

Wynn was his forbidden fruit. The mere thought of her acting lovey-dovey with Philip drove him insane!

She was his!

He had to get his hands on her, by hook or by crook!

Len shook his head but did not stop Marcus. He knew what his master's second son was like. No one could stop him once he set his mind on something.

Wynn finished up what she had to do at the company and was about to leave when she bumped into Philip at the door. He had been waiting for her for a while now.

“Why are you here, honey? Didn't you go to the hospital?”

“Hehe.” Philip chuckled mischievously. “I was waiting for you, honey. Actually, there's something I want to tell you.”

The corners of Wynn's lips curved. Looking like a goddess, she crossed her arms in front of her chest and then grabbed Philip's arm. “Come on, let's walk as we talk.”

Philip scratched the back of his head and laughed awkwardly. “Would you believe me if I said I could get the Quaid's off your case?”

Wynn raised a brow and giggled. “Alright, I got it. Thank you, darling, but I'll handle it this time.”

With that, she opened the car door and prepared to get in.

She knew that Philip was just trying to make her feel better. She knew the company's situation better than anyone, and she knew who she could count on to help her too.

Philip shrugged helplessly. It seemed like Wynn did not believe him. He was about to call out to her when...

Suddenly, everything went awry!

A car came flying at them, grinding to a sudden stop right behind Wynn and blocking her from Philip's sight!

"Ah! Let go of me! Help!"

Wynn could barely cry out before three masked men in black suits dragged her into the car!

Chapter 641

Swoosh!

The car door slammed to a close, and it drove away in an instant!

When Philip first laid eyes on the black car, he already knew that it was dangerous. However, he was five or six meters away from Wynn at the time!

The car also blocked his view, so he had no idea what was happening there!

"Philip, save me!"

Wynn cried out with all her strength the second before she was pulled into the car!

She knew that Philip was the only one who could save her!

Philip was the person she trusted the most in the world right now, the man who could give her a sense of security unlike anyone else!

Philip's eyes gleamed. He never expected anyone to commit such a crime like this in the middle of broad daylight!

He barely even had time to think. When he saw that car zooming away, he made a run straight at it, sprinting at it like an Olympic runner.

However, Philip could not get far before a few motorcycles came crashing right into him!

They were totally aiming to kill!

They moved at at least 120 miles per hour!

Philip quickly rolled over to the side. Without even pausing to look, he lashed out a kick to the space next to him!

Bam!

His kick landed squarely on one of the bikes, and the rider lost his balance, crashing onto the ground and then sliding away!

The masked assassin in the black tracksuit did a few dozen somersaults as well, falling bloodied onto the ground and staying there, motionless!

Pfft!

There was the sound of something slicing through the air!

Another assassin on a bike pulled a shiny long dagger from his waist, coming at Philip rapidly as he swung his blade down. He wanted to hack Philip to death out in the open!

However, Philip raised his hand and shot a tile at him, hitting the rider on the head!

The rider crashed onto the floor, his eyes wide and his body slanting as he and his bike slid several dozen meters down the road!

He had lost consciousness before he even registered what was happening!

Philip was beyond furious right now. He glanced at the black car that was quickly getting away, and then turned to stare at the last rider, who was drawing his gun!

Bang!

The last rider pulled the trigger, a golden bullet flying from the nozzle amidst a sea of sparks. It was aimed right at Philip's chest!

For once, Philip was grateful for the torturous training that old geezer Reed Williams had subjected him to back then!

The rider looked in wide-eyed shock as Philip dodged the bullet!

Was he even human?

His moves were incredible!

The next instant, the rider felt an icy breeze behind him. By the time he turned around, a sharp knife with a gleaming edge had already penetrated his shoulder!

Philip kicked the rider away and jumped onto the speeding bike himself, immediately going after the car that had disappeared down the street!

Everything happened in an instant. Philip had barely spent a couple of minutes taking out the three assassins!

“Rick, Wynn's been kidnapped!”

Philip barked into his phone!

He was utterly infuriated. He never expected the enemy to take Wynn from right under his nose!

Soon enough, Philip caught up to the black car ahead, and the two vehicles engaged in a cosmopolitan car chase!

It was as exhilarating as a scene in a movie!

Philip tilted the bike and locked onto that black car ahead. He saw the car door opening and an assassin in a black suit pulling out a submachine gun. Without a word, the assassin opened fire at Philip!

Rattattat!

The busiest street in Riverdale instantly became a battleground for a gunfight!

The entire street erupted into chaos. Several dozen privately-owned cars crashed into each other, many of them spinning or even flying into the air as the bullets hit them!

Philip rode his bike through all the chaos!

At the same time, several more bikes appeared on the streets, trying to surround Philip!

All of the riders wore the same uniform. They were clearly trained hitmen!

When he saw the bikes coming at him from behind, Philip's gaze turned cold. The enemy had evidently planned these waves of attackers in advance, to such a detailed extent that Philip was actually a little surprised!

Who could it be? Who could be going so far?!

Chapter 642

Philip had not wanted to reveal his identity, but people kept interfering in his personal life lately, so he had no choice but to slowly expose his true self and what he was capable of.

This sudden incident in particular opened his eyes to the fact that he was still not prepared at all for this!

If Wynn was hurt because of him, Philip would never forgive himself!

He was no superman. Right here and now, he could feel that chill crawling through his entire body!

That feeling set him off to no end!

Philip knew that he was feeling fear. He was terrified!

If the assailants got their grubby hands on Wynn in the car, no matter how strong Philip was or how rich his family was, what else could he do to stop them?

Philip was furious. He could not forgive himself, and he definitely could not forgive the mastermind behind this!

With a loud vroom, several bikes swerved into Philip's way!

Philip's bike stopped in the middle of the road as he faced off against five men in black uniforms. They kept revving their engines, the air filling with the roars from their bikes!

Philip looked at them coldly, emanating an earth-shattering killing intent!

As he looked at the five people opposite him, he could clearly see the sneer in their eyes through their helmet visors!

The two sides were only ten meters apart. That distance was nothing to riders on bikes!

Two of the riders revved their bikes. With a roar, they came zooming toward Philip, pulling long knives out of their belts and swinging them at Philip.

Philip's eyes turned cold. He also abruptly let go of the brakes, flying at the two riders at top speed!

When they swung their blades down at him, Philip lifted his front wheel into a wheelie!

Clang!

The knives clashed with the metal body of the bike, sending sparks flying!

Philip pressed down on the handles, his entire body leaping into the air. He then swung a kick to the side, sending the rider on his right flying off the bike!

Once that was done, he settled back onto his bike, both his body and his wheels landing steadily on the ground. He then swung the tail end of the bike around and began drifting!

Of the three riders behind him, the man in the lead curled his mouth into a sneer when he saw how spectacular Philip's moves were. The attacker then pulled a gun from his pocket, aiming at Philip's back and pulling the trigger!

Bang!

There was the bang of a gun, and a bullet shot through the air, headed straight for Philip's back!

Without too much time to think, Philip did a forward somersault and dodged the bullet.

The man was about to shoot again when he received his next orders from his earpiece. He gave Philip a cold look and then turned his bike around, leaving the scene in no time at all!

Philip was no fool. When he saw the assassins leave, he did not go back itching for a fight either. He merely continued to give chase!

Finally, Philip reached an abandoned car park. At the entrance, he saw some abandoned bikes and that black car.

“Not bad, punk. You made it all the way here. You got balls, I’ll give you that.”

There was a man in a black tracksuit and black shades, with a very deep scar down his forehead. He sat on the hood of an abandoned car in the park, playing with a dagger that gleamed in his hands. When he saw Philip at the entrance, he could not suppress the vicious sneer on his lips!

Philip stood at the entrance to the abandoned car park. Once he looked carefully, he saw that there were five people, four men and one woman.

Aside from the man who spoke earlier, the other three men were sitting and standing around. As for the woman, she wore leather shorts and a black spaghetti-strap top, complete with a black leather jacket. Her hair was tied into a ponytail, and there were two scimitars strapped to her thighs. She was staring at Philip intently, her eyes betraying her desire for a fight!

All five of them were tough customers!

Philip looked around and could gauge their general ability. They were all professional assassins, which made this quite troublesome indeed!

The man with shades playing with his dagger was especially dangerous!

He felt about as capable as the people Philip used to train with.

However, these people did not mean a thing to Philip right now!

After all, he was now burning with rage. Anyone who got in his way would earn a one-way ticket to hell!

“Since you’re already here, punk, you don’t have to leave ever again.”

One of the beefier men said with a ruthless grin. He was clearly the rider that had turned tail and made a run for it earlier.

“You’re dead meat.”

Philip looked at him coldly, his eyes shining like the arctic night. The rider shuddered in response!

What kind of a look was that?!

Why was it so scary?!

It was the first time the rider had met such fearsome eyes. They looked like the eyes of a demon king from the depths of hell, and they took him off-guard for a second!

“Stupid punk! You deserve to die!”

The rider instantly recovered from his shock and then rushed at Philip, his fists clenched and headed toward Philip’s face!

Chapter 643

Philip harrumphed coldly and did not hold back. He stuck out his hand and instantly caught the rider’s punch!

Next, he lifted his foot and stomped on the man’s chest!

Bam!

Philip's foot caught the man squarely in his chest, sending him flying five meters away and crashing into a stack of abandoned cars!

Crash!

The stack of cars collapsed as a result of the impact, and the vehicles fell onto the man's motionless body! There was no knowing if he even survived that!

The other four assassins were instantly alert. They had to be after Philip finished off that rider so promptly!

Philip clenched his hands into fists, his eyes gleaming coldly.

"Tell me who the mastermind is!"

"Haha, you're pretty good, huh? But we have our own rules. If you want to know, you'll have to ask us yourself."

The man with the shades did not seem too bothered about his companion's chances of survival. His eyes were fixed on Philip, his gaze filled with a thirst for battle!

"I already gave you guys one chance. Since you're that eager to die, I'll fulfill your wishes!"

Philip barked harshly, his voice as cold as the arctic ice!

...

At the same time, there was a man in a white bathrobe sitting in his presidential suite and listening to some light music nonchalantly. He looked at Wynn, who was lying on the bed, and his eyes shone with a terrible lust!

The man was none other than Marcus Quaid!

He had finally gotten his hands on her!

He had been waiting for this day for so long!

However, just then, Wynn suddenly woke up and sensed someone next to her. She quickly turned and saw Marcus's nasty grin next to her!

"You! Where am I? How did I get here?"

Wynn was terrified, her head feeling dizzy. All she remembered was that she had been dragged into a car, and then they used something to knock her out. The moment she woke up, the first thing she saw was Marcus in his bathrobe.

She cowered in the corner of the bed.

She really wanted to run, but she could not exert any power at all, and her head felt dizzy too.

"I see you're awake, Wynn."

Marcus looked concerned as he pounced at her, trying to touch her face. However, she dodged him.

"Get away! You monster! You're breaking the law here, I'll call the cops!"

Wynn was not stupid. She just had to use her brain slightly; it was not hard to figure out what happened here!

Marcus was behind her kidnapping!

He wanted to do unspeakable things to her!

Marcus chuckled coldly and grabbed Wynn's fair chin, looking at her greedily.

With a sneer, he said, "I set my mind on you, Wynn Johnston, and no woman has ever escaped me once I set my sights on her. If you become my woman from now on, Beacon will also fall under the Quaid empire, and then you won't ever have to worry a hair on your pretty head again. You'll live the high life, and Beacon will be an internationally-renowned pharmaceutical company. Isn't that great?"

"Besides, what's so good about that trash Philip Clarke? Is he rich? Is he well-connected?"

Marcus chortled, proud and wild.

Wynn shoved him aside, frowning slightly. Her voice was rather weak as she said, "I'm warning you, Marcus Quaid. We're in Riverdale, not your house. My husband won't forgive you for this!"

Marcus stood up and laughed, holding out his arms. "He won't forgive me? That useless husband of yours? Does he think he's invincible just because he can fight good?"

He burst out laughing. "Tell me, who will know what I'm doing to the chairwoman of Beacon here in this suite? Even if someone did find out, would they dare tell anyone? Once the deed is done, what can you do about it? Will Philip even want you after you've been used?"

Wynn grew ever more terrified. She knew that Marcus was determined to do terrible things to her, so she had to stall him until Philip could rescue her!

That was right. All she could do now was trust Philip!

"Don't worry, I will be gentle with you! You're the first woman I've wanted so badly."

Marcus showed his true colors, pouncing at Wynn like a hungry wolf.

...

Chapter 644

“You’ll fulfill our wishes? Haha, you better get a good look around you. We’re the ones who will take your life!”

The two men drew guns from their belts and looked at Philip sardonically.

If their client had not demanded they take him back alive, Philip would be dead by now!

Philip looked at them coldly and then turned his gaze toward the man with the shades.

“Don’t waste your breath on him. Break his limbs and send him to the rendezvous spot. Just get the money and scam, we can’t be late for our next appointment!”

“Alright, allow me!”

The two assassins exchanged a look and aimed their guns at Philip’s hands and feet!

However, the second they were about to pull the trigger, they were stunned to see that Philip had vanished from the spot!

The very next moment, they felt a wave of killing intent wash over them from behind. It was several times more intense than their own!

They were all survivors from the battlefield who had seen more than their fair share of life and death!

Even so, both of them were now shaking from head to toe. That killing intent felt almost solid, like an actual blade piercing through their chests!

By the time they looked down at their chests, both of them saw a sharp dagger piercing through their body from behind!

It hurt!

It hurt so much, as though they were being torn apart!

One of them could clearly feel the pain blossoming from his chest, signaling the impending end of his life,

He realized that the man standing behind him was nothing short of a demon, as his killer whispered into his ear, "I gave you a chance. It's your fault for not taking it."

Bathump!

Both men collapsed onto the ground in unison!

Philip appeared behind one of them, his gaze dark and cold as he glared at the man in shades and the woman, both of whom looked stunned. His voice was icy as he said, "I'll give you two one last chance. Either tell me the mastermind, or you'll join them in hell!"

A wintry breeze blew across the abandoned car park, across the two men lying in pools of their own blood!

Philip's eyes emitted a cold gleam as he looked at the man in shades sitting on the car hood and the woman behind him. His killing intent rolled off him in waves!

Damn it!

Who the hell was this guy?

The man in shades finally lost his cool, terror in his eyes behind his glasses!

Both of those men had been some of the better killers in their organization, but they amounted to nothing when faced with Philip. He got rid of them in an instant!

The man in shades did not even see how Philip did it!

He was a fighting master!

No, a legend!

The man in shades finally understood the meaning of death. He was more afraid than he had ever been before, his hands shaking uncontrollably!

Their mission this time was probably destined for failure!

“Who on earth are you?”

The man in shades asked as he stood up, gripping his dagger tightly. He was coiled and ready to strike!

Philip chuckled coldly. “Didn’t your master tell you who I am?”

“Bold words! Now die!”

The man in shades came at him first, launching himself forward by stomping hard against the ground and dashing toward Philip. The dagger he held was nothing more than a flash of light as it came flying at Philip’s chest!

Philip’s gaze hardened. The man was no pushover, but all resistance was futile!

Philip tilted his body and lifted his leg, slamming his knee into the man's chest!

Crack!

That was the sound of ribs breaking!

The man in shades had no idea how Philip avoided his lunge. That was his famous killing move, and he had reaped many lives with just that move!

Today, though, he failed!

Within an instant, he felt a thunderous impact spread through his chest!

He had at least three broken ribs!

It was not even over yet!

Philip raised his hand and choked the man's neck tightly. With his other hand, he quickly grabbed the man's wrist and twisted it, using the killer's own hand to stab his dagger into his chest!

Pfft!

The man's shades finally fell to the ground, revealing his eyes wide with shock!

"Where is she?" Philip asked coldly.

"K-Kill me!"

The man in shades was a man to the end. He did not tattle.

Philip raised his brow and added a bit more force into his grip, twisting the dagger that was buried in the left side of the man's chest!

“Ah!”

There was a terrible scream that jolted several dozen birds out of their nap nearby.

“I'm asking you one last time. Where is she?!”

Philip's eyes were dark and cold, his heart set on murder.

Chapter 645

“S-She...”

Bang bang!

There were two consecutive gunshots!

Philip quickly swung the man in front of him like a shield, and the two bullets sunk into the assassin's back!

His female colleague had made her move. Since her first attempt did not work, she did not linger, leaving in the blink of an eye.

Philip frowned deeply, looking at the man in shades. The latter was lying on the ground with blood bubbling out of his mouth, so Philip knew that he was not getting any answers there.

He quickly called Rick and soon found his answer.

Curse that Marcus Quaid!

Curse the entire Quaid family!

Had the previous incident not taught them anything?!

How dare they try something like this!

...

At a presidential suite at United International Hotel.

“Hehe, give it up, Wynn. I promise I’ll treat you well.”

Marcus was holding a piece of Wynn’s dress that he had torn off her body. He brought it to his nostrils and took a deep whiff before spreading his lips into a creepy grin.

Wynn was all curled up in a corner of the room, armed with the bedside lamp. Her face was stained with tears as she howled hoarsely, “Go away! Don’t you dare come near me! Stay away from me!

“Help! Help, save me!”

Wynn screamed desperately, but the only sounds in the large presidential suite were her wails and his lustful sniggers.

She watched as he approached her, one step at a time. Despair filled her heart, and tears continued to trickle from her eyes.

Oh, how she wished someone could save her right now. How she wished...

Marcus cackled and pounced at her in the corner. He had been waiting for this moment for so long, and now he was finally going to taste the forbidden fruit!

He threw her roughly onto the bed and then pressed his body over hers, trapping her wrists!

Wynn kept trying to fight, kept screaming at the top of her lungs!

Finally, at the very last second, she cried out in despair, "Philip!"

Bam!

Crash!

There was a tremendous hullabaloo in the room!

Wynn's eyes were squeezed shut, but she felt Marcus's weight suddenly disappear from above her. Her eyes flew open, and she saw a large and powerful body standing over her, emanating flames of fury!

Philip was utterly enraged, his eyes threatening to spew flames as he glared at Marcus, whom he had sent flying with a kick!

He had never before been so furious!

He had never before wanted to kill someone so badly!

Everyone had a bottom line, a landmine that would kill anyone who stepped on it!

He turned around and looked at Wynn. In one rapid motion, he grabbed the covers and blanketed her body with it. He then bent over and hugged her shoulders, soothing her. "I'm here. It's alright now."

Wynn was still dazed. She gripped the covers tightly, feeling the very real warmth of real embrace around her. Her body was still shaking.

He was here. It was really him!

“It’s alright. Everything is alright now.”

Philip kept consoling her.

He only let go when Wynn calmed down slightly. He pushed back the hair that had fallen over her forehead and said gently, “Leave the rest to me.”

With that, Philip stood up and walked over to Marcus, who was still groaning on the floor.

“Why are you here?!”

Marcus held his chest. He seemed to have broken a few ribs, and it hurt so bad that he still could not get up.

The even scarier part was that Marcus had not even seen how Philip managed to get in before he was sent flying!

Was this man a demon?

Smack!

Philip simply slapped him with such force that he knocked out several of Marcus’s teeth!

Pfft!

Marcus coughed out some blood, his expression stormy and his eyes bloodshot as he roared at Philip, "You're dead! Do you have any idea what you're doing?!"

Even if Marcus was still somewhat confused, that slap was enough to smack his back into reality. The reality was that Philip was here and ready to teach him a lesson!

"You deserve death, Marcus Quaid!"

Philip said icily, his eyes filled with bloodlust!

Bathump!

When Marcus's gaze met Philip's, the former gave a jolt as though electrocuted. He could feel the tsunami of killing intent in Philip's eyes, and it took him off-guard for a second.

Bam!

Philip wasted no time on trash-talking. He simply raised his foot and brought it down hard on Marcus's chest, with such force that the tiles cracked underneath him!

"Argh!"

Marcus screamed in pain. It felt as though he had been struck by an anvil in the chest!

"Y-You little... Let go! You're making an enemy of the Quaid! My family won't forgive you!"

Marcus wailed through the agony, his face turning blue as he grabbed Philip's leg. He was finding it hard to breathe.

"So what if I do make an enemy of them? You reached your grubby paws at my woman, so I'll cut them off as a favor for your family!"

Philip said frostily, his voice low and dangerous like a demon king from the depths of hell. "This time, I don't mind killing you."

Marcus's heart pounded in his chest!

Chapter 646

He read the specter of death in Philip's icy eyes. It was extremely vivid, as though Philip could kill him with a snap of his fingers!

Why did he disobey Uncle Len? Why did he insist on opposing Philip?

Marcus was filled with regret right now. He would gladly beg Philip for mercy on his knees.

However, it was all futile now. He was still the second son of the Quaid family, the heir to their fortune. No, he had the right to be proud!

He did not believe that Philip would actually kill him!

"No way! You wouldn't dare to kill me! I'm the second son of the Quaid family, I represent the Quaid family!"

Marcus roared, trying to catch the attention of the guards outside by yelling.

However, it was all for naught.

Rick had disposed of all the guards outside.

"If you touch me, you're making an enemy of the Quaid family. If anything happens to me, the entire family will come after your life! Trust me, we're more than capable of that! No matter how strong you are, can you protect your family? Your friends? What about her? Don't you think my family will come after her with a vicious vengeance?"

