

The First Heir novel

The First Heir – Chapter 1646

Before Victor finished speaking, Philip quickly grabbed Victor and pointed behind him.

Since just now, the sounds of fighting had ceased.

Wynn had already rolled down the car window slightly, peeking out to check the situation.

Victor quickly changed his tone when he noticed that. "Oh, he's a relative of Hoyt Luther, the director of the Uppercreek Chamber of Commerce! How dare you stop his car! Are you tired of living?"

Hearing that, Master Eight was shocked.

Master Eight was already in his 50s and had always held an average position among the underground forces in Uppercreek.

In terms of seniority, he was considered a veteran with many underlings.

However, in terms of power, he was far beneath Victor. The biggest reason was that he did not have a background in business.

Now, this person he had surrounded was a relative of the director of the chamber of commerce, Hoyt Luther! No wonder Victor thought so highly of him!

If Master Eight knew that Philip was in fact the founder of the Uppercreek Chamber of Commerce, he might even pass out.

Fear was secondary. If he really messed with this god of wealth, he could only be an unrecognized boss in Uppercreek for the rest of his life!

Wynn watched everything happen outside the car window. She had an impression of this Victor Bell whom Philip had told her to call just now. She had seen him several times. He seemed to always be around Philip and was quite polite to him too.

Although Victor just mentioned it was because Philip was a relative of the director of the Uppercreek Chamber of Commerce, her instincts told her that these forces were only the tip of Philip's iceberg.

Of course, these were all guesses.

"Y-Young Master Clarke," Master Eight exclaimed awkwardly.

Philip sneered at Master Eight and asked, "Cut the crap. The Mr. Johnston you mentioned just now, is it Martin Johnston?"

At this point, Master Eight dared not conceal it. He quickly nodded and said, "Yes, it's Martin Johnston of Riverdale Martin Pharmaceutical. He told us to stop you and Wynn Johnston and break your limbs. We'll get 100,000 dollars when the job is done."

Victor was furious when he heard that!

"How dare he think of harming Young Master Clarke?!"

Then, Victor asked Philip for further instructions. "Young Master Clarke, should I contact Theo now and tell him to bring his people to surround Martin and the others?"

Philip smiled and waved his hand as he said to Master Eight, "Do you still want to stop me now?"

Master Eight quickly shook his head and said, "Of course not. This is all a misunderstanding!"

"Since it's a misunderstanding, let's move the vehicles away. My wife and I are going back." Philip's expression was calm.

Huh?

Including Victor and Master Eight, everyone's jaws dropped.

What the hell? They had fought to hell and back just now. Now that everything was cleared up, he was going home for dinner?

Master Eight was also perplexed but dared not disobey Philip's words. He quickly told his subordinates to move the vehicles and clear the roads while Victor did the same.

Victor was puzzled. Why was Philip so good-tempered today?

Seeing Philip drive away, Victor stared at Master Eight and said coldly, "Today, Young Master Clarke has let you off the hook. From now on, don't let me see you in Uppercreek again!"

After that, Victor also left with his people.

Brad Weiss froze in place, his forehead full of cold sweat. His arms and legs were trembling as well. Victor's last words and that look in his eyes were full of killing intent!

He panicked.

Philip drove Wynn back to the hotel and assisted her upstairs. As soon as they entered, they saw a very elegantly dressed woman sitting in the suite, seemingly waiting for Philip and Wynn.

She was accompanied by two bodyguards in suits who were standing behind her.

Wynn held her belly and was supported by Philip. She asked with a slight frown, "Excuse me, you are?"