

# The First Heir novel

The First Heir – Chapter 1689

Upon hearing Philip's words, Henley and Clara's expressions looked very unpleasant. When they saw Philip's indifferent eyes, they felt as though they were being targeted by a beast.

Too scary!

The look in Philip's eyes simply made people uncomfortable.

Henley was flustered because his old man had told him to kneel and apologize just now, but he lied and said that his father would come to stand up for him.

Thus, he was scared.

However, he was also very indignant!

On what grounds could a loser be so arrogant?

"You have a little money in your hand so you think you can act pretentiously, huh? Fine, if you can subdue me today, I'll kneel in front of you!"

Henley said to Philip haughtily. He wanted to perform well in front of his new girl, Clara Nolan. Maybe she would be happy and agree to go to a hotel with him tonight!

It was just a million dollars, right?

He totally did not put Philip in his eyes at all.

Philip smiled lightly and said, "It seems that your family is quite reputable in Uppercreek."

Henley sneered.

That went without saying!

His father was Bo Dill, the owner of DT Coal Mine. As his family owned a coal mine, everyone, no matter if they were people from the underground or official forces, would only speak to him politely.

Clara said to Henley indignantly, "Henley, this kid is too arrogant. You mustn't lose to him! If you lose, I'll be beaten by that tramp Wynn too. If that happens, I'll be very angry!"

Henley chuckled, cupped Clara's chin, and put his arm around her waist with a tight squeeze. He said, "Don't worry. Who does he think he is? He just got a bit of money from somewhere and dares to be so arrogant in front of me. He's just making a fool of himself!"

"I just need to make a phone call to make you kneel in front of me," Philip said blandly, "So, I'll give you a chance. Will you apologize?"

"Oh? Has your bragging gone up to a higher level now? Okay, you're cool, you're awesome, and your father is the richest man in Uppercreek, okay?" Henley mocked.

Philip sneered coldly.

The richest man in Uppercreek?

He was just a pawn of Philip's.

Immediately after, Philip made a call to Hoyt Luther. After a brief summary, he told him to deal with it within five minutes.

Then, Philip crossed his arms and stared at Henley while smiling without a word.

More than two minutes passed.

"What are you looking at? Is there a flower on my face? If you stare at me again, I'll..." Before Henley finished his sentence, his phone suddenly buzzed.

"What's wrong?" Clara asked.

"Hush." Henley silenced her and said nervously, "My dad is calling me. Don't make a sound."

Henley answered the call from his dad. Instantly, his attitude changed. The rich young playboy abruptly turned into an obedient boy!

"Hello, Dad. What's up? Have you taken care of things?"

His tone was respectful and polite without the slightest hint of disregard.

Had they not just spoken? Why did his father call again? Henley was puzzled.

Everyone was startled. Those who knew realized that his father was calling. Those who did not would assume that it was his superior.

However, it was almost the same. Henley never went to university and was used to being lazy. He would spend the family's money to drink and dine outside all day long.

For him, his dad was no different from a superior who paid him a salary every month. He was his only source of income.

In fact, Bo was very angry at his son's behavior of wasting his life away, but he had no other choice. He was his flesh and blood, after all. Tints, he did not give him much, only a few hundred thousand a month. If he spent all the money, maybe he would think of earning some.

Bo's voice on the other end of the line sounded lifeless as she said, "Rascal, did you cause me trouble outside? Besides that Mr. Holmes, who else did you mess with?!"

Bo roared, almost deafening Henley's ears over the phone.