Marcus had leverage. Once he remembered that, he no longer feared anything. In fact, he only grew bolder.

Smack!

Philip slapped him without hesitation!

“You just can’t shut up, can you?”

Philip said coldly, “You might be the second son of the Quaid, but the Quaid has always been nothing to me! Or are you saying that you Quaid learned nothing from what happened to your older brother?”

His older brother?

Marcus saw the hostility in Philip’s eyes and suddenly thought that he had to be planning something bad. Marcus shuddered despite himself.

He spat out the blood and broken teeth in his mouth, glaring at Philip. “I’m warning you, Philip, you should leave while you can. If Uncle Len finds you here, you won’t be able to leave even if you want to!”

“Oh? You’re on the verge of death, but you’re still worried about others? No, I think you’re scared of me, aren’t you? That’s why you want me to leave, right?”

Philip gave it a brief thought and then removed his foot from Marcus’s chest, pulling a fruit knife from the coffee table instead.

At first, Philip had wanted to kill Marcus. It was his first time wanting to kill someone else so badly!

At the same time, he was no fool. He wanted to use Marcus as bait to ignite the Quaid’s fury!

Eventually, he decided to give Marcus a lesson he would never forget!

Philip waved the fruit knife in his hand, crouching next to Marcus. The latter squirmed backward in fear, asking in a panic, “W-What are you trying to pull here?”

“You should know what fate awaits you from the moment you laid your filthy fingers on my woman!”

Philip chuckled coldly and minced no more words. He brought his knife down!

Pfft!

“Argh!”

There was a scream as Marcus clapped his hand around his bloody groin. He curled up into a ball, kneeling in a pool of his own blood!

The whole floor was covered in blood, like a scene out of a horror movie!

“You... I want to kill you! I want to kill you!”

Marcus’s face was crimson as he screamed.

He had lost his manhood!

Philip stood up and looked down at Marcus, who had fainted from the pain. He then brought his foot down and trampled the lost digit into mush!

Marcus could forget about regaining any function there!

He was not going to touch another woman in his life!

The entire presidential suite reeked of blood.

Philip walked to the bed and picked Wynn up in a bridal carry. She was still trembling in his arms as he slowly carried her out of the suite.

Wynn did not fight back at all, because she no longer had the energy to. Right now, she lay against Philip's broad chest quietly, feeling the testosterone washing off him in waves.

This was her husband.

The man who would always appear when things became dangerous.

“Don't worry, Wynn. I promise something like this will never happen again!”

Philip's gaze was firm as he carried Wynn away.

She leaned against his chest, feeling that insurmountable sense of safety. She murmured, “Philip, can you tell me what you're going to do next?”

She was very worried that Philip would do something irrational for her sake.

After all, the enemy was the Quaid family from Capital City!

“I will announce to everyone that you're my wife. You're Mrs. Clarke, the woman of the Clarke family heir, Philip Clarke! No one in this entire world can touch you!”

Philip said solemnly, his eyes bright with determination.

He was going to throw away all pretense. He was going to give her the title she deserved, so that no one else would ever covet her again!

Chapter 647

Philip carried Wynn out of the hotel.

At the door, Rick gave them a glance before he left as well.

Soon, Theo reached the scene, but what he saw immediately gave him a headache.

That was the second young master of the Quaid family from Capital City!

This was going to be a big deal!

A storm was coming right for Riverdale soon.

“What should we do, Theo? This is Master Marcus Quaid from Capital City.”

Tiger stood next to Theo, his large body looking awkward as he scratched the back of his head helplessly.

Theo frowned slightly, his eyes focused on Marcus, who lay unconscious in the room. He sighed in exasperation.

“Send him away. Things will get messy soon, so tell our men to prepare.”

Theo said, his expression determined.

He was not going to betray Philip. Way back then, he had acknowledged Philip as his leader.

Even if a bloody tragedy ensued, he was going to have Philip's back!

After that battle in the villa, Theo's determination had only strengthened further.

Meanwhile, Philip had hailed a cab and brought Wynn back to First Palace.

Wynn took a long hot bath in the master bedroom, desperately trying to wash the filth off her body. At least, she thought herself extremely dirty right now.

Once she was done washing herself, Philip enthusiastically offered her a cup of steaming hot chamomile tea.

“Here, honey, have some tea. It’s good for soothing your nerves.”

“Right, thanks.”

Wynn sat down, her hair still dripping wet. She took a few sips of the tea and then stopped.

After that, she just curled up on the couch in a daze, looking at the night outside the window without a word.

Philip knew that she was feeling tortured right now. No one would be able to calm down so soon after something like that.

“Thank you, honey.”

Her soft voice suddenly resounded in the silent room.

Philip hurriedly walked to her and pulled her into his embrace, rubbing her back tenderly. His voice was gentle as he said, “No need to thank me. I’m just glad you’re safe.”

The light went out of Wynn’s eyes. She looked at Philip blankly, pulling at the corners of her white lips. All of a sudden, she sat up and said his name solemnly. “Philip.”

“What’s the matter? Does it hurt anywhere? Shall I call the doctor?”

Philip barraged her with worried questions.

Wynn shook her head and looked into his eyes, her gaze calm as she said, “I’m fine, but I want to ask you something.”

Philip had the vague impression that Wynn had noticed something. He tugged at the corners of his lips and rambled, “You can ask me later. What you need right now is rest. I’ll help you handle things at work, and don’t worry about the Quids either. I have a plan.”

Wynn ignored his babble and asked him seriously, “Who are you, honey?”

Philip took a deep breath and grinned. “I’m me, of course. What’s the matter? Is your head screwed on right?”

He reached out to touch her forehead, but Wynn gripped his hand like a helpless little girl. Her eyes were full of fear as she looked at Philip. “Give me a proper answer, honey. What are you hiding from me? Why? Is your real identity truly that important?”

Philip was growing more and more mysterious to her. Wynn felt as though she had never really known her own husband.

At first he owned a restaurant, then he turned out to be the young master of the Clarke Group from Capital City. Then there was the three-billion dollar investment.

Philip just kept giving her one surprise after another.

However, she did not even know who he really was.

All she knew was that her husband was no ordinary man.

After that incident at the villa that night, Wynn was even more certain that Philip's family situation was extremely complicated.

Perhaps that was why Philip was keeping it from her.

"Could you wait a little longer, honey? Just a little."

Philip held Wynn's head, addressing her solemnly.

That was right, he had a plan in mind.

This time, he was going to settle everything, all at once!

He had to put a stop to Giada's ambitions, but he was also going to capture all the families and groups secretly eyeing Beacon from the shadows in one fell swoop.

...

Marcus was rushed to the hospital and managed to survive.

Len stood outside the ER, his expression dark as the night and his killing intent roaring around him. He had warned Master Marcus not to do anything rash, but considering Master Marcus's personality...

There was no way they could keep this under wraps. It was too significant!

Len walked out of the hospital and made a call. "Master, something happened to Master Marcus."

"Hmm? What happened?"

The deep voice on the other end sounded extremely authoritative.

"He's been maimed," Len replied.

“Is it serious? If it isn’t, get him treated and send him back. Just teach the assailant a lesson, but don’t kill them.”

“Master, Master Marcus may... never have kids from now on.”

Len replied honestly, a cold sweat breaking out over his head as he withstood that immense pressure.

Chapter 648

There was instant silence on the other end, followed by a wave of pressure like an earthquake!

This was no trivial matter. It threatened the future of the Quaid family legacy!

Furthermore, Marcus was the family’s brightest hope for the next generation.

“Find out who did it, and kill them!”

The voice on the other end roared with the aura of a king, followed by, “And send Marcus back here at once!”

“Yes, sir!”

Len responded and ended the call, wiping the cold sweat from his brow.

Since the master had given him an order, he just had to carry it out.

Capital City was a busy international metropolitan where cash and alcohol flowed freely.

Right now, a few rays of moonlight were shining through the windows into a dark room in a villa. Inside, a young man in a wheelchair was looking out of the window expressionlessly. His gaze was dark, but no one could read what he was thinking.

Just then, his phone rang.

The handsome young man glanced at the caller ID and frowned slightly. After a moment's thought, he accepted the call.

"Master Lawrence, there's a call from home. Something happened to Master Marcus, and the Old Master is in a right temper. Do you want to come back for a visit?"

The man's expression finally shifted slightly at that report, but his voice remained calm as he asked, "By Master Marcus, you mean my younger brother?"

The man was Lawrence Quaid, the first son of the Capital City Quaid family. He had the same gentlemanly vibe his name suggested, and he never caused any trouble or picked any fights, just doing what he had to do. He was the number one candidate for the next head of the family, and his chances of succeeding the position were almost a hundred percent!

However, something happened many years ago that dethroned Lawrence from his position in the family.

That incident had turned Capital City upside-down!

Everyone in the upper circles said that Lawrence had offended someone he should not have, costing the Quaid the right to plant their next generations into the central government!

At the same time, Lawrence lost his status as the next-in-line.

He had been reduced to a useless piece of trash.

"Yes, Master Lawrence. Apparently, Master Marcus was maimed and left impotent... The Master has sent Sir Len to make the necessary preparations."

The voice on the other end was trembling as it briefly described all that had happened.

"He was maimed?"

Lawrence was stony-faced. Even after receiving such a piece of news, his expression remained unchanged and emotionless.

What nobody else could see was that he was positively elated right now!

This was his chance!

Marcus Quaid had been cut out of the picture!

As soon as he hung up, Lawrence was certain of one thing!

The Quaid family was not going to sleep tonight!

More importantly, the opportunity he had been waiting for after so long was finally here!

It was his era to shine once again!

Eight years ago, he was forced out of his privileged position at the center of the family and relegated to nothing. Starting from now, however, he was going to transform into a hunting hound, baring his fangs and taking back all that he had lost!

Lawrence Quaid was as gentlemanly as his name suggested. No one knew the real him, or rather, everyone thought they knew him.

Lawrence mused the situation over, his expression finally began to change. The corner of his lips slowly began to crease, and his loud laughter rang out through the villa!

There was a clap of thunder outside as lightning flashed, and a torrential rain descended upon Capital City!

...

"Master, the results of the investigation are in."

A butler was standing behind a middle-aged man, respectfully offering his report.

This was a mansion in Capital City worth a cool billion dollars!

Its occupants were none other than the great Joo family!

They were one of the most powerful military families in Capital City!

"So who was it?"

The middle-aged man asked, looking at the Picasso on the wall. He never took his eyes off the painting, seeming quite pleased with it.

"His name is Philip Clarke."

The middle-aged man standing in front of the middle-aged butler had sharp features and a very proper countenance. He had a square jaw and a small goatee, emanating the aura of an authoritative leader!

"Clarke, you say? Is he from the Clarke Group?"

The middle-aged man turned around and asked the butler.

Chapter 649

"His last name is Clarke, but he probably isn't from that group."

The butler replied, but he did not say any more than that.

"Probably? Look into it again!"

The middle-aged man lost interest in the topic and said calmly, "Keep a close eye on what the Quaid's do now. If they try anything unusual, tell me immediately. As for that Philip Clarke fellow, try to keep him alive if possible."

"Yes, sir."

The butler left the room, leaving the middle-aged man alone in the large study. He continued to admire the painting on the wall, marveling at its beauty.

However, just then, the door to the study flew open, and an old man leaning on a cane appeared at the door.

The middle-aged man hurriedly ran to the old man and said respectfully, "Why did you come down here, Father? It's so late!"

The old man sat on the couch and coughed softly before saying, "I hear that the Quaid's son was castrated?"

This was Old Master Joo, the foundation of the Joo family and the person with the most say!

He was the emotional center of the entire family!

As long as Old Master Joo remained strong, the Joo family would always stay at the top of Capital City's four military families!

The middle-aged man poured his father some tea and took a seat next to the old man, saying politely, "That's right. The Quaid's are probably tearing out their hair right now."

“I see.” The old man nodded and said, “Did you find out who did it?”

“We did. It’s a young man named Philip Clarke, and he was pretty ruthless about it. According to our sources, the Quaid family wanted to take over Riverdale, but their boy Marcus went and caused some unexpected trouble. He was castrated for his efforts.”

The man relayed the information to his father honestly.

“What did you say? His name is Philip Clarke?”

The old man’s expression changed suddenly, his eyes widening.

“That’s right. What’s the matter, Father? Are you feeling unwell somewhere?”

The middle-aged man hastily tried to comfort his father when he saw the old man’s sudden burst of emotion, patting the latter’s chest.

Old Master Joo shoved his son aside, beaming brightly. “Haha, so it’s that brat! No wonder! Seven years, it’s been seven years since I last heard of him.”

The middle-aged man was confused by his father’s rambling. “Father, do you know that Philip Clarke person?”

He could not understand how. His father only dealt with a very specific group of people, so how would he know a completely unrelated, unassuming young man?

“Nonsense!”

Old Master Joo stood up and rammed his cane into the tiled floor. “Have you forgotten what happened to the first son of the Quaid family back then?”

The first son of the Quaid family...

Wait, could it...?!

But how?!

“Could it be...?!”

The middle-aged man instantly remembered something. Although the Quuids tried to hush up what happened to their first son, the rumors still circulated within their shared circles.

People in their position were especially inclined to find out whatever information they wanted.

If he remembered correctly, the man back then had the last name Clarke as well.

Master Clarke’s actions way back then were terrifying to behold as well!

At the time, the Quuids were significantly more powerful than the Joo family. They were at the peak of their glory.

However, as a result of that incident, the Quuids were dragged down from their perch almost instantly within a day, and they never reached those heights again. They never once surpassed the Joos since then!

Furthermore, that incident seemed to have left the Quuids in the bad books of the central-most authorities in the land!

In other words, the Master Clarke from back then had ties to the pinnacle of the nation!

Even national heroes had stepped in!

Did they interfere to make peace between the two sides?

No!

The moment they showed up, they gave the Quaid a harsh scolding and publicly shamed them!

“Send someone to Riverdale right away, and stop the Quaid from avenging their second son!”

Old Master Joo leaned on his cane, his eyes gleaming with a long-hidden edge. “Also, if necessary, don’t worry about offending the Quaid! Oh yes, Vivi is in Riverdale now, right? Tell her to find a way to approach Philip Clarke!”

“Right, I’ll make the arrangements right now.”

The middle-aged man hurried out of the study and began issuing orders.

Old Master Joo remained in the study, his eyes faintly bright. He murmured to himself, “You won’t be getting away this time, brat. We’ll definitely catch a hold of you.”

Capital City was a place of mysteries. Nobody knew the scenes that were unfolding beyond the thick veil of the rain over the city right now.

The Quaid sent several squadrons out in the cover of the night. One group went to Riverdale, while another went to the airport to pick up the grievously-wounded and still-unconscious second son, Marcus, rushing him to Capital City Public Hospital!

As for the master of the Quaid family, he braved the cold rain as well, going straight to Tundra Peak and looking for the legendary doctor, Vonn Nile. He begged the latter to save his son...

At the same time, the Joo family assigned some men to head to Riverdale, hot on the Quaid's trail.

All the currents of chaos seemed to be gathering in Riverdale.

...

Wynn did not sleep well at all that night. In her dreams, she kept seeing Marcus's disgusting mug lunging at her as he cackled coldly!

She was jolted awake more than once!

When she woke up the next morning, she saw Philip working out on the balcony. Although he wore a pair of shorts, she could still see the well-defined lines on his upper body and his well-built muscles!

She looked at his back, covered with sweat. As she remained silent, her thoughts began to wander, but only she knew what she was thinking.

It seemed that she had never really noticed that her husband had a habit of working out every morning.

The more she watched, the warmer she felt inside her heart.

Thank goodness she had him.

Chapter 650

In truth, she wanted to ask Philip how he was going to settle the problem with Marcus Quaid.

After she thought it over, though, she decided to let it be. Her husband was pretty mysterious.

He probably would not let her interfere.

Wynn got up and cleaned herself up, changing into clean clothes. Only then did Philip run back into the room, all smiles.

“Do you feel better now, Wynn honey?”

Philip wiped his sweat with a towel and asked her with a chuckle.

Today, Wynn was dressed like a girl next door, wearing some exercise clothes and her hair tied in a ponytail.

“I’m fine.”

Wynn said, doing a few simple stretches. She showed off her figure perfectly, giving Philip quite the knock-out punch this early in the morning!

“Are you going out for a walk?”

Philip guessed based on how Wynn was behaving. Was she still tormented by what happened yesterday?

“Yeah. I’m going out jogging for a bit.”

Wynn replied, leaving the villa without hesitation in a jog.

“Hey, wait for me. I’ll come with you.”

Philip hurriedly gave chase.

The two of them ran for a bit before returning to the villa for breakfast. After she went upstairs, Wynn took a hot bath and then sat on the balcony with a cup of coffee, admiring the view.

Since First Palace was the biggest villa in Longford Park, it had a manmade lake behind it. There was also a busy commercial street on the opposite shore, crowded with shoppers.

That was proof of the Longfords' capabilities. They could start an entire shopping street in a high-end suburb.

Of course, the street was only open to the occupants of the villas.

Philip stayed next to Wynn, telling her countless jokes. However, he just could not lift Wynn's mood.

Unbeknownst to both of them...

Far away on the surface of the lake, there was a motionless white yacht just floating there. On it, there was a woman in skintight black leather clothes. She put one foot on the railing and held up binoculars with both her hands!

Just then a voice came through her earpiece.

"Have you found the target, Rosa?"

A man's voice said darkly into her ear. It was not pleasant to listen to, not at all.

The woman smiled slightly. "Found him."

"Kill him!"

The deep voice commanded in a bone-chilling tone.

The woman's lips curved into a cold smile. She turned around and picked up a long black case from behind her, pulling a sniper rifle out of it.

Once she set up her rifle, she bent over and stuck up her behind, aiming the scope at Philip, who was laughing merrily on the balcony more than a kilometer away!

Philip was trying his best to make Wynn laugh, but why was his wife not responding at all?

“Where’s Mila?” Wynn asked off-handedly.

“Anne took her out. The doctor said she needs more exercise and fresh air.”

Philip said. He then turned around and rested his head on his hand, looking out at the blue lake. Just then, he suddenly felt a ray of light on his face!

It was very faint, but Philip’s sharp senses told him something was wrong!

Danger!!!

Philip did not immediately react. He just glanced at the white yacht out of the corner of his eye. Without even thinking, at just the last second, he leaped around and wrapped his arms around Wynn. He then crashed through the glass door and into the room, hiding Wynn in the corner!

Bang!

Crash!

At the same time, a high-speed bullet penetrated the deck chair Philip had been lying in, smashing through the glass behind it and even shattering the entire glass door!

Wynn still looked dazed. When she saw the glass door shattering, she hugged her head and hid in the corner. Even she could tell that something was very wrong here!

When she saw that Philip was about to run out, Wynn hurriedly grabbed his hand and shook her head, her eyes filled with tears.

She only felt safe if Philip was with her.

Philip crouched down and caressed her hair, smiling faintly as he consoled her. "Don't worry, honey, no one can hurt you. I'll be back in a jiffy."

Wynn just hugged him, as tightly as she could. She was terrified of losing him the very next second!

Philip laughed and ran out onto the balcony, still wearing nothing but his shorts. He leaped and did a somersault, flying out from the balcony!

This was the second floor of the villa!

He was going to fall to his death like this!

Wynn was shocked speechless!

Philip jumped down from the balcony but continued to clamber onto the other balconies like a monkey. He was even more impressive than the superheroes on the silver screen!

The moment he planted his feet on the ground, he called Rick and said, "Find out which assassination guild has been infiltrating Riverdale lately and then await my orders. I want them gone, once and for all!"

When he turned around to glance upstairs again, there was already fury in his eyes!

They kept provoking him, time and time again!

They even came with the intent to kill!

Philip was properly ticked off now. It did not matter who the mastermind was, he was going to destroy them all!

Chapter 651

He then turned around and looked at the distant lake surface, his expression turning dark. He curled the corners of his lips into a cold smile and then kicked off against the ground, dashing toward the lake.

Everyone thought he was useless trash.

What they did not know was that he was rich, powerful, and also an inhuman fighter!

Although he was not as good as Rick, he was much better than most normal people and even some trained assassins!

After all, Reed's demonic training was no child's play. It was practically a suicidal regiment!

On the surface of the lake, the female assassin codenamed Rosa was also observing Philip at the same time. When she saw that he was rapidly running toward her, she was quite startled!

Was he even still human?

Not only did he run at breakneck speeds, he even ran in a Z-shaped trajectory, making him impossible to aim at!

Bang bang!

Rosa pulled the trigger several times in a row, but the bullets just missed him!

Or rather, he deftly managed to dodge all of them!

Philip ran like the wind and hijacked a motorboat that was heading out into the water. He steered the boat toward the yacht on the lake!

The yacht just stayed on the surface of the lake quietly, as though waiting for Philip!

He was only wearing a pair of shorts. He did not have any time to change at all, and he was not armed either!

The motorboat sailed across the water, spraying water as it went. It was like a sharp white knife cutting through the silent lake, heading straight for the enemy's heart.

Rosa, the woman clad in leather, raised her sniper rifle and aimed it at the motorboat that was rapidly approaching her!

