

The Vengeful Son-in-law Chapter 23

Ryan did not know that the board of ZQ Media had already paid their attention to him. Now that he had completed the handover procedures, he planned to go to the ZQ Media. As soon as he arrived and parked the electric bicycle, he heard a "Bang" and found that his electric bicycle had actually been knocked over.

"Whose electric bicycle is this? It scratched my car!" A man got out of the car and cursed angrily with a frown.

The security guard trotted over and bowed to apologize. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It was my negligence."

The man poked at the security guard's head and scolded him with a bad attitude, "How did you do it and let the electric bicycle drive here? Do you know what kind of car I drive? Volkswagen Touareg, a car that costs hundreds of thousands of dollars. Now it needs thousands of dollars to repair it. This is equivalent to your two months' salary!"

The security guard bent even lower, apologized repeatedly, and then cursed with a gloomy face, "Whose electric bicycle is it? Who! Stand out for me!"

There were a lot of people around, and no one came forward to admit it.

The security guard was so angry that he shouted, "You don't have the courage to take the blame for what you did, right? What a son of b*tch! If you don't come out, I'll smash your electric bicycle!"

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As he spoke, he took out the iron bar and was about to smash it.

"It's my bicycle." Ryan walked out of the crowd.

When the security guard saw that Ryan was wearing inferior clothes, he could tell that Ryan was an ordinary worker. He pointed at Ryan's nose and scolded, "Who told you to park your bicycle here?"

Ryan asked, "Who said I can't park here? There are a few parked next to you."

The security guard didn't know how to answer immediately. Strictly speaking, electric bicycles were allowed to park here.

While he was stammering, the man just now stood out and stared at Ryan, saying in a superior tone, "I don't allow it!"

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"Are you the boss of the ZQ Media? If you say I can't park, then I can't park here?" Ryan frowned and said. He was very unhappy.

He had just spent 2.5 billion dollars to buy the ZQ Media. This was the first time he came here and made an appearance. But he encountered this thing which made him unhappy.

The other party snorted and said, "I'm Patrick, the head of the Personnel Department of the ZQ Media. I said that you can't park here, then you can't park here. So what? Do you have a problem with that?"

Hearing his words, a lot of people around him exclaimed.

"Wow, this handsome man looks younger than thirty years old. He's already the head of a department of the ZQ Media. That's great!"

"Yes, I heard that ZQ Media has a market value of two billion dollars now. As the head of the Personnel Department, he must have made over a million dollars in a year!"

"The key is that he's still so handsome. He's a typical rich son-in-law." "Look at the hundreds of thousands of Volkswagen Touareg he drives. He's really young and promising..."

There were many young women who came to the ZQ Media for interviews. When they heard that the other party was the head of the Personnel Department, and they were about to come to the ZQ Media for an interview, their gaze at Patrick immediately turned hot. If they could hook up with Patrick, they would not have to worry about not getting into the ZQ Media.

Every one of them had a dream of being a star. They would do anything to be famous.

When Patrick heard these voices, his waist straightened and the smile on his face deepened. In fact, he was only the head of the Personnel Department. His annual salary was only about 500,000 dollars, but it was enough for him to be respected by others.

Over the past two years, he had used his power to secretly sleep with the new recruits, and his life was very comfortable.

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Now he especially enjoyed being admired by women.

Ryan frowned even more when he saw Lee's complacent look. No wonder the ZQ Media had been getting worse and worse in the past few years as it kept recruiting some people who were not qualified. When he took office, he had to ask these people to get lost. He didn't spend 2.5 billion dollars on the ZQ Media to lose money.

Seeing that Ryan was silent, Lee thought that Ryan was afraid, and Lee's expression became even more arrogant and evil. "Now you know that you shall be afraid? Open your eyes to see where you are! This is the ZQ Media. It is not a place where you, a loser, can come! Now that your electric bicycle has scratched my Volkswagen Touareg, the repair fee will be 8,000 dollars. I don't expect you to be able to pay 8,000 dollars as you wear such cheap clothes. Since it is the first time that you had made this mistake, I'll charge you half. Give me 4,000 dollars and I won't argue with you about this."

"What? You don't want to? I'm telling you that you're lucky to meet me. I'm generous enough to take half of your money and not argue with you. If it were someone else, you wouldn't get rid of this unless you pay ten thousand dollars!" Patrick said loudly.

Ryan sneered. Not to mention that his car was not Touareg but Tiguan L. This small scratch could be repaired by spending less than a thousand dollars. Patrick actually wanted to blackmail him 4,000 dollars. Lee was so scheming.

"You're really scheming. First of all, this car of yours is not Touareg but Tiguan L and it is one with a 1.4 T low configuration. With the discount, it could be bought at about 230,000 dollars. How dare you say it's Touareg? With this scratch, it could be repaired with a thousand dollars at most. You ask me to give you four thousand dollars. How dare you say you're magnanimous?" Ryan said disdainfully.

When the others heard this, they looked at Patrick a little differently. Some of the men said, "I just said that why this car looks so familiar. It turns out that it is just a Tiguan L with a low configuration. I thought he was really a rich man."

"Yes, it's too scheming to charge someone 4,000 dollars for a repair fee that doesn't even cost a thousand dollars!"

"And it was he who didn't drive well enough and hit other's electric bicycle."

Hearing these discussions, Patrick's face darkened and threatened Ryan to call the police. At this time, a beautiful young woman came over and said to Patrick, "Mr. Lee, I'm sorry I'm late."

Patrick's eyes lit up when he saw this woman. He swept the gloom off his face and made himself look handsome. "It's okay. I just arrived."

Ryan was a little surprised to see this woman. Wasn't this Phoebe's friend, Megan, who was doing the live broadcast and was relatively popular? Ryan didn't have a good impression of her because she was a very gold-digger.

Megan also saw Ryan and frowned. "Ryan? Why are you here? You don't have to do housework?"

Her tone did not hide her contempt and ridicule for Ryan.

Patrick was stunned and asked, "Miss Watson, do you know him?"

Megan sneered and said, "Yes, he is the husband of a friend of mine. He is very 'famous' in our circle!" She deliberately emphasized the word "famous," and the meaning of ridicule was self-evident.

Patrick caught Megan's contempt for Ryan. He rolled his eyes and thought of some bad ideas. He said, "Miss Watson, it turns out that you know him. Then I won't argue with him as his bicycle scratched my car for your sake."

"Hmm? Did this guy scratch your car?" After Megan understood what had happened, she sneered and said, "Mr. Lee, you don't have to save me face. We are not good friends. You can do whatever you want."

Patrick knew that Megan would say that. He said proudly to Ryan, "Ryan, right? From your face, I know that you are poor and undisciplined. Even Miss Watson, who is so easy to talk with, has been offended by you."

He flattered Megan with one sentence, which made Megan's impression of him better. He continued, "I'm warning you for the last time. Pay up quickly, or I'll call the police. Your behavior is enough for the police to keep you in custody for half a month, you know?"

He threatened Ryan as if he thought that Ryan was a legal illiterate.

At this moment, Ryan's phone rang. He took it out and saw that it was Elliot, the manager of the ZQ Media. "Hello, chairman, where are you? We can go down and welcome you."