

The First Heir - Chapter 1836

The clothes on Spencer's body had been ripped to shreds, revealing his bronze skin and impressive torso. He was covered in wounds and bleeding from the corners of his mouth, but he was surrounded by countless silver swords!

He had transformed into the source of the swords!

One person to unite all swords!

Thud, thud!

Spencer walked out of the huge hole. With every step, the ground under his feet would be marked by the countless silver swords. Then, he raised his eyebrows, his face full of grim coldness and fighting intent. His entire being was on the brink of rampage!

He lowered his body slightly and stretched his arm forward. All the silver longswords flying around gathered above Spencer, the tips of the swords humming and shaking as they pointed at Fennel on the ground!

"Slay!"

Spencer roared and swung his arm down in anger. Instantly, thousands of silver swords above Dunley Manor converged into a hundred meter huge longsword like a torrent and slashed toward Fennel!

The terrifying energy contained in this blow surpassed anything before it. The world had lost all color!

All the energy in the surroundings was absorbed by the huge longsword formed by Spencer.

Moreover, the huge sword that was made up of thousands of silver longswords continued to expand and wreak havoc!

On the periphery ten miles away from Dunley Manor, dozens of disciples on guard looked up at the huge longsword in the sky. Their faces went pale with fright. At that very moment, the silver Sword of Kingship began to crumble and disintegrate!

Rampage!

The Sword of Kingship had gone berserk!

In an instant, a shadow fell over the hearts of the dozens of disciples present. The kingship power had gone out of control!

A disaster was about to happen. Hampton was bound to turn into a dead city!

The man in the black robe also looked up at the sky. With a brilliant glow in his silver eyes, he commanded, "Order from the Turtle Pavilion, escort the people of Hampton to evacuate! Also, all personnel from Turtle Pavilion Combat Squad District 3 are required to rush into Charbury immediately and place Charbury under martial law!"

In an instant, dozens of disciples heard the order and everyone sprang into action!

That was because there was no longer a need to guard this place. The rampage of the kingship power would definitely cause irreparable destruction. The demise of Hampton was already certain. What they had to do now was evacuate the millions of civilians of Hampton!

After receiving the order, all members of the Turtle Pavilion Combat Squad around Charbury quickly entered the area and guarded this place closely!

At the same time the order from the black robed man was executed, the entire Charbury had lost contact with the outside world. All communication devices were shut down!

In the Central Combat Bureau, the master of Turtle Pavilion was stunned when he received the news!

“What? It has gone berserk?” Chandler Curtis straightened up abruptly, shock visible in his eyes!

The kingship power had gone out of control!

This completely exceeded his expectations!

He did not expect Spencer Dunley to lose control so quickly. What the hell did Fennel do?

Chandler quickly issued an order and said to Chief Montgomery, “Pass my order immediately. Everyone get ready for level one battle preparations!”

Just when everyone's scalps were tingling over the rampage of the kingship power and they were urgently making preparations, a pure black Sword of Kingship suddenly appeared above Hampton!

This sword of kingship was completely shrouded in a black mist, concealing its true appearance. It emitted a terrible pressure that made people too terrified to get close.

Moreover, the pressure far exceeded that of the other two Swords of Kingship!

Three kings of disciples!

Uproar!

Its appearance immediately aroused the high alert of all disciples in Hampton and the Central Combat Bureau of Nonagon!

A middle-aged man with a sturdy figure and the demeanor of an overlord with cold eyes like a blade walked calmly and steadily into the Dunley Manor.

Fulton Hash, he was the number one battle god of the Clarke family on Arcadia Island!

He was the king of the seventh zone behind the door of Nonagon!

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Fulton paid no heed to the kingship energy field formed by Fennel and Spencer. He stepped forward steadily and walked directly into Dunley Manor. When his impressive figure appeared, everyone was shocked.

It seemed as though there was a breathtaking invisible barrier all over his body. The raging energy in the surroundings could not get closer than a few meters around him.

Hiss!

What a strong sense of oppression from this man?

Even if they were not physically present, just the aura exuded from Fulton would be an effective deterrent to many people.

When the black sword of kingship appeared in the sky, Nonagon's Central Combat Bureau was already in pandemonium. All the energy monitoring equipment and satellites were now mobilized and aimed at the sky over Hampton.

Inside the energy data monitoring offices, countless people were walking back and forth anxiously. All the monitoring instruments constantly flashed with a red light, signaling that the energy data had gone over the critical limit once again.

"Captain, a third kingship power energy fluctuation has appeared over Hampton. It's far beyond our monitoring range!"

Simon Greene looked at the data monitoring report in front of him before looking at the results displayed on the live satellite screen. He almost collapsed!

A small Hampton had attracted three kings of disciples. Moreover, the third king of disciples who suddenly made an appearance caused such a huge energy fluctuation with his Sword of Kingship that it exceeded the maximum value that the monitoring equipment in their division could detect. Simon did not have time to think about it and quickly informed Chief Montgomery through the satellite phone.

At this moment, Chief Montgomery was in the office of Chandler Curtis, the master of Turtle Pavilion. He suddenly received a call from Simon and asked, "What's the matter?"

On the other end of the line, Simon was unusually anxious as he said, "Chief Montgomery, a third king of disciples has appeared in Hampton. Moreover, the energy fluctuation of this third person has exceeded the maximum data value that our division can monitor!"

"What?!"

Chief Montgomery scowled. He was extremely flustered and shocked!

It exceeded the maximum value that the equipment of the Central Combat Division could monitor. What was the background of this third king of disciple?

Chief Montgomery quickly reported to Chandler, "Pavilion Master, a third king of disciples has appeared in Hampton."

Chandler seemed to have guessed something. He looked through the glass windows in the direction of Hampton and said, "I see. What's the data monitoring results?"

Cold sweat seeped from Chief Montgomery's forehead as she said, "Pavilion Master, we don't have the results. It has exceeded the maximum value we can monitor."

Hearing this, Chandler frowned as he turned to Chief Montgomery and asked, "Surpassed the limits?"

Chief Montgomery nodded heavily and said, "Who do you think this third king of disciples could be?"

Chandler's eyes shone brightly. With his hands behind his back, he narrowed his eyes slightly and muttered, "I only know a few kings of disciples who are capable of exceeding the maximum energy value that can be monitored by the division."

With that said, Chandler said, "Display the satellite image."

Chief Montgomery responded and quickly issued the order.

A wall in Chandler's office suddenly sunk back. Then, a whole wall of electronic screens appeared. In the middle of the office, a square high-tech metal console rose from under the floor tiles. This console emitted a faint blue fluorescent glow and displayed the 3D map of Hampton in Charbury.

Chandler looked at the 3D satellite map of Hampton. With a pinch of his hands, the map quickly zoomed in on the Dunley Manor. It could be clearly seen on the 3D map screen that three floating Swords of Kingship were forming a triangular standoff.

However, the Sword of Kingship shrouded in black mist was firmly suppressing the other two Swords of Kingship.

When Chandler saw this Sword of Kingship, his face tensed as a look of astonishment appeared in his eyes!

“How could it be him?” Chandler’s eyes widened as he carefully looked at that image of the middle-aged man who had stepped into Dunley Manor.

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At this moment in Dunley Manor, Fulton Hash seemed to sense something. He raised an eyebrow and looked up at the vast sky. A cold smile appeared at the corner of his mouth. He raised his hand and pointed at the sky. An invisible wave of energy that wielded control over all matter launched toward the Satnav-3 satellite system that was targeted over Hampton in the blink of an eye!

At the same time, all the equipment inside the Central Combat Bureau suddenly failed and all the staff nearly went crazy.

“Ahh! The satellite image is not working!”

“Quickly, mobilize Satnav- 6!”

In Chandler’s office, the 3D map of Hampton also turned into a white screen and disappeared.

Seeing this scene, Chief Montgomery shuddered. He had never seen anything like this before.

Just by pointing at the sky, the satellite image was shut down ?!

With a face that was solemn and full of doubts, he stared at Chandler who also looked grave. He asked, “Pavilion Master, what is this?”

Chandler retracted his gaze and frowned as he sighed, saying, “This is the kingship barrier that can isolate all prying eyes. He’s the king of the seventh zone.”

Hiss!

