The First Heir novel

The First Heir – Chapter 1643

With that said, Chad raised the long dagger in his hand and stabbed Philip's arm viciously while shouting, "Let me take one arm first!"

They had thought that Philip would crouch on the ground in fear, or simply pass out in fear. To their surprise, Philip did not even dodge. Instead, he smiled oddly at Chad at this critical moment.

Chad's heart jolted! Those were not eyes that belonged to a sheep. Cold, cunning, and contempt for everything. This was clearly a wolf that ate people without spitting out bones!

He must be taken down quickly, otherwise...

As the thought flashed across his mind, Chad's blade took a turn and aimed for Philip's chest instead!

Years of instinct honed by living on the edge of the knife told Chad that if the person in front of him was not killed in time, he would be in big trouble!

However, it was already too late.

Before Chad's blade could touch him, Philip had already dodged the attack and retaliated with a heavy punch on Chad's body!

Chad could not evade in time and Philip's punch landed right on his stomach!

Even if he had encountered a hundred battles with Master Eight and his blade had tasted blood, he still saw stars after being punched by Philip. Immediately after, he flew out and crashed into the van blocking the road behind, causing the glass to shatter with a bang!

The other punks were dumbfounded!

As Chad's underlings, how could they not know his fighting capability?

He was a true master of capoeira! Now, he was knocked out with one punch!

All of them panicked and rushed over to help Chad.

Chad was in good physical condition. He rubbed his stomach as he stood up and smacked the face of the underling who ran over to help him up.

"Damn it! Why are you helping me? Take him down!"

Chad cursed. His men got the order and quickly surrounded Philip.

"Boys, don't be afraid. We have strength in numbers. No matter how good he is, he's alone. Let's charge over together and get him!"

"How dare you touch our boss, damn it?!"

Faced with the shouts of the punks, Philip got angry!

At the same time, a punk nearby approached Philip and Philip just served him with a jump kick!

A shadow flashed past followed by a scream!

Before anyone saw what was going on, the punk had already fallen to the ground while twitching. Then, there was no movement as he had passed out.

Holy sh*t!

This kid's attack was so explosive!

Everyone thought it was expected of someone who could defeat Chad with a single punch. Instantly, they abandoned all arrogance and started to engage in a tag team match and siege attack, randomly attacking with weapons from all sides. They pounded on Philip's body like a storm!

At this moment, Chad was limping toward the van. He took every step with great difficulty, and blood could not stop dripping from the corners of his mouth.

This was all thanks to Philip!

After Chad received the punch from Philip just now, he already knew Philip's skills and dared not recklessly approach him anymore. He only pretended to be fuming when he told his men to attack him in a group to stall for time while he called for help.

Chad took out his mobile phone from the car, dialed Master Eight's number, and said, "Hello, Master Eight, this is Chad. I've been beaten up. Who? Who else could it be? It's that Philip Clarke you told me to find! Master Eight, I..."

As Chad spoke, he spat out another mouthful of blood. He had injured his internal organs this time.

"Master Eight, you have to call the shots for me. I can't subdue him..."

Chad looked out at his underlings who were falling one after another and said, "Please come quickly! Yes, West Alley. You have to bring more people with you. This kid is not that simple!"

During the few minutes Chad was on the phone, Philip had already taken down half of Chad's men. The remaining half trembled as they guarded themselves with weapons, not daring to step forward and provoke him.