

Chapter 953

They hugged for a long time when suddenly the phone rang. Samantha took her handphone and saw that it was a call from William.

"I'll have to take this call," Samantha said gently as she answered it.

"Granny wants to have an emergency family meeting. Come quick and don't be late!" William barked coldly the moment Samantha picked up, and then he hung up.

When he hung up, Samantha frowned.

Lily had only just returned. She wanted to spend time with her, but it seemed like Granny Lyndon wanted to have a family meeting.

When she saw Samantha's expression, Lily said gently, "Mom, it's late. If Granny wants to have a family meeting now, then it must be something important. Let's go have a look." ●

It had been more than a year, so Lily wondered if her relatives were alright.

Samantha sighed and nodded. "Alright."

As she said that, Samantha looked at Lily, her eyes were filled with concern. Lily had not changed at all; she was still a kind-hearted girl. She had only come back and barely had the chance to rest, but once she heard that her family had problems, she worried for them as well.

Lily went upstairs to shower and had a change of clothes; then she headed out together with Samantha. Lily did not forget to dress up a little, and she wore a mask to cover the ugly side of her face.

More than ten minutes later, Lily and Samantha reached Granny Lyndon's mansion. When they were there, they noticed that there were many cars parked outside already.

At the moment, the hall in the mansion was filled with people. Granny Lyndon sat in the main seat. Her wrinkled face had a hint of gloominess to it.

No one spoke; the entire hall was in a suppressed silence.

A year ago, when Lily was about to wed Wade, the Lyndons thought that if they were to join forces with the Clements, they would become one of Donghai City's most influential families!

However, they did not expect the wedding to go awry. When Lily regained her memory, she escaped in search of Darryl. That incident made the Lyndons the

butt of everyone's joke.

It was not only that; in a year, Granny's investment did not come through. Lyndon Enterprise dwindled day by day. Until that day, their financial supply chain had been broken. They desperately needed 100 million bucks to keep them afloat; otherwise, the vast Lyndon Estate would collapse. However, who would invest 100 million into the Lyndon Estate?

At that moment, Lily and Samantha walked into the mansion.

The entire mansion went silent!

"This—"

"Lily?"

"Lily's back?"

Even though Lily wore a mask, they could still recognize her.

Suddenly, the entire hall was in a heated discussion. Many eyes were on Lily; they were filled with surprise and confusion. Each expression looked more exciting than the next.

"Lily?" Granny's muddy eyes sparkled as she called out to Lily.

Lily quickly walked toward her and said gently, "Granny, I'm back."

"Good. As long as you're back."

Granny Lydon's eyes sparkled as she smiled. "Lily, you came back at the right time. The Lyndon Estate is going bankrupt. I'm sure you can't bear to see us so bleak."

Granny looked at Lily in contempt. After all, it was because of Lily that the Lyndon family became the butt of everyone's joke in Donghai City. However, Granny Lyndon was a person with experience. She changed her thoughts for a new idea. They should let Lily help the family to find some investments.

Lily could not grasp the situation. She asked, "Granny, what is going on?"

Granny Lyndon sighed. "Our family business is in trouble. Our financial supply chain has been broken, and we need at least 100 million."

"Then..." Lily bit her lip. "What can I do to help?"

Granny Lyndon smiled and answered, "Of course, there is something you can do. I remember a few rich heirs who are still interested in you. I am prepared to pick one for you. When you get married, I'm sure your husband will not ignore us. Then, our problems will be solved."

William and the others came to their senses, and they nodded in agreement.

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"That's right..."

"Granny Lyndon always has a solution!"

The financial supply chain problem was a massive cause of headache for them. None of them could come up with a perfect solution.

Since Lily was back, things would not be too complicated to solve.

After all, Lily had been married twice, so a few more times would not hurt.

'What?' Lily trembled as she looked at Granny Lyndon in a daze. She was stunned.

She had only come back, yet they could not wait to marry her off again?

Did her happiness mean nothing to her family?

Samantha could not take it any longer. She said, "Lily just got back, and you all—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Granny Lyndon interrupted her. "You! Stop talking."

Then, she smiled and waved at Lily. "Lily is my granddaughter, so, of course, I'm concerned. I've not seen you for a year. Come, let me have a look at you."

Lily hesitated for a while before she walked toward her.

As soon as she moved toward Granny Lyndon, William stood up and reprimanded Lily, "Lily, when did you become so rude? Why are you wearing a mask in front of Granny?"

