

# The First Heir - Chapter 1846

Back to Uppercreek.

The next day, Philip finally got the rare opportunity to bring Wynn out for a stroll. When they returned to the hotel, two green jeeps suddenly drove up from the side of the road. The jeeps looked ordinary but Philip felt an indescribable chill from them.

Philip's sixth sense was never wrong. They were here to pick a fight!

His eyes narrowed slightly. The two jeeps blocked the street, causing the car behind to keep honking, but they simply ignored it.

Wynn supported her big stomach and hid behind Philip. She looked at Philip a little worriedly and asked, "What's going on?"

Philip shook his head and said, "I don't know. Let's see what happens."

Soon, the doors of the jeeps opened and a few men in green uniforms and helmets got down. They looked serious and carried murderous intent!

Their appearance caused the owner of the car who was honking and yelling behind them to instantly clam up.

'Holy sh\*t!'

They were members of the combat squad!

Moreover, looking at the ranking on their shoulders, they did not hold low positions! The highest rank among them was actually a junior commander!

These people seemed to be high-spirited with sharp looks in their eyes. At first glance, they looked like elites who had gone through rigorous training on the battlefield. They were definitely not to be compared to the small fries Philip had encountered in the past.

The leader adjusted his green military uniform, stood at the bottom of the hotel steps, and raised his eyebrows to look at Philip with sharp eyes. He asked coldly, "Are you Philip Clarke?"

This was bad!

Despite such circumstances, Wynn stepped forward and stood in front of Philip. She looked at the other party coldly and asked, "Who are you?"

Wynn was also on tenterhooks. They were members of the combat squad. Why would they look for Philip?

The leader with a rigid and cold face glanced at Wynn in a hostile manner. He continued to ask Philip, "I'm asking you if you're Philip Clarke?"

His face looked thin like a sharp sword as he stood upright on the spot. The aura he exuded made no one dare to approach him.

Philip understood at a glance. A person like this surely had terrifying and amazing explosive power hidden within him. After all, the other party carried a raging invincible aura just by

standing there. Philip pulled Wynn behind him. With eyes full of biting chills, he said, "I'm Philip Clarke. Who are you?"

"Take him away!" The man with a thin face and who carried an air of majesty said directly.

"Who dares to take my husband away?"

Wynn immediately flew into a rage. Supporting her big belly, she furrowed her shapely eyebrows and stared at the other party coldly.