

The First Heir Chapter 1202

Immediately afterward, two bodyguards in black suits stepped forward. Without another word, they made a move against Philip.

Hannah was shocked. She tightly grasped the hem of Philip's shirt, saying cautiously and weakly, "Philip, maybe you should run. There are too many of them."

Philip turned his head, bopped Hannah on her little nose, and said with tenderness and affection, "Don't worry, your brother is not a good-for-nothing."

Who dared to say he was one?

Step forward!

Philip turned his head, his eyes reflecting chills as he looked at the two bodyguards dressed in black suits approaching him. He was unmoved as a steady mountain!

At that moment, the chills that ran through Philip's body were higher than the sky and deeper than the sea. He was like a demon descending!

This made Sidney startled. With doubtful eyes and a slight fluster in his heart, he said to the other bodyguards around him, "You guys too!"

Instantly, another three bodyguards walked out.

Five people attacked Philip simultaneously.

Philip shook his head as he made his move swiftly!

The loud thuds were endless!

Almost instantly, the five bodyguards in black suits all fell to the ground wailing.

This scene frightened Sidney. He frowned, waved his hand, and shouted, "Attack him!"

In an instant, the bodyguards in black suits all over the room rushed toward Philip.

Philip promptly backed away, protecting Hannah securely behind him.

Bam!

With a forceful kick, one of the bodyguards flew out and knocked down several people at once.

However, a baton from the side was swinging toward Hannah's head!

Philip's eyes caught the movement and he quickly raised his hand.

Bang!

The baton smashed into Philip's arm, making it go numb instantly!

Hannah was heartbroken, tears flickering in her eyes. She whimpered, "Phil, please go. I don't want to see you getting injured because of me. I've already died once."

Philip did not retreat. Like a mighty tiger, he guarded his sister behind him and constantly resisted the group of bodyguards who rushed at him. He shouted, "Impossible! You're my sister. I've been looking for you for 13 years! I still have to bring you home! I made this vow before our mother's grave! Even if I lose my life over this fight, I won't let you be hurt even a little!"

Philip was anxious.

He was careless and had not brought anyone with him.

Anson Goode had also disappeared.

Hannah stood one meter behind Philip. With reddened eyes, tears rolled from the corners as she watched the figure fighting desperately for her.

Phil.

She was no longer the sister he loved.

Why was he so stupid?

"Phil! Watch out!"

Suddenly, Hannah noticed a guy taking out a dagger from his waist with a chill on his face. He stabbed it toward Philip!

At that moment, Hannah Clarke, in her white dress and white shoes, rushed out abruptly!

Puff!

The cold knife pierced into Hannah's abdomen.

The blood, like a flurry of butterflies, instantly dyed her white dress scarlet.

"Sis... My sister... Hannah!"

Philip's eyes widened as he screamed. He quickly ran over to catch Hannah who was falling backward!