"Yes, you've only left for a year, and all your etiquette has gone out the window."

"Quickly, take off your mask, you rude girl."

Even though they needed to rely on Lily to save their family business, they still reprimanded Lily when they saw her in a mask.

After all, Lily had no rank nor power in the family.

Lily bit her lips. She hesitated for a few seconds before she took off her mask.

She did not have the dignity to face Darryl, but she did not need to hide in front of her family. After all, she still had to show herself to them eventually.

Gasp!

When they saw Lily's ugly face, the entire hall went silent. Then, they could not help but gasp.

Was that Lily?

How did she become so ugly?

"Lily, you—" Granny Lyndon was stunned. Then her voice turned cold. "What happened to your face?"

She could not hide the anger and surprise in her tone.

Her granddaughter used to be a beautiful woman. Since she had become ugly, which rich heir would want her?

"I finally understood why you came back so suddenly. It's because you've become ugly and Darryl did not want you anymore, am I right?" William thundered as he approached her.

The other family members started to point and comment on Lily.

"What an embarrassment!"

"Yes, she ran away for more than a year with no news at all. Now that she has become ugly, she is willing to come back?"

"Why are we still hoping that she can help turn the tables around? What good is she now?"

At that moment, they thought that there was no more value to Lily's name, so their words turned into insults.

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Lily was disappointed when she heard those jeers and insults. 'How could all these people still be so mean?'

"Stop talking!" Samantha pulled Lily behind her. She scanned her surroundings and said, "Lily is still family. Her face may have been ruined, and she is already upset about it, yet you still laugh and insult her. Do you not have any guilty conscience at all?"

"Conscience?"

"You're one to talk!" William stepped forward and looked at Samantha. He sneered, "One year ago when Lily was about to marry Wade, she made a fuss about how she loved Darryl and wanted to find him. This incident made our family the butt of everyone's joke in the entire Donghai City!

"Also, previously, Lily's father made huge losses in some investment. Have you forgotten about that? The reason our family is in a bad state today is because of you three!"

The rest nodded fervently in agreement.

"Yes, our family became like this because of you three!"

"What right do you both have to speak here?!"

Samantha's face flushed; she suddenly had no words.

William continued to say, "Lily, your mansion is currently worth quite a lot. Sell it to help us with our financials; take it as a way to make things up to your family."

Then, he looked at Granny Lyndon and said pleasingly, "Granny, what do you think of my idea?"

Granny Lyndon nodded in approval. Then, he looked coldly at Samantha and Lily. "Samantha, William is right. The two of you do not need to stay in such a huge mansion. You should stay somewhere with just one bed. That should be enough. Sell off your mansion."

'What? They want us to sell our house?'

Samantha and Lily shuddered, their faces paled. A long time ago, Samantha wanted to invest in the financial industry, so they had already sold the mansion once. However, they managed to get it back eventually.

"Granny." Lily could not take it anymore. She took a deep breath and said, "My dad incurred some huge losses in some bad investments for the Lyndon Estate.

Yes, that was his fault. However, Darryl helped us to pass through those hard times. Then, I also helped the family once again with the money I made from my live streams. Now that the family estate is in peril again, you ask us to sell our own house? That's not reasonable."

She was utterly disappointed in the entire Lyndon family.

Samantha stood up and said, "Yes. Why do we have to sell our own house? Based on what?"

"Based on what?" William said curtly. "When Lily's father's investments caused our family to lose all of our capital, he was involved in fraud! Since he was family, we were not calculative with him. Now that our family is in trouble, it is only right to ask you to sell your house to help us!"

"Yes! The Lyndons have treated you right, you ungrateful people!"

"Technically, you bought the mansion with the family's money..."

Lily panicked when she heard their accusations. "The mansion was bought with the money I made from live streams! Don't you dare talk nonsense..."

When they mentioned the mansion, Lily thought of Darryl again. When she did her live-streams previously, Darryl helped her to earn a lot of money. One could say that Darryl paid for almost half of the mansion.

So, no matter what, no one could touch that mansion!

William did not bother to say anything else. He sneered, "It's not up to you to decide whether to sell or not. Lily, we still have proof for when your father conned us out of our money. If you do not cooperate with us, then don't blame us for taking legal action against your father."

William smiled maliciously. "With such a huge amount of money scammed, even if your father is not in this country, he would not be able to run away from this."

