

# The First Heir Chapter 1272

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This special squad had been in the making by Philip for the past ten years!

There would never come a day when the Legion of the Sovereign would diminish!

As long as Philip Clarke was around, the Legion of the Sovereign would never fall!

That was the symbol of the undefeated!

“Well, this time, I need to ask them clearly. If it’s really related to them, I don’t mind making those people pay with their blood! Including the Supreme!” Philip said, a light flashing in his eyes.

At this moment, he was full of a manic aura and looked just like the devil. If there were people around him, it would make them halt their steps and run away in a hurry.

“Okay, understood,” Rick solemnly said.

After hanging up the phone, Philip took a deep breath.

The Supreme, huh?

He wanted to see who in this world could stop him!

If it really turned out as Philip had guessed, he would not hesitate to get rid of the Supreme!

After standing for a while, Philip turned around and returned to the ward. He chatted with Hannah for a while before receiving a call from Heath.

“Mr. Clarke, we found it. I’m waiting for you at the door.”

Philip responded and left the ward.

At the entrance of the hospital, he saw Heath with a smile and said, “Mr. Clarke, someone posted a task for a five million reward on the internet just now, and the target is still you. We followed the trail and found the boss behind the scenes.”

“Who’s the other party?”

Philip’s eyes throbbed with chills. Five million. It seemed that the other party was determined to kill him.

Heath immediately replied, “You know this person. He’s your old classmate, Juan Parker.”

Philip frowned when he heard the name. It was him!

He asked indifferently, “Have you found out where the person is?”

“Max Bar,” Heath replied.

Philip nodded, a cold look emerging on his face.

He had tolerated enough of Juan. He had not expected Juan to go this far.

In that case, he could not be blamed for being ruthless.

Philip said immediately, “Take me there.”

Soon, they got into the car and headed to Max Bar.

At this moment, Juan was in a private room where he was drinking and talking with a few prominent figures of Uppercreek. The topic of discussion was naturally on how to teach Philip a lesson.

“Mr. Parker, one word from you and our people will do anything. It’s just one Philip Clarke. Just tell us whether to break his arms or legs.”

The person who spoke was a big man with a crew cut. His body was full of muscles, and he had a fierce face.

Next to him were three other men who were all thugs from the streets.

Juan sat on the sofa, holding a wine glass. The colorful spotlights shone on his face, reflecting a ferocious sneer. He said, “We’ll let him sit in a wheelchair for the rest of his life.”

Boom!

At this moment, the door of the private room was kicked open from the outside!

Heath rushed in with his gang.

Before the big man got up and started cursing, they were already pressed on the table by Heath’s people.

Then, with his hands in his trouser pockets, Philip walked to the opposite side of Juan and sat down with a cold face. He asked mildly, “Do you hate me that much?”