

Chapter 2383

Philip looked indifferently at Ronan who was begging for mercy on his knees and threatening him at the same time.

The corners of his mouth twitched slightly as he sneered, "You should display a proper attitude when you're begging

for forgiveness. What do you mean by threatening me like this?"

Hearing that, Ronan's face darkened. A cloud of gloom flashed in the corner of his eyes as he said, "I'm sorry! I was wrong. I shouldn't have been rude to you just now.

Please forgive me!

Ronan Singer was not a mindless playboy.

He knew that he was in a lot of trouble today, so he could only lower his stance as much as he could. He must stay alive first.

Otherwise, if he was killed like Mr. Burdock, then there was nothing he could do.

However, Philip looked at Ronan coldly and said, "I think even if I let you go, your Singer family won't let me off. I still know the meaning of letting the tiger return to its den. So, since I've offended the Singer family, I might as well take it right to the end."

After saying that, Philip raised his hand and pointed his finger!

At that moment, Ronan was really frightened.

His whole body shook as he begged for mercy, “No, you can’t kill me! I was wrong! Please let me go! I promise you, as long as you let me go, the Singer family won’t go after you! On the contrary, I even want to invite you to be the Singer family’s guest of honor. You can name your terms!”

Ronan’s mind churned rapidly as he quickly thought of a solution.

Everyone’s jaws dropped the moment he said this. However, at the same time, they were also full of approval.

Being able to kill Mr. Burdock, one of the Singer family’s expert guardians, with one strike, showed that Philip was very strong.

Such a young disciple who might have the strength of the fifth zone would definitely be fought over by the major disciple families.

Their future depended on such prodigies! Therefore, Ronan’s move was the best of both worlds. However, he had overlooked Philip’s identity.

How could the young patriarch of the Clarke family on the dignified Arcadia Island be someone a small disciple family could recruit at will?

Thus, Philip said with an indifferent sneer, “Sorry, your Singer family doesn’t have the power to recruit me yet.”

Hiss!

As soon as he said that, everyone was dumbfounded and gasped!

Arrogant! Simply outrageous!

How dare he say such arrogant words?! Was he saying that the Singer family was unworthy?

Hearing that, Ronan frowned. He looked at Philip, raised his hand, and roared, "No, you can't kill me! I'm the third young master of the Singer family, the core descendant of one of the top ten disciple families in the north! If you dare to do something to me, my eldest brother, my father, and the entire Singer family will never let you go! No matter how powerful you are, the Singer family will hunt you down! My eldest brother is the king of disciples."

Puff!

Before he finished speaking, the white energy sword controlled by Philip cut Ronan's neck open!

Blood stained the place red.

Until his death, Ronan's eyes were wide open. He was clutching his neck and pointing at Philip in anger.

The entire place was dead silent!

At this moment, everyone covered their mouths, widened their eyes, and looked at the scene in front of them in disbelief.

Philip actually killed the third young master of the Singer family!

Something big was about to happen now!

Moreover, Ronan's last words made everyone so nervous and scared that they almost forgot to breathe!

The king of disciples?!

The eldest young master of the Singer family was actually a king of disciples!

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Scary!

Horrible!

Out of this world!

It was also at this time that the manager of Cherry Villa hurried over with a group of people.

When they saw Mr. Burdock and Ronan lying in pools of blood, the manager was full of shock!

"Mr. Burdock, Young Master Singer.."

A middle-aged man in a gray suit sweated profusely with a panicked look on his face.

Something had gone wrong!

The expert guardian and the youngest beloved son of the Singer family, a family of disciples in the north, had died in Cherry Villa.

Finished! The sky was about to collapse! That middle-aged man's gaze locked onto Philip immediately as he shouted angrily, "Men, lock him up!"

At once, more than a dozen fully armed guards pointed their guns at Philip.

These were not ordinary secular guards.

The weapons they were equipped with were specifically designed to restrain disciples. They were specially issued weapons from the Supernatural Bureau.

Philip looked sideways, glanced coldly at the guards and the middle-aged man standing at the forefront with a face full of anger, and said coldly, "Do you want to arrest me without asking anything?"

The middle-aged man was about to explode with anger and roared. "What is there to ask? That's the third young master of the Singers and their expert guardian. A villain like this has stirred up trouble between Cherry Villa and the Singer family. That's a big crime! You must be captured and handed over to the Singer family to do as they deem fit!"

"Hahaha..."

Philip said, "I thought that the southern disciples might have some backbone, but I didn't expect to see a bunch of spineless cowards. Although I don't know what's going on between the disciples from the north and south, I know from the Singer family that Terrain Villa seems to have always looked down on Cherry Villa. Now, I finally understand that you're just a bunch of rubbish rotting under the sun!"

Following Philip's words, the middle-aged man was furious and shouted, "Stop trying to talk your way out of this. Take him down!"

Suddenly, more than a dozen guards trained by the Supernatural Bureau pounced on Philip with guns.