The other family members had a scorned expression on their faces, too; they clearly supported William.

"What?"

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Lily trembled; her expression turned ugly.

Samantha was in despair too. She did not expect her family would become so heartless due to money.

"Granny—" Lily called out.

Granny Lyndon held onto her walking cane; she trembled as she stood up. Without any expression on her face, she said, "Lily, don't blame me for being heartless. William is right. If you two insist on being stubborn, we have no choice but to do this."

Samantha was livid. She wanted to retort, but Lily stopped her.

"Mom, leave it!" Lily took a deep breath and said slowly, "It's only about money, isn't it? We'll give it to them."

Then she looked at William and asked, "How much more do you need for the financial supply chain?"

William coldly said, "100 million."

'100 million!' Lily felt only bitterness in her heart. She gritted her teeth and said, "I'll send the money in a week."

Then, Lily pulled Samantha along and left the mansion.

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At the Cercis Building in Mid City.

The building's entrance was bustling and lively! One could see many luxury vehicles at the gate because Mid City held an antique exhibition there.

The organizer for the exhibition was a person called Max Harrington. He was quite well-known in Mid City as he was the number one antique collector there. He was a famous figure!

There was a rumor that the exhibition would showcase many of his collections. The affluent people in Mid City were there to support him, and almost half of the city's population was there to socialize. The price of a ticket to the exhibition was 1000 bucks! Even though it was costly, it did not hinder passionate collectors from attending it. There was even a long queue at the entrance; they were in a line to enter the exhibition.

There was also a rumor that the organizers had invited many famous celebrities to perform there too. Besides antique collections, one could also see many stars

there, some A-listers included. So the 1000 bucks entry ticket was not expensive, after all!

The building entrance was already packed with luxury vehicles and people at eight in the morning. The exhibition had not even started.

At that moment, an MPV arrived at the Cercis building; it stopped at the entrance. Then, two beautiful ladies got down from the car—it was Debra Gable and Sara Carter!

Wow!

When both of them appeared, the crowd was in an uproar. Many men gasped; their eyes were as big as plates!

Debra wore a pair of skinny jeans; she looked ethereal, like a goddess during her descent from heaven. She was inexplicably regal and alluring. When she arrived at the World Universe, she no longer wore a cheongsam. She only wore a pair of understated black skinny jeans, but she looked incredibly sexy.

Sara, on the other hand, was in casual sportswear; she looked youthful and pretty.

Two gorgeous women—one charming, the other youthful and energetic; they immediately became everyone's center of attention!

Just as the crowd gawked at them, Darryl slowly emerged from the car. Then, Sara and Debra held onto Darryl's arm on each side.

Wow!

The crowd exploded in an uproar at that scene.

Who was that man that two gorgeous women would hold onto him at the same time?

Darryl was delighted when he felt those jealous glares. He had not wanted to go to the exhibition. However, Sara had bugged him, and even Debra had wanted to go. So, he had no choice but to tag along.

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"See, I was not wrong! The exhibition is quite lively!" Sara said happily. Her joyful expression was as if she was a little bird that had been let out of its cage.

Then, one of the exhibition staff walked forward and yelled through a megaphone. "Alright, the exhibition is now open! Please enter the hall in a queue, do not push, do not—"

Before he could finish, the people that were in queues swarmed into the exhibition hall.

The exhibition had many collections, assorted jades, calligraphy, and painting—it had everything! Everything from the Western Zhou dynasty until the end of the Qing dynasty—it had antiques from every dynasty.

The patrons entered the exhibition and started to take out their phones. They wanted to take photos of everything.

Darryl, Debra, and Sara admired the antique collections. Debra was not interested in antiques, but she was very curious about some ancient paintings and calligraphy.

Darryl noticed that the walls in the exhibition hall were filled with paintings and calligraphy works from famous people. However, there were also many fake copies.

"Look! Quick, look!"

Someone among the crowd yelled. They followed the voice and saw a work of calligraphy hung on a nearby wall. Everyone there sounded excited!

"No wonder he's the Sage of Calligraphy! Look at his work, it's eloquent and moving!"

"Yes! This work by Wang Xizhi is priceless!"

The crowd praised the work non-stop with words of admiration.

Debra pulled Darryl excitedly toward that direction to take a look.

When they were in front of the crowd, they could see that the calligraphy work was quite old; it was Wang Xizhi's Ping'an Tie!