Chief Montgomery shuddered from the depths of his soul.

'The king of the seventh zone?'

'This person really existed?'

Chief Montgomery had never felt so agitated before. He could hardly believe that he had seen with his own eyes the king of disciples of the seventh zone!

In other words, that person was the forbidden existence!

Chandler scowled and said to Chief Montgomery, "This matter has exceeded the jurisdiction of our division. I need to contact the other four pavilion masters immediately and ask for their opinions."

Chief Montgomery nodded and responded, "I understand."

Chandler turned around and quickly walked out of this office with Chief Montgomery following closely behind. The two took one of the elevators dedicated to this building and headed down.

In Dunley Manor.

Fulton withdrew his gaze and looked at the crumbling silver Sword of Kingship in the sky. There was a look of regret in his eyes as he stared at Spencer who was in a state of rampage. He said, "If you're willing to give up your kingship, I can save your life. However, I will reclaim the source of your kingship."

Spencer was in a state of berserk at this moment. His black hair was disheveled, his eyes were like two silver lamps, and the silver snake brand between his eyebrows was extremely bright. He raged with manic sword energy. His person was surrounded by small silver swords floating in the air.

High above the sky, the huge lightsaber that was made up of thousands of silver longswords slashed at Fennel and Fulton following an angry roar from Spencer!

"Slay!"

Fennel frowned and gripped the red dragon halberd in his hand tightly. Like a cheetah that was about to dash away, he stomped his feet on the ground and prepared to launch out!

However, next to him, Fulton's eyes froze. He said, "For the people of Hampton, I can only do this to you."

After saying that, Fulton's eyes flashed, leaving a black afterimage on the spot where he was!

In a split second, Fulton was already standing in front of Spencer. With an explosive punch that carried the power of thunderbolt, he smashed into the shield of sword energy that had formed around Spencer's body.

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Crack!

When Fulton's fist collided with Spencer's sword energy shield, the shield instantly cracked and shattered. The raging energy tore through the void and the terrifying pressure exploded in all directions.

Bang!

Fulton's powerful force from the punch did not dissipate.

Instantly, Spencer's entire body was knocked down by Fulton's powerful punch. He fell back and crashed into the ground like a ball of silver light!

Rumble!

A huge pit more than ten meters wide appeared in the ground. For more than ten meters, the land turned into scorched earth where all the grass was singed!

Fulton's punch directly broke through Spencer's kingship energy field. This was their difference in strength.

The huge lightsaber that was high in the sky also instantly disintegrated and crumbled!

The sword of kingship dissipated in a flash, fading into nothing.

Fennel stood on the spot and frowned. Seeing this scene, a flash of helplessness appeared on his face before he retracted the red dragon halberd.

At the same time, Spencer was covered in cuts and bruises. They were wounds caused by Fulton's punch and the backlash from his sword energy.

The clothes on Spencer's body had ripped apart and turned to ashes. With his eyes wide open, he looked at the blue sky and the white clouds. He saw a few fallen leaves that danced before his eyes.

He lost!

Was this the strength of the king of the disciple of the seventh zone?

Was this the power of the punch from an undefeated legend?

Spencer chuckled. He was upset about the loss but also very satisfied. If he fought with the power gained from the rampage, perhaps he could have killed Fennel today. However, the price would be the destruction of Hampton.

Spencer saw the resolute face that was reflected in his eyes, always so serious and cold.

"Spencer Dunley, per the lord's order, the source of your kingship power will be retracted," Fulton said coldly.

Spencer laughed, violently coughed out a few mouthfuls of blood, and said, "Fulton Hash, if I'm not mistaken, the source of my kingship is for him, right?"

Fulton's cold eyes that were like knives twitched slightly. He said, "There are some things that you aren't authorized to know. Although you've lost the source of kingship, you won't die. The lord's compensation to you is the essence of life, which can sustain your vitality for ten years."

After that, Fulton tossed a test tube filled with red liquid. It fell from the air and landed quietly next to Spencer's head.

Spencer glanced at the test tube with red liquid and laughed miserably as he said, "On the lonely path of kingship, I have finally reached this step."

Fulton did not answer but looked at Spencer quietly, waiting for him to finish speaking.

Spencer asked with a miserable smile, "When did you make me a target?"

Fulton replied, "No one can figure out the lord's plans. You're just a pawn. Although there's been a slight deviation, this is ultimately your destiny and also what awaits us."

Spencer was silent as he looked at the blue sky and white clouds. After a long while, he asked, "Is he the chosen one?"

Fulton nodded and answered, "Yes."

Spencer understood. Suddenly, he seemed to have figured many things out. He said, "Time is running out. I hope he can grow up soon."

“He’s growing,” Fulton replied. Then, he reached out with one hand, made a grabbing motion between Spencer’s eyebrows, and said, “It’ll be painful, but you should be able to bear it.”

Spencer did not speak but closed his eyes and smiled.

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The next second, a miserable howl resounded throughout Dunley Manor!

That figure roared indignantly like a desperate man. In the huge scorched pit of more than ten meters, a blinding silvery mass of light glowed for a full minute before disappearing.

Then, Fulton held a round glass crystal ball with his fingers. Inside the ball was a 3D geometrical crystal cage that trapped a silver snake that was constantly moving back and forth.

“Thanks,” Fulton said.

As he left the scorched pit, he glanced at Sterling Dunley who suddenly appeared not far away.

Sterling looked at Spencer who was passed out in the pit and a flicker of helplessness flashed in his eyes. He said to Fulton, “Has the plan begun?”

Fulton nodded and replied, “It has already started, earlier than the lord predicted.”

Sterling was silent as he motioned for someone to take Spencer back.

Fulton turned around and prepared to leave the Dunley Manor. When he passed by Fennel, he glanced at him and said, “The lord only told you to teach the Dunley family a little lesson. He didn’t ask you to make such a big commotion.”

Fennel's red halberd was behind his back. He shrugged and said, "My sister's death can't go unavenged."

Fulton did not comment but left with his impressive back facing Fennel.

Fennel glanced at Sterling, who was looking at him with a face full of anger and hatred. He said nonchalantly with his hands behind his neck, "Sterling Dunley, don't look at me that way. My grudge against the Dunley family is considered resolved as of today."

With that said, Fennel turned around and left as well.

Sterling looked at the two people who had departed, then at the dilapidated Dunley Manor. Deep hatred welled in his heart. Just as he turned around and was about to look at Spencer, three figures draped in black robes with triangular patterns branded on their chests suddenly appeared behind him.

"Sterling Dunley, order from the left deputy commander of Nonagon!"

Sterling was shocked when he heard the words and quickly said with a howl, "I shall receive the order."

The man in the middle of the group took out a black iron token branded with the pattern of the big dipper from his robe and said, "The left deputy commander has a message for Patriarch Dunley."

Sterling quickly responded, "Please go on."

“If the Dunley family wants to survive, it’s better to break all cooperation with the Clarke family and submit to Nonagon. Nonagon will do its best to protect the Dunley family. I wonder what Patriarch Dunley thinks about it?” the black robed man asked.

Sterling was taken aback. After a long silence, he smiled and replied, “Lord Enforcer, my Dunley family has just suffered a disaster. As you can see, the Dunley family still needs me to deal with the aftermath. Why don’t you wait until I’m done organizing everything before I give my reply to the left deputy commander?”

The black- robed man smiled and said, “It doesn’t matter. The left deputy commander has said that you can take your time to consider this. As long as you agree to submit to Nonagon and the left deputy commander, Charbury will always belong to the Dunley family. In six months, once the restriction in the fifth zone is lifted, the Dunley family will receive a spot to enter. At that time, it won’t be impossible for the Dunley family to produce another king of disciples. ”

Hearing this, Sterling’s heart stirred as he asked nervously, “Did the left deputy commander agree to this?”

The black robed man smiled and said, “Patriarch Dunley, this opportunity is too good to miss. I hope you will think about it carefully.”

With that said, the three black- robed men disappeared in a flash and left the Dunley Manor.

Sterling stood in place with a strange glow in his eyes. If the Dunley family produced another king of disciples...

When Philip was in the hotel suite, he felt the rampant energy fluctuations!

