

# The First Heir novel

The First Heir – Chapter 1671-1675

More than 20 minutes later, Philip arrived at the entrance of a company called Joey Brewery.

Just as he was about to enter the door, he was stopped by a few security guards.

“Hey, what are you doing here? This is a distillery, not a wine shop. No visitors are allowed. If you want to buy alcohol, go to the shop at the front. Hurry up and go away!”

Several security guards said in a huff.

At this time, Philip’s face was full of anger and his tone was cold, “Tell your boss to come out here!”

“Our boss? What are you trying to do? Who are you to tell him to come out? Don’t look for trouble or we’ll break your legs, you hear?” the security guards said.

Philip could not be bothered to talk to them and was about to barge in when he was stopped by the security guards again.

Philip said angrily, “This is none of your business. Move aside!”

“Oh?”

The few security guards got angry when they heard that. Where did this cocky person come from?

“Are you tired of living? Do you know who is in charge of this place? How dare you come here to make trouble?! Boys, let’s teach him a lesson!”

“This is your last chance!” Philip clenched his fists so tightly that they creaked.

Damn it!

Philip was already in a bad mood. Hoyt lost his arm to protect him and he had nowhere to vent his anger! These blokes were asking for a beating, so they could not blame him for that!

Suddenly, a security guard rushed toward him with an anti-riot baton in his hand and waved it at Philip. Philip turned his head and dodged sideways before kicking the security guard in the stomach!

With a crunch, the security guard flew out and hit the wall with a loud bang. He threw up while clutching his stomach!

His ribs were broken!

Immediately after, the remaining three security guards rushed over. Philip took one out with a sweeping kick before strangling the other two security guards by their necks, one with each hand. He lifted them high up in the air before tossing them to the ground!

After taking down the security guards, Philip rushed to the manager's office at the back and kicked the door open!

"Who's Joey Cullen? Get the hell out here!"

Philip roared like a tiger with anger burning in his eyes. Inside the room, a middle-aged man with his hair combed back slapped the table fiercely and scolded, "Insolence! Who is so bold? How dare you behave like this on my turf?"

"Are you Joey Cullen? The owner of Joey Brewery?" Philip asked coldly.

"It's me! Who are you? Since you know my name, how dare you come here and behave so rudely?" Joey said angrily. Who the hell was this ignorant young man?

Philip sneered. Joey Cullen? Was he a great person?

"My name is Philip Clarke."

"Philip Clarke?" Joey was briefly startled before a chuckle escaped him. He sat on the swivel chair and fidgeted with the gold-rimmed fountain pen on the computer desk. With a contemptuous smile on his face, he said to Philip, "I don't know you. What are you doing here in the middle of the night?"

Philip frowned and said, "I can't be bothered to talk nonsense with you. If you hurry up and hand over Jacky Cullen as well as the people you arranged to make a move against me, I can still let you off! Otherwise, I'll make your brewery go bankrupt!"

"Philip Clarke, you're very bold!"

Joey stood up, grabbed the teacup in front of him, and smashed it on the floor!

"That's none of your concern, but I know you're very bold. Do you know what the punishment is if a person is found guilty of instigating others to commit arson and intentional assault?" Philip said coldly.

Joey was taken aback.

Sure enough, only those with ill intentions would show up at the doorstep. Joey had felt uneasy from the moment Philip appeared.

The fire at the Uppercreek Chamber of Commerce was indeed done by his men under his orders, but how did Philip find him right away?

How did he get this information?

His cousin was the one who approached him to teach someone a lesson, and Joey readily agreed.

Faced with Philip's questioning, Joey was unsure how to respond when he heard voices outside the office.

Soon, dozens of people poured in from the office door, all of them looking like thugs and bodyguards. The person in the lead was Joey's personal bodyguard, Otis Todd!

Otis' collar and sleeves had obvious scorch marks. Holding a steel baseball bat in his hand, he tapped it on his shoulder as he asked, "Boss, I heard that someone broke into our company. Is it this kid?" Otis said with a fierce look on his face.

Joey sneered. "That's right, it's him!"

Otis froze with a look of disbelief!

"Aren't you dead yet?"

Philip turned around and looked at Otis. A cold light flashed in his eyes as he asked solemnly, "Are you the one responsible for the fire at the Upper creek Chamber of Commerce?"