

The First Heir – Chapter 1773

17, who had not made a move, grabbed the two butterfly blades on the coffee table.

Two swishes!

The butterfly blades flew across the air while rotating in circles before steadily slashing across Ernie's thigh!

After that!

The blades turned around and returned to 17's hands!

As for Ernie, he had already fallen to his knees with a thud, blood pooling under his feet!

He stared in disbelief at the aloof woman striding over from behind him.

She was like a black rose that bloomed amid killings!

“Y-You are...” Ernie asked incredulously. The shock in his eyes was like a raging ocean!

A woman with such skills was definitely not an ordinary person!

Ernie had been in this line for many years and was used to doing underground assassination missions. He had done more than 50 missions without failure!

However, he had lost in the hands of this young lady today. Moreover, the woman in front of him had clearly not displayed her full capacity just yet!

Boom!

Just when Ernie was still in shock, 17 strutted up, raised her leg in a sweeping motion, and kicked Ernie viciously in the jaw!

Instantly, the teeth in Ernie's month were knocked out and he sprayed a mouthful of blood!

17 stared coldly at Ernie who was sprawled on the floor and asked, "Who sent you here?"

Ernie laughed miserably. His legs were gone. He had never been in such a wretched state as he was today.

"Hehe, I won't betray my employer. Just kill me if you want to." Ernie sneered. He was quite tough.

17 blinked her big eyes and folded her arms across her chest. An excited smile appeared at the corner of her mouth as she said, "Very good, I was afraid you were going to be a coward."

While saying that, 17 clenched her fists until they creaked. She walked toward Ernie step by step while saying, "I haven't done this in a while, so I can use you as my guinea pig."

Ernie was startled and looked suspiciously at 17 who reached out to grab him. He instinctively felt an unprecedented fear and asked in surprise, "What do you want to do?"

17 said, "Forced interrogation."

With that said, 17 dragged Ernie out of the suite and into the next room.

Within five minutes, miserable howls could be heard from that room. Anyone in the hotel who heard it was creeped out.

Wynn stayed in the suite. Several bodyguards had cleaned up the scene and were now guarding her closely. Not long after, Philip hurried back. He trotted up to Wynn who was sitting on the sofa, squatted down, and grabbed her delicate, cold hands. He asked, “Are you frightened?”

Wynn shook her head, but her shaking hands betrayed her fear. With reddened eyes, she said, “No, I’m fine. How is Anne?”

Philip gently held Wynn’s hand and comforted her. “Anne is fine. I’ve invited some experts to treat her. She’s already out of danger.”

Wynn burst into tears when she heard this. She threw herself into Philip’s arms and cried bitterly, “It’s all my fault. If not for me, that wouldn’t have happened to Anne.”

Philip gently patted Wynn on the back and said, “Don’t blame yourself. It’s not your fault, it’s mine. Promise me that you’ll stay in the hotel. I’ll arrange for someone to protect you.”

With tear streaks on her face, Wynn nodded and asked, “Have you also made arrangements for Mila, Mom, and Dad?”

Philip wiped away the tears at the corner of Wynn’s eyes and said, “Don’t worry. I’ve made arrangements for them as well. They’ll be fine.”

After talking for a while and putting Wynn to sleep, Philip cautiously left the suite. He said to the bodyguards at the door, “Take good care of Madam and don’t let any more accidents happen.”

The several bodyguards there nodded respectfully and stood at attention while saying, “Please rest assured, Young Master Clarke.”

Philip nodded, turned around, and went to the suite next door.