When he finally recovered his senses, Fennel had already pushed the door open and entered. He sat on the sofa, crossed his legs, and said with a laugh, "Brother, aren't you going to congratulate me?"

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Philip turned around, rolled his eyes at Fennel, and asked, "What did you do to the Dunley family?"

Fennel shrugged as he poured himself a glass of wine and said, "Nothing much, I just took Spencer Dunley down."

Hiss!

Philip frowned and asked, "You took him down?"

Fennel nodded before shaking his head again. "It wasn't all me. It was the battle god at your father's side."

"Fulton Hash?" Philip asked with a frown, "Why is he here?"

Fennel said, "To clean up the mess."

Philip thought about it and did not dwell on the issue. He changed the topic and asked, "Was that terrifying raging energy just now because of you and Spencer? What were the two giant swords in the sky?"

Fennel thought for a while, snapped his fingers, and asked, "Do you want to know?"

Philip nodded and said, "Tell me quickly. What is it?"

Fennel pondered briefly and explained, "To summarize it simply, they're called the Swords of Kingship. They're special energy fields formed by the kings of disciples using their own power, also called the Swords of Damocles. They're symbols of our identity and strength. The more battered the sword, the more power that can be used by the king of disciples. At the same time, it also means that the king of disciples will be on the verge of a possible rampage. Once that happens, the Sword of Kingship will fall, killing the king of the disciples while destroying everything around it. This is the double edged sword of the power the kings of disciples hold. Nonagon has been studying the method to counter this situation but to no avail."

Philip frowned and felt that it was hard to accept this new information.

"Between you and Spencer, who won?" Philip asked.

"He has lost his source of kingship and has been reduced into an ordinary human," Fennel said lightly.

"The source of kingship? What is that?" Philip asked.

Fennel thought about it and replied, "All the kings of disciples are the chosen ones. To become a king of disciples, one must have a special ability and also be recognized by some special power behind the door. The source of kingship is the source of all the power of the king of disciples. Without the source of kingship, the king will be no different from a normal person."

Philip frowned as he inhaled sharply and did not speak for a while.

Fennel seemed to read Philip's emotions and said, "In fact, this world is not the way you see it. There are many things that I can't explain to you in detail now. For some concepts that are beyond the world you know, you'll need to accept them as soon as possible."

Fennel also knew that Philip was digesting his words, so he sat silently without disturbing him.

After a long while, Philip asked, "When will you start teaching me to unleash my potential and the rules for controlling matter?"

Fennel looked at Philip and thought for a moment before saying, "I planned to look at your potential today but the current situation is a little unbecoming. Let's return to Upper Creek first. I need to find a few people to prepare some things."

Philip nodded in agreement before asking, "By the way, any updates about my sister?"

Fennel shook his head and replied, "Not yet. The force behind your sister is a little troublesome. We can't just look at it from a secular perspective."

"Does it have something to do with Nonagon?" Philip asked.

Fennel nodded, leaned back on the sofa, and said, "The results of my current investigation show that Nonagon must be the one operating behind the scenes. Moreover, your sister's case might also be related to your mother."

"My mother?" Philip was puzzled.

Fennel hummed and said, "Didn't you say the last time that your sister left something for your daughter? You should go back and take a look at it. Maybe there are some clues."

Only then did Philip remember that when Hannah left without saying goodbye, she said that she had left something for Mila. He did not think too much about it at that time. The gift should still be with Mila.

Without further delay, Philip and Fennel soon returned to Upper creek.

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He immediately went to the hospital to visit Anne. She was already out of danger and in good condition.

After that, he returned to the hotel. In the living room, he saw Wynn sitting together with Martha and Charles.

Seeing Philip's return, Wynn quickly asked, "How is it? Did you catch the perpetrator?"

Philip nodded and replied, "They've been caught. You can rest assured."

Wynn breathed a sigh of relief but blamed herself. "It's all my fault. If not for me, Anne wouldn't have gotten hurt."

Philip gently patted Wynn's shoulder and said, "Don't blame yourself, it's not your fault. Everything has been taken care of. Anne is already out of danger. Don't worry about it."

At this moment, Martha, who sat on the side, pouted and said with contempt, "If I must say, that damned girl is better off dead. Back then, she even dared to yell at me. Bah!"

Hearing this, Philip frowned. He turned his head, stared at Martha coldly, and said solemnly, "Don't you think your words are too vicious?"

When Martha heard that Philip dared to talk back to her, she immediately became angry and cursed, "Philip, what do you mean? Do you treat me as an old woman sitting in a wheelchair and no longer see me as your mother-in-law? Let me tell you, if not for the fact that Winnie

is pregnant with the second child and you've got a little better, I wouldn't show an ounce of courtesy to a loser like you no matter what!"

Philip raised his eyebrow, turned around, and walked toward Martha.

Martha shuddered in fright at this scene. Especially when she saw Philip's cold eyes looking down on her, her fear welled from her heart. However, since Wynn and Charles were around, she did not need to be afraid of Philip.

Martha glared and said fiercely, "What? Do you dare to hit me in front of my daughter?"

Smack!

As soon as she said that, Philip raised his hand and slapped Martha while reprimanding, "I've had enough of you. Don't force me to do anything to you that I shouldn't."

Charles shrank back at this slap and dared not make a sound.

Wynn also frowned and said to Martha, "Mom, can you stop being so unreasonable?"

Upon hearing this, Martha immediately cried and said, "Well, well, my son-in-law just hit me but my daughter is blaming me for it instead. I can't stay in this family any longer!"

With that said, Martha yelled at Charles to push her out of the suite.

After they left, Wynn took Philip's hand and said, "I'm sorry. I can't figure out my mother either."

Philip took a deep breath and said, "Tomorrow, I'll get someone to send them back. Martin Johnston won't dare to act rashly in Riverdale for now."

Wynn nodded in agreement.

At night.

The towering pointed building of Nonagon was heavily guarded. It was closely surrounded by defensive facilities and combat groups.

Like a tall pillar in the dark, the building stood under the starry night. Near the building, hovering helicopters patrolled constantly.

At this moment, a green armored jeep stopped in front of the building.

Chandler Curtis and Chief Montgomery got out of the vehicle one after another. After verifying their identities, they passed through 16 guarded doors and arrived at the central part of the building.

At this moment, four men and women of varying ages were already sitting in the central conference room that was equipped with modern and high-tech facilities. Everyone possessed the aura of a superior being.

As Chandler entered, the five pavilion masters of the Nonagon gathered together.

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After Chandler entered, Chief Montgomery stood behind him respectfully, not daring to say a word. He might hold a high position in the central combat division, but here, he was just a subordinate. Especially when facing these five pavilion masters, he was just an ordinary person not worth mentioning.

Chandler took his seat and said directly, "I believe everyone already knows, so let's get right to the point."

"Chandler, for you to call a meeting with the five pavilions in such a hurry, is the kingship incident in Hampton really that tricky?"

The person who spoke was a woman in her 40s or 50s. She had a thin face and indifferent eyes that displayed an air of superiority, just like a high priestess in a church. She wore a purple robe embroidered with the pattern of a griffin soaring above flames. Behind her, a man in the same purple robe stood respectfully.

This middle-aged woman was none other than the master of Griffin Pavilion, Dahlia Una. She held the honorary title of 'Envoy Una' in Nonagon.

What happened to Fennel's sister back then was caused by a directive issued by Envoy Una. She claimed that Fennel's sister was the nemesis of the disciples and a blood sin. Hence, she issued an order to trap her with a group of fellow explorers in the unexplored dark area behind the door.

This led to Fennel's sister ending up as the sacrificial lamb and dying on the battlefield!

Chandler flicked a glance at her as a trace of ruthlessness flowed in his eyes. He motioned to Chief Montgomery to enter all the monitoring data into the computer.

Then, Chandler gestured to everyone to look at the 3D display on the conference table and said, "This is all the monitoring data of the kingship power incident in Hampton. Pavilion Master Una, what do you think of this incident?"

Dahlia's shapely eyebrows furrowed deeply as she stared at the data monitoring report. Waves of anger and murderous intent appeared on her face as she said gravely, "He's nothing but a defector of Nonagon. It's already a gift to him that we allowed him to live until now."