The figure in her scope that was growing ever closer gave her the thrill of a fight unlike any other.

The closer Philip got to her, the stronger her lust for combat grew!

Nox Rosa, the most lethal rose of all!

That was how her organization rated her. She had never once failed before!

She tried a few shots, but she still could not hit that man. By now, Rosa knew that she was facing a difficult enemy. No wonder the old master had told her to run if she could not beat him before she left.

However, the concept of running did not exist in Rosa's dictionary!

She threw aside her rifle and bent down, drawing two sharp daggers from her ankles. Her leather outfit perfectly showed off her S-shaped figure!

When she next looked up, Philip was already coming at her on the motorboat. He was less than a hundred meters away from her!

The motorboat might crash into the yacht in the blink of an eye!

Such a distance could be lethal to an assassin. Anything could happen!

In an instant, Philip leaped into the air and landed on the deck, sneering coldly. Faced with this fully-armed woman, he boldly admired her commendable body!

To think she was such a killer beauty!

With a body like that, she should be on display in a bar, not out here trying to kill for a living!

Rosa gave the man before a calm look. She could not read anything from his demeanor, but she could see just how interested he was in her by looking into his bright eyes!

Damn him!

Rosa had already labeled Philip a pervert in her heart!

She gripped her two daggers, both of which looked like ornate antiques. They had illegible runes carved onto them, but anyone could tell at a glance that they were far from ordinary or ornamental!

The blades gleamed with a chilling light as the sunlight reflected off them in pure-white rays!

Rosa stayed low and rushed at Philip, like a panther pouncing at its prey. She stabbed her daggers at Philip's chest and throat mercilessly!

She was going straight in for the kill!

However, Philip continued to look calm, his eyes trained on Rosa's body. Despite himself, he began to sing, "Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow...?"

Philip was only wearing shorts, but with a wave of his hand, there was a flash of silver. A coin flew straight toward Rosa!

Rosa was startled. She immediately deduced that Philip was a master at throwing weapons, so she turned around and stepped on the railing, doing a backflip before landing firmly on the ground!

As she flipped in mid-air, she swung her blades in the air. There was a clang!

She hit the coin back at Philip!

Philip steadied his footing and then looked at her with a light in his eyes. Holding his chin, he asked, "Who sent you?"

Rosa replied coldly, "Dead men don't need to know!"

Oh-ho, feisty!

The ice in Philip's eyes grew harder at her answer. He shook his head and sighed. "You can't beat me, gorgeous. I think you should just tell me who sent you here, like a good girl."

This time, Philip did not bother hiding his wild and commanding aura.

This was the real Philip Clarke.

He had been holding himself back for a great many years now.

“Hmph, brave last words! Enjoy your tongue-wagging while you can, bakayaro!” Rosa swore coldly.

What the heck? A kawaii chick?

Philip was slightly thrown off. Was the assassin Japanese?

Rosa came rushing at him again, her figure like that of an angry female panther. She sent a kick flying at Philip’s chest!

Philip turned serious in the face of such a formidable attack as well. He tilted his body and reached out his hands, shaping them into claws as he lunged forward and got a good grip on her!

Oh?

Daheck?! No, no, he did not mean to! It was just an accident!

Still, Miss Kawaii here felt firm and perky. She had the real goods here.

Although Philip was groping her, Rosa did not seem flustered at all. Her face just turned red as she aimed her dagger at Philip’s neck!

Philip knew that she was determined to kill, so he hurriedly backed away from her!

However, Rosa was not going to let him go. Her daggers came at him like a shredder, aiming at Philip’s vitals like his neck and chest relentlessly!

Philip was forced into a corner. It took him a while to find an opening, but then he tilted and turned until he was behind Rosa. With one hand, he grabbed Rosa’s wrist aimed at his waist, and with the other, he caught her hand coming at his neck!

Philip was pressed tightly against Rosa's back. As she struggled, he felt a different sort of assault, a softer one!

Rosa was bright scarlet as well, saying through clenched teeth, "Baka! Imma kill you!"

"You're no match for me, sensei."

Philip smiled shamelessly. "Don't struggle, or else you might cut your own pretty little face."

Chapter 652

Rosa was furious. She kicked the deck, jumped up with the momentum, and performed a somersault!

Philip immediately pushed the irritable woman away and touched his neck. He was quite fortunate. He almost got his throat cut!

"I say, do you need to take this so seriously?" Philip shrugged as he asked.

Rosa squatted on the ground, her eyes glinting with cold light like a sword ready to launch!

"Again?"

In an instant, Rosa dashed out and her double sabers were aimed directly at Philip's chest!

Philip was annoyed this time. A chill spread over his eyes. Increasing his intensity, he flipped sideways and raised his knee for a block!

When Rosa finally noticed that her opponent leaked a trace of frightening intent, it was already too late!

She was knocked away by Philip's knee, crashed on the cabin, and fell heavily on the deck. It took a long while before she could even move!

Philip crossed his arms over his chest and looked on coldly as Rosa struggled on the ground. He had not held back on that kick!

After that, he walked toward Rosa one step at a time, picked up a dagger that fell on the ground, and turned it around in his palm several times. With a chill in his eyes, he flung it casually and the dagger flew at Rosa like a bolt of silver lightning!

Clank!

Sparks burst as two daggers collided mid-air and fell into the water with a loud splash!

Her plan had gone awry. Initially, she had hidden a dagger around her torso. When Philip came near, she would kill him with one strike!

However, the opponent seemed to have guessed her next move. Including the fight just now, the other party had accurately calculated everything!

Just in case, Philip raised his hand and whacked the back of Rosa's head with it. Immediately, Rosa slumped weakly and could not exert any more strength.

“It's a pity. What a waste of valuable resources for someone with a beautiful face like this to kill people instead of taking the plunge.”

Philip squatted in front of Rosa, shook his head, and commented helplessly.

Rosa lay on the ground, trying to support her body. She glared at Philip and cursed, “Idiot! Pervert! I'm going to kill you!”

It was not as if she did not understand Philip's words. Taking the plunge—That was what a dirty woman would do!

She would never take the plunge!

Humiliation!

It was utter humiliation!

Rosa vowed that she would kill this man with her bare hands!

“You want to kill me?” Philip sneered. “With your current abilities?”

“I’ll ask you again, who sent you here? Of course, you can choose not to tell me, but I have more than a dozen buddies short of women recently. I really don’t mind sending you to them. Oh yes, maybe they can even make a video out of it.”

“I’ll definitely kill you!” Rosa gritted her teeth.

Philip leaned close to Rosa’s fair and tender neck, smelling the scent of cherry blossoms. It was expected of a Japanese girl.

He said coldly, “Big-eyed girl, can’t you speak properly? Do I have to beat you up until you moan and beg me for mercy before you surrender?”

Rosa was enraged when she heard these words, but she could not muster any strength at all, so she could only curse angrily, “Creep! All you Orienta men are despicable! Perverts!”

Philip frowned and pressed Rosa against the cabin wall vehemently!

Rosa’s face red-hot!

She had never been treated so frivolously by a man, so she struggled violently while cursing, “Ah! I’m going to hack this Orienta man into pieces!”

“Haha, you want to kill me? How many times have you said this already?”

Philip mocked her. “Be obedient and tell me who’s your master behind the scenes and maybe I’ll spare your life. Otherwise, I’ll do indescribable things to you right now!”

The killing intent in Rosa’s eyes was very strong. She knew that she was in a real pickle right now, but she would never answer any questions from Philip, so she struggled and cursed, “Dream on! Even if you kill me, I won’t tell you anything!”

It was also at this time that Philip received Rick’s text message.

‘Found it.’

Philip lost interest. In the end, he hugged Rosa’s delicate waist, exerted strength in his arms, and threw Rosa into the lake!

Looking at the flailing woman in the lake, Philip sneered. “Go back and tell your master that I’ll have tea with him. Tell him to be prepared.”

After speaking, Philip returned to the cockpit without looking back and drove the yacht back.

Rosa floated in the lake while watching the yacht getting further away. Her figure was too good, so the buoyancy was great.

She clenched her teeth furiously and cursed, “Pervert! I must kill you!”

After that, she swam back to shore and made a call. “Master, the mission failed.”

“I see. Come back then.”

An old voice came from the other end of the phone.

After hanging up the phone, Rosa glanced at First Palace before she left, drenched and miserable.

On the other side, Philip had returned to First Palace. After he finished taking a hot bath and came out of the bathroom, he received a call from George.

“Young Master, everything is settled. Your restriction has been lifted and a notice will be issued immediately!”

On the other end of the phone, George seemed very excited and agitated.

“Okay.”

Philip simply responded with one word before infinite flames and fighting spirit appeared in his eyes.

At this moment, Wynn trotted in and pounced on him. She finally felt at ease the moment she saw Philip.

“You scared me to death!” Wynn mumbled as her eyes turned red.

Philip looked at her, clutched Wynn’s tender shoulders, and said with a smile on his face, “Wynn, haven't you always wanted to know who I am? I can tell you now.”

Chapter 653

Wynn stared at Philip in bewilderment. She had no idea what he was talking about.

“Phil, what do you mean? What about your identity?”

Wynn was a little confused. Looking at Philip’s steadfast manner, it did not seem to be a farce.

Could it be that Philip wanted to tell her about his true identity?

Philip rubbed Wynn's head fondly and said with a gentle smile, "Wynn, don't worry. Just leave everything to me. Make preparations for the press conference that will be held in Beacon Group's name. After this, there'll be new funds and new investors coming to Beacon."

New investors?

Who?

Wynn was very puzzled. She stared at Philip with wide eyes and suddenly tilted her head with a smile. "Has your friend returned from overseas?"

Philip was startled for a bit before he replied, "Something like that. Go on and make the preparations first. The press conference is scheduled for tomorrow night. All the major media and related entrepreneurs have been invited, including Blake Michaels among others. At that time, I'll give you a surprise."

A surprise?

Wynn looked at Philip dubiously. For some reason, she always felt that Philip was hiding something.

Philip nodded and said, "I'm here, so don't worry. Just make the appropriate preparations. After this is over, I won't let you go to work anymore. Just stay home and have a good pregnancy."

When Wynn heard that, she smiled as her small fists pummeled Philip's chest. "What, you want me to become a full-time housewife?"

Philip shrugged and hugged Wynn's small waist. Even though she was almost two months into her pregnancy, her figure was still so good.

"It's not impossible. From now on, I'll be responsible for supporting the family, and you'll just be responsible for being beautiful."

Philip grinned and sat on the sofa in the living room with Wynn in his arms.

As for Wynn, she leaned on Philip's shoulder like a dainty maiden, squinting her eyes while dreaming about the future. "Phil, do you think it's going to be a boy or a girl this time?"

Actually, Wynn wished to give Philip a boy.

Philip bopped Wynn on her nose and said, "Be it a boy or a girl, they're my child all the same."

Wynn smiled happily, hugged Philip's waist, and leaned in his arms while basking in his tenderness. She pursed her lips and said blissfully, "Phil, it's good to have you."

Philip hugged Wynn and kissed her forehead gently. "Because I love you."

The two of them enjoyed this rare lovey-dovey moment.

Very soon, Anne returned with Mila.

Mila pounced into Philip's arms and giggled as Philip lifted her high in the air.

"Dad, today Anne took me to see the little pigeons. She also took me to eat marshmallows and let me sit on the carousel..."

Mila was very happy and her eyes were like crescent moons.

Wynn also accompanied Mila and started playing with her affectionately.

Soon after that, Theo came to the villa. He stood respectfully at the gate and nodded toward the people in the living room.

“Mr. Clarke, everything's ready,” Theo said respectfully. Two men in black suits stood behind him.

Philip nodded, glanced at Wynn, and touched Mila on her head before getting up to say, “I need to go to Capital City. Howard will help you with the affairs in Riverdale. Get ready for the press conference and wait for my return tomorrow night.”

Capital City?

Wynn was suspicious and could not understand what was going on.

“Are you going home? Has something happened?”

Wynn was worried. She grabbed Philip's hand, her eyes filled with anxiety.

Philip patted her hand gently and said, “Don't worry, it's fine. I'll just go and come back.”

With that said, Philip left the villa. Before that, he had arranged for extra protection around the villa.

He could not help it. As he would not be in Riverdale, he was worried about the safety of Wynn and Mila.

Furthermore, the assassination attempt this morning had sounded the alarm bells for him.

Why was Philip going to Capital City at this time?

After stepping out through the door, Philip got into the car. Rick was already inside and he said lightly, “The other party is a killer organization sent by the Quaid family. The leader behind the scenes is a man named Yamamoto Kyusaku, an assassination force that the Japanese have stationed in Orienta for a long time. Its strength must not be underestimated. There are a total of 72 people in the entire organization,

scattered throughout important cities in the country with their own sub-branches. It's headquartered in Capital City.”

Philip listened quietly, and a sneer appeared at the corner of his mouth. He said, “It seems that they've forgotten all about the incident at the Confucius Temple in Mount Fuji back then. Very well, this time, we'll get rid of all their minions once and for all.”

Those who offended Orienta would suffer from punishment no matter how far away they were!

All the more when they had offended his wife, Wynn Johnston!

This was absolutely unforgivable!

It was just a killer organization that could be wiped out at any time.

If there was sufficient time, he could even visit the Quaid family while in Capital City.

He wondered if those old fogeys missed him.

Very soon, four black Mercedes-Benzes drove directly out of Longford Park and headed toward Capital City.

This time, Theo brought 12 chosen elites with him.

A fight with the killer organization?

These people were obviously not qualified.

However, as Philip mentioned, these people were there just for show. They would not be the ones fighting as that would be Rick Davenport.

Theo was shocked when he heard this.

Rick would confront 72 killers alone?

It was too exaggerated.

Chapter 654

Back to a villa somewhere. For Houston Michaels, the past few days were not pleasant at all. His freedom had been restricted by his father and all his credit cards were frozen. He stayed at home every day, staring at the ceiling in a daze.

Marcus Quaid, the second young master of the Quaid family, suddenly returned to Capital City two days ago. This had caused Blake Michaels to be overwhelmed and all plans were canceled at the last minute.

According to the news received from Capital City, it was the eldest son of the Quaid family, Lawrence Quaid, who would replace Marcus' position in Riverdale to plan the overall situation.

A guy in a wheelchair was qualified to talk business?

What was the Quaid family up to?

Blake was not familiar with Lawrence, but he knew some secrets about the Quaid family.

The fact that Lawrence could take charge of Riverdale indicated that something must have happened to Marcus.

To avoid any unnecessary trouble, he decided to put his son in confinement.

Houston was at home and finally managed to persuade his mother to let him out of the house. Looking at the sun outside, he took a deep breath, clenched his fist, and said sullenly, "Wynn Johnston, Philip Clarke, this is all because of you! I'm going to kill both of you!"

Houston swallowed his anger, went out the door, and drove the car to his family's company. He rushed to the top floor and broke into the chairman's office.

“Dad, what are you waiting for? This is our opportunity! If we make use of the Quaid family, we can easily win Beacon over and also the entire Riverdale!”

Blake sat on the chairman's swivel chair, chatting on the phone. He narrowed his eyes and motioned for Houston not to speak. “Yes, okay, I'll do it right away. Don't worry, it'll be arranged properly.”

Houston was not a clueless person. He sat on the leather sofa, hugging his arms and shaking his propped leg while his face was full of gloom.

“Why are you here? Didn't I tell you to stay at home?” Blake looked angry.

“The Quaid family has sent another person already?” Houston asked.

“Yes, the eldest son. He'll be here in a few days.”

Blake was also a little tired. He leaned back on the chair, rubbing his temples.

The Quaid family had set their eyes on Riverdale. After Marcus left, they were sending the unknown Lawrence here. Their troubles were really never-ending.

“Hehe, the Quaid family... I think they're just all bark and no bite! What a sh*tty family! That useless Marcus can't even deal with Beacon and was sent back to Capital City!” Houston was full of contempt.

“Nonsense! What do you know?”

When Blake heard his son's words, he slammed the table and said coldly, “You can only utter those words here. If you dare to say more when you're out, I'll lock you at home for a month.”

“Hmph!”

Houston snorted before he continued, “Dad, what do you plan to do with Beacon? And that Philip Clarke! I can’t swallow this humiliation. They must pay for it!”

Blake glared at this son who was already consumed by hatred and felt helpless. His silly son was already so old but still so ignorant. Things had already progressed this far, but he was still clamoring for revenge!

What a good-for-nothing!

Blake stood up, pointed at Houston’s nose, and cursed, “Shut up! If it wasn't for you causing trouble for me every day, would there be so much trouble? Go home! If I ever find out you did something on your own, I’ll send you abroad!”

Houston glared, stood up angrily, and shouted, “Fine! If you don’t do something, I will!”

After that, Houston turned around and left without looking back!

“You! Get back here!”

Blake looked at his son's back and waved a fist in the air with resentment.

After some thought, he immediately picked up the landline, made a call, and said, “Luke, keep an eye on Ansel. Don’t let him do anything stupid!”

“Yes, Mr. Michaels,” the voice on the other end of the line responded coldly.

After hanging up the phone, Blake glanced at the time, put on his jacket, called his secretary, and hurried to Cirrus Manor.

Chapter 655

Blake hurried to Cirrus Manor and met Giada.

This woman, Giada Wallis, was born with a glamorous and noble temperament. When she stood there unmoving, she was exactly like an iceberg with a cold demeanor. She was holding a Persian cat in her arms.

“Madam, something must have happened to Marcus. I’m afraid that the Quaid family will not give up so easily this time. A disaster is brewing in Riverdale. When should we take action?”

Blake stood in the hall while bending slightly, looking very respectful.

Giada stood there with a calm expression and said in an unhurried manner, “I see. I'll contact the Quaid family. You can just do your own thing for now.”

Blake nodded and asked again after a brief hesitation, “Madam, there’s something I don’t understand. Who on earth is this Philip who's so audacious that he can still be alive after hitting the second son of the Quaid family? Are you and he...”

Giada’s face turned cold. She stared at Blake and said, “Don't ask questions that you shouldn't ask! He's not an ordinary person. Go and make the preparations now. I want to see how he'll solve the current problems.”

Blake frowned slightly and slowly withdrew from Cirrus Manor.

Standing next to the car door, Blake looked back at the manor as a trace of ruthlessness flashed in his eyes.

The lady was too calm. This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity that must not be missed.

Blake got into the car, dialed a number, and coldly said, “Help me contact the Quaid family quickly. I have something to discuss with them.”

Blake's car soon left the manor.

In the hall, Giada teased the Persian cat in her arms when Vivian walked out behind her and said coldly, "Madam, Blake Michaels has contacted the Quaid family privately."

Vivian was very angry. Blake's behavior was equivalent to betraying Giada!

He must be killed!

Giada was not angry and smiled instead. "I already guessed that he'd contact the Quaid family privately. That old fox, Blake Michaels. After so many years of being condescending to the Wallis family, he has long been unable to hold back. He thinks that if he cooperates with the Quaid family, he can swallow Riverdale and leave the Wallis family. I can only say that his thinking is too naive."

Giada bent down slightly, put the Persian cat down, and whispered, "Just let him do what he wants. We'll just wait to reap the rewards."

"Yes, Madam," Vivian responded.

At the same time in Capital City.

A distinguished family of Capital City, the Quaid family!

The huge villa was well-guarded and full of bodyguards in black suits with one posted at every five steps. They each had a black umbrella in their hands!

They were not ordinary umbrellas!

At that moment, in the huge hall of the Quaid family's manor!

The atmosphere was dull and the temperature was very low, so low that it made one's whole body tremble.

In the center of that big hall was a grand preceptor armchair, and in it sat a middle-aged man with a ruddy face. He appeared to be about 40 to 50 years old. He had a square jaw, thick eyebrows, a high nose, slightly white temples, and was dressed in a black suit.

He was the current patriarch of the Quaid family and the person with the highest prestige in the entire family, Quentin Quaid!

With the ability to command thousands of troops, he had fought countless battles to achieve his current status.

Whether within the family or the field of special guards, he had the highest reputation!

At this moment, Quentin was furious. He slapped the table suddenly and the teacup on the table jumped, the contents spilling all over the table.

“Atrocious! Who dares to bully my Quaid family heir! Investigate! Check it thoroughly for me! I don't care who it is. Find him and bring him to Capital City! I want to see who dares to oppose the Quaid family!”

Quentin's eyes were full of anger as he sternly scolded the butler!

The butler was also drenched in a cold sweat as he felt the anger of the master for the first time!

No, it was the second time!

The first time was eight years ago.

At that time, Quentin was not the family head. It was the grandmaster who was in charge of the family's affairs, Quentin's father.

However, because of the incident eight years ago, the grandmaster was directly suppressed. After that, he announced his resignation as the head of the family and had been living in seclusion in a small courtyard outside Capital City since then.

He had not interfered in the Quaid family's affairs for the past eight years.

At that time, Quentin got angry because of the first young master, but he could not do anything about it then.

It could be considered a calamity for the Quaid family.

This was because Lawrence Quaid, the first young master, had provoked someone who should not be provoked.

This time was because of the second young master.

He had been rendered impotent.

“Old Master, the people we sent have returned defeated. The assassin sent by Sir Len also failed in the mission,” the butler said as his whole body trembled.