However, at this moment, a majestic voice came from behind the crowd, "Everyone, stop!"

Everyone looked sideways in the direction of the main entrance of the side hall.

A tall figure passed through the crowd and came to the front.

He was a middle-aged man with a dignified poise. He wore a blue suit and had a rigid, stern face.

As soon as he appeared, all the onlookers bowed their heads respectfully.

Even the manager who wanted to arrest

Philip rushed to the man's side, bowed, and respectfully said, "Villa Master, why did you come out?"

The middle-aged man looked at Philip before looking at Mr. Burdock's and Ronan's corpses indifferently.

He asked, "What's going on?"

The manager immediately said, "Villa Master, this young man broke into Cherry Villa and killed Mr. Burdock, the expert guardian of the Singer family, as well as Young Master Ronan Singer. I'm asking my men to take him down!"

The middle-aged man was Leon Jefferson, one of the three masters of Cherry Villa. He sized Philip up sternly and asked, "Do you think the supernatural disciples of the south are no match for the north?"

Leon Jefferson was one of the founders of Cherry Villa.

His strength was extraordinary, and no one could beat him.

He was said to be the disciple of the sixth zone from the previous generation.

However, the authenticity of the news had

yet to be verified.

Philip frowned, looked at the middle-aged man in front of him, and said, "Although there are differences between the north and the south, the pride remains. It's just the Singer family from the north. If there's trouble, they can just look for me.

"Hahaha!" Leon laughed heartily and said,

"Well said! The pride remains! I like your attitude and personality! It's just the Singer family from the north. The Cherry Villa can still go up against them!"

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Leon's words had fully expressed his opinion. No matter who the young man in front of him was, he would bear the

brunt.

Firstly, it was for the dignity of Cherry Villa.

Secondly, it was to cherish the young talent.

It had been a long time since there was such a young and powerful disciple in the southern supernatural community.

Such a person could only be the guest of honor sought after by major families.

Leon knew very well what the young man in front of him meant to the disciples in the southern world.

There were three kings in the north but only one king in the smith.

Now, the young man in front of him had the strength of a disciple in the fifth zone. Leon decided to have him join Cherry Villa.

“May I have your name?” Leon asked with a kind smile that formed a stark contrast with his stern angular face.

The onlookers were amazed at this moment. They could naturally tell that Leon was showing goodwill to that young man.

Yes, at such a young age, he had the ability to kill Mr. Burdock, one of the seven expert guardians of the Singer family.

It was enough to show that his future as a disciple would be limitless.

If such a person joined Cherry Villa and became one of the core members, Cherry Villa and even the entire southern disciple community might have two kings.

It had been more than ten years since the northern disciple community had outmatched the south.

All the disciples in the south could only wallow in anger.

However, due to the difference between the north and the south, the strength of the disciples was also very different.

This was also an indisputable fact.

Now that Leon was extending an olive branch to Philip, it was enough to show that Leon and the southern disciple community desperately needed a talented genius like Philip.

Philip frowned slightly and replied lightly,

“Philip Clarke.”

Leon nodded and said with a smile, “Im Leon Jefferson, one of the three masters of Cherry Villa. I’m very glad to meet you. I wonder if you’d be interested in attending the 12 Families’ Cabinet Meeting.”

The 12 Families’ Cabinet Meeting?”

Philip shook his head with a frown and said, "I'm sorry. I'm only here to look for someone, so I won't be joining you."

After saying that, Philip was about to walk toward the main hall.

Leon immediately asked, "Philip, I wonder who you're looking for? I'm one of the masters of Cherry Villa and would love to help you."

Philip stopped, looked at Leon, and said, "I'm looking for my wife, VVynn Johnston."

"Miss Johnston?" Leon was taken aback, and his expression changed rapidly. He looked at Philip in front of him and said with a smile, "Philip, please come with me."

Philip frowned, thought about it, and followed Leon.

Leon said a few words to the middle-aged manager before he led Philip to the main hall.

After Philip and Leon left, a burst of chatter broke out.

"Oh my God! What did I just see? Master Jefferson actually treated a person so politely!"

"But of course! This is absolutely unheard of and is shocking beyond words! How nice if it was me instead!"

"Alas, this is true strength!"

Over there, the middle-aged manager asked his subordinates to clean up the mess here with a gloomy expression.

Then, he sneakily ran to a corner of the villa, took out his phone, and dialed a number after making sure no one was around.

Soon, the call was connected. A calm and majestic voice was heard. "Cory Trent, why are you looking for me?"

The manager groveled and said respectfully, "Mr. Moon, something has happened! The third young master of the Singer family, Ronan Singer, and Mr. Burdock have been killed by an unknown kid in Cherry Villa!"

"What? Say that again!"

On the other end of the phone, Mr. Moon's trembling and angry voice was heard.

The third young master of the Singer family and Mr. Burdock, the family's expert guardian, were killed in Cherry Villa?