Chandler added, "He's the king of disciples in the fifth zone and also the most promising candidate to enter the sixth zone. Pavilion Master Una, I have yet to figure out where the blood sin that you mentioned back then came from."

Hearing Chandler questioning her, Dahlia's expression changed imperceptibly. The corners of her eyes trembled slightly as she said, "This is the business of my Griffin Pavilion. The Turtle Pavilion has no right to question it yet."

"That's enough!"

At this moment, a deep bellow interrupted the conversation between the two.

"Pavilion Master Curtis, is it true what you said about the appearance of the king of disciples in the seventh zone?"

The speaker was a burly middle-aged man clad in white iron armor. This suit of armor was branded with a roaring white tiger on the chest.

The middle-aged man clenched his fists that propped his chin up. He sat there like a mountain. His eyes that were like copper bells could make one's heart palpitate. His copper skin glowed with a dazzling luster, and his bulging muscles made people shudder.

He was the master of Tiger Pavilion, Zayn Lowe. He was extremely fond of fighting!

Once, he fought his way through the sixth zone alone, opened up a safe area, and made a great achievement. Among the five pavilion masters, he was recognized as the one with the strongest combat power!

Of course, that was excluding the master of the Dragon Pavilion who had never made a move.

Chandler replied, "Pavilion Master Lowe, there's no need for me to joke about this matter. This is the energy data monitoring report of the Hampton kingship power incident. The energy of the third Sword of Kingship exceeded the monitoring authority of our central combat division. According to the on-site data monitoring and comparison, the third king of disciples who appeared was none other than the battle god who followed that person back then, Fulton Hash."

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Hiss!

At the mention of this name, the faces of several people darkened as they gasped.

It was him!

The corners of Zayn's eyes twitched as a burst of aura flowed from his body. Fulton Hash was his life's opponent!

He was also the person he respected the most. However, they had chosen different paths in life.

Bang!

Zayn slammed his hand on the conference table, stood up, and said gravely, "Since he has appeared, the five pavilions should make a stand. The Tiger Pavilion will take charge of this case."

However, as soon as he finished speaking, the middle-aged man sitting at the main seat of the conference table who had yet to say a word finally spoke up. "Pavilion Master Lowe, don't be hasty."

The middle-aged man who spoke was wearing a light green tight-fitting robe with a green dragon embroidered on the collar and cuffs. On the back of the robe was also a green dragon that soared through the clouds!

He belonged to the most mysterious pavilion among the five, the Dragon Pavilion!

Pavilion Master Fitzgerald Hale.

The Dragon Pavilion was the most mysterious and unfathomable of the five pavilions of the Nonagon. Pavilion Master Fitzgerald Hale was also an existence that no one could see through.

When the five pavilions were established, the pavilion master of the Dragon Pavilion was already there. After so many years, the number of times he had made an appearance could be counted with one hand.

No one even knew his true age.

Moreover, there were not many disciples in the Dragon Pavilion, only 24.

Although there were only 24, these disciples of the Dragon Pavilion possessed explosive combat power. Every one of them had the strength to go up against 10,000 people!

The existence of the Dragon Pavilion was to maintain the balance behind the door. Each of the five pavilions was in charge of a zone, but the Dragon Pavilion had its own offices and disciples in each zone.

Their power penetrated the entire Nonagon.

Fitzgerald's face was indifferent, and no one could read him. He glanced at the monitoring data report with searing eyes before asking, "Has Spencer Dunley's source of kingship been taken away by Fulton?"

Chandler nodded and replied, "Spencer didn't go berserk. All his kingship power has disappeared. I believe the source of kingship in his body has been taken away from Fulton."

Fitzgerald nodded, got up, and walked to the large French window. He stood with his hands behind his back, his fingers slowly twirling. His wise eyes seemed to penetrate the night. He said quietly, "It's that person's handiwork. It seems that he's planning something that we don't know about."

"That man?"

At this moment, a young and beautiful woman who was dressed sexily frowned. She asked, "Who is it?"

She was wearing a tight-fitting fiery red dress. It looked like the feathers of a phoenix. She was coquettish, hot, and sexy. With her curvaceous figure and tiny waist, any man would have lingering thoughts about her.

She was the new master of the Phoenix Pavilion, Susie Sharp. She was only 23. She was like the goddess of the entire Nonagon and the object of admiration of all disciples!

She was young and beautiful!

She might be young, but to be able to sit in the position of the master of the Phoenix Pavilion, her strength could not be underestimated.

Chandler focused his attention and answered Susie's question, "Pavilion Master Sharp, have you ever heard of the legend of the Forbidden Door?"

Susie furrowed her shapely eyebrows before her face became filled with shock. She exclaimed, "It's that person?"

Chandler nodded before his eyes fell on Dragon Pavilion Master Fitzgerald Hale, who had his back to the crowd. He asked, "Pavilion Master Hale, are you sure you want to make a move this time?"

The First Heir - Chapter 1845

Fitzgerald's eyes blazed as he stared at the city shrouded in darkness. He said, "We haven't met for many years. I'll go and meet my old friend."

After saying that, Fitzgerald's entire person passed through the glass in front of him. The piece of glass that could not even be shattered by missiles undulated with ripples.

The next second, in the eyes of the other four pavilion masters, they saw Fitzgerald's body being suspended hundreds of meters high in the sky. There were streams of green light under his feet, and he stepped on the void as he left everyone's sight.

Chandler was full of astonishment as he murmured, "The strength of Pavilion Master Hale has reached a new level. His control over spatial rules, as well as his ability to deconstruct and reassemble matter has entered a new realm."

The other three also revealed approving expressions and wondered about the strength of the Dragon Pavilion Master.

Just how strong was he?

Just as the four pavilion masters were prepared to leave, a black-robed figure walked straight in. His hands were folded in front of his abdomen, and there was a geometric pattern of a golden triangle on the chest of his black robe.

He bowed his head slightly to the four pavilion masters before saying respectfully, "Four pavilion masters, it's been a while."

At the sight of this newcomer, the four pavilion masters also nodded their heads slightly.

Chandler asked, "Lord Shadow, does the deputy consul have any instructions?"

The black-robed man said, "The deputy consul told me to pass a message to the four pavilion masters. The existence of the five pavilions is to maintain the security of Nonagon and stabilize the forces and special powers behind the door. Likewise, the five pavilions are also to maintain some of the secular frameworks and agreements. The kingship power incident in Hampton has severely affected the secular world and brought unnecessary trouble to Nonagon. I hope that the pavilion masters can provide a solution as soon as possible."

Zayn Lowe scowled when he heard those words. He stepped forward with his figure that was as sturdy as a mountain and stood directly in front of the black-robed man.

He said coldly, "The deputy consul is not yet qualified to point fingers at the five pavilions! Go back and tell your master that the five pavilions have our own way of handling this case!"

While saying that, a compelling aura exuded from his body, and the surrounding walls began to crack because of Zayn's leaking energy!

Seeing this scene, Chandler quickly stepped forward and said with a smile, "Pavilion Master Lowe, calm down. After all, this is the deputy consul's instruction."

Then, Chandler said to the black-robed man, "Lord Shadow, the five pavilions will come up with a plan to deal with this matter. However..."

The tone of the conversation changed.

Chandler added, "The five pavilions have our code of conduct. Given that the kingship power incident in Hampton didn't cause too much impact on the secular world, the five pavilions will keep a low profile while handling this case."

The black-robed man raised his eyebrows. His golden pupils flashed with a streak of light. A faint smile appeared at the corner of his mouth as he bowed and said, "I understand."

With that said, the black-robed man exited the five pavilions' conference room.

Boom!

Right when the other party left, Zayn punched the wall with his fist, causing a loud bang. The entire wall exploded!

He said angrily, "Damn that Cooper Berry! When did it become his turn to give orders to the five pavilions?"

Chandler sighed and said, "Pavilion Master Lowe, the lord consul is still stuck in the seventh zone and has yet to return. Currently, he's the one in charge of Nonagon. Although the five pavilions can act without listening to Deputy Consul Berry's order, as we're all under the same roof, it's still better to make concessions."

"Hmph!" Zayn snorted coldly, waved his hand, and left the conference room.

Following that, Dahlia Una also left condescendingly. On the other hand, Susie Sharp smiled and asked Chandler, "Pavilion Master, where's Fennel Leigh now?"

