

The First Heir Chapter 1283

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Philip nodded silently without commenting.

“By the way, Young Master Clarke, during my absence, I’d like to ask you to take care of Lydia for me,” Jacob said with a slight bow.

Philip quickly grabbed Jacob and asked, “How many days do you plan to be away?”

Jacob said in a light-hearted manner, “Four to five days, perhaps. For this trip, I don’t intend to return alive. If something happens to me, I hope you can give your full support to the Jensen family.”

Philip frowned and said, “Is it such a serious matter?”

Jacob said, “Young Master Clarke, you know too little about the national martial arts circle. I’m already old. I just hope I can use what’s left of my life to suppress these national martial arts families and seek a decade of stability for this industry.”

“I’ll ask Mobius and the others to go with you,” Philip said urgently. He could see that Jacob was already prepared to die out on the field.

“It won’t be necessary.” Jacob shook his head and said, “Aces are not allowed to strike at national martial arts families and forces. This is a staunch rule.”

Philip was taken aback at those words and looked at Jacob in confusion, asking, “Then what are you doing?”

Jacob shook his head and said, “I’m already old. Those false titles mean nothing to me. They can take it away if they wish. Moreover, there must be Aces sitting in the national martial arts circle to deter external forces from world martial arts, such as Fusha.”

Up till this point, Philip had not said anything else.

After bidding farewell to Jacob, Philip returned to the hotel.

What surprised him was that Martha Yates was here, and she was in a wheelchair.

Philip was puzzled. How did she get here?

Martha was drinking the coffee served by Wynn. When she saw Philip appear at the door of the suite, her face instantly turned grim as she grunted. “Rubbish!”

Although her voice was soft, Wynn still heard it and glared at Martha who was sitting in a wheelchair with her arms and legs in casts.

Philip was also helpless. Even at this point, Martha still did not know how to restrain her temper.

“Why is Mom here?”

Philip originally asked Wynn, but once Martha heard it, she found it ear-piercing and angrily yelled, “Why? Don’t you even welcome me anymore? Philip Clarke, do you see me as an invalid because I’m in a wheelchair and can’t move my arms and legs? Are you looking down on me?”

“Mom, Philip didn’t mean that.”

Wynn quickly explained.

However, Martha did not listen at all. She glared at Philip irrationally and asked, “Tell me, is that what you mean?”

After asking, she started sobbing and made a fuss. “There’s no justice! The son-in-law is starting to despise the mother-in-law. Wynn, if I’m paralyzed and stuck in bed in the future, do you think Philip will even care if I live or die?”

Wynn was at a loss and hurriedly said, “No, Mom, don’t think that way. Philip is not that kind of person.”

After saying that, she looked at Philip who was helpless. He then said, “Mom, don’t think that way. I won’t leave you be even if you end up in that state. I’m just curious to know why you suddenly came over. It’s not time for you to be discharged from the hospital, right?”

Martha met Philip’s eyes that seemed to be able to see through everything and felt a bit uneasy. She said, “I miss my daughter and granddaughter so I came to visit them. What, don’t you welcome me?”

As she said that, Martha began to make a fuss again.

Helpless, Philip had to give up.

The next day, Wynn was taking the morning flight. Philip sent her to the airport. After they went their separate ways, he hurried to Jacob’s small villa in Uppercreek.

Only Old Master Jensen was not there.

The other six Aces stood on the balcony of the second floor, looking out at the sunrise in the sky.

“Where’s Old Master Jensen?” Philip asked.

Mobius Pine said with a worried expression, “He already left.”

Philip’s heart went still as he followed their line of sight.

Perhaps, many years later, someone would remember this scene.

Old Master Jacob Jensen had set out on a lonely road while dressed in all white, giving up his reputation for the sake of the cornerstone of the national martial arts and to leave behind a legacy.

After a long while, Philip asked, “Is this trip going to be difficult for Old Master Jensen?”

Dorian Fox shook his head and said with a sigh, “It’s perilous. Senior Jensen is already 84 this year.”

Roxy Fisher seemed very angry. With her arms across her chest, she said furiously, “Those damned major families have been hindering the development of national martial arts. No way, I must accompany Senior Jensen on this trip!”

