

The Vengeful Son-in-law Chapter 6

Phoebe said this with sadness, helplessness and self-deprecation on her face.

Ryan couldn't help but feel a pain in his heart. He grabbed Phoebe's hand and said, "Phoebe, you don't have to accompany Mr. Cook. I have the ability to protect you now!"

Phoebe sneered. "What ability do you have to protect me? Do you have to rely on your mouth, or can you give me 20 million?"

Ryan's mind went wild and he took out his bank card from his pocket. "I can really give you 20 million! Phoebe, I have 20 million in this card. I can really protect you!"

However, Phoebe was not excited at all. Her expression became colder and her eyes became more disgusted. "Ryan, you really refresh my understanding of you time and time again. You keep challenging my tolerance for you!"

"Phoebe, I'm not lying to you. There's really 20 million in the card. If you don't believe me, come with me to the bank..." Ryan held Phoebe's hand again, but Phoebe violently shook it off. "Ryan, enough! You are useless and incompetent. You can't go out to work and you live off a woman. I won't say a word to you. For the sake of you never forcing me to have s*x with you, I respect you. But now, the last bit of respect I have for you has been destroyed, you know? Do you know the concept of 20 million? You can't earn 20 million in ten lifetimes!"

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When Ryan heard this, his heart was deeply hurt and his breathing became difficult. He bit his lips tightly. He comforted himself time and time again. Phoebe said such harsh words because she didn't know his identity and had a misunderstanding to him. This was not what Phoebe really thought of him.

He wanted to squeeze out a smile as he did just now, but he found that his facial muscles were stiff and completely uncontrollable.

Perhaps Phoebe realized that her words were a little harsh. Phoebe took two deep breaths to soften her tone. "All right, Ryan, we can get together and we also can break up. Let's get

a divorce. If you want, we can still be friends in the future. There are two million in this card. I give it to you personally. Thank you for doing so much housework for the Scott Family in the past four years."

As she spoke, Phoebe took out a bank card from her bag and stuffed it into Ryan's hand. "The password is your birthday. Two million dollars is not much in H City. I suggest you go back to the countryside, save some money and get a wife. It should be enough for you to spend in the rest of your life."

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Ryan held this bank card in his hand, and his heart ached to the extreme. It was as if his soul had been emptied. After a long time, he looked up at Phoebe and said in a weak voice, "Phoebe, we've been married for four years. In your mind, am I just a servant of your Scott Family?"

Perhaps it was because Ryan's appearance was so miserable and sad that Phoebe could not bear to look straight at him. She quickly lowered her head and avoided Ryan's gaze. Her nose was a little sore.

After four years of marriage and four years of living together day and night, Phoebe's life had already had deep remarks of Howard. It was impossible to say that she had no feeling for him at all. Having a dog for four years would make a person have feelings for the dog, let alone a man? Moreover, although Ryan had been useless for the past four years, he was really meticulous when he was taking care of her in daily life. She still remembered that she had a serious illness that night two years ago. And Ryan took good care of her and did not sleep for two whole days and nights.

In fact, she was used to Ryan's existence. If this thing hadn't happened, she wouldn't mind spending the rest of her life with him.

Unfortunately, there was no 'If. This was her fate, and she was destined to bear it.

"Yes." Phoebe forced herself to say this, and her tone was extremely cold.

Ryan's tears streamed down his face. He clenched his fists, pinched his nails into his skin, and began to let go. It was as if he had used all his strength. As a response, he said, "Okay, I agree to divorce."

Hearing Ryan's promise, Phoebe heaved a sigh of relief and felt empty again. Divorce was their best outcome.

Today, the father-in-law and mother-in-law were not at home. Phoebe suggested going out for dinner which could be regarded as a breakup meal for their marriage and Ryan agreed.

Phoebe didn't drive very far. They just went to a high-end restaurant that was not far from the marriage register center.

They had the meal in a very quiet way. Neither of them spoke, and their hearts were counting down the end of their marriage.

After dinner, they paid the bill and came out of the restaurant. Just as they were about to go to the marriage register center, a figure suddenly came out from the front. Without looking at the road, that person bumped into Ryan and almost fell down.

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"Hey, you don't have eyes when you walk, do you? If you break my bag, you can't afford to compensate it!" A sharp voice sounded. Ryan looked closely at the person and found out that it was a woman in heavy makeup. She was a little fat and she pointed at Ryan's nose and scalded him.