Chandler turned around and looked at Susie who was smiling sweetly, asking, "Are you going to look for him?"

With an innocent and lively smile on her face, Susie nodded and said, "Back then, he left without saying goodbye. He hasn't given me an explanation yet."

With his hands behind his back, Chandler nodded and said, "Don't tell anyone I said this but he's in Uppercreek."

When Susie heard this, she put her arms around Chandler's neck and said, "Grandpa Curtis, you're the best. I'll cook your favorite dish when I return. By the way, my mother-in-law spoke about you recently..."

Chandler laughed blissfully.

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.

The First Heir - Chapter 1847

It was rare for Philip to return. He had only been back for a few days and they had not even enjoyed their time together yet. Now, these people were about to take her husband away. How could Wynn not be angry?

Philip's eyes suddenly flashed with a cold light. He did not act recklessly but asked indifferently, "Which unit are you from? What authority or reason do you have to take me away?"

A trace of coldness and impatience was reflected in the eyes of the thin faced man. He pulled out his ID and tossed it to Philip.

"Internal Combat Division Investigation Bureau!" he said solemnly.

Philip looked at the other party's ID. Sure enough, he was a junior commander. Then, he casually tossed the other party's ID in the trash can on the roadside!

"I'm sorry, I don't know this unit. If there's nothing else, I'll be sending my wife upstairs," Philip said with a slightly mocking smile.

His act of throwing away the ID was extremely cocky. He was deliberately provoking the other party and trampling on their authority!

The thin faced man scowled as his eyes flashed sinisterly.

He glanced at the ID that had been tossed into the trash can and a taunting smile appeared on the corner of his mouth.

This guy by the name of Philip Clarke was very cocky. No wonder the supreme told him to personally bring this person back.

One of the subordinates standing behind the leader was also dressed in the same green uniform. When he saw Philip provoking his superior in such a manner, he immediately became angry. He pointed at Philip and roared, "You, retrieve Junior Commander Weiss' ID at once!"

After saying that, a sinister expression washed over the man's face. He looked as if he would kill Philip as long as he refused.

However, Philip merely replied flatly, "Don't talk to me like that. I don't like it. Besides, you're scaring my wife. The person who last spoke to me like this..."

"What?" the man twitched his eyes and asked fiercely.

"The grass on his tomb is already three meters high." Philip suddenly smiled provocatively, his eyes filled with unbridled arrogance.

Hearing this, the man in uniform was furious.

'Was he saying that he was courting death?'

Immediately, the man in uniform glared at Philip furiously and shouted, "You're dead!"

With that said, he clenched his iron like fist and punched Philip's face!

“Ah!”

Wynn screamed in fright and tried to pull Philip back. The corner of Philip’s eyes froze as a violent aura exploded from his body. He raised his hand and grabbed the other party’s fist.

Boom!

A muffled sound exploded in the air!

When the young man in combat uniform saw that the other party could grab his fist so easily, he was furious and tried to kick him.

However, Philip did not give him the chance at all. He exerted some force and rotated the other party’s fist 90 degrees.

A crunching sound was heard!

Immediately after, a muffled groan could be heard from the man in combat uniform. His face turned pale, and his facial features were contorted due to the extreme pain.

“Go to hell!”

However, even though his arm had been broken by the opponent, the man in combat uniform still clenched his other fist. With the force of thunder, he punched Philip again.

Philip had no choice but to raise his foot and violently kick the man in the stomach.

Bang!

Like a cannonball, the man flew out and crashed heavily into one of the jeeps!

The First Heir - Chapter 1848

Boom!

The glass windows of the jeep shattered instantly. With a muffled grunt, the man in combat uniform slumped on the ground, throwing up bile!

Philip dusted off his pants indifferently and said disdainfully, "Is a person like you worthy of your combat uniform? Go back and train for a few more years."

Junior Commander Weiss scowled at his words. A trace of gloom flashed across the corner of his eyes as he glanced at the subordinate who had fallen to the ground for a long time. He failed to get back up. He said coldly to the other four, "Take him down and bring him away!"

At his order, the remaining four men in combat uniforms walked toward Philip with grim faces.

Wynn was so nervous that she wanted to call the police. However, Philip smiled at Wynn and said, "It's useless. With the other party's background, the local authority won't be able to do anything."

After that, he looked at Junior Commander Weiss coldly and asked, "Even if you want to take me away, you have to give me a reason, right?"

"A reason? Okay, we'll fulfill your wish. We suspect that you're colluding with foreign forces and want to bring you in for investigation. Is that a good enough reason?" Junior Commander Weiss scowled.

“Foreign forces?” Philip laughed in exasperation.

What foreign forces? This was totally an unfounded allegation.

The sneer on Philip’s face remained as he asked, “Where is your evidence that I colluded with foreign forces? Also, who’s the person behind you? To have such means and have a junior commander take me in, I think the person behind you is not that simple.”

“Evidence? Once we bring you in and conduct a thorough investigation, all evidence will be there.”

Junior Commander Weiss’ tone was extremely flat as he said, “Of course, if you’re innocent, we will naturally release you.”

Philip smiled and asked, “Internal Combat Division Investigation Bureau, huh? I’m curious to find out which supreme’s command you belong to.”

“This is a Level five classified unit. You have no right to find out,” Junior Commander Weiss said.

Apart from the grim expression on his face, nothing else could be discerned.

In the past, as long as they showed their IDs, no matter who the other party was or how big their background was, they would obediently go with them. However, the young man in front of them today was clearly different from anyone they had met in the past.

“What if I don’t go with you?” Chills already began to flow from Philip’s eyes.

The other party must be someone of great power to strike out at him directly!

Which supreme could it be?

When Junior Commander Weiss heard Philip's words, he looked at the disdain on Philip's face and said, "How could you still laugh at this point? In that case, I might as well tell you the truth. The person against you this time is an existence you can't afford to mess with. As you've guessed correctly, we're affiliated with a supreme. As for which one, you don't need to know. Moreover, I have to remind you not to put up any resistance. Otherwise, we can kill you on the spot! Even if you're not afraid of death, you have to think about your wife and children."

As soon as he said that, the four men in uniforms next to him put their hands on their uniforms. The next second, Philip could see streaks of shiny silver light. Philip frowned upon recognizing what they were holding Desert Eagles!

This group of people was not afraid of creating a big commotion.

Wynn trembled with fright as she clutched Philip's arm tightly. "Phil, what should we do?"

Philip narrowed his eyes and said with a bland smile, "Don't worry, I'll go with them. I really want to find out who's behind them."

The First Heir - Chapter 1849

Wynn realized what Philip was about to do. Her delicate little hands held his hands tightly as she said with worry, "Do you really want to go with them?"

"Don't worry. Your husband isn't someone any Tom, Dick, or Harry can capture at will."

Philip smiled gently and reached out to bop Wynn on her nose. He added, "I'll arrange for someone to send Mom and Dad back to Riverdale today. I'll also arrange for someone to protect you closely here. Lydia will be here to keep you company soon. As for me, don't worry. I'll be fine."

Wynn shook her head as her eyes reddened. She did not want Philip to leave.

Philip smiled, hugged Wynn lightly, and whispered in her ear, "If I'm not back in three days, you can contact George Thomas with the Dragon Seal my father gave you last time. He'll know what to do."

Wynn shuddered as her eyes glistened with tears. She looked at Philip with great reluctance.

When Junior Commander Weiss saw the two of them hugging each other as if no one else was present, his face immediately darkened. He waved his hand and said coldly, "Take him away!"

Level five classified unit ?

Internal Combat Division Investigation Bureau ?

Just from the names alone, it was clear that the organization behind Junior Commander Weiss was a force to be reckoned with. Just as Junior Commander Weiss gave the order to take Philip away, two men in uniform walked over and held Philip's arms, trying to drag him into the car.

However, Philip ignored them, pushed them away violently, and bellowed, "Get lost! I can walk on my own!"

When he said this, the aura he exuded was that of someone who had experienced life and death on the battlefield. A biting killing intent also reflected in his eyes, and the two men in uniform could not help but shudder!

At this scene, Junior Commander Weiss frowned and said, "Let him get in the car himself."