“Trash! A bunch of trash! You can't even handle a small Riverdale! Do you want me to personally bring some men to Riverdale?!”

Quentin was furious. He stood up from the chair, pointed at the butler, and shouted angrily!

If he personally led a team there, it would be of another nature.

At that time, his men would swarm Riverdale in huge droves!

Chapter 656

“Tell Len, if he doesn’t bring that person back, he won't be able to return to the Quaid family forever!”

Quentin flapped his sleeves in fury.

The butler wiped the cold sweat from his forehead and nodded in response. “Yes, Old Master.”

After that, he backed up and prepared to retreat.

The intensity flowing from Quentin’s body was too scary, especially his battle-tested and murderous aura. It was absolutely daunting!

“Wait a minute!”

Quentin stood on top of the high hall with his hands behind his back. With his pair of ferocious eyes glaring, he coldly said, “Contact the Longford family of Riverdale.”

After a while, the butler handed over the phone.

Quentin answered the phone. There was a hearty and complimentary greeting on the other end. “Mr. Quaid, what has happened for you to call me in person?”

“Hmph! Trent Longford, my son was incapacitated on your territory. Don’t tell me you don’t know about this!” Quentin said sternly, his face covered with frost.

“Ah, you’re referring to this matter. Don’t worry, I’ll definitely give you an explanation.”

On the other end of the phone, the voice remained indifferent.

“Don't give me any bullsh*t! I'm telling you, Trent Longford, I want that person tonight. I don't care what method you use. If you can't catch that person, I'll personally bring my men to Riverdale. When the time comes, don't say I didn't inform you beforehand!” Quentin was livid.

The other end was silent before they continued, “Please give me half an hour.”

“Okay, I'll give you half an hour!”

Slam!

The phone was hung up.

Back to Riverdale. In the easternmost part of the city, a few black Mercedes-Benzes were parked at the entrance of a large and luxurious villa.

In the living room of the villa, a middle-aged man in his 40s or 50s was standing respectfully on the side of the sofa at this moment with his head bowed, looking very humble.

If any outsiders saw this scene, they would be shocked!

If this matter spread out, the entire Riverdale would be in an uproar.

This was the chairman of the Longford Group, the pillar of the entire Longford family and the current family head!

Trent Longford!

He was a legendary person who took over the Longford Group from his father, held the reins for two generations, and led the Longford Group to stand tall for 40 years until they became the top family in Riverdale!

In Riverdale, Theo Zander was the king of the underground while George Thomas was the richest man.

In that case, Trent Longford was the combination of these two people!

He was the man behind the scenes!

Such a person was very influential, not only in Riverdale but also in neighboring cities. There were branch companies and branch fraternities of the Longford Group!

Despite that, Trent Longford was respectfully facing a young man sitting on the sofa while showing great deference and awe.

“Mr. Clarke, the Quaid family is ready to take action against you.”

Trent bent down, his expression respectful.

While speaking, he also glanced at Theo who was standing aside.

Philip sat nonchalantly on the sofa while saying with a smile, “I knew the Quaid family won’t give up so easily. With Marcus as the bait, the Quaid family is biting too quickly.”

“Mr. Clarke, what are you going to do next? The Quaid family is still waiting for my reply,” Trent continued to ask.

How could the Longford family still stand tall after all this while?

It was because the real master behind the entire Longford Group was Philip Clarke!

Toward Philip, Trent held the utmost admiration and respect from the bottom of his heart.

Without Philip, there would be no Longford Group. A few years ago, problems appeared within Longford Group and it was on the verge of bankruptcy.

At that time, Philip, who was still in college, contacted Trent directly and lent him a hand with an investment of 30 billion!

His condition was that from then on, Longford of Riverdale belonged to Philip Clarke.

Only Trent Longford in the entire Longford family knew about this secret!

Trent did not know much about Philip, but the more he knew, the more frightened he was!

This was Philip's hidden card and he would only use it as a last resort.

However, since the Quaid family took the initiative, Philip had no reason to refuse.

Fortunately, he could add some material to the press conference tomorrow night.

“Tell the Quaid family to stay home. I'll go there personally!” Philip said grimly. He stood up, left Longford Manor, and went straight to Capital City.

Quaid family and the so-called killer organization, Philip Clarke was coming!

Chapter 657

After Philip and Theo left, Trent picked up the phone to call Quentin.

“Trent, where is he?” Quentin was in a bad temper and asked directly in a cold voice.

“Quentin, I advise you to stop while you can. The person Marcus offended is not someone you can afford to provoke.”

Trent did not want to ruin his relationship with Quentin. After all, he belonged to the Quaid family of Capital City and had immense power as well as a profound background.

Although the two were very close at one time, they parted ways because of an incident.

“What are you talking about? Is there someone I can't afford to offend? Are you afraid to catch that person? Fine! I'll personally bring my men to Riverdale!” Quentin was furious and roared angrily.

However, on the phone, Trent just replied solemnly, “Quentin Quaid! This world is not owned by your Quaid family! There are larger forces out there! Don't forget how your eldest son was incapacitated back then!”

Lawrence?

Hearing this, Quentin trembled all over as the scenes from eight years ago flashed quickly in his mind.

Following that, the anger in his heart intensified!

Had that person returned?

No way!

Absolutely impossible!

Quentin roared, “What happened eight years ago, I won't let it happen again. This time, I'll destroy whoever stands in my way! I want to see just who you're so afraid of!”

Slam!

Quentin hung up the phone angrily, not wanting to listen to the second half of Trent's warning.

“Send the order! Gather everyone! I want to make a selection!”

Quentin shouted to the butler, his face covered with frost as he was unable to conceal his anger.

The butler shuddered at his words and asked tremblingly, “Old Master, are you sure you want to do that? This is cross-regional and the consequences will be unimaginable...”

The butler was scared. The old master was really angry this time, but once this matter was exposed, the Quaid family would be over!

Quentin glared and roared with a wave of his sleeves, “Send the order!”

“Yes... Okay.”

The butler had no choice and left the hall.

Quentin stayed in the hall alone. He punched his fist on the table while his eyes flashed menacingly. He said coldly, “The Quaid family won’t allow anyone to step on our heads blatantly!”

On the other side a few hours later, Philip’s motorcade arrived at Capital City.

It was a super prosperous metropolis full of hustle and bustle with spacious streets.

It was the largest international metropolis in the country and a gathering place for countless families.

It was also the fertile soil of wealth and the cradle of power.

He had not been here for eight years.

Philip was full of emotions as he looked at the scenery outside the car window.

He wondered if those people he knew still remembered him.

“Mr. Clarke, where are we going first?” Theo asked respectfully from the front passenger seat.

“Head to the Hari dojo,” Philip said lightly, his eyes gleaming.

Rick, who sat next to him, was still expressionless and lazy with no trace of worry at all.

Theo just glanced at him hurriedly, anxiety welling in his heart.

He knew that this person next to Mr. Clarke was a very powerful man, but in the face of this well-known killer organization, could he really defeat 72 people on his own?

Philip noticed Theo’s suspicions and doubts but said nothing.

Very soon, the convoy arrived at Hari dojo.

In front of the Japanese-style building, there was a woman wearing a cherry blossom kimono and wooden clogs. She was constantly bending over and nodding to the men and women who came to register.

In front of the dojo, there was a small square laid with white marble. At this moment, four black Mercedes-Benzes were parked there.

The woman in cherry blossom kimono at the door saw the convoy and immediately greeted them respectfully while smiling sweetly. “Good afternoon, welcome.”

Theo got out of the car first. He opened the door for Philip, respectfully greeted him, then stood silently.

In the other cars, all the carefully selected elites got out of the car and formed two lines, standing behind Philip.

This scene naturally attracted the attention of many people and they took pictures of Philip while pointing at them.

At this moment, from the entrance of the dojo, a man flew out with wounds all over his body.

Three Japanese men in white gi and wooden clogs continued to punch and kick the beaten man while laughing and humiliating. "Idiot! Orienta p*ssy! Get lost!"

The man who was beaten and wounded all over fell to the ground, his eyes spitting fire. He glared angrily at the three Japanese men, got up, and tried to dash forward as he cursed, "Return my father's life! I want to kill you!"

Bam!

The leader kicked the man's chest and he directly flew out again.

As for the man, he rolled all the way to Philip's feet. He spurted out a mouthful of blood and passed out immediately.

This scene naturally attracted many people's condemnation!

The Japanese men's insulting words just now had aroused the indignation of many people!

The phrase 'Orienta p*ssy' had been abolished many years ago with the blood of the ancestors. Now, this gang of Japanese dared to utter it again!

This was simply intolerable!

Chapter 658

“This group of people has gone too far! I wanted to register for my son just now, but I’m not going to do it now!”

“Damn it, I’m going to kill them!”

“Don’t be impulsive. You can’t beat them. They’re members of the Hari dojo, so they’re very strong!”

For a while, the crowd was enthusiastic but no one dared to go up because they were just ordinary people while the people on the opposite side were those from the dojo. They had learned the art of Taekwondo.

Looking at the excited crowd, those Japanese men laughed uproariously while pointing at them and mocking. “Hahaha, idiots! You’re all weaklings. Nothing to fear at all. Orienta p*ssies! Come on, come and hit me!”

“Bruce Lee, no way! Weakling!”

“Hahaha, don't you know kung fu? Come and see how our Taekwondo crushes your kung fu!”

Most people were agitated by their provocation.

However, there were also a small number of people mixed in the crowd who were suspected of being pro-Japanese as they would sneer. “Just admit that we can’t beat them. Why are you still putting up a front? It's better for me to go to Japan.”

“That’s right. A group of people talking nonsense and not understanding the culture at all. I’m going too!”

Many people stood up at this moment, about four or five of them, and they rushed into the dojo. They were led in by a few women in cherry blossom kimonos.

Those Japanese men laughed even more arrogantly, brazenly mocking the others. “Idiots! Get lost! A bunch of weaklings!”

Most people were indignant at this scene, and when they saw their compatriots turning their backs on the country, they were even more livid!

“Shameful!”

“Disgraceful!”

“They don’t deserve to be Orientas. Get out!”

Hearing the angry roars of these people, those people were not concerned at all but were instead proud of it. They swaggered to follow the kimono-dressed women into the martial arts hall.

Just as everyone was about to rush up while brandishing their fists, a dozen men in Taekwondo gi and wooden clogs rushed out of the martial arts hall.

“Hah!”

These people lined up in a row and stood in front of everyone. The Japanese man who appeared to be the leader spoke very arrogantly, “Whoever dares to come out will end up like him!”

He pointed to the injured man who had fainted by Philip’s feet.

At the sight of that, no one dared to speak up.

They were too audacious!

They dared to be so presumptuous in Orienta’s Capital City!

Those Japanese men looked at their angry yet cowardly faces and were amused. They laughed loudly and taunted. "Good-for-nothings!"

After that, they turned and prepared to leave.

However, at this time, a discordant voice suddenly rang.

"Who dares to look down on Orienta!" Philip said loudly, his face cold as he stared at the leader of the Japanese men. Philip said, "A bunch of worthless garbage dares to bark in my Capital City! Let me tell you this, the Taekwondo that you're so proud of evolved from Orienta!"

Philip's words struck a chord with everyone present.

The Japanese leader stared at Philip, scrutinized him for a while, and said coldly, "My friend, if you're here to apprentice and learn the art, I'll forget what you just said. If you're here to cause trouble, I advise you to buy some insurance first!"

Haha!

Philip sneered and walked forward until he was one arm's distance away from the Japanese leader.

Bam!

No one expected that Philip would launch a kick instantly. The force from the kick caused the man to fly a distance away. He hit the wooden door and fainted!

Uproar!

Everyone's eyes widened in astonishment!

In the next moment!

Dozens of Taekwondo practitioners gathered around with fierce expressions on their faces.

Theo also yelled out, "Protect Mr. Clarke!"

Whoosh!

In an instant, the two factions faced each other in a hostile manner.

One side was full of Taekwondo practitioners dressed in white attire.

The other side was full of black-suited thugs.

The entrance of the dojo was filled with solemn killing intent!

The crowd of onlookers outside was all exhilarated at the moment and shouted, "Great kick! I'm already sick of looking at them. Brother, you're awesome!"

"Yes! This is our countryman! We support you! Kill them!"

The crowd was euphoric.

Philip also stared coldly at the group of Taekwondo practitioners on the opposite side. Then, he looked up at the signboard with the black characters on the white background that spelled out the name, 'Hari Dojo'.

"From today, Hari Dojo will disappear from Capital City!" Philip said grimly as his eyes throbbled with anger.

Chapter 659

Riverdale, First Palace villa.

Today, Wynn was dressed very tastefully, wearing a backless black dress while having on delicate makeup.

She looked at herself in the mirror while Anne behind her grinned broadly and said, "Wynn, you're so beautiful. Such poise."

Wynn smiled, turned around, picked her handbag decisively, and said, "Let's go."

Today was the day of the press conference held by Beacon, which Wynn had been preparing for the whole day.

Ever since Philip left Riverdale yesterday, Wynn had been busy preparing for it.

As she trusted Philip, the press conference today was particularly well prepared and grand.

As for what was going to happen, Wynn had found out from Howard. This press conference was held to announce that Beacon would set up a new board of directors and that new investors would be joining the board.

In other words, Beacon would get rid of the previous board of directors and become truly independent as Wynn's own company.

Howard had also been busy all day because of this.

This was a task that Philip had given him.

At the door, Howard was already waiting in his Mercedes-Benz with his girlfriend, Hayley Jorge, in the car.

Watching Wynn step out, Martha, who was sitting in the living room, could be said to have been holding back for many days.

These days, she finally controlled herself. She did not cause trouble or do anything. Every day, she just spent time watching TV or visiting her friends.

This time, as Wynn was going out, Martha asked, "Wynnie, where are you going?"

Wynn was not concerned. She hugged Mila and said casually, "The company is holding a press conference and I'm hosting it."

Martha was perplexed. A press conference?

"What press conference? Is this about the three billion investment?"

Talking about money, Martha's eyes were full of dollar signs. She was so excited that she could not wait to run to the press conference.

Wynn explained. "Probably. Philip said his friend has returned."

Mamma Mia!

Martha was ecstatic. Philip's friend was such a big tycoon who could invest three billion just like that.

She began to conjure little plans again.

It would be brilliant if this person could be invited home.

That guy Philip actually had such a great friend. It seemed that brat was really not simple.

Yes, she must treat him better in the future.

“Okay, Mom, I have to go now,” Wynn said, waving at Mila before she left.

Martha remained in the living room for a while, feeling more uneasy the more she thought about it. Then, she got up, walked to the bedroom, put on new clothes, and went out with a bag.

“Aunt Martha, where are you going? Will you be back for dinner?” Anne asked casually since she would be cooking.

“I won’t be back. Take good care of the house. If I come back and see a little dust in the house, I’ll beat you to death!”

Martha disliked Anne, much less Mila who was always around her.

However, after that night, she controlled herself and dared not do anything to Mila again.

The time was not ripe.

As Giada had mentioned, when necessary, even the small one would do.

After she went out, Martha visited her old friends to show off different kinds of things and even bragged that she would bring everyone to the press conference tonight.

Would anyone dare to stop her from attending the press conference organized by her daughter’s company?

Wynn and Howard arrived at the press conference site. It was arranged in an orderly manner and seemed quite distinguished. The venue was at the Shangri-La Hotel.

Cynthia Larson was responsible for the setup.

“Miss Johnston, it has been a long time. You still look gorgeous as always.”

Cynthia walked forward with a smile. She was dressed in a red evening gown, looking very enchanting and sexy.

As expected of the walking signboard of Shangri-La Hotel, Cynthia was the only person present who could compete with Wynn.

“Miss Larson, you’re too kind,” Wynn responded courteously.

Two goddess-level figures standing together would naturally attract the gazes and attention of many people.

The media present were especially excited and took pictures continuously. This was big news.

Very soon in the evening, there was only half an hour before the press conference would begin.

At the entrance of Shangri-La Hotel on the red-carpet avenue, well-known entrepreneurs from Riverdale arrived one after another.

All kinds of luxury cars stopped at the door one by one.

Wynn led the company's senior officials and stood in the lobby, welcoming the dignitaries.

“The Michaels family of Golden City, Blake Michaels, chairman of Michaels Corp, and his son Houston Michaels have arrived!”

Following the announcement of the waiter, Wynn, who was standing in the hall, saw two people walking slowly through the door.

It was none other than Blake Michaels and his son, Houston Michaels.

Blake's face was ruddy while his lips were curled at the corners with a confident smile. He shook hands with Wynn and said, "Congratulations, Madam Johnston. I heard you've found new investors. This is making Beacon an independent entity and creating a whole new world indeed."

His words were full of sarcasm.

Chapter 660

Standing beside Blake, Houston also sneered. "Haha, how can a woman lead a company like Beacon? Dream on! Without support from the Michaels family, I want to see how far Beacon can go under your lead!"

The provocation was obvious.

It attracted the attention of many entrepreneurs and celebrities present, and everyone started discussing it.

"That's the family head of the Michaels family from Golden City, Blake Michaels. His company is worth hundreds of billions, and it's a big group!"

"Such a bigwig can't be provoked. If Beacon became enemies with them, things will be tough for them in the future."

"No doubt about it. This Wynn Johnston is asking for it. I heard that she has a kept husband, and the conflict with the Michaels family happened because of that husband of hers."

Many people chattered mockingly.

Although they were all invited to this event, they did not respect Beacon in the least, much less Wynn, simply because she was a woman.

What could she do?

In Riverdale, no woman could call the shots!

Now, because of Blake's lobbying, a collective group had formed within the medical industry of Riverdale to oppose Beacon and Wynn.

This collective strength must not be underestimated.

At the critical moment, Blake would deal Beacon a heavy blow!

However, Wynn merely responded politely, "Mr. Michaels, you must be kidding. It's just an upgrading of the corporate structure. Of course, I'd welcome Mr. Michaels' investment, but it seems that Mr. Michaels is not optimistic about Beacon."

Her words were very diplomatic but laced with tension.

Wynn did not want to invite the Michaels family, but before he left, Philip specifically instructed that the Michaels family was indispensable.

Blake snorted and said viciously, "I really look forward to seeing who the person standing behind Beacon tonight will be."

"You'll find out."

Wynn was not to be outdone and was full of smiles.

In fact, she wanted to find out too. Was it him?

It was still a guess.

With that said, Blake and Houston walked past her.

Houston, with hatred in his eyes, glared at Wynn and said with a menacing smile, “No matter who stands behind you, you’ll end up being defeated by the Michaels family. You should be worrying about your good-for-nothing husband instead. He has offended the Quaid family of Capital City. I heard that the Quaid family sent a lot of people over. I wonder if I can see your useless husband here tonight. Hahaha.”

“He will.” Wynn remained smiling.

When Houston heard that, he narrowed his eyes, waved his hands resentfully, and stepped into the hall.

Next, some entrepreneurs entered one by one. Wynn greeted each and every one of them.

Ten minutes later, when everyone had almost arrived, Wynn stood on the stage and officially started the press conference.

“I’m very honored to invite all of you here today. Tonight, on behalf of Beacon, I officially announce that Beacon will replace the structure of our board of directors. The new anti-cancer drug developed by our company is also officially listed today. We welcome anyone interested to invest.”

On the stage, Wynn smiled and spoke without a script, fully displaying the demeanor of a strong career woman. This was Beacon’s new plan, to call for investment.

Abruptly, Blake and some people in the audience were flustered.

Blake frowned and motioned to a representative of the medical industry nearby. “It’s time for you to take the stage.”

The medical representative understood and immediately raised his hand in protest. “Expose! Beacon’s new medicine is nothing but poison! It’s a farce! That new anti-cancer drug is completely ineffective.

They're completely bragging! On behalf of Riverdale Medical Association, I'll formally initiate an investigation into Beacon, and I'll also invite relevant agencies to participate in this investigation!"

All of a sudden, the audience was full of commotion.

Immediately afterward, many people came forward and accused Beacon and Wynn, bringing up all the previous medical incidents that happened in Beacon.

In less than five minutes, the entire press conference had turned into a condemnation conference for Beacon!

Wynn was flustered. She glared at Blake and the others who were smiling ominously in the audience while gritting her teeth!

Sure enough, these old foxes had made many plans against Beacon in the dark.

"Everyone, please calm down. This new anti-cancer drug developed by Beacon..."

Wynn stood on the stage, trying to explain as much as possible, but there were too many people criticizing her from below.

They were all arranged by Blake and the gang!

Wynn was anxious.

'Philip, where are you? When will you return?'

Chapter 661

At the scene, many people began to criticize Beacon and Wynn.

Their words were sharp and very insulting.

Among them, there were many senior leaders in the pharmaceutical industry in Riverdale and senior officials of the Medical Association. They were now standing on the opposing side against Beacon and naturally became the focus of the press conference!

This scene was being broadcasted by all major media!

Suddenly, Beacon became the trending topic and the public enemy of the entire city!

Counterfeit medicine!

Even on the internet, news about Beacon and the fraud went viral!

It was just like a huge fire that had started to burn.

Moreover, people kept posting on the internet that they had bought Beacon's medicine but not only were they not cured, they even had adverse reactions to the drug.

Faced with all these, even Howard and Hayley were caught off guard.