Darryl almost laughed out loud. That was his writing!

Sara mentioned that she had given it to her friend. How did it get onto the exhibition's wall? Darryl laughed in his mind. It was apparent that someone had done something extra to make the work appear older, as if it was Wang Xizhi's

real autograph. The people in that era could really fake anything and everything. Even his own work was showcased in the exhibition!

Debra laughed lightly as she said to Darryl, "Why does this work look so familiar to me?"

Debra's voice was soft. She remembered Darryl's copy of the Ping'an Tie, though she did not think that the work in front of her was written by him.

Darryl waved his hand and laughed gently. "The work on the wall is fake; I was the one who did it..."

"What did you say?"

Before Darryl could finish his sentence, there was an uproar of accusations.

"Who is this person? How dare he say that the calligraphy work on the wall is a fake one?"

"Yes! Is he mentally unsound? The great collector, Max Harrington, organized this exhibition. Why would he collect fake imitations?"

Suddenly, the crowd was in a heated discussion. All of the crowd's eyes were on Darryl as they pointed at him in accusations.

At the same moment, a bespectacled man walked toward them and said, "Dude, you dare say that Max Harrington's collection of this Ping'an Tie is a fake one? Do you know calligraphy? Do you know anything about collecting antiques?"

Max Harrington was the exhibition's organizer. Everyone knew that he was an influential figure in the world of antiques. How could he have collected an imitation? That man had no manners at all, how dare he say it was a fake!

Darryl laughed lightly and replied, "I know a little about calligraphy."

"Just a little?" The bespectacled man sneered. He could not hide the disdain in his heart. "Then don't boast so unashamedly. People like you should not comment so casually on Max's collection."

Max Harrington was not only an antique collector; he was also an antique connoisseur! How could his antique collections be fake? That person's comments were really laughable.

When she realized that the atmosphere had turned sour, Debra tried to help Darryl soothe the crowd. "You are mistaken; he did not mean anything by it. It was just a casual comment."

She was there with Darryl to relax and have some fun; she did not want to see him in an argument with other people.

However, Darryl only smiled. He looked at the bespectacled man and said, "

Although I only know a little about calligraphy, I am not wrong. The Ping'an Tie in front of me is a fake."

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Darryl had not wanted to treat the matter so seriously. However, when he saw the expressions on the crowd's faces, he chuckled and commented on the Ping'an Tie.

What? How dared he comment so unabashedly?

The crowd immediately laughed and looked at Darryl condescendingly.

Then, right at the moment, there was a commotion at the staircase.

"Max Harrington is here!"

"Angela Angel... She's here too!"

A few people slowly approached them, accompanied by cheers and exclams from the crowd.

Among them was a middle-aged man who wore a deep blue Chinese jacket. Even though he had a gentle face, he had an intense aura that one could not take lightly. That man was Max Harrington.

A gorgeous and seductive lady with a petite figure stood next to him. She had long legs, and she was in a light purple long dress. Her body was alluring, and she had exquisite facial features and a head of pretty long hair. Her aura seemed regal.

She was a famous celebrity—Angela Angel. She was invited to the exhibition to perform for the crowd; many patrons had bought the tickets to see her.

When she saw Angela Angel, Darryl laughed.

When Angela held a concert in Donghai City, she organized an activity where she got the audience to write their wishes, fold them into a paper plane and throw it onto the stage.

Darryl had pretended to be Evelyn Featherstone's father. When he thought about it, he smiled.

"Master Max!"

"Angela, long time no see! You've become even more gorgeous!"

When Max and Angela appeared, the crowd greeted them happily.

Of course, most of the men's eyes fell onto Angela. She was so gorgeous that she became the center of attention wherever she went.

However, Darryl did not pay her too much attention. Even though Angela was

beautiful, she could barely compare to Debra.

Max smiled and waved at the crowd. He said, "It's so lively here. I see everyone likes the Ping'an Tie too!"

When he said that, the bespectacled man said in a flattering manner, "Master Max, your Ping'an Tie collection makes one delirious! No wonder it's one of the Sage of Calligraphy's most famous works! But this guy said that it is an imitation!"

He pointed at Darryl.

"A fake?" Max frowned and glared at Darryl. He spent a lot of money to acquire that piece! The Ping'an Tie's calligraphy was flowy and uninhibited—how could it be a fake?

The crowd's eyes fell onto Darryl once again. They discussed heatedly among themselves.