Philip took two steps before he turned around to look at Wynn who was crying bitterly. He said, "Don't worry about me. Take care of the baby. I'll just go in and take a look. If they don't give me an explanation, I won't let them even think about getting away with it. At that time, even if they try their best to send me away, I won't leave."

Wynn could not help but laugh at Philip's words. At this time, he was still in the mood to joke with her.

Then, a look of worry crossed her face as she said, "No matter what happens, I'll wait for you."

After that, Philip turned around and got in the car, while several men in uniform stood next to him, keeping a close guard on him. As long as the other party made the slightest movement, they would take him down on the spot. That was the hidden order they had received!

Junior Commander Weiss sat in the front passenger seat. He turned back and looked at Philip coldly before saying to the driver, "Drive!"

Soon, the car started and drove on the streets of Uppercreek.

Wynn looked at the green jeeps rumbling away and still felt very worried, so she immediately contacted Victor Bell's men.

Here, Philip sat in the back of the jeep and glanced at the two men in uniform sitting upright next to him. He folded his arms over his chest, looking cocky and unafraid of death. There was a mocking glint in his eyes, and he asked with a smile, "Since I'm already in the car, can you tell me now what kind of institution the Internal Combat Division Investigation Bureau is?"

Junior Commander Weiss, who sat in the front passenger seat, said solemnly, "You don't have to concern yourself over what kind of institution we are. You'll know when you arrive. I advise you to think about what you've done. Once you get there, you can explain everything in one go and save us the trouble of speaking on your behalf."

With that said, Junior Commander Weiss turned around and said with a sneer, "For someone like you to be taken away by the Internal Combat Division Investigation Bureau, you must be up to no good. In other words, once you get in, don't even think about getting out."

Hearing that, Philip frowned. A hint of coldness appeared on his expression as he said, "What have I done? I don't know what you're talking about. Why don't you remind me? Or why don't you just tell me what I've done?"

At this point, Philip was not afraid at all and was even taunting the other party. This time, he wanted to take a good look at the mastermind behind the scenes. Since these few members of

the combat squad were affiliated with a certain supreme, the issue involved must be quite serious.

The First Heir - Chapter 1850

Which supreme could it be?

Could it be the former supreme whom Monty Simmons previously served?

After thinking about it, Philip still could not figure it out, so he simply gave up. He would just take things one step at a time. Since the other party wanted to take him away, he would just let them. He was not worried about his safety at all. There would always be a solution to a problem!

The more relaxed he was, the better he could cope with the various unknown dangers ahead.

“What you’ve done can’t be changed. We’re taking you back to the War Tribunal this time,” Junior Commander Weiss said, “Think about it carefully and strive for leniency.”

‘War Tribunal?’

Philip was indeed slightly surprised when he heard the name of this institution. He had left the Dragon Warriors for several years but they were still bringing him to the War Tribunal.

He had to say that the people behind the scenes had some impressive tactics.

However, Philip did not appear anxious or worried. Instead, he looked at Junior Commander Weiss with interest. This guy was getting a little too cocky and arrogant. He was just a junior commander. Philip had come across many such people in the past.

Reed Williams was his teacher. Facing these people, Philip was fearless.

Inside the car, the men in uniform treated Philip coldly, not showing him any kindness at all. After all, they were just acting on orders. As for what was at stake, they had no idea. They were duty-bound to follow orders.

At this moment, the jeep suddenly braked sharply. Junior Commander Weiss huffed coldly. "What's going on?"

The driver's eyes widened as he looked ahead.

Several people looked over in unison. At the exit of Uppercreek, a large group of thugs in black suits had gathered around. A dozen black Mercedes Benzes were also parked by the roadside!

Seeing this scene, Junior Commander Weiss' face was full of chills. He turned to look at Philip who still appeared calm and asked, "Are those your people?"

Philip was also a little surprised and said with a faint smile, "Maybe."

Junior Commander Weiss frowned, turned around, and pushed the car door open. He put on his helmet before getting down from the car.

Two men in uniform got down from the jeep behind them. Like two guardians, they stood next to Junior Commander Weiss, one on each side. They protected him at all times.

As long as the people from the other party made the slightest movement, they would directly execute their authority to kill!

Junior Commander Weiss' face was full of chills, and his eyes reflected dazzling cold light. He stared at the dozens of black-suited thugs in front of him and said solemnly, "We're the Internal Combat Division Investigation Bureau. All of you, get out of the way! Otherwise, we will consider you as colluding with the enemy!"

The First Heir – Chapter 1851

However, the dozens of black-suited thugs on the opposite side remained silent. They merely stared at the men in combat uniforms.

A little while later, the group of black-suited thugs formed a path. From behind them, a man with an imposing figure walked out.

Victor Bell.

At this moment, he walked out and frowned when he saw the jeeps and men in green uniforms.

When did Young Master Clarke mess with these people?

This was a big deal!

“Everyone, I’m sorry. May I ask what your reason for taking Young Master Clarke away is?” Victor was still polite. After all, he was just an underground lord in the Uppercreek area. Compared to these people from a combat squad, he was still far behind.

If this came to a fight, he would definitely lose. Thus, Victor restrained his emotions and held a tight grip over his men.

A man in uniform next to Junior Commander Weiss barked at Victor coldly at this moment, “You have no right to ask. Quickly get out of the way!”

Hearing this, Victor's eyes froze. He glanced at the jeep Philip was in and said with a laugh, "That might be a little troublesome. You can't just take the person in the car away so willfully. Even if you want to take him away, you have to give a reason."

"A reason?"

Junior Commander Weiss, who had not said a word, sneered at this moment.

Then, he walked toward Victor in his shiny leather boots. With blazing eyes, he stared at Victor fixedly and asked gravely, "Are you asking me for a reason?"

Victor dared not make a sound as he looked at the man in front of him. Although his body was thin and slender, he exuded a formidable aura and gave off heavy pressure akin to a mountain. It caused Victor's forehead to drip with cold sweat.

He chuckled and said, "Of course not. Your unit must be classified. I know I have no right to question you. However, the one in the car is my young master. If you take away an innocent person for no reason, you'll be crossing the line."

"Crossing the line?"

Junior Commander Weiss sneered and kicked out with his foot!

Bang!

Instantly, Victor was kicked away by Junior Commander Weiss. Fortunately, the group of men behind Victor quickly supported him as he stabilized himself. However, Victor's face looked very unpleasant. He might have broken some ribs.

“This is crossing the line!”

Junior Commander Weiss said coldly before he swept his gaze over the group of black-suited thugs. He shouted angrily, “I, Hal Weiss, will give you a final warning. Get out of the way immediately. Otherwise, I'll take it as everyone here is colluding with the enemy and you'll be punished on the spot!”

This order carried Junior Commander Weiss' battle hardened prestige!

Indeed, it shocked many people present!

Victor stood up with great difficulty. The pain in his stomach made his complexion turn bad.

He was just about to say something when the window of the jeep rolled down, revealing Philip's smiling face. He said, “Victor, go back. You can't intervene in this.”

“Young Master Clarke, this...” Victor endured the pain and wanted to say something.

Philip just shook his head and said, “Protect Madam. You don’t have to worry about the rest. Also, if a person named Fennel Leigh comes looking for me in the hotel today, you may tell him that I’ve been taken away.”

Hearing that, Victor could only nod in response.

After that, he motioned to all his men to make way. Soon, the jeeps drove away and left in front of Victor and the rest.

The First Heir – Chapter 1852

Looking at the jeeps that were driving away, Victor said worriedly, “Send me back and immediately secure the hotel. Make sure to protect the madam’s safety. Also, inform Theo Zander of Riverdale and the patriarch of the Jensen family in Uppercreek that Young Master Clarke has been taken away by the members of the combat squad.”

“Master Bell, you should go to the hospital first.” Seeing the cold sweat on Victor’s forehead, an underling advised.

Victor nodded and said, “You guys make the arrangements. I can go to the hospital myself.”

On this side, after the jeeps left Uppercreek, they drove for more than two hours and left the border of South River District before entering the vast mountains. This place was not far from the border of Charbury. Surrounded by wide stretches of mountain ranges, the vehicles sped along the winding mountain highway.

These people did not blindfold Philip, as if to say that he had no chance of leaving once he was taken away this time.