Hayley quickly went on the stage and whispered in Wynn's ear, "Madam Johnston, something happened. The internet is full of negative news about us. Someone is deliberately spreading rumors about Beacon."

Wynn frowned. Things were getting out of control.

The opponent's attacks were too intense.

Now, the entire city regarded Beacon as its number one public enemy.

Even the relevant agencies had been urgently called upon, and a large number of people were prepared to rush to Beacon!

“Get out! Wynn Johnston is nothing but a heartless entrepreneur with no conscience! Get out of Riverdale!”

“Yes, get lost! Arrest her!”

“Kill her! Kill that wicked woman! She’s a vicious evildoer!”

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a group of people started throwing rotten eggs and mineral water bottles at Wynn who was on the stage!

Instantly, Wynn was covered with rotten eggs and dirty water all over her body.

The security guards were immediately dispatched to escort Wynn out of the venue.

However.

Smack!

A woman came out of nowhere and slapped Wynn before pointing at her nose and cursing, “B*tch! You seduced my husband to get the approval for your company! Wh*re! You’re really shameless!”

Pandemonium!

“F*ck! I thought she was a goddess, but she’s nothing but someone who slept her way up!”

“Filthy! I really feel sorry for her husband to be cucked in such a manner!”

“Haha, a good-for-nothing and a b*tch. They’re a true match!”

In the face of the humiliation and condemnation, Wynn was full of grievance as she stood there and argued with everyone.

Slap!

Another few slaps. Someone from the crowd would always jump out, slap Wynn, and keep pushing her aggressively.

To protect her stomach, Wynn had no choice but to tolerate and step back.

“Wh*re! Get out of Riverdale!”

“B*tch that sells fake medicine! Arrest her! Everyone must punish her!”

Facing the accusations from everyone, Wynn tried to explain with tears in her eyes. “I didn’t. They’re all rumors. Please believe me. I’ll give you an explanation.”

However, it was to no avail. All these people were brought by Blake to cause trouble.

Wave after wave, there was no end to it at all!

Three hours ago, at the Hari dojo of Capital City.

Several practitioners in black gi were kicked through the door and fell to the ground, vomiting blood. Eventually, they all fainted.

After that, Philip put his hands in his pockets. His clothes were stained with blood. Behind him was Rick who had a cold expression on his face as his two daggers dripped with blood.

The two walked through the door as Theo and his men waited by the door respectfully.

Philip smoked a cigarette, looked at the sky, exhaled a mouthful of smoke, and said, "Come on, let's visit the Quaid family."

The gang quickly got into their vehicles and left Hari dojo.

Many people were hiding around the dojo. They waited for Philip to leave before they went in. When they saw the brutal scene, everyone threw up!

The entire dojo had been taken out!

They were obliterated!

There were also many men and women wearing strange attire, all of them collapsed in the dojo, making that a total of 72 people lying unconscious!

At the centermost venue of the dojo, a man knelt on the stage of the hall with his head lowered and eyes in a daze. His limbs had all been maimed!

That sight was shocking!

He was the owner of Hari dojo, a true master!

However, he was also defeated.

From this day, the Hari dojo would be no more!

In the underground world, a huge wave was set off!

The news they received was that Hari dojo had been wiped out by two men!

It was terrifying!

What strength did those two people possess to take out 72 people?!

Looking back at Philip's side, his motorcade headed straight to the Quaid family manor and stopped before the majestic gate.

A team of eight bodyguards manned the main entrance, all in uniform and wielding standard weapons.

“Please show your identification,” the leading bodyguard said.

Philip did not even look at him as he sat in the car and said, “No identification.”

The other people had already gone in to report.

Chapter 662

At this moment, Quentin was mobilizing people in the inner hall while sternly berating, “Damn you, Trent Longford! I’ll bring my men there personally to catch that guy. I want to see how he’s going to protect him!

“If I can’t take this revenge, I’ll step down as the head of the Quaid family!”

As Quentin’s voice fell, everyone in the hall looked startled and started to persuade him. “Old Master, you mustn’t do this. It’s just a small Riverdale. We can handle it. You just stay here.”

“That’s right. Even if that’s Longford’s territory, anyone who bullies our second young master must pay the price!”

At everyone's persuasion, Quentin waved his sleeves and said, "That's enough. I've already decided. All of you get ready. We'll be leaving at any time now."

With that said, everyone stopped talking.

Suddenly!

"Old Master, it's bad! Someone has broken into our manor!"

At the door, the butler rushed in and was already out of breath.

Before he finished talking, several bodyguards in black suits with black umbrellas flew in after getting kicked!

At the door, a group of men in black suits gathered quickly, their movements neat and orderly!

Obviously, they were well-trained bodyguards. They all held folded black umbrellas, ready to fight at any time!

"Stop right there. If you take another step, you'll be killed without mercy!"

The leading captain bellowed sternly at the group of people walking toward the door.

In the hall, Quentin also stared dubiously in that direction.

Someone actually dared to break into Quaid Manor. This was something that had not happened in many years. It was simply too brazen and audacious!

This was Capital City!

“Insolent! Preposterous! Who dares to trespass the Quaid family’s manor?! I want to see what they look like!” Quentin shouted angrily. He pushed aside the bodyguard in front of him and stood at the door, looking very imposing as he glared fiercely at the group of people at the door.

It was none other than Philip Clarke.

With his hands in his trouser pockets, he walked over in a leisurely manner. He was followed by the 12 elites with Theo closely behind. Next to him was Rick, who was already half-prepared, as he watched the Quaid’s bodyguards gathering around them.

They were all well-trained special guards, not ordinary people.

“Quentin Quaid, it has been a while. Your temper is still so bad.”

Philip calmly faced Quentin, and under the setting sun, a faint smile appeared at the corners of his mouth, making him appear quite chivalrous.

At this moment, alarms sounded in the entire manor. Different groups of people came from all directions as they quickly surrounded Philip.

The scene was extremely tense!

When Quentin heard that, his face flushed. He glared at Philip angrily and roared, “Insolent brat! Do you know where this is? You dare to break in here?! Come on, capture him and tell his parents to come here!”

Quentin did not bother to look at Philip because he was much too young.

Although the other party's appearance was a bit familiar, Quentin's mind was currently not focused, so he merely gave an order and turned to leave.

However.

Philip sneered. "Quentin Quaid, after eight years, you still have such a bad temper. I'm really annoyed by the entire Quaid family. Today, as expected, it still smells sour and unpleasant."

Quentin was startled. He suddenly turned around and stared at Philip sinisterly, thinking for a long time before asking, "Who are you?"

Familiar!

He looked very familiar!

This sense of familiarity directly stimulated Quentin's heart.

A chill from his bones made his hands tremble involuntarily.

Dread!

Yes, it was fear!

Quentin was shocked. How could this be?

How could he actually feel scared when facing a young man?

"Who am I?"

Philip sneered, took a step forward, looked at Quentin, and said, "I'm the person you're looking for. The one who rendered Marcus Quaid impotent."

It was him!

Quentin was furious when he heard the words. The anger that had accumulated in his chest rose to the sky as he roared, "Men! Take them down!"

At his order, a squad made up of dozens of men stood at attention. They drew out the weapons concealed in the handles of their umbrellas and aimed them at Philip and his men!

The atmosphere was filled with imminent peril!

"You dare to take me down?" Philip just said calmly, and the next sentence directly turned into a loud roar, "Are you not afraid that I'll annihilate your entire Quaid family?!"

Chapter 663

Crack!

Suddenly, the weather over Capital City changed drastically!

In the sky, thunder rumbled and its intensity was frightening!

Bolts of lightning flashed across the sky, weaving among the thick dark clouds like winding dragons!

Enormous, thick dark clouds covered the entire sky over Capital City in an instant!

It grew dark all of a sudden.

The lightning that pierced through the heavens directly illuminated the entire Quaid Manor and also illuminated Quentin's face!

There was anger, fridity, and endless killing intent!

As the patriarch of the Quaid family, Quentin had fought for decades before he finally took that position. It was the golden time for him to shine. How could he be scared by the words of an ignorant brat like Philip?!

“Annihilate the Quaid family? You’re the first person to utter those words! Audacious!”

A ferocious beast-like roar erupted from Quentin’s chest.

Behind him, dozens of special guards quickly closed the circle.

At the same time, in the entire manor, a steady stream of people came from the surroundings until the place was congested.

Swoosh!

Big raindrops started to fall until they formed a curtain!

Click!

Theo personally opened the big black umbrella and stood beside Philip, shielding him from the rain.

Across from them, the butler naturally opened an umbrella for Quentin.

The rain was pouring. In the manor, two killing forces appeared.

However, in the eyes of outsiders, Philip’s side was completely seeking death!

Causing trouble in Quaid Manor was equivalent to digging their own graves!

The raindrops fell on the umbrellas with splattering sounds.

The two groups faced off each other.

Philip said calmly, "Quentin, you seem to have forgotten something."

Quentin's face was grim. He glared at this uninvited guest and said coldly, "Insolent brat! Although I don't know what your family does, since you dare to break into my manor, I'll punish you severely no matter who your parents are!"

Quentin was livid now. For many years, no one had dared to say that they would destroy the Quaid family!

Too ignorant!

Philip stood under the umbrella with 12 people behind him and Rick, who still had a calm expression on his face. He took a breath, exhaled smoke, and looked up at the sky filled with thunder and lightning.

"The Quaid family... In my eyes, it has always been dispensable. Since you refuse to believe it, then I'll let you see it to believe it."

Philip's indifferent words fell into Quentin's ears, and in tandem with the thunder that shook the sky, it was extremely shocking!

Haha!

A roar of laughter!

Quentin looked at Philip as if he was an idiot. The special guards in black suits were already standing beside him. They were the core of the Quaid family, an indestructible power!

An arrogant brat like that was going to destroy the Quaid family?

Quentin scoffed. “Brat, I don’t know where you got your confidence from, but you’re really crazy. No wonder you dare to hurt my son, but that’s it! Since you hurt my son, even if you have ten lives, no one can save you!”

However, in the next second, Philip said flatly, “Quentin Quaid, you’re really getting old. Have you forgotten who crippled your eldest son’s legs?!”

Those words directly shocked everyone, and Quentin even more so!

Lawrence’s legs!

A suspicion flashed in Quentin’s eyes. He stared at Philip’s face and recalled instantly!

Him! It was him!

It was actually him!

“It’s you! Philip Clarke!!!” Quentin roared as his eyes turned red!

Lawrence was his eldest son, the most hopeful candidate to inherit the position of the next patriarch. However, because of an incident eight years ago, his legs were crippled and he had to live his life in a wheelchair since then. He also got further away from the core of the Quaid family.

Now, Marcus had been rendered impotent and was unable to produce the next generation.

The person responsible was actually the same person from back then!

Moreover, the status of the Quaid family plummeted because of the incident eight years ago. It was also in the last few years that their status finally rose again.

Now, this person appeared in Quaid Manor once more.

In an instant, doubts flashed in Quentin's heart, but he was soon overwhelmed with anger. He stared at Philip under the umbrella and roared, "Philip Clarke, you've gone too far! I vowed to never let you off! Today, don't dream of stepping out of Quaid Manor. I want you to pay with your death!"

"Capture all of them!" Quentin roared, his eyes full of anger.

At his order, the teams that were made up of hundreds of people assembled and quickly surrounded Philip.

Philip glanced around before sneering and saying, "Are you confident?"

Rick took a step forward and said, "No, but I can escape."

Philip's expression changed as he stared at Rick for a long time.

F*ck!

Was this rascal about to betray him?

Right at the pivotal point, several black Audi A6 vehicles suddenly rushed in at the end of the crowd!

All the license plates were adorned with the country's flag!

With this kind of license plate alone, people in the know would be shocked when they saw it!

Those who drove cars with these license plates were definitely prominent figures in the country!

These license plates allowed the owner entry everywhere within the country unimpeded!

These few cars directly ignored the Quaid family's men, rushed in, and stopped in front of everyone.

Chapter 664

The car door opened, and a few people in green uniforms alighted respectfully from the car while holding black umbrellas. They were guarding an old man who was stepping down from the car right in the middle of the entourage.

The old man's eyes glimmered as he stared at Philip with a smile flashing at the corners of his mouth.

It was Old Master Joo from Capital City's Joo family!

It was not an exaggeration to describe them as the top hidden family of Capital City!

They came from the most mainstream heritage!

This sort of entrance was too shocking, absolutely the most heavyweight of all heavyweights!

As soon as Old Master Joo appeared, he carried with him a piercing aura and stern intensity!

Everyone took three steps back as a sign of respect!

Quentin raised his brows when he saw the incoming person. He immediately lowered his stance and said, "I didn't expect Old Master Joo to visit the Quaid Manor."

This was definitely a bigwig!

He was one of the few remaining bigshots in the country!

However, Old Master Joo directly ignored Quentin and walked up to Philip with his walking cane, saying kindly, "Little guy, it has been eight years. You've grown taller."

Philip looked humble and bent slightly toward Old Master Joo before saying, "Old Master, you're not here at the right time."

Old Master Joo rolled his eyes and said, "Why, do you really want to turn this place upside down? This is the Quaid family of Capital City."

Philip shrugged and said nonchalantly, "It's just a small Quaid family of Capital City. I don't think too highly of them."

Old Master Joo shook his head helplessly. He knew that what Philip said was true.

In the eyes of Philip's family, what would they consider worthy of their attention?

"Okay, just leave everything to me." Old Master Joo said before he turned toward Quentin and spoke to him, "Quentin, for my sake, let's just forget about this matter, okay?"

Quentin frowned deeply. He obviously did not expect that Old Master Joo, who had not appeared in public for many years, to come here just for Philip!

Was this fellow really so formidable?

That incident back then was a taboo topic in the Quaid family, so only his father knew what happened.

It was also because of that incident that his father stepped down as the head of the Quaid family and was removed from the core of the family. Since then, he had been living in seclusion in the suburbs and was not involved in any affairs of the Quaid family.

Quentin frowned, staring at Philip and Old Master Joo before sneering. "Old Master Joo, this is my Quaid family's affairs. Is the Joo family going to interfere as well?"

Quentin snickered as his gaze wandered between Philip and Old Master Joo.

Old Master Joo actually showed a flattering manner toward Philip, which was definitely not a normal display!

Just from this, he could already tell that this Philip Clarke's identity was not ordinary.

Despite that, did that mean he was not going to avenge his two sons?

Quentin was apprehensive about Old Master Joo at the moment as the opponent's background was three levels higher than his own.

However, they were in Quaid Manor right now. If they really started fighting, the outcome was still uncertain!

“Quentin, your kid Marcus must have done something that he shouldn't have. We should investigate before discussing it further,” Old Master Joo said as his eyes throbbed with a stern intensity.

However, Quentin laughed before pointing at Philip and shouting angrily, “If the Quaid family wants to take him down, it's not up to the Joo family to dictate our actions!”

Whoosh!

In an instant, the entire Quaid Manor, both inside and outside, were surrounded by hordes of fully armed people. They were all well-trained special bodyguards!

These people, upon receiving an order, quickly surrounded the Quaid Manor. They were strictly preventing any irrelevant people from approaching them!

From a high altitude, it could be seen that the entire Quaid Manor had been completely surrounded by the special bodyguards of the Quaid family!

Fully armed personnel!

The atmosphere was solemn and tense!

Moreover, there was a steady stream of people rushing out from the nearby streets, all special guards!

Black beret, black combat uniform, and combat boots!

The sounds of stomping boots on the puddles were earth-shaking!

The rain was getting heavier and stronger, obstructing people's line of vision.

The entire Quaid Manor was filled with an appalling chill.

Standing in the crowd of guards, Quentin stared at Philip coldly and said to Old Master Joo, "Old Master Joo, you'd better go back. I won't give up on this matter today."

Philip still stood calmly under the big black umbrella with 12 people behind him. The calmness displayed by this group of people was amazing.

They were Theo's carefully selected elites indeed! They were definitely talents who could be groomed for the future.

With an indifferent gaze, Philip looked at the special bodyguards waiting in circles and sneered from the corner of his mouth. He said, "Old Master Joo, did you bring any men?"

Old Master Joo shook his head helplessly as he said with a smile, "Of course, I did."

"Very well, then."

Philip smiled faintly. He was not nervous at all as he flicked the cigarette butt to the ground.

Crack!

A bolt of lightning!

Quentin roared, “Capture all of them!”

They must act quickly!

After all, if the people from the Joo family came, things would be difficult to handle.

In the next second, Old Master Joo shook his head, flexed his hands, and took out something from his arms. He held it high in the air, his action synchronizing with the lightning that flashed through the sky. He said, “Displacement Order! Members of the Joo family, attack the Quaid family at once and suppress them!”

Chapter 665

In an instant, a group of heavily armed personnel outside Quaid Manor rushed in quickly. They were all members of the Joo family!

They were dressed in standard combat uniform—Protective clothing, goggles, combat boots, and weapons!

Like ferocious beasts, they quickly bore a hole outside Quaid Manor and rushed in continuously!

They were all personnel who had experienced life-and-death battlefields and were well-trained members of the Joo family!

“Protect Old Master Joo!”

“Drop your weapons! We’re members of the Joo family. Don’t resist!”

One team was followed by another team!

Exactly like a war movie, the scene was magnificent!

In an instant, the armed men of the Joo family were everywhere. They all rushed in, instantly surrounding the people of the Quaid family!

It could be seen that dozens of special vehicles had gathered inside and outside Quaid Manor. One after another, the combatants jumped out of the vehicles to form neat tactical moves before rushing into Quaid Manor!

“Charge! Protect Old Master Joo!”

“Drop your weapons! Don’t resist!”

“You’ve been surrounded. Don’t resist!”

In an instant, upon seeing this scene, members of the Quaid family stood at a battle-ready stance and formed a confrontation against members of the Joo family!

Both parties consisted of well-trained personnel and neither would surrender or fall easily!

Moreover, they would only obey their respective leaders!

“Drop your weapons! Don’t resist!”

People on both sides were yelling at each other.

Bang, bang, bang!

Shots were fired at the sky as a warning!

Gunshots shook loudly throughout Quaid Manor.

On the outside.

Stomp, stomp, stomp!

Swoosh!

The sound of heavy combat boots stepping in puddles resounded throughout the entire Quaid Manor!

In an instant, Old Master Joo's team of personal guards were protecting him and Philip in the middle. The muzzles of their weapons were facing out as they stood and squatted in a tight circle, guarding the two figures closely!

The scene was nerve-wracking!

It seemed that it would only take one breath to trigger the brawl!

Quentin's face was grim as he shouted, "Take them down!"

On this side, Old Master Joo also responded, "Fight!"

At the pivotal moment!

Rick Davenport moved. With a flip of his figure, he was already behind Quentin without anyone knowing. The silver dagger in his hand was pressed against Quentin's neck as Rick snickered. "Sorry, but your guards don't seem competent."

Just as he finished speaking, the guards beside Quentin fell to the ground one after another!

No one could react in time and Quentin was already apprehended.

Capture the leader and the gang would collapse.

Quentin was dumbfounded. He dared not move recklessly and could only swallow his spit nervously.

Sweat started dripping from his forehead.

When Old Master Joo saw this scene, he was also relieved. Fortunately, little Philip did not make any big moves.

Pitter-patter!

At the sound of shoes stepping in puddles, Quentin's eyes were gloomy as he looked up at the tall young figure about half a meter away from him.

Philip watched Quentin silently as Theo held the umbrella next to him.

He said coldly, "Quentin Quaid, even your father didn't dare to do anything to me back then. You're very gutsy, but I still want to say that in the future, there'll be no more Quaid family in Capital City."

His words were like a cruel verdict accompanied by the rumble of thunder!

Quentin gritted his teeth as he glared at Philip and sneered. "Do you think that's enough? I'm Quentin Quaid, and this is the Quaid family. How can we be no more just because you say so?"

Philip smiled, took out his phone, dialed a number, and coldly said, "George, contact the elders and tell them there's no need for the Quaid family to exist anymore."

George Thomas, on the other end of the line, was currently on a flight to Riverdale. He nodded respectfully and said, "Yes, Young Master, but these elders won't easily agree to this matter."

Philip replied calmly, "No problem. Just tell them I promise to allocate 100 billion of special funds and they'll be transferred immediately."

"Yes, Sir!" George responded and made immediate preparations.

Almost five minutes after the call ended, the entire Quaid family received the call notification of the highest degree.

"Old Master, it's bad!"

The butler rushed in under the rain at this time. He knelt and cried loudly, "Old Master, it's a call from the elder."

The butler handed the phone in his hand to Quentin.

Quentin frowned. It was a call from the elder.

He needed to take it.

As soon as the phone reached his ear, an old voice sounded, "Quentin Quaid, why don't you step down and return to your hometown? Every member of the Quaid family will be transferred to the northwest."

At that decree, Quentin felt as if lightning had pierced through him. He directly fell to his knees in the rain.

As for Philip, he turned around indifferently and left him with an image of his unfathomable back.

"Little guy, when are you going to visit my place?"

Old Master Joo followed him without concern for the aftermath behind him. Someone would naturally take care of it.

From now on, there would only be three hidden families remaining in Capital City.

