

The First Heir novel Chapter 1588

The First Heir – Chapter 1588

Martin laughed scornfully and said, "Don't talk to me about Milanelson Angel Investment Group. Your mother-in-law has investigated it before. It's just a shell company with no money left. Besides, your mother-in-law also told us that you're the bankrupt young master of some Clarke Group? Hahaha, that's really ridiculous. You have to pay a huge debt, right? Right now, you're nothing but a pathetic dog that's living off the scraps given by Wynn. As long as you kneel down to apologize and stand on our side, I can give you more than Wynn gave you. What do you think?"

Martin Johnston was a cunning old fox. He was actually trying to come between Philip and Wynn's relationship.

Smack!

Philip put the teacup on the coffee table heavily and raised his eyebrows, looking at the board members who had various expressions in front of him. He said, "I'm afraid to disappoint you, then. I can easily get 1.6 billion dollars in minutes. Do you believe it?"

"Why are you bragging? At this time, do you still want to act tough and suffer in silence? How is a loser like you going to find 1.6 billion dollars worth of investment?" One of the directors jeered at this moment

"Alas, the hat is too big for his head. Now, without our investment, Beacon can just wait for bankruptcy!"

"Hahaha! I'm waiting for the day when Philip Clarke kneels down and pleads with us to reinvest!"

The laughter of these people became more and more obnoxious.

Snap!

Philip raised his hand and snapped his fingers. Next to him, Theo bowed and stood beside him respectfully. After leaning close and listening to Philip's instructions, he quickly left the small room.

This scene made everyone a little confused.

What was Philip doing?

"What did you tell him to do?" Martin could not help asking.

Philip laughed lightly and said, "Nothing, I just told him to go downstairs to greet some people. There'll be a cash delivery team coming later. 1.6 billion dollars, not a penny more, not a penny less."

Philip could have just directly done a bank transfer. However, after thinking about it, he decided that it was better to use cash. That will be more shocking. These people would clearly know then whether he had such strength or not.

After hearing that, Martin laughed raucously. "You got the cash delivery truck to send over 1.6 billion dollars? You must be crazy. Which bank can send you 1.6 billion dollars in the middle of the night? Even if it can be delivered, which bank is willing to approve 1.6 billion dollars in cash? Do you know how many trucks are needed for that?"

Not only Martin but several other directors also scoffed. Philip was simply ridiculous!

Had he gone mad with fury?

He could even make a joke about getting 1.6 billion dollars in cash sent over. Simply ludicrous!

However, Philip smiled faintly and motioned to his men to open all the curtains in the small room. Then, he glanced at the time and said, "Soon. Another ten minutes or so."

Ten minutes?

"Okay, I'll wait for ten minutes! I want to see how you can transport 1.6 billion dollars in cash!"

Martin almost died of laughter. He sat on the sofa calmly and smoked a cigar with his legs propped.

He refused to believe it. How could this loser get 1.6 billion dollars in cash and get a cash delivery team to transport the money over?

It was nothing but a dream!