About an hour later, the car entered the boundaries of Charbury and headed straight toward the development area of Songfield in Charbury, where countless factories could be found.

Philip looked at his surroundings. He never expected that he would return to Charbury, the place he just left.

The land of Charbury fell under the central region. If he remembered correctly, it should be the fiefdom of that supreme. Was it not the former supreme who wanted to take him away, then ?

As he thought about it, the car had already entered a chemical plant. Construction was going on all around the chemical plant, and the air was filled with a pungent smell.

Philip could not help but inhale two mouthfuls and almost choked to death.

He looked at the signboard at the entrance of the plant, Songfield Wentworth Chemical Ltd. It was a listed company too.

Interestingly enough, the base of the Internal Combat Division Investigation Bureau was actually inside a chemical plant. In other words, this factory was the identity they put on for the outside world to see.

As the jeeps entered the vicinity of the plant, Junior Commander Weiss, who sat on the front passenger seat, revealed a relieved look on his cold face.

Needless to say, Philip detected the change in the other party's expression. In that case, this place was their stronghold.

Soon, the vehicles passed the front of the factory and headed straight to an office building. Philip glanced around the office building and saw a dozen people on patrol. Although they were dressed in casual outfits, the way they looked at the vehicles could not be mistaken. Only former combat personnel could produce that piercing look.

Moreover, as the car continued to drive farther in, several gates at the back were guarded by personnel wearing green combat uniforms and armed with guns.

Once here, there was basically no need to hide.

When Philip looked up to a certain high platform, he even saw a blinding glare. It must be a hidden sniper. Things were getting more and more interesting. As the car drove in and passed through several closely guarded gates, the car slowly went underground and the line of sight began to darken.

At this time, Philip's gaze also gradually became cold because Junior Commander Weiss had taken out a walkie talkie, not a mobile phone. This meant that there was no signal in the surroundings.

It seemed that this group of people was determined to trap him here at all costs.

“Is this the stronghold of your Internal Combat Division Investigation Bureau? It's quite interesting. The defense facilities and personnel around here are pretty good. In the past, one of our squads specialized in infiltrating and executing the leaders of such strongholds,” Philip said coldly.

When Hal Weiss, who was at the front, heard this, he turned his head and looked at Philip. He asked, “Were you a soldier too?”

Philip shrugged, crossed his arms over his chest, and said flatly, “Oh? You brought me here without checking my information?”

Hal scowled. After thinking about it, he sneered and said, “I didn’t expect that you were a soldier too. It’s a pity. But I’m warning you, don’t think about escaping. This place is not as simple as you think. I advise you to give up that unrealistic idea because it’ll cost you your life!”

The First Heir – Chapter 1853

A flash of contempt crossed Hal's eyes when he finished speaking.

This was his turf. No matter how strong the other party was, how could he escape from this heavily guarded place?

That was simply wishful thinking. Once here, Philip need not dream of getting out. This place was the tomb of all villains!

One bullet from each person and anyone who harbored the intention of escaping would be riddled with bullets.

Soon, the car came to the end of the road and stopped on open ground. They were already underground. The surrounding dim wall lights made one feel as if they had arrived in an underground cage.

Although underground, the air circulation here was good, indicating that the ventilation facilities here were very admirable. Moreover, to build such a large underground office, it was enough to display the strength and means of the people behind.

Philip got off the jeep and looked around. Several men with guns came for the handover.

He smiled and said to Hal, "Junior Commander Weiss, I'm getting more curious now. I really wonder which supreme you belong to that he's greeting me with such pompadour. Also, by bringing me to such a heavily guarded place, have you made up your mind not to release me?"

Hal turned his face sideways, looked at Philip indifferently, and said, “You don’t need to know so much. The more you know, the worse it will be for you.”

After that, Hal said a few words to the people who came for the handover before waving his hand as a signal for them to take Philip away.

The two men armed with guns approached and wanted to grab Philip’s shoulders, but the latter narrowed his eyes and said coldly, “Try touching me if you dare.”

Seeing the coldness reflected in Philip’s eyes, the two men armed with guns suddenly froze and glanced at Hal.

Hal frowned and said, “Just let him be.”

Even Hal was startled by the intensity displayed by Philip just now.

One would not possess that kind of killing intent without experiencing life and death on the battlefield. In other words, this guy had experienced the cruelest and most desperate conditions!

In tandem with what Philip had said earlier about him being engaged in such executions before, Hal had pretty much guessed Philip’s identity and strength. He had always respected such warriors, but times were different, and he was now acting under orders.

After thinking about it, Hal turned his head and said with a cold glint in his eyes, “No matter what special missions you used to take part, since you’re now here, I hope you can follow orders obediently and don’t make things difficult for me. Otherwise, you’ll have a hard time!”

Philip narrowed his eyes and sneered, “I look forward to it.”

Hal looked at Philip coldly and said a little indifferently, “Are you provoking me?”

“Provoking?” Philip smiled mockingly and said, “To deal with people like you, I don’t need to do that yet. The reason I came with you is to see who stands behind you and who’s the one giving you orders. Otherwise, there’s no way you could’ve brought me here.”

Hal frowned upon hearing that. He did not bother talking to Philip anymore and said to his subordinates, “Take him over and lock him up for a few days. Remember to take good care of him!”

Hal emphasized the words ‘good care’.

Now that he was here, he was already as good as half-dead!

Soon, Philip was brought by two combatants to a certain room where vicious criminals were held. This room was similar to a cage, with walls on three sides made of concrete that could not be breached without special tools.

The fourth side was a reinforced steel door. It could be said that this was a cage no one could escape from.

Philip took a few glances. There were five or six people locked up in the room, all of them ferocious looking. Most of them were foreigners. Those who were locked up here were most likely not decent people probably agents or spies from other countries.

The First Heir – Chapter 1854

After a few brief glances, Philip understood the strength of the people in the room.

These people, with ruthless glints and killing intent in their eyes, were villains who had experienced life and death. Such ferocity was not an emotion but a kind of savagery imprinted in the bones. If Philip was never with the Dragon Warriors, he would not be able to deal with these people.

Seeing Philip being brought in, the few guys in the room flicked him a cold glance before minding their own business or closing their eyes to rest.

It seemed that no one took Philip seriously.

The only difference was that Philip's clothes were different from their prison uniforms.

Philip chose a corner and sat down, his mind racing with thoughts. He was wondering who wanted him dead this time or if they wanted to keep him locked up in here forever.

The biggest possibility was that former supreme. However, the territory of Charbury was not affiliated with that guy.

This was a little tricky.

As Philip thought about it, he simply lay on the bed, closed his eyes, and got ready to rest.

This scene was clearly recorded by the camera in the corner.

At the same time in an office, Hal respectfully said to the back of a valiant looking person in front of him, “Miss Una, that person has been brought in and is now locked in Warehouse 8. As per your instructions, some bloodthirsty killers are also being held inside.”

That figure in front was not at all simple. It was someone from the Nonagon.

The instructions Hal Weiss received were to act upon her orders.

“Very good.”

That beautiful figure stood with her hands behind her back as she said coldly.

At first glance, one could tell that this figure belonged to a woman. She wore a lavender tight-fitting outfit, had a hot figure, and had a pair of long legs. She was a delicate beauty.

Just her side profile alone was gorgeous enough, like a flower that was about to bloom. It caused men to be unable to move their eyes away from her.

Suddenly, she turned around. Her face was so beautiful that Hal Weiss, who had never experienced any stir of emotions, could not help being stunned and surprised!

It was the first time he saw such a beautiful woman. Especially her lavender eyes that were like deep pools of temptation. They seemed to exude attractive magic that made people unconsciously want to open their hearts to her.

“Oh, am I beautiful?” The corners of the woman’s lips curled up. Her giggle made the man gasp.

Hal was startled and snapped back to his senses. He quickly lowered his head and explained, “I’m sorry. I have no intention of offending you. Please forgive me.”

Miss Una smiled and said, “It’s okay. You’re not the first man to show me that look, but you’re unlike others.”

Hal’s cheeks could not help but heat up at those words. His subordinates would be shocked if they saw that. Hal had always been a cold and aloof person, with only his home country in his mind. A hardened man who once led dozens of men in battle and annihilated thousands of enemy troops was actually blushing at this moment.