Philip helped Old Master Joo into the car as he replied, "I'll visit you in a while. I still have something to do, so I won't take up any more of your time."

With that said, Philip turned and got into his own car. His expression was solemn as he said, "Let's go back to Riverdale."

Three hours later.

Back to Riverdale at Beacon's press conference.

The entire press conference had been completely disrupted.

More and more people stepped forward and condemned Wynn.

Blake Michaels, Houston Michaels, and the rest stood on the sidelines, enjoying the good show in silence.

At the sight of Wynn being smashed with rotten eggs and at her damaged reputation, they were highly amused.

Wynn was surrounded by people as she tried her hardest to explain.

"Stop the nonsense! Beacon is producing fake drugs without conscience! We must call the police to catch you!"

“Yes! This wicked woman is making fake medicine! Arrest her!”

“B*tch! Relying on her body to get her position. What a wh*re!”

The crowd cursed. At the sight of all the finger-pointing and teeth-gnashing onlookers, Wynn felt aggrieved and wronged.

Those were rumors!

However, she could not refute them!

Chapter 666

“Kill her! This b*tch, she’s a femme fatale!”

“Kill her!” someone screamed. In the crowd, people started to attack Wynn.

Smack!

A solid slap!

Shirley Wellington appeared out of nowhere and slapped Wynn before pointing at her nose and cursing, “Wynn Johnston, you’re simply too shameless. In order to win the contract, you actually slept with so many bosses. I have evidence right here!”

Shirley held a thumb drive in her hand.

Wynn covered her face and shouted, “Nonsense! You’re making things up! I didn’t!”

“No?”

Shirley sneered, handed the thumb drive to the staff, and said, "Go and play this. I want everyone to see with their own eyes what kind of filthy woman Wynn Johnston is."

Very soon, shameful visuals of a man and a woman appeared on the big screen.

"Damn, it's really her! I can't believe she's that sort of woman!"

"Disgusting!"

The woman in the film looked exactly like Wynn.

When Wynn saw this scene, she was also stunned silly. She had not done anything like this!

Howard and Hayley were anxious and agitated.

They believed Wynn. This was obviously done with CG!

Despite that, others did not care. Even if they knew the video was falsified, they would say it was true anyway.

"I didn't! It's not me! It's fake! She did it!"

Wynn explained vigorously, but everyone kept pointing at her and condemning her!

On the side, Houston gave Shirley a thumbs-up sign to express his praise.

This was part of his plan too.

"Dad, once she's humiliated enough, it's time for us to take the stage," Houston said.

Blake nodded with his eyes narrowed, expressing his appreciation to Houston.

His son had finally grown up.

Although such little tricks were shameful, they were a means in business.

Suddenly!

Shirley gave Wynn a violent push. As she was wearing high heels and her center of gravity was unstable, the latter fell directly to the ground!

Due to this fall, Wynn felt a pain in her lower abdomen. She lay there, clutching her stomach as her complexion quickly paled. She gritted her teeth while saying, "Ah, my stomach... My stomach..."

After that, blood appeared on Wynn's skirt and trickled down her calf!

"Argh! My baby! Quick, take me to the hospital!"

Wynn looked pained as she stretched out her hands and shouted at the crowd.

However, no one paid her any heed. They all continued to point and curse at Wynn.

Shirley naturally saw this scene and got a shock. She knew that Wynn was pregnant.

She gritted her teeth and hardened her resolve before she came over and slapped Wynn on the face again. She cursed, "B*tch! It's good to have a miscarriage! We can already tell the baby belongs to another man! Your husband is really useless!"

Wynn gritted her teeth, endured the pain, clutched her stomach, and pleaded with Shirley, "I'm begging you, please send me to the hospital! Quick, my baby!"

However, Wynn was surrounded by everyone. Howard and Hayley who were not in the commotion could not see the situation happening in the middle of the crowd.

Shirley was also very cruel. She knew that Houston hated Wynn, so she ignored her pleading, gritted her teeth, and said viciously, "Go to hell! Die with the b*stard child in your stomach!"

With that said, she deliberately pushed Wynn again.

Wynn lay on the ground while clutching her abdomen. Her face was pale, and the blood on her skirt was glaringly obvious.

'Phil, where are you? Have you not returned yet? Our baby is in danger...

'Phil, come back. I'm in pain. Baby, you must save our baby!

'Phil, come back...'

Wynn was in such unbearable pain that she fainted on the ground, her forehead full of cold sweat.

"Wynn!"

It was also at this time that Howard managed to squeeze into the crowd. His heart jumped at that sight!

Doomed!

This scene was naturally noticed by everyone, and they immediately ceased the commotion.

However, they still watched indifferently.

“She deserves it! B*tch! The baby is nothing but a b*stard!”

“That’s right. For such a heartless woman, it’s good for her to have a miscarriage!”

Their vicious words continued.

Blake and the others sneered hideously with the corners of their mouths. This turn of events was an unexpected but pleasant surprise.

That was good. If Wynn really suffered a miscarriage, it would deal a great blow to her!

At the same time, Philip had just arrived in Riverdale. Theo personally sent Philip to the Shangri-La Hotel in his car.

“Mr. Clarke, we’ll be there in five minutes.”

Theo glanced at the time and estimated the time and distance to Shangri-La.

Philip nodded, looked at the night scene outside the window, and said in his heart, ‘Wynn, I’m back! This time, you’ll be the center of the world!’

Chapter 667

At this time, the scene of the press conference was in utter chaos.

Blake’s people had directly blocked the door and surrounded Wynn and the others, not letting them out at all.

All the media he contacted broadcasted the news willfully.

They just stood quietly at the side, watching the show.

Where were all the security guards?

They had been bribed by Blake's people and disappeared long ago.

Where did Cynthia go?

There was an accident in the next hall and she went to deal with it. As soon as she returned, she saw this scene.

"Miss Johnston!"

Cynthia was anxious. She quickly pushed through the crowd, ran over, and hugged Wynn. She noticed the blood stains on her skirt and knew that the matter was serious!

"Security! Security! Get away from her!" Cynthia shouted, but dozens of people still gathered around with indifferent expressions. They were still pointing and cursing at Wynn.

Howard and Hayley also tried to reason with the crowd, even starting to scuffle with the group of people.

However, it was to no avail!

The entire situation was under Blake's control.

'You dare to fight with me? You're still too young!' Blake mocked in his heart. He drank the last drop of red wine in the glass and motioned to his subordinates. "Send more people to mess this place up. It's best if they can get rid of the child in the woman's belly."

"Yes, Boss."

The men in black suits immediately walked out of the venue to make a phone call.

Before long, a group of punks with bats and the like rushed into the hall.

“Damn it, who’s Wynn Johnston! F*ck! My mother took the medicine from Beacon and died!” The leader was a bald guy with a disgusting face. He waved the baseball bat in his hand and shouted loudly.

The excited and condemning crowd dispersed. The gang rushed in and saw Wynn lying on the ground with six or seven people gathered around her.

“F*ck! It’s this b*tch?! Her face is pretty, but her heart is black!” the bald guy yelled arrogantly. He waved his hand and said, “Boys, wallop her! Kill this evil businesswoman!”

As soon as the words fell, the seven or eight men behind him were about to rush over to Wynn.

Howard panicked. He stood out abruptly, grabbed a folding iron chair in his hand, and roared, “Who dares to touch her?!”

From behind him, another male assistant also rushed out and stood beside Howard.

How could Howard not be anxious? Philip had asked him to take care of Wynn, but because of his negligence, this situation happened instead.

If anything happened to the baby in Wynn’s stomach, he could not shirk the responsibility. He could even die from the guilt!

“F*ck! There’s someone here not afraid to die!”

With a roar, the bald guy struck him with the baseball bat!

All of a sudden, seven or eight people huddled together to fight Howard and his assistant!

Pandemonium!

However, it was over quickly.

After all, there were only two of them.

Howard and the male assistant were directly beaten to the ground. They were bloodied and miserable.

With tears in her eyes, Hayley rushed up and shouted, "Don't touch my man! I'm calling the police!"

Smack!

The bald guy stepped up and slapped Hayley to the ground fiercely, even kicking her a few times while yelling, "B*tch! I'm only after Wynn Johnston today. If you dare to be nosy, don't blame me for coming after you too!"

At his roar, the group of people watching quickly dispersed in droves to avoid being inflicted.

"Just kill her! B*tch!"

"That's right. Making money without conscience... To think I wanted to invest in them before this."

"Beacon is rotten to the core! Make them bankrupt!"

This group of people stood on the sidelines but did not stop incriminating Wynn and Beacon.

The bald guy sneered and walked toward Wynn who was still on the ground. Her face was pale, but she had finally regained consciousness.

“Are you Wynn Johnston? Very good. Do you want to pay with money or pay with your life?” That guy taunted.

On the side, Cynthia could not bear it any longer. She stood up and asked the bald guy grimly, “Who told you to come here?”

They were deliberately looking for trouble.

Smack!

The bald guy slapped her and cursed, “Damn it! You look pretty, but is it your place to speak up here? Why, do you want to rock the cradle with me?”

With a red palm print on her cheeks, Cynthia’s eyes spouted fire as she shouted, “Security!”

However, no security guards came out.

She knew things were bad.

Someone must be giving instructions behind the scene.

Chapter 668

Cynthia understood when her gaze fell on Blake Michaels and the others.

This old man was really shameless!

“I don’t care who you are. This is the Shangri-La Hotel. Anyone who dares to cause trouble, I’ll get the police to arrest you!”

Cynthia refused to back down. A pregnant Wynn was behind her. Out of sympathy toward another woman, she would not leave Wynn behind.

On the other side, Howard also stubbornly got up from the ground. With a bruised nose and swollen face, he stood in front of Cynthia and shouted, "Damn it! Little b*stards, come on, come at me!"

The bald guy was angry. He touched his head and roared, "Whack them! Break their limbs!"

This round of bashing lasted until Howard could not get up.

The bald guy spat on Howard before he walked toward Cynthia, smiling wickedly. "How about it, beauty? You want to stand up for them? You're not afraid that I'll mess up your face?"

As the other party approached, Cynthia took several frightened steps back.

"Drag them up!" the bald guy shouted. The guys behind him rushed out. One person grabbed Cynthia while another two dragged Wynn cruelly up from the ground.

Smack!

The bald guy slapped angrily and cursed, "B*tch! My mother died after taking the drugs from your company. What are you going to do about that?"

Wynn was very weak with abdominal cramps. She said with great difficulty, "Our company's drugs... Never... Had any accidents. Who... Sent you?!"

"Still so stubborn!"

That guy glanced furtively at Blake in the corner before he viciously attacked. "I'll slap you until you admit it!"

Smack!

Slap!

Crisp sounds of his slaps resounded in the entire hall.

Wynn was suffering from the inhumane torture but still gritted her teeth stubbornly.

“What are you doing? Why are you hitting my daughter?!”

At this time, Martha rushed in with a group of old friends.

As soon as she arrived, she saw her daughter getting beaten and felt a pain in her heart as a mother.

Moreover, when she saw the blood between Wynn’s legs, she almost peed in her pants!

The bald guy was pushed aside by Martha. He staggered and cursed, “F*ck! Where did this old thing come from?”

Martha supported a slumping Wynn with tears in her eyes. She exclaimed fearfully, “Wynn, how are you? Don’t scare me!”

Wynn fell weakly into Martha’s arms as she whispered, “Mom, baby... My baby...”

Wynn’s delicate little hands touched her belly while she mumbled.

Martha’s tears rained down as she glanced at Wynn’s lower body, cursing, “Damn that Philip! Where is he? Where did that b*stard go at this moment?! Wynn, I already told you he’s a jinx! Why didn’t you listen to me?”

Martha was distraught and full of hatred!

At this moment, she vented all her anger out on Philip.

“Mom, don’t blame Philip. He must be delayed by something.”

Wynn was still being considerate toward Philip at this moment.

“Why are you still talking on his behalf now? I don’t care. You must divorce him this time. What kind of man is he?”

Martha was furious.

“I’ll bring you to the hospital.”

Martha felt sorry for her daughter and wanted to help her.

However.

Bam!

The bald guy kicked Martha, causing her to stumble.

“Damn it! Old woman, I’m warning you. If you dare interfere, I’ll beat you up too!” the bald guy pointed aggressively at Martha and cursed.

At this moment, Martha knelt and crawled in front of him and begged for mercy. “Mister, please spare my daughter. Let me bring her to the hospital, okay?”

Smack!

With another slap, the bald guy shouted, "The hell with the hospital! It's best if she dies! If she doesn't admit that Beacon is selling fake drugs today, no one will leave!"

At the same time, Theo's motorcade slowly stopped at the entrance of the Shangri-La Hotel.

A total of 12 black Mercedes-Benzenes were ready when they entered Riverdale early in the morning.

Theo got out of the car, opened the door respectfully, and greeted Philip.

On the way, he had tried to contact Tiger but could not get through. That was strange. Could something have happened at the press conference?

Just at this moment, a figure rushed out of the Shangri-La Hotel.

It was Tiger, covered in blood and full of knife wounds. He knelt in front of Philip and said, "Mister... Clarke, we were ambushed... Madam is... In trouble!"

Tiger fell unconscious after uttering these words.

Philip was shocked!

His eyelids jumped wildly!

At this moment, he felt a biting chill all over his body.

Wynnie!

With his eyes burning, he raised his foot and ran to the press conference site!

Chapter 669

At the press conference, the bald guy held a baseball bat in his hand as he sneered and walked toward Wynn.

“Haha, it seems that you won’t admit it without a good beating.”

As the words fell, he aimed a kick directly at Wynn’s stomach!

With this kick, Wynn would most definitely suffer a miscarriage!

Martha screamed hysterically from the side, “You beast! Stop it!”

Wynn vaguely saw the other party’s big feet kicking toward her. Her maternal instincts exploded as she tried her best to protect her belly.

‘Philip, are you still not here?’

‘Our baby’s in danger.’

A string of glittering tears dripped from the corner of Wynn's eyes.

Suddenly!

An anxious figure rushed in at the door, roaring with terrible anger, “Stop it! Are you asking for death?!”

At that moment, Philip rushed into the hall and saw Wynn on her knees after being beaten miserably.

At the sight of the despair in her eyes and the blood on her lower body, Philip completely lost his rationale!

Wynn, baby!

Philip was enraged!

His soaring anger engulfed the entire conference room!

Bang!

The bald guy did not know what was happening when he was kicked from behind. He was sent flying and landed face-first. He could not get up for a long time!

Philip rushed in and hugged Wynn. With tears in his eyes, he said, "Wynnie, I'm sorry I'm late."

At the last moment, Philip had finally appeared.

Wynn had no more strength as she whispered weakly, "Phil, our baby..."

Philip looked down and the blood between Wynn's legs thoroughly stimulated him!

Wrath!

At that moment!

The whole press conference room was like purgatory, buried under the murderous intent and furor that exploded from Philip!

Everyone looked at the man who had rushed in suddenly, their eyes widening in astonishment.

At the same time, they felt the mountainous pressure and rage from Philip!

They were doomed!

This was what they felt at this moment, a true pervasive threat of death.

Blake, Houston, and others stood in the corner. They were taken aback when they saw Philip rushing in.

However, they calmed down very quickly.

He was just a useless wretch. What could he do?

“Dad, since this bum is here, let me deal with him!”

It was not just a day or two that Houston had hated Philip. Since there was such a good opportunity before him now, how could he miss it?

With that said, he swaggered toward Philip who was still holding Wynn in his arms and arrogantly mocked. “Oh, isn’t this the useless Philip? Why are you only here now? Tsk tsk, look at this. Your wife is about to be beaten to death.”

Houston felt very gratified when he spoke these words.

He rejoiced!

Philip raised his eyebrows, glaring at Houston with eyes that could spit fire. His low voice sounded like an attacking beast as he said, “You planned this?”

He must die!

Houston deserved to die!

The entire Michaels family needed to die!

The person giving instructions behind the scenes had to die!

“That’s right. It was me!”

Since things had already gone this far, Houston also generously admitted it. Anyway, the deed was done. Now, everyone on the internet was criticizing Beacon, so Houston was not flustered at all.

“Why? Does a useless wretch like you want to seek justice for your wife?”

Houston laughed blatantly, his eyes full of irony.

A kept man without his wife was just a scumbag to be trampled upon.

However.

Bam!

Before Houston knew what was going on, his stomach was kicked forcefully.

Then, like a kite with a broken string, he flew through the air and fell heavily on the wine rack at the back of the hall.

Red wine spilled all over the ground.

Houston clutched his stomach pathetically, got up from the ground with great difficulty, pointed at Philip who was holding Wynn grimly, and shouted, “Men, attack him! Break his limbs!”

Following Houston's roar, the punks rushed up with their weapons.

However.

Suddenly!

A group of people rushed in through the door, all in black suits.

There were more than 50 men!

All of them rushed in at once and surrounded the entire press conference room!

Many people were shocked at the sight.

Even the experienced entrepreneurs who had gone through turbulent times, including Blake Michaels, felt tremors in their hearts.

What was going on?

Chapter 670

At the same time.

At the door, a figure appeared. When he entered through the door, he shouted angrily, "Who dares to touch Mr. Clarke?!"

Theo Zander!

Theo Zander had appeared!

He quickly deployed manpower to gather all the men nearby.

He knew that Mr. Clarke was angry this time!

He feared there would be a huge wave in Riverdale!

The appearance of Theo naturally attracted everyone's attention.

Everyone knew that this was the underground king of Riverdale.

He must not be provoked!

Everyone watched as Theo approached Philip, bending down before him and saying respectfully, "Mr. Clarke, I've gathered 60 men. The venue is under control. Other men are on their way here."

Philip glanced indifferently at the dumbfounded Houston and the group of punks. He said solemnly, "Tonight, no one can leave! If anything happens to my wife or the baby in her stomach, they'll be buried at the end of the night!"

After that, Philip carried Wynn and dashed out of the hall. Theo personally drove them and rushed to the hospital!

Here, the entire press conference site was on lockdown!

Outside, a steady stream of black cars drove up one after another.

One by one, henchmen in black suits quickly got out of the car and rushed into the Shangri-La Hotel.

The entire vicinity of the hotel was emptied of irrelevant people.

Only those people at the press conference were left and under strict control.

Even the Shangri-La's security guards, managers, and waiters were restrained!

Hundreds of black-suited men were dispatched instantly!

The outside world had gone berserk!

Everyone passed by and took pictures.

The well-trained personnel surrounded the periphery of Shangri-La Hotel, facing outward with their hands on their backs while exuding a chilling intensity.

All the passersby were astounded at that rare scene.

Back to Philip. He carried Wynn and dashed into the hospital, shouting, "Doctor! Doctor! Save my wife and baby!"

The doctor who was already notified of the news took Wynn in an orderly manner and quickly moved her into the operating room!

Philip knelt outside the operating room, gasping for breath. His body was covered in blood.

Behind him, there were two rows of thugs in black suits filling up the entire corridor!

Theo was a few meters away from Philip, standing there respectfully albeit impatiently.

He was also flustered as cold sweat dotted his forehead.

At the same time, outside the hospital, more black vehicles came as groups of bodyguards in black suits guarded the entire hospital.

Very soon, Howard, Hayley, Cynthia, and Martha also arrived.

As soon as Howard came over with gauze on his head, he knelt in front of Philip and slapped his face angrily. He cried out, "Philip, I... I'm sorry, I didn't protect Wynn properly, and I deserve to die. I really deserve to die!"

Slap!

Smack!

At the rapid sounds, Philip turned around, grabbed Howard's hand, and said, "Enough! This has nothing to do with you. You should go and rest."

With that said, he motioned to Hayley to leave with Howard.

Cynthia came over and looked at Philip who was kneeling on the ground, saying, "Don't worry, Wynn will be fine. She's blessed by the heavens."

Philip did not say anything and remained silent.

At this time, Martha rushed up, slapped Philip angrily, pointed at his nose, and cursed, "Philip, you trash! Just look at my daughter! Because of you, she has been bullied into this state! How can you be so heartless? Where did you go just now? What's the point of doing all of this now? Speak up! Say something!"

Martha angrily accused Philip, punching and kicking at him.

Philip bore with it. He did not fight back, and there was no reason to fight back either.

It was his negligence.

He thought that the other party would not dare to act so arrogantly. Unexpectedly, they were really so bold.

If he had not been concealing his identity all this while, would so many things happen to Wynn?

No!

Therefore, this was his fault.

“Trash! You did this to my daughter! I want Wynn to divorce you! Divorce!”

Martha sat on the floor and wailed.

Half an hour later, the door of the operating room opened. The doctor walked out with an unpleasant expression and asked, “Who’s the family member?”

Philip stood up and hurriedly walked over while saying, “I’m the husband. How’s my wife?”

The doctor said, “Your wife’s fine, but the baby...”

Chapter 671

Philip’s heart thumped when he heard the first half of the sentence.

“It was a threatened abortion. They’re both fine at the moment, but your wife is too weak and needs to be hospitalized for observation.”

The doctor said mildly, “The subsequent conditioning and antenatal treatment are very important. If something goes wrong, it’s easy to have a miscarriage. You’d better be prepared mentally.”

The doctor left as soon as he finished speaking.

Philip nodded vigorously in gratitude, then watched Wynn get pushed out of the operating room to be transported directly to the intensive care unit.

