

The First Heir – Chapter 1858

Seeing Philip's irritable temper, Tyrone got annoyed and roared furiously, "I said so! I have the final say in Warehouse 8! If you dare say another word, I'll kill you right now!"

While saying this, Tyrone was a little apprehensive. After all, he did not have the final say in Warehouse 8. However, none of the others wanted to take this credit away from him. All of them were seemingly unconcerned.

"Is that so?" A faint smile appeared on Philip's face.

This was getting more and more interesting, so he would play along.

Tyrone's anger was close to exploding. He raised his fist to punch Philip in the face when suddenly, the latter sat up straight, stared at Tyrone with a mocking smile, and said, "Let's play this game, then. You go and clean up the urinal pit. If I find a drop of urine, I'll make you drink all of it!"

Tyrone was already startled when Philip abruptly sat up. Upon hearing such arrogant words from the other party, he was furious!

"You're f*cking dead!"

Tyrone went over and grabbed Philip by the collar. He sized Philip up as a cruel smile appeared on the corner of his mouth. He said, "Oh, this shirt is not bad. Take it off and let me wear it!"

Philip looked at the other party indifferently, smiled slightly, raised his eyebrows, and said, "I'll count to three. If you don't let go by then, you can say goodbye to your hand."

Tyrone was not a street punk and naturally would not be intimidated by a few simple words from Philip. With a fierce scowl, he sneered and said, "Damn you, you piece of trash! You don't know the rules and even want to threaten me? In that case, I'll let you know today who the boss here is!"

After saying that, Tyrone raised his iron hard fist and slung it at Philip's face!

At the sight of such powerful force and speed, Philip merely chuckled without paying any heed to it. He shook his head slightly, stretched out his hand casually, and easily grabbed the opponent's fist. Then, Philip twisted a backhand and Tyrone immediately screamed. His entire body followed the force exerted by Philip and he turned his back to Philip.

Philip kicked the other party's ass and Tyrone instantly lost his center of gravity. He crashed into the concrete on the opposite side and his head immediately swelled!

This was just a simple counterattack from Philip. He had not exerted his full strength at all. Otherwise, Tyrone would probably be dead from the crash just now.

Tyrone clutched his head and slumped to the ground, feeling dizzy. He flexed his arm as he grunted a curse, "Newcomer, you're looking for death!"

With that said, Tyrone got up and raised his leg again, wanting to kick Philip to death. He was simply too careless just now. He did not expect the other party to have some skills.

“Back down!”

However, at this moment, a muffled roar interrupted Tyrone’s attack!

Immediately after, a tall and sturdy foreign man with a bear like figure, a shiny head, and a dark complexion stood up from the bed. With a frosty look on his face, he flexed his neck from side to side, producing cracking sounds.

As soon as he stood up, he was one head taller than Philip. With a raging cruel and mocking look in his eyes, he looked at the newcomer condescendingly. When Tyrone saw this man stepping forward, he naturally stood aside like a good boy. There was an unconcealed sneer at the corners of his mouth.

Now that this big guy was about to take action, this newcomer was bound to die!