"Master Max, please don't bother with him. He's still young and naive! He does not even know how to appreciate good calligraphy!"

"Yes! It looks like he does not know anything, yet he can shamelessly comment on your collection. What a joke!"

Debra panicked and stomped her feet when everyone started to taunt Darryl. She bit her lips and tugged Darryl's hands. "Darryl, let's go!"

Darryl smiled and then nodded. He was about to leave with Debra and Sara. However, just as he turned, he could hear an irritated voice from behind them. "Dude, you can leave, but you have to apologize to me first! You said that my collection is fake; you have tarnished my reputation! You have to bear the consequences of your words. Apologize to me now!"

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"Yes, apologize to Master Max now!"

"Apologize!"

At the crowd's reprimands, Darryl slowly turned his head around and looked at Max. "Apologize? Why should I apologize? I may be direct, but I never lie. This Ping'an Tie is an imitation. Why should I apologize?"

The crowd got into an uproar.

That man was nuts! How could he be so rude to Master Max?

Debra was anxious as well. She knew that Darryl was a stubborn man.

Max glared at Darryl and asked, "What proof do you have that this is an imitation?"

Max had spent a considerable amount of money to acquire the Ping'an Tie. He had spent countless years studying calligraphy. He had also loved Wang Xizhi's work since he was young, so how could he be wrong?

At that moment, Angela Angel also said, "Mister, you said that the work is a fake. Do you have any proof?"

She sized Darryl up as she looked at him curiously. Why does that man look so familiar to her? It was as if she had seen him somewhere before that, but she could not pinpoint where.

Angela Angel was an A-list celebrity, so, how would she remember minor incidents during her concert? She was also not there when Don Angel crashed Lily with his car. So, she had only met Darryl once during the show, and she had long forgotten about it.

Angela liked to collect antiques, too; that was how she became friends with Max. When she saw Darryl questioned Max's collection, she was displeased as well.

Gasp!

Even Angela Angel had said something. The entire crowd's eyes were on Darryl as they anticipated his answer.

Darryl smiled and enunciated his words, "Because... I was the one who did this Ping'an Tie!"

What?

The crowd went silent before they roared in laughter.

Did they mishear him? He said that he wrote the Ping'an Tie? They continued to

laugh.

Debra shuddered and bit her lips. She had thought that the Ping'an Tie looked familiar. Then she realized that it was the same copy that Darryl had done.

Debra felt her legs weakened, her knees almost buckled in front of Darryl. The man that she had set her eyes on was an amazing person. A master collector had acquired his work and thought it was the real piece.

The crowd's laughter got louder and louder.

"This dude is a joke! It's not enough that he said that it was fake, he had to say that he had written it!"

"I think he did this on purpose to gain Master Max's attention!"

"Yes! He's just asking for attention and trying to show off!"

The comments from the crowd came non-stop, but Darryl laughed. "You think I did this on purpose to gain Max Harrington's attention? You all overthink this. He is underqualified!"

The crowd's expressions darkened. Darryl's words obviously meant that he did not treat Max as equal; he looked down on the man!

No matter who heard it, they would not be able to take it too.

Max could not take it any longer. He sneered as he looked at Darryl. "You said that my collection of the Ping'an Tie is your copy. If that's the case, I'm sure you won't mind showing us on the spot—write another copy!"

His eyes flashed gloomily. 'Shameless person! I will teach you a lesson!'

Then, at his orders, the staff quickly set up a table with a brush, paper, and ink.

At that moment, the crowd started their taunts again.

"Yes! You should not only say it; prove it to us!"

"If you have the skills, then show us!"

"I don't think he would dare to!"

The crowd's eyes were all on him as they looked at him condescendingly and mischievously.

How would he dare to look down on Master Max? He had asked for it!

Darryl chuckled. He said nothing and picked up the brush. He dipped it in ink and waved the huge brush flamboyantly. The Ping'an Tie started to appear on the paper!

There was only total silence!

The entire exhibition hall was in dead silence! Only the sounds of a brush as it painted against the paper could be heard!

The crowd's expression tensed. They were all shocked and started to tremble.

They saw Darryl wrote those words with energy and vigor, yet the writing did not lose its care-freeness! The entire work looked precisely the same as the original Wang Xizhi one!

That person was skilled!

Max was stunned. He looked at Darryl in a dazed and could not say anything for a long while.