Theo had arranged for it personally.

In the ward, Martha sat on Wynn's bedside in a considerate manner, holding Wynn's delicate hand tightly. She said, "Wynn, I'm here. Don't be scared. The baby's okay."

Wynn's eyes were red as she finally breathed a sigh of relief. She looked at Philip standing at the door and said weakly, "Phil, why don't you come in?"

As soon as Philip wanted to enter, Martha jumped up in agitation. She went up to him and slapped him, cursing, "You still dare to come in? If not for you, Wynn would'n't be suffering this much! Get lost! Go to hell!"

Martha had a headache when she saw Philip, and there was nowhere to vent her frustrations.

Philip also tolerated it without any retaliation.

Wynn felt distressed and tried to get up as she said, "Mom, that's enough. Stop the fuss. Don't blame Philip for this. He also has his own matters to deal with."

However, Martha refused to listen. She pointed at Philip's nose and cursed, "What business does a bum like him have? He only has a bit of money now, but his family still controls the property rights, so he's still nothing but a wastrel! He's a scoundrel who can't even protect his wife and children. What kind of man is he?"

Martha's words were terrible but not considered excessive.

Philip looked at Wynn on the hospital bed and forced out a smile. "Wynn, have a good rest. I'll go handle some things."

He turned around and left after those words.

Wynn called out weakly from behind, "Phil, don't take things too far. They..."

Philip did not listen to the second half of the sentence as he had already walked out of the ward. Outside the door, Theo and dozens of his subordinates stood respectfully in two rows, waiting.

"Mr. Clarke, everything's ready," Theo respectfully said. He detected Philip's dormant killing intent and monstrous wrath.

Those people tonight would not escape.

"To Shangri-La," Philip said coldly before walking out of the hospital. He got in the car and went straight to the Shangri-La Hotel.

At the same time in the Beacon conference hall of Shangri-La Hotel, dozens of invited entrepreneurs and celebrities were making a big fuss.

"Why are you holding us here? We want to go out!"

"Get lost! A dog of Theo Zander dares to keep me here? Are you looking to die?!"

"Mr. Michaels, aren't you going to say anything?"

The crowd was indignant and tried to accuse and shove the dozens of black-suited bodyguards all over the room.

However, these people remained motionless.

Blake stood in the crowd. Beside him was Houston, who looked aggrieved as he cursed viciously, "Dad, what the hell was going on? Theo Zander actually called that man Mr. Clarke?"

Blake frowned slightly as he made plans in his heart.

Things were a bit out of expectations.

It seemed that Philip Clarke was not a simple man.

There must be a catch with Theo treating him so respectfully.

"Don't worry, he's just a small potato. He won't be able to do much," Blake said lightly, his words acting as a calming agent for the people around him.

Shirley, who stood next to Houston, asked worriedly, "Housey, nothing will happen, right? I'm the one who pushed Wynn just now. That trash Philip won't come after me, right?"

Of course, Shirley was worried.

The black-suited thugs all over the room made her panic.

Houston snorted and said coldly, "Don't worry, I'm not concerned about that useless Philip at all! Even Theo is nothing!"

Just as the crowd was still creating a din, a group of people walked in through the door.

Taking the lead was Philip with a grim face, followed by Theo.

The first question he asked when he walked in was, "Who touched my wife?"

The entire hall trembled at his roar!

It also shook everyone's hearts.

Especially with this roomful of black-suited thugs, it was even more terrifying.

Of course, some people were not afraid to die.

For instance, the group of punks Blake found. The bald guy took the lead, stood up, pointed at Philip, and shouted, "Brat, if you understand the situation, you'd better let me go quickly! Behind me is the Fiery Koi Gang of Golden City!"

This group of people did not know Theo at all. Blake found them from Golden City.

This was to avoid unnecessary conflicts with local societies.

Philip just glanced at the bald guy indifferently and said, "Break his limbs and hang him outside the gates of the Fiery Koi Gang!"

At his order, two men walked out directly behind him.

The bald guy was startled and shouted, "You... You dare?! My boss is Gibson Hart of Golden City!"

However!

The sounds of cracking bones accompanied by dismal screams made the souls of everyone in the audience tremble!

Just like that, the bald guy's limbs were broken and he was dragged out!

Dragged to where?

To Golden City!

Two hours later!

At this moment in Golden City, which was literally painted in gold, there was a high-hanging plaque with the words 'Fiery Koi' written on it in a particular eight-story classic-styled building.

It was the third-ranking underground force of Golden City!

It was one of the three overlords of Golden City that everyone feared!

Chapter 672

Swoosh!

A black commercial vehicle stopped at the entrance. The group of people dragged a man with broken limbs covered in blood and hung him directly on the lamppost in front of the door!

After the group left, another group of people rushed out of the eight-story red building, looked at the man covered in blood who was hung up high, and were shocked!

Instantly, the entire Golden City was in an uproar!

Back to the Shangri-La Hotel, two hours ago.

After the incident with the bald guy, Philip's gaze swept across the hall.

Those who thought of protesting just now were now silent!

Too ruthless!

He was the devil reincarnated!

Blake, Houston, and the rest also shook in fear. They did not expect a useless man like Philip to act so harshly.

“I’ll ask again, who touched my wife!” Philip roared once more.

This time, many people pointed at Shirley who stood beside Houston!

Shirley Wellington, who wore high heels and a short skirt, was terrified. She pulled Houston's arm tightly and begged, “Housey, save me, please!”

As soon as her words fell, two black-suited henchmen dragged Shirley out.

Ba-thump!

Shirley fell on her knees, folded her hands together, and slammed her head on the ground while begging for mercy. “Philip... Mr. Clarke, I didn’t mean it. I’m sorry. I’m really sorry. I was wrong. Please spare me. I don’t want my limbs to be broken, please forgive me...”

However.

Philip just glanced at her indifferently and said, “In this world, no one can bully my wife and my child! I’ll destroy anyone who bullies them! You’re no exception!”

With that said, the two people pressed Shirley to the ground!

A thug who held a big hammer in his hand swung the weapon and slammed it into her right arm forcefully!

Bash!

The floor tiles shattered!

Shirley wailed tragically. Her entire right arm was crushed!

“Argh! Mr. Clarke, please spare me! I beg of you! Houston Michaels is the one behind this! It’s him!”

Shirley could not bear it anymore. The excruciating pain in her right arm made her sweat all over!

Houston’s face turned green when he heard this. He pointed at Shirley and shouted, “B*tch! That’s bullsh*t! When did I tell you to do this?!”

However, he had just finished speaking when two bodyguards in black suits dragged him out.

Thump!

Houston was kicked and fell on his knees. He raised his head, stared at Philip angrily, and shouted, “Philip Clarke, if you lay a finger on me, the Michaels family won’t let you off!”

Philip’s stoic face was emotionless. He just glanced at Blake, who stood silently behind him, and said to Houston, “The Michaels family? Such arrogant words. I want to see who dares to protect the Michaels family today!”

After that, Philip personally swung the hammer, and this action nearly made Houston pee in his pants.

On the other side, Blake also stood up and shouted, “Philip Clarke, how dare you?! Aren’t you afraid that I’ll ruin your wife’s company and your entire family?!”

Philip looked at Blake indifferently, twitched the corners of his mouth, and sneered, “Blake Michaels, don’t you understand the situation yet? Today, anyone who bullied my wife won’t escape!”

Haha.

Blake jeered, "Philip, you're very confident but also conceited! No one has ever dared to fight against the Michaels family of Golden City! If you dare to harm Houston today, I'll let your wife and children pay it back tenfold!"

However!

The only response Blake received was a strike!

The hammer in Philip's hand fell and instantly broke Houston's arm.

Argh!

With a miserable cry, Houston held his broken arm, his face pale.

"Philip Clarke, you're courting death!"

Blake saw his son being maimed in front of his own eyes, and his voice suddenly cracked. "I've already contacted the Quaid family in Capital City. All that awaits you is destruction!"

"The Quaid family?"

Philip chuckled and said, "You can contact the Quaid family again now and ask them if they still have the b*lls to help you."

Blake frowned. With a bad premonition in his heart, he took out his cell phone and dialed the number for the Quaid family in Capital City. "Hello, is Patriarch Quaid there? He said he'll send someone over. When will they arrive?"

Blake was clearly anxious.

However, a voice came from the other end, "Blake Michaels, your family's affairs have nothing to do with the Quaid family!"

Slam!

The phone was disconnected.

Blake was dumbfounded. It was out of his expectations.

The Quaid family betrayed him?

At this time, Theo walked up to Philip and whispered in his ear, "Mr. Clarke, everything's done. The Michaels family of Golden City is under control. Mr. Thomas went there personally."

After listening, a faint sneer appeared at the corners of Philip's mouth. He looked at Blake and said, "Blake Michaels, you should call home. Next is the moment your Michaels family is destroyed."

Chapter 673

Destroy the Michaels family of Golden City?

Blake sneered, his eyes full of menace. He said, "Philip, you're really brash! Do you think the Michaels family of Golden City can easily be destroyed by a good-for-nothing like you? I'm a rich man worth hundreds of billions! How can you compare with me?"

Pretentious!

Was he under the impression that knowing Theo Zander was enough?

This society was no longer ruled by guns and fists. It was connections and money!

“Blake Michaels, you’re very sure of yourself. This is your strength and also your weakness. The Michaels family of Golden City will end in your hands,” Philip said mildly as a trace of chill appeared in his eyes.

He had not dealt with the Michaels family because he did not want to alert the enemy.

However, Blake did not know what was good for him and kept challenging his limits.

He deserved death!

Blake laughed, raised his eyebrows, and said, “Very well. I want to see what powerful means you have that can destroy the Michaels family!

“By the way, I should remind you, the Michaels family is not at the same level as that good-for-nothing Yale Caruso. Standing behind the Michaels family is the prestigious Wallis family of Golden City!”

Blake sneered derisively at the corners of his mouth, completely disregarding a young man like Philip.

The Wallis family?

When Philip heard this name, he laughed as his eyes exploded with a chill. He said, “Even if it’s the Wallis family, I’m not concerned about it. Haven’t you asked why Giada dare not appear in front of me in person?”

This question directly pierced Blake’s heart like a needle.

Yes, he had once asked, but Madam Giada told him not to ask too many questions.

What did that mean?

Could it be that Philip came from a powerful background?

Impossible!

Even if he did, so what?

Could it be compared with the Michaels family of Golden City?

In tiny Riverdale, the most powerful forces were George Thomas and the Longford Group.

“No matter what you say, the outcome tonight will not change! Beacon will be ruined! Right now, the outside world is full of negative news about Beacon. Within a day, Beacon will go bankrupt, and even your pregnant wife will be forced to go to court.”

Blake remained indifferent as he continued, “When the time comes, I hope you can still spout confident words like now!”

Philip shook his head, dialed George’s number, and looked at Blake as he said, “Since you don’t believe it, face it yourself.”

After that, the line to George was connected and he said respectfully, “Young Master, everything’s ready.”

Philip nodded and said solemnly, “Let’s begin. Let the Michaels family of Golden City become complete history! All the members of the Michaels family will be deprived of all property and become commoners. The core members of the family will be crippled and they’ll beg for a living for the rest of their lives!”

His words astounded the entire audience!

His tone was too presumptuous!

He was going to destroy the Michaels family and reduce the core members into beggars?

Were these words that could come out of a wastrel's mouth?

It was too fake!

Many people stood on the sidelines and sneered silently in their hearts.

“Hehe, this guy is such a poser.”

“He’s really overestimating himself. That’s the Michaels family, an existence worth hundreds of billions!”

“This Philip Clarke is really too pretentious. I want to see how he’ll wrap things up. Wretched fool!”

The atmosphere in the hall was full of aggression. Houston clutched at his broken arm and howled. “Dad! Kill him! You must kill him! He broke my arm!”

Houston hated Philip to the core.

Blake would naturally retaliate against Philip. He looked at Houston. Would he dare to grab him?

No!

The entire venue was full of Philip’s men.

“Philip, do you really want to oppose me?” Blake was unmoved and asked coldly.

Philip merely shook his head gently.

This Blake Michaels was too egotistical. He did not realize there were bigger fish out in the ocean. He really thought one Giada Wallis could protect him?

There was no need for this family to exist any longer. It was already rotten at the root.

“Very well! Philip Clarke, let me see how you’re going to destroy the Michaels family then!” Blake suddenly yelled. He had already given enough chances, but the other party was not backing down.

However, as soon as his voice fell, the phone rang.

At the venue, everyone’s eyes focused on Blake and his ringing phone.

He was also startled. He hurriedly picked up the call and asked angrily, “What’s the matter?”

On the line, a flustered voice immediately said, “Old... Old Master, it’s bad! Our company is suddenly being taken over by a group of people. The leader is from the tax department. The company premise has been sealed!”

Blake frowned as his gaze swept across Philip. Was it him?

Impossible.

“It’s just a small company. It’s not a problem. Just get someone to clear it up. Do you need me to teach you this?” Blake said angrily. What a bunch of idiots!

However, on the phone.

“No, Old Master, it’s... Our head office has been seized!”

This time, Blake panicked. His expression changed drastically as he said anxiously, “What? The head office? When did this happen?”

This had never happened before.

What exactly was going on?

Chapter 674

Until now, Blake had not connected Philip to this matter.

“Five minutes ago,” the voice on the other end said.

Five minutes ago?

Was that the time when Philip had made the call?

Instantly, Blake stared at Philip and asked, “You did this?”

As soon as these words were spoken, Blake started dripping cold sweat.

The people present also realized that something was wrong!

Right at this moment, someone held his phone and exclaimed, “Look at the trending news! The Michaels family of Golden City is currently under investigation. They’re suspected of smuggling, illegal fund-raising, and tax evasion!”

“Also, the stocks of Michaels Corp took a plunge and plummeted by 30 percent. They’ve already stopped trading!”

“Michaels Corp is suspended pending investigation!”

All of a sudden, everyone in the audience looked at their mobile phones, and each piece of news was blasted out like a broadcast!

Blake was utterly frantic!

He quickly scrolled through his phone. As he read each piece of news, he was completely flustered.

At this time, phone calls came continuously, all from representatives of the company's shareholders.

“Hello. What? You want to divest?”

“What? The trading stopped? No way! Find a way to stabilize it! Hold it! I’ll go back and find a way!”

“Help me contact Cody Bard!”

Blake was in a mess. Michaels Corp had encountered the biggest crisis in history!

All of this was caused by Philip who stood across from him.

He glared at Philip with burning eyes and roared, “Philip, you’re playing with fire! Although I don’t know what methods you used to achieve this, I can tell you that everything’s in vain! The Michaels family has a strong backer!”

“Backer?” Philip chuckled and said, “Are you talking about Cody Bard?”

After that, Philip turned on the LCD TV in the hall and switched the channel to Golden City TV.

Coincidentally, it was an urgent news broadcast!

“Dear citizens, Cody Bard is suspected of transferring interests and has been handed over to the investigation department. Among them, the largest agency that benefited directly is Michaels Corp!”

Seeing the news, Blake totally panicked. He slumped as his feet staggered, and his body was drenched in a cold sweat.

He was doomed!

Cody Bard was his backer, but he was arrested!

At this time, Blake finally realized what a big mistake he had made.

Philip Clarke was not a kitten but a tiger—A tiger that swallowed people whole without spitting out bones!

“Calm down! Calm down!”

After all, Blake was the head of Michaels family and had gone through turbulent times.

At this time, he did not conceal anything anymore.

He quickly took out his phone and dialed Giada’s number, saying with a panicked tone, “Madam, we’re in trouble. The Michaels family is finished!”

On the other end of the line, Giada said mildly, “Blake Michaels, you’re no longer under the protection of the Wallis family. You have to deal with this matter on your own.”

The phone disconnected right after that.

At this moment, Blake realized that he was alone and completely abandoned.

He was a discarded pawn!

The knight had been sacrificed to save the queen!

Blake collapsed. He closed his eyes, clutched his chest, and passed out in the hall.

As for Philip, he just looked at all this coldly. His eyes swept over everyone present before he said to Theo, "Everyone here who insulted Wynnie or did anything to her will go bankrupt."

Philip turned and left after leaving that instruction!

The people in the hall realized Philip's formidable methods and knelt on the ground, pleading, "Mr. Clarke, please have mercy!"

However, Philip would not spare the slightest sympathy to these people.

"To Cirrus Manor," Philip got in the car and ordered.

The convoy headed toward Cirrus Manor.

At this moment, Cirrus Manor was already heavily guarded. Giada, wearing a white long skirt that reached her knees, sat dignified and elegantly on the white goose down sofa in the hall. She was holding the Persian cat in her arms.

Vivian stood behind her.

In the hall, eight guards from the Wallis family stood on two sides, all fully-armed.

"Giada Wallis!"

A loud roar came from the door!

Philip aggressively led a group of people and swarmed in!

Chapter 675

Giada watched all this calmly, still teasing the Persian cat in her arms while smiling faintly as she said, "Philip, why are you in such a temper?"

Philip stood in the hall and was followed by Theo and his men. There was a total of 45 bodyguards in black suits!

They were elites all carefully selected by Theo!

Despite that, even with these men, Theo was still a little worried.

As he could see, all the guards at Cirrus Manor were specially trained professionals!

These people could easily take out his men with a flick of their fingers!

Even so, Theo would follow Philip without any hesitation.

"Giada, are you going to feign ignorance?"

Philip's face was covered with frost, and his eyes were ferocious as he stared at the calm Giada.

Giada put down the Persian cat and stood up gracefully. She crossed her arms over her chest, the diamond rings and jade bracelets between her hands in full display.

She smiled breezily and said, "Philip, I'm your stepmother after all. Is this the way you should speak to your elder?"

“Haha, Giada, both of us know what’s going on. There’s no need to act in front of me.”

Philip smiled coldly as his heart gradually filled with anger.

He had disliked Giada from a young age.

This woman was too scheming and too vicious.

She could even go as far as to kill her own son! In this world, what else was worthy of her love?

Fame and fortune!

Giada raised her eyebrows and said, “Philip, Beacon’s affairs have nothing to do with me. That’s all Blake’s doing.”

She refused to admit it.

Philip already anticipated this. A sinister smile appeared on his face as he said, “You think I’ll believe you?”

“Believe it or not, I don’t care.”

Giada’s expression became cold, and the guards behind Philip also stared at him warily.

Vivian put her hands behind her back, ready to pull out her pistol at any time to kill him with one blow!

Philip frowned. He did not expect Giada’s attitude to be so tough.

“Giada, are you trying to challenge my limits?” Philip asked coldly as his eyes throbbed with anger.

At his words, Theo and his men behind him were filled with trepidation as they got ready to fight!

Mr. Clarke must not be harmed in any way, even if they were wiped out!

This was what Theo said to his men before they set out!

“Limits? Philip Clarke has limits?” Giada said mockingly, her eyes full of sarcasm.

“Philip, you left the family for seven years. During that time, do you know what happened in the family? You’ve been secluded in this little Riverdale, guarding Wynn and Mila. Originally, things could go on like this, but you’ve made use of the family’s power privately and you’ve assumed the identity of the heir.”

Giada raised her eyebrows and said angrily, “I won’t allow this to happen! The Clarke family doesn’t need you! As long as I’m around, the Clarke family will belong to the Wallis family!”

As soon as her voice fell, the entire hall was quickly surrounded by the Wallis family's guards!

Giada stared at Philip coldly and said, “I’ve tolerated it many times because your father told me not to hurt you, but you’ve provoked me time and again. I’m the second wife of the Clarke family after all, your second mother!

“So, are you scared? You’re the eldest son of Roger Clarke. Haven’t you considered the outcome of bringing these people to Cirrus Manor?”

Giada’s expression was indifferent. She stared at Philip, who remained silent, and was impassive.

Despite everything, he was still tender and easily succumbed to a little provocation.

The entire manor was impenetrable and under Giada's full control!

Moreover, everyone belonged to the Wallis family!

Philip frowned deeply as he glanced around. They were all people from the Wallis family.

Here, the Sovereignty Seal was meaningless.

Sure enough, Giada Wallis was not an easy woman to deal with.

“Hehe, Giada, do you really think I'm just a naive little brat who's easily roused by anger?”

Philip smiled and looked up at Giada coldly.

“Are you not?”

Giada chuckled and said, “13 years ago, wasn't it because of your impulse that your sister lost her life?”

His sister, Hannah Clarke!

“Shut up! You're not worthy to speak of her!”

Abruptly, Philip became like a wild beast that was just released from its cage, his body bursting with anger!

That ferocity was more intense than ever, shocking everyone!

In Philip's heart, Hannah was most definitely a taboo topic, same as his mother!

Especially to Giada Wallis. She was not qualified to mention them!

Unworthy!!!

Giada's expression was aloof, but she could not hide a sneer as she said, "See, just look at you. And you dare say you're not easily provoked?"

"Philip, just go back with me obediently. Since the agreement between us has been invalidated, then I won't show mercy to your subordinates. Imprisoning you is the best choice. If you dare to resist, I'll make sure that Wynn and Mila will suffer more misfortunes."

Giada threatened and felt triumphant as if she had everything under control.

However, Philip's expression changed. An unfathomable sneer hung from the corners of his mouth as he said, "Giada, do you really think I came here unprepared?"