Ryan frowned and was about to refute when Phoebe said in surprise, "Jane, is that you?"

"Phoebe?" That woman's expression was a little unnatural.

"Yeah, it's been a long time since we met last time. I didn't expect to meet you here today." Phoebe said politely.

Jane and Phoebe were high school classmates. They used to have a good relationship while they rarely contacted each other after graduation. This was because Jane didn't like Phoebe very much. Han was destined to be a green leaf when Phoebe was around. Phoebe obviously didn't know this yet. She thought that Jane was still her classmate. She wanted to hold Jane's hand like before, but Jane pushed her away.

Phoebe was stunned. She didn't understand why her former classmate who had a good relationship with her became cold like this today.

Jane looked at Ryan and she looked at him from the head to the toe. When she saw that Ryan was wearing things bought from the booth, her eyes flashed with disdain, "Who is this?"

Phoebe blurted out, "He's my husband." As soon as she said this, she regretted it. She was about to divorce Ryan. What kind of husband was he?

"Oh, this is your husband. He's quite handsome. He looks like a talented man. What's his job?" There was obvious schadenfreude in her tone. She did not expect the former campus belle to marry a poor man.

This made Phoebe even more embarrassed. In front of the outsiders, Ryan had always been an unspeakable topic of her.

"Well..."

Noticing that Phoebe was humming and hawing, Jane knew it all. She laughed so hard that her mouth almost tilted. "He doesn't have a job, does he?"

Phoebe smiled dryly, which was a sign of silent agreement. She wanted to change the subject, but Jane didn't give her the chance. Han grabbed this thing and kept speaking sarcastically. Phoebe was very embarrassed and regretful. If she had known this, she would have gone straight to the divorce procedures just now, why would she have the meal?

"Jane, don't keep talking about me. I haven't seen you for years. Have you been married?" Phoebe stood in the middle, blocking Ryan. "What eyes do not see is regarded as clean." She thought.

Jane's face lit up and she was waiting for Phoebe to ask her, "I got married last year. We had the wedding in Hilton Hotel and the price of a table was more than ten thousand dollars. It was so expensive. Alas, I'm not as beautiful as you. I didn't marry a good man like you. I only married a small boss who has tens of millions. By the way, your husband doesn't have a job. He can work in my husband's company. Because we are all old classmates, my husband will pay a higher salary."

"We appreciate your kindness. We have our own arrangements." Phoebe refused, her expression stiff.

At this moment, a voice came from behind Jane. "What are you talking about? Who wants to report to my company? This is?"

A fat man who was less than 1.7 meters tall and with a big belly walked over. His face was round like a pig and his hair was sparse. He was almost 40 years old. When he saw Phoebe, his eyes lit up and a green lustful light burst out from his small eyes.

Jane was overjoyed. She took his arm affectionately and said coquettishly, "Honey, you're just in time. This is my high school classmate. Her husband has been unemployed recently. Your company is still short of people. You can let him go to work in your company."

The two of them flaunted their wealth crazily in front of Phoebe and kept saying things with sarcasm. They changed ways to ridicule Ryan by indicating that he was a useless man. Phoebe was very unhappy, but there was nothing she could do. This was because they said nothing wrong.

"Jane, I have something else to do. So I'll leave first." Later, Phoebe couldn't stay here any longer. She pulled Ryan and was about to run away.

Jane stopped Phoebe and said with a smile, "Hey, we've only met once after such a long time. Why are you in such a hurry to leave? Let's talk for a while! By the way, the jewelry store in front of us is having a discount. The two couples who buy the jewelry of the same value together would enjoy 70 % of the price off. Let's go and buy it together."

"Ah? I don't think it's necessary. I don't have any plans to buy jewelry recently." Phoebe quickly declined. Now that the Scott Family had a serious economic crisis, her savings had long been used to fill the hole. Now that she was very poor, how could she have spare money to buy jewelry?

However, the more she refused, the more enthusiastic Jane became. She held Phoebe and refused to let Phoebe go. Phoebe was not a person who was good at refusing, so she had no choice but to ask Ryan for help. She hoped that Ryan would be more sensible and he could find an excuse to escape here with her, lest she would continue to lose her dignity.

However, Ryan's next words almost made her faint because of the anger. "Okay, I am just about to buy some jewelry for Phoebe."