The First Heir novel Chapter 1407

This night seemed to stretch on endlessly.

In the luxurious suite, Chester was sitting on the sofa and sipping on warm tea. He would check the documents in his hands from time to time.

At this time, a subordinate walked in through the door and said respectfully, "Master Ludwig, Kinley Wes requests to see you."

Chester frowned slightly before stretching. He then said with a smile, "Let him in."

After a while, Kinley appeared in the suite with a walking cane while smiling. He respectfully greeted, "Master Ludwig."

Chester smiled, motioned Kinley to sit down, and said, "I just brewed a pot of tea. Try it."

Kinley did not decline the hospitality. He picked up the cup, took a sip, and exclaimed, "Good brew, fragrant and citrusy. It must be the specialty Earl Grey tea of Cloudside."

"Oh, are you aware of this special blend too?" Chester asked with a laugh.

"Haha, to tell you the truth, I visited Cloudside a few years ago and stayed here to recuperate for a while. Only the Earl Grey here is suited to my taste buds."

Kinley replied without dwelling too much into the past and just shared the essentials.

Chester glanced at Kinley profoundly before asking, "Have things been taken care of?"

Kinley nodded and said, "Everything has been handled cleanly. Please rest assured, Master Ludwig."

With that said, Kinley took out a few photos and handed them to Chester.

Chester took them, glanced at them, and frowned. His tone was slightly cold as he asked, "Why did you burn them?"

Kinley said apologetically, "Master Ludwig, this was negligence on my part. My subordinates were too aggressive in doing things. To avoid leaving clues, they created a big fire and all these people died in it."

Hearing this, Chester's eyes flashed with a trace of coldness. He stared at Kinley's smiling face for a moment before laughing it off. "Haha, fire is good. Burn everything and the dead shall leave no proof behind."

The end of this statement carried a hint of questioning.

It was not that Kinley did not hear it, but he pretended not to. He said with a smile, "Thank you for the compliment, Master Ludwig."

Hmph!

Chester snorted and the corners of his eyes flashed with cold intent.

The atmosphere in the room suddenly shifted.

Kinley naturally sensed this change. He was also pretending to stay calm but the cold sweat on his forehead slowly seeped.

"Never mind, let's not dwell on this matter. What about the little girl? Did you bring her back?" Chester asked.

Kinley quickly replied, "Master Ludwig, due to the long journey and heavy rain, I told them to stay in Serene Town for the time being. Don't worry, I'll send the child over in three days."

This reply was carefully and artistically formed!

Hearing this, Chester's expression completely chilled. His gaze lingered on Kinley's aged and unwavering face. He finally snorted as he said, "Kinley, are you threatening me in disguise?"

Immediately, Kinley stood up in fright and hurriedly said, "Master Ludwig, you must be joking. How would I dare do that? The Wes family is still counting on you to make a comeback."

Kinley lowered his head and dared not lift it for a long while.

It was until Chester snorted coldly and said, "I don't care what you think. This time, the matter is of great importance. Whether the Wes family can make a comeback or not depends on your performance!"

"Of course, I'll bear your words in mind. Please rest assured. The Wes family won't let you down."

Kinley bowed even lower.

Chester glanced at him, his eyes full of displeasure. He said coldly, "I want to see the child tomorrow. You may leave now."

This was a blatant dismissal.

Kinley responded without hesitation, turned around, and left the suite.

After Kinley left, Chester clenched his fists. His eyes appeared cold as he uttered, "That old fox wants to get some control away from me. What wishful thinking!"

"Master Ludwig, what should we do? I'm afraid the Wes family has the intention to rebel. Do you need me…"

The jacketed man on the side stepped forward at this moment and made a swiping motion across his neck.