Giada's expression changed when she heard this.

It was also at this time that Vivian handed a phone to Giada and said, "Madam, a call from home."

Giada picked up the call and a miserable cry was heard from the other end, "Aunt Giada, save me. Please save me! I don't want to die! Aunt..."

"Philip Clarke, how dare you?!"

Giada understood immediately. The person on the call was none other than her nephew, Miguel Wallis!

He was the most beloved youngest of the Wallis family, and also the one who caused the most trouble.

The Wallis family had wiped his ass many times.

All of the sudden, the situation was reversed.

Chapter 676

Philip silently watched the enraged Giada and said, “Giada, now it’s my turn to negotiate terms with you. Remember, Miguel is on the highest floor of Golden Mansion now, 200 meters up. If he falls, he’ll be crushed.”

Giada clenched her fists bitterly and said, “What do you want?”

Damn it!

She had been too negligent. She did not expect Philip to make early preparations!

However, the Wallis family... How could anyone take Miguel away?

There was only one explanation!

A professional!

Half an hour later, Philip left Cirrus Manor.

Before he left, Philip walked up to Giada.

Smack!

A crisp slap was heard in the hall!

Giada looked at Philip incredulously, stunned. She covered her cheek with her hand, her expression changing rapidly.

Philip actually dared to hit her!

“This slap is for Hannah! If you dare mention her name again in front of me, I’ll never let you off, nor will I let the Wallis family off!” Philip said sternly, his eyes reflecting the cold light like a sharp sword.

Then, he swaggered away from Cirrus Manor, leaving Giada standing in the hall in astonishment.

After Philip left, Giada sat on the sofa, annoyed. She broke a lot of valuable things to vent her anger.

“Damn you, Philip! I’ll make you regret this!” Giada said angrily.

This was the very first time she had been slapped in the face!

Moreover, it was by a junior like Philip!

“What’s the situation with Martha Yates? Has she found an opportunity to take action?” Giada was angry and asked bitterly.

Vivian stepped forward and replied, “Madam, let’s start with the baby in Wynn’s stomach. She’s now hospitalized for a threatened miscarriage and needs to go through antenatal treatment.”

Giada frowned. Before this point, she did not want to attack the child in Wynn’s belly as she fully understood the consequences of doing that.

However, Philip’s actions tonight had made her very angry.

“Be discreet.”

Giada finally left those words before she walked out of the hall silently.

Here, Martha was with Wynn in the hospital.

Suddenly, she received a call, and the call display showed it was Vivian.

She was immediately terrified.

After a long while, she met Vivian outside in the corridor.

“Martha Yates, Madam intends to start with the child in Wynn’s belly. Anyway, she’s undergoing antenatal treatment now. Even if she really has a miscarriage, no one will suspect you.”

Vivian wore a black leather jacket and had her arms crossed over her chest. She spoke emotionlessly.

Martha was very scared as she said hesitantly, “Miss Vivian, I don’t think it’s a good idea. Wynn is my daughter, after all. I’ll be punished by the heavens if I do this!”

She was afraid.

In this world, no mother would harm her daughter.

In the past, Martha looked down on Philip, so she wanted Wynn to abort the child.

Now, Philip had changed for the better, so Martha could accept him a bit more.

Smack!

Vivian slapped her and said coldly, “Martha, I’m warning you. What the Madam wants, you must do. Give me a reply within three days. Otherwise, you’ll bear the full consequences!”

With that said, Vivian left with her people.

Martha was left alone in the corridor, pacing back and forth.

Martha was scared, especially when she thought of Giada Wallis. She was struck with fear from the bottom of her heart.

After much consideration, she finally hardened her resolve. Martha hailed a taxi back to the villa and took out the last packet of medicine from the drawer.

Charles returned home at the same time. He ran into Martha, who was leaving hastily, and asked, "Where are you going?"

"To the hospital. Wynn has a threatened abortion."

Martha rolled her eyes and took Charles with her to the hospital.

It was good timing. Charles could testify that she did nothing.

When the time came, they could explain that they were just unlucky. After all, the doctor mentioned that tonight was very critical.

Any accidents could happen.

When Charles heard that Wynn had a threatened abortion, he was flustered all along the way. When he found out the reason, he trembled with anger!

At the hospital, while Charles was with Wynn, Martha took a cup of warm water and walked to the bedside with a smile on her face. "Wynn, get up and drink some water. It's good for the baby."

Chapter 677

Wynn sat up on the bed with Martha's support, her face still a little pale. She took the cup from Martha's hand and saw some ginger and lemon slices in it.

“Wynn, this is good for you and the baby. Drink it slowly,” Martha said with a smile and sat next to Wynn. With her kind and benevolent expression, it really made people feel warm.

Wynn smiled slightly, took the cup, raised her delicate neck, and took a few sips.

Martha watched as Wynn drank about half the cup. In her heart, she could not bear it, but at this point, there was no retreat.

After drinking, Wynn lay down to rest.

Martha’s emotions were in turmoil at this time as she asked, “Wynn, how do you feel? Does your stomach hurt?”

Wynn shook her head and whispered weakly, “It’s fine.”

Martha was startled when she heard that. Was the medicine not working?

Had it not taken effect yet?

It was also at this time that Philip returned. He saw the scene just now, frowned, rushed in, walked straight to the cup that Martha wanted to take away, and grabbed it in his hand.

Martha was also taken aback at this sudden turn of events. She raised her eyebrows when she saw Philip and panicked.

“Ah, Philip! Why are you back so soon?”

Martha smiled furtively as her heart thumped rapidly, just like a thief waiting to be found out.

When she noticed Philip staring at the cup, Martha was even more flustered as her legs started to tremble.

“Umm, you should have a good chat with Wynn. Your dad and I will go out first.”

She must not stay here. She quickly pulled Charles and attempted to take away the cup from Philip’s hand.

However.

“What did you give Wynn to drink?”

With a vehement tone of interrogation, Philip stared at Martha with anger. The veins on his hand that was holding the cup were bulging!

This damned Martha Yates! She actually did it!

“What? It’s just a normal refreshing drink. Give the cup to me.”

Martha forced herself to stay calm and reached out for it.

“Refreshing drink?”

Philip was angry and roared, “Martha Yates, do you think I’m a fool? Do you really think I don’t know what you’ve been up to?”

Clank!

Philip smashed the cup on the floor and the contents spilled all over, frightening Martha.

“Philip, have you gone mad? Oh, you’re angry and want to vent your frustrations on me, right? I’m your mother-in-law!” Martha anxiously glared at Philip and shouted.

Smack!

Philip slapped Martha decisively and said angrily, “Martha Yates! Do you realize the consequences of your actions? Do you really want me to expose your dirty deeds before you admit your mistake?!”

Martha covered her face, feeling both angry and scared.

Philip had hit her again!

This worthless trash!

What right did he have?

She was his mother-in-law!

Furthermore, it was right in front of Charles and Wynn!

Charles and Wynn were both stunned as they watched on at the side. Charles felt a little angry at Philip’s unprovoked anger.

“Philip, what are you doing? She’s your mother-in-law, after all. Can’t you say things properly? Why do you have to hit her?” Charles chastised angrily.

“Charles Johnston, didn’t I warn you long ago to keep an eye on your wife? If you dare to do anything to Wynn, I’ll make you regret it!”

Philip turned around and glared at Charles.

“Phil, what’s going on? Why are you so angry?”

Wynn noticed that something was wrong. Philip would not kick up such a big fuss for no reason.

Could it be that there was something wrong with the drink?

However, that was given to her by her mother.

Martha covered her face and sat on the ground before rolling and screaming hysterically, “Ah, just look at this! The son-in-law is beating the mother-in-law! How am I going to live like this?!”

Martha started to cause a scene that was loud enough to wake the dead.

In the past, they really could not do anything about it.

However, today was different.

Philip glared at Martha angrily. She was still on the ground rolling around. He took out three small plastic bags filled with white powder and threw it at Martha’s face!

“Martha Yates, this is what you’ve been trying to get Wynn and me to drink in every possible way. Do you really think that I’m blind?”

Philip said furiously as his eyes throbbed with anger. “When you left Cirrus Manor the other day, this thing was already swapped by my people!”

Back then, if not for Rick, Philip would still be in the dark.

Crack!

A bolt from the blue!

Martha looked at the three packs of medicine on the ground and was shocked. She raised her eyebrows inconceivably at Philip and accused him. "What nonsense are you talking about? I don't understand a word!"

This... How could this be?

The packets had been swapped?

Chapter 678

Martha had difficulty breathing. She suddenly felt that all her small movements had not escaped Philip's eyes.

That humiliation and that sort of urge that made her want to kill herself made her feel very uncomfortable.

Charles was not a fool either. He picked up the packets and asked, "What is this? What has been swapped?"

"Poison!" Philip gritted his teeth and shouted coldly as a murderous chill flashed in his eyes!

P-poison!

Instantly, the temperature in the ward dropped to a freezing point!

Charles stared at Martha, full of uncontrollable anger!

Bang!

Charles also had a bad temper. At home, he just endured it most of the time, but today, he was livid. He went up to Martha and immediately slapped her on the face, following with a violent kick!

“Martha Yates, are you still a human?! You actually... You did such an inhumane thing! She’s your daughter and he’s your son-in-law! You... You!”

Charles trembled all over and slumped on the sofa, holding his forehead as a massive headache started.

Wynn also could not believe that her mother would do this. With tears in her eyes, she stared at Martha who was sitting on the ground and shaking all over. She asked, “Mom, I’m your daughter. Why’d you do such a thing?”

Martha knew the matter was exposed but refused to admit it, shouting, “Bullsh*t! I didn’t! Philip Clarke, you’re trying to frame me!”

She must not admit it! If she did, she would be finished!

Her family would be destroyed!

At this point, Philip would not allow Martha to continue to mess around. He directly called someone in.

Two bodyguards in black suits instantly grabbed hold of Martha.

After that, Philip picked up a packet of medicine from the ground, squeezed Martha’s chin, and said, “Since you refuse to admit it, eat it yourself!”

With that said, Philip poured the entire packet of medicine into Martha’s mouth!

Martha was scared out of her wits. She struggled desperately but to no avail!

Philip picked up a cup on the bedside, filled Martha's mouth with water, then covered her mouth tightly!

Martha gulped everything down.

Thump!

She fell on her knees, coughing desperately and trying to make herself throw up.

However, she could not vomit at all.

She regretted it. She sobbed loudly, knelt on the ground, and held Philip's leg while begging for mercy, "Philip, I'm wrong, I'm sorry. Do you have the antidote? I don't want to die... Please save me..."

Charles and Wynn watched this scene in silence and made no attempts to stop it.

Martha had admitted it.

Philip looked indifferently at Martha who was kneeling in front of him and said coldly, "No, I don't have it. If you do gastric lavage now, maybe you can still survive."

When Martha heard this, she immediately stood up, stumbled out of the ward, and shouted, "Doctor! Save me! I need gastric lavage!"

Charles was very ashamed. He stood up and tried to speak up several times. Finally, he bowed and apologized. "Philip, Wynn, I'm sorry."

"Dad, it's not your fault."

Wynn's eyes were red. She wiped her tears, looked at Philip, and asked, "Did you really give my mother poison?"

Philip had already calmed down. He shook his head and said, "Of course not. It's just flour. I just want her to learn her lesson and be a better person in the future."

Charles had not left yet. When he heard this, he was relieved. After a few words with Philip, he left the ward.

What happened in the hospital was naturally made known to Giada.

"It failed?"

Giada was furious. She stood in the hall, chills exuding from her body!

Vivian stood beside her. She lowered her head, eyes flashing cruelly as she said, "Madam, let me go. I'll do it personally."

Smack!

Giada turned around and slapped her, scolding, "Do you really think Philip's an idiot?"

Vivian dared not reply.

"Contact the branch family. The plan will be carried out immediately!" Giada said coldly, looking out the window with her bright eyes full of malice.

The next few days passed peacefully. Philip was busy running back and forth between the company and the hospital.

To avoid the last incident from happening again, Philip arranged many bodyguards in the hospital.

As for Martha, she had been on her toes since the other night.

She was on tenterhooks every day, wondering when she would die.

Moreover, she was also afraid that Giada would come after her.

She was on the brink of collapse!

It was sheer torture!

However, on this day, someone who should not be here had appeared in the hospital ward.

Juan Parker was here to visit Wynn.

Just as Philip walked into the ward carrying the chicken soup he had cooked, he saw Juan sitting by the bed talking and laughing with Wynn.

“What are you doing here?” Philip’s expression was grim, his tone unpleasant.

Juan stood and said with a smile, “I’m here to visit Wynn. I heard that Beacon’s facing difficulties now. Do you need my help?”

Pretentious.

“No need for that,” Philip replied stoically. He sat down and served Wynn a bowl of chicken soup.

Juan smiled, a glint of coldness flashing in his eyes. He suddenly said, “Oh yes, I just told someone to pick Mila up. She should be... Having fun now.”

Chapter 679

Suddenly, Philip's expression changed. He stood up abruptly, his eyes bursting with anger as he stared at Juan vehemently!

“Where's Mila?”

Philip asked, like a beast protecting its calf. He made a deafening roar, and at the same time, he grabbed Juan by the collar!

At this moment, Philip's aura was like a sharp sword that directly penetrated Juan's defense in his heart!

What was wrong with this person? His intensity was too powerful!

Juan's heart trembled, then he swallowed a mouthful of spit and said with a smile, “Philip, why are you so agitated?”

With that said, he took out his phone and opened the video chat.

Soon, Anne and Mila appeared on the screen. They were having fun at the amusement park.

“Mila!” Philip called out.

“Dad, I'm at Disneyland. It's so fun! Anne's with me too. There are also a few big brothers playing together with me.”

Mila was obviously having fun in the video.

Anne was also nearby and said, “Sir, I'll take good care of Mila.”

Philip frowned, raised his eyebrows at Juan, and asked slowly, “What do you want?”

Juan straightened his suit, glanced at Wynn on the hospital bed, and said with a smile, “Wynn, what’s wrong with Philip nowadays? His temper is so bad. I just took Mila out for some fun.”

Wynn quickly apologized. “Juan, please excuse him. Philip’s very busy with the company’s affairs recently. I’ll apologize to you on his behalf.”

Juan smiled and waved his hand. “It’s fine. If you face any problems with your company, just come to me and I’ll help you solve them.”

“There’s no need for that!” Philip said grimly. He took a step forward, stared sinisterly at Juan, and said, “Juan Parker, I’m warning you, don’t try to put your hands where they don’t belong. Otherwise, what happened the other day will happen again. You’d better watch out!”

Juan’s brows furrowed when he heard those words and was quite upset.

“Philip, you’re just relying on Clarke Group. Do you really think you’re that amazing?”

Juan snorted, a trace of triumph flashed from the corner of his eyes. “According to the news I have, the current Clarke Group of Capital City is in dire straits.”

After that, Juan said to Wynn, “Wynn, if you need help, just look for me. I don’t think Philip can make it.”

After putting down these words, Juan left, looking very proud and arrogant.

Philip quickly contacted Theo and found out that Mila had been sent back to the villa.

At this moment, Philip was a bit flustered.

Where did Juan’s confidence come from?

Was he trying to display his power?

Clarke Group of Capital City was in dire straits?

“Hello, George. What’s going on in Capital City?”

Philip walked out of the ward and called George to confirm.

On the other end of the line, George said worriedly, “Young Master, the branch family took back Clarke Group in Capital City. Now, there’s no more Clarke Group in Capital City. The identity you’ve constructed has lost its support.”

Branch family!

It was them again!

Philip was taken aback and vaguely suspected that Giada had something to do with this matter.

Without the Clarke Group of Capital City, everything Philip did before this would be wasted!

Should he tell Wynn about his true identity as Young Master Clarke of Arcadia Island?

No way!

Now, countless pairs of eyes were staring at Arcadia Island and at the Clarke family. They had their eyes on Philip Clarke!

Once his identity was fully exposed to the public, Wynn and Mila would most definitely suffer a plight that was 100 times stronger than now!

To the extent that it would invite attempted destruction from many forces!

By that time, even if Philip had three heads and six arms, he would be greatly overwhelmed!

This was Philip's greatest concern at the moment.

After much consideration, Philip immediately called Buffer. The latter's respectful voice came from the other end. "Oh, dear Mr. Clarke, you're finally calling me. What can I do for you?"

"Buffer, set up a strong angel investment company and enter Riverdale immediately. Make it a foreign holding company. The holding person can be my previous foreign identity," Philip said lightly with a plan already in mind.

Without Clarke Group of Capital City, he could still form a company on his own.

After all, he still needed to solve Beacon's problem.

"Yes, my dear Mr. Clarke. I'll handle this immediately."

Buffer hung up the phone and quickly got to work.

Instantly, he made a call and the Buffer Holding Company abroad started operating immediately.

Here, Philip hung up the phone and returned to the ward. He saw Wynn watching the news on the TV in a daze with a frown on her face.

"According to the latest report, due to internal adjustments, Clarke Group of Capital City has just declared bankruptcy."

Philip watched the news, his brows twitching slightly. He did not expect the news to be broadcasted so soon.

Wynn looked at Philip and asked, "Phil, does Clarke Group of Capital City belong to your family?"

Philip did not hide this from her. He sat beside Wynn, nodded, and said, "Yes."

"So now you're..." Wynn said worriedly.

Chapter 680

If Clarke Group of Capital City went bankrupt, then Philip would no longer be Young Master Clarke.

"I'll be fine. It's all my family's affairs. Don't worry. Take good care of yourself."

Philip held himself back and did not tell Wynn anything.

Wynn frowned delicately, reached out, and held Philip's hand. She smiled gently. "Phil, it'll be alright. You still have me. Even if your family's bankrupt, I believe you'll survive it. At worst, I'll support you from now on."

Philip looked at Wynn and touched her smooth forehead fondly. Then, he said with a smile, "Okay, you'll support me in the future."

Wynn laughed before she asked seriously, "Philip, will this bankruptcy affect you?"

Philip shook his head, looked at the TV, and said with a frown, "No."

Really?

Philip was unsure too. If Giada really joined forces with the branch family, what was their purpose?

Clarke Group of Capital City was just a puppet company his father had formed back then.

Now, Giada and the branch family had declared this puppet company bankrupt. Had his father agreed to this?

Of course, this news caused an uproar in Riverdale.

They still remembered how amazing Clarke Group of Capital City was back then. After all, they had invested one billion in Beacon!

Now, it was bankrupt.

Many people associated this incident with Beacon, thinking this matter happened because of Beacon. They even said that the chairwoman of Beacon, Wynn Johnston, was a jinx!

The next day, another piece of explosive news raised a storm in Riverdale!

A wealthy and prestigious second-generation returnee founded an angel investment company in Riverdale named Milanelson Angel Investment Group. It attracted the attention of the entire city for a while.

Moreover, it was also revealed that this rich young man had a personal net worth of hundreds of billions!

When this news was leaked, it caused an upheaval in the city!

With a personal asset worth hundreds of billions, that was simply the top existence on the richest list!

In the country, many groups held assets worth hundreds of billions, but that property belonged to the group. It was not one person's personal asset!

Therefore, this revelation had caused a sensation in the city. For the time being, countless pairs of eyes were fixed on Milanelson Angel Investment Group. People were trying to dig out information about the person behind the scenes.

Four days later, Milanelson Angel Investment Group was officially listed for business.

For a time, many wealthy businessmen and entrepreneurs in the city paid a visit with their own company's technology or products, seeking opportunities for investment cooperation.

However, like a drop of water in the ocean, those who went did not receive any reply from Milanelson.

This was because they did not even get to meet the general manager of the company but were all received by consultants.

Aloof and arrogant!

This was everyone's impression of Milanelson Angel Investment Group.

The entire city was filled with apprehension!

Everyone was speculating about the purpose of this investment group.

Just when everyone was discussing this topic, another piece of explosive news fell!

Milanelson Angel Investment Group was actively seeking to cooperate with Beacon to invest in their new drugs!

It was a bombshell!

Milanelson Angel Investment Group actually took the initiative to seek cooperation with Beacon. This matter was unprecedented and also something that no one could believe.

All the entrepreneurs in Riverdale understood the capital and strength of this investment company. Once they invested in Beacon, the recent storms faced by Beacon would be history!

Some people even concluded that as long as Beacon and Milanelson reached an agreement, in the future, the giant of Riverdale's pharmaceutical industry would most definitely be Beacon!

For a while, many companies in the pharmaceutical industry also began to contact Beacon privately, expressing their willingness to invest in the company.

In the hospital ward, Wynn was shocked when she read this series of reports.

She looked at Philip as he peeled apples on the side. She was smiling happily like a porcelain doll, saying, "Phil, this... Is this really happening?"

Philip handed Wynn an apple and said, "Of course, it's real."

Wynn took the peeled apple, and suddenly, a lightbulb in her mind flashed. The name of this angel investment group...

She remembered that Philip had said before that their daughter's name would be Mila and their son's name would be Nelson.

"Philip, tell me, is this Milanelson Angel Investment Group related to you? Why is this name like a combination of the names you've given our daughter and son?" Wynn suddenly turned around and looked at Philip while asking seriously.

Philip was startled. How could he forget this matter?