“Did he ask who brought him here?” Miss Una asked, a playful smile flashing from the corner of her eyes.

Hal replied, “He did, but we have a confidentiality agreement. He doesn’t know Miss Una’s identity yet.”

“Well done. Bring me there. I want to see what this Philip Clarke is capable of to make my mother treat him with such caution.” A cold smile of curiosity and eagerness appeared at the corner of the woman’s mouth.

The First Heir – Chapter 1855

Hal's expression changed as he quickly said, "Miss Una, I don't recommend that you go there now as your identity is too special. If Philip notices anything, it might get a little troublesome."

Mandy Una's shapely eyebrows furrowed before she chuckled. She sized up this interesting junior commander in front of her and asked, "Are you worried about me?"

Hal looked embarrassed and quickly shook his head while explaining, "No, Miss Una, you've misunderstood. I just..."

"Hahaha..."

Mandy giggled, her voice like tinkling bells that made Hal's heart jump ablaze.

"Well, don't worry about me. I'm just going to take a look. Lead the way." Mandy had already stepped out when she finished speaking.

Hal looked at the swaying graceful and enticing back before hurrying to catch up to her. He said, "Miss Una, this Philip Clarke..."

His voice faded.

Soon, Hal led the tall and charming Mandy to Warehouse 8, the most heavily guarded underground cage.

She stood three or four meters away from the steel railings of Warehouse 8, just looking at Philip lying on the bed from afar. A slight smile appeared on her mouth.

Hal stood next to Mandy with a respectful look on his face and whispered, “Miss Una, do you need me to wake him up?”

Mandy nodded.

Following that, Hal walked to the steel railings and yelled coldly at Philip, who was resting with his hands under his head, “Philip Clarke, get up. Someone is here to see you.”

Upon hearing that, Philip opened his eyes slightly, raised his head, and looked at the poker faced Hal Weiss. Then, he noticed the woman behind him with her arms crossed over her chest. Her delicate figure exuded the charms of a mature woman.

Philip had never seen this woman before. Was this the person behind the scenes?

Too young.

It seemed that she was not the big fish, just one sent to test the waters.

Hence, Philip ignored them and continued to lie on the bed while saying indifferently, “What’s up? If there’s nothing, don’t disturb my rest.”

Hearing Philip's nonchalant words, Hal clenched his fists in anger and said coldly, "Audacious! How dare you be so disrespectful to Miss Una?!"

Ashe said that, Hal ordered someone to open the warehouse door, wanting to go in and teach Philip a good lesson.

However, behind him, Mandy's high heels clattered enticingly. She approached the steel railings and raised her hand, signaling Hal to stop. Then, she looked at Philip carefully with her beautiful and mesmerizing eyes. With a soft exclamation, she said, "He looks just like an ordinary person. Why would mother treat him with such caution?"

Of course, Philip heard her remark. He frowned and sat upright. With serious eyes and a taunting smile on the corners of his mouth, he stared at Mandy and asked, "Beautiful lady, may I ask who is your mother? Why did you bring me here?"

When Mandy heard Philip's words, she was slightly startled. With a slight smile, she said, "I didn't expect you to still be in the mood to compliment me after getting here."

Philip shrugged and said, "Beauty is meant to be praised. If you're happy with my compliment, tell me who's behind you and what your purpose is."

The corners of Mandy's mouth turned up as she pretended to be cute. She pressed her slender jade like fingers to her fiery red lips, pouted, and said, "I'm indeed happy to be praised by a stranger for being beautiful, but I can't answer your questions."

After saying that, Mandy smiled slyly as she looked at Philip with curiosity. Philip shrugged, lay down on the bed again, and said no more.

The First Heir – Chapter 1856

Seeing that scene, Hal said to Mandy respectfully, “Miss Una, let’s go.”

Mandy nodded and turned around. After taking a couple of steps, she turned around again and glanced at Philip who was lying there.

‘This man was quite interesting.’

Not long after leaving, Mandy’s previous cutesy demeanor was replaced by a cold and aloof look. She said to Hal who was following behind her, “Junior Commander Weiss, this person must be guarded under enforced security. I can’t help feeling that he’s not as simple as he appears to be.”

“Not simple?” Hal was taken aback before he laughed mockingly and said, “Miss Una, you worry too much. No one can escape alive after getting here. He may have been a former soldier with some skills and brains, but now that he’s here, he’s no more than a normal person.”

In Hal’s opinion, Philip was just a warrior before and had some skills. However, that was about it.

Hal overlooked Philip’s skills because many vicious villains were secretly imprisoned here, all top agents or assassins of a certain country. Any random person picked out from this group could kill Philip in seconds.

Mandy nodded. The two returned to the office, and Mandy immediately looked at the surveillance screen of the prison cage where Philip was being

kept. Looking at the lying figure, a strong look of curiosity and mocking appeared in her eyes.

“Junior Commander Weiss, I don’t want him to live comfortably these few days. Do you know what I mean?” Mandy turned to look at Hal next to her.

Hal naturally understood and nodded his head in response. “Miss Una, your order will be carried out.”

Mandy nodded. Of course, she knew that those people locked up in Warehouse 8 were the top agents and killers of all countries. For a guy like Philip to stay in there, he would probably start begging for mercy within a day.

Back to Philip. He lay on the hardwood bed and kept thinking of countermeasures. His mind had never been so clear before. Many things flashed before his eyes like a movie. Even his plan to return to Arcadia Island slowly evolved and enhanced in his mind.

Mandy just stared at the monitoring screen, her shapely brows slowly furrowing. She never thought that this guy could still fall asleep so leisurely in such an environment.

Should he not be anxious and nervous? Moreover, the atmosphere in Warehouse 8 was too harmonious.

Mandy turned her head and looked at Hal unhappily.

Hal was startled. Just now, he was looking at Mandy's graceful S-shaped silhouette as she bent over to look at the surveillance screen. Especially that perky made him a little distracted.

Now that their two gazes collided, Hal quickly took out the walkie-talkie and ordered, "Try him out. Don't let him sleep so peacefully."

Soon, as seen in the surveillance footage, a foreigner with tanned skin walked up to Philip. With fierce eyes, he frowned as he looked at this newcomer who had his eyes closed. Strong displeasure appeared in his eyes.

Philip was resting when he felt a vicious kick from someone. It made him upset.

He opened his eyes and saw a petite man in front of him. He was the only person with such stature among these six people.

"What's up?" Philip asked with a frown.

The First Heir – Chapter 1857

“Hey, newcomer, clean this place up, understand?”

The man with tanned skin looked at Philip contemptuously and mocked, “It’s your turn for cleaning duties now. Use your towel and clean the toilet!”

Before Philip entered, the villains locked up in Warehouse 8 had already received instructions from Hal Weiss that they needed to take good care of the newcomer. By doing this, they could get the chance to go out for some fresh air.

They had been locked underground for several years now, facing the gray walls and steel railings every second of the day. To them, escape and freedom were extravagant hopes.

Being able to go above ground to see the sky and breathe in some fresh air was their only pursuit now. Since the order from the top was for them to teach this newcomer a lesson, not only could they get some exercise but they could also go out, which naturally made them eager to take a shot at Philip. Moreover, they heard that this newcomer was a rookie, so when Philip just arrived, they treated him dismissively and did not even look at him directly. Philip looked at the urinal pit in the corner with dark yellow liquid splashed all over the place.

He flicked a cold glance at it before retracting his gaze. Still lying down, he said to the foreigner with an unhappy expression, “Clean it yourself if you want to. I’m not doing it.”

With that said, Philip continued to close his eyes, not paying attention to the foreigner in front of him at all.

“Damn it, you’re quite arrogant, huh? I have the final say on who cleans the toilet, not you!” The foreigner’s eyes were full of anger and mockery. He pointed at the pit and shouted coldly, “I’m ordering you to clean it up now! Otherwise, I’ll shove your head into the urinal, you son of a b*tch!”

This petite man was called Tyrone, an assassin from Country T who infiltrated into this country. He specialized in intelligence transmission activities. He was caught by local authorities a few years ago and had been detained here since. He could be considered a very skillful agent who once escaped from the siege of dozens of people, but in the end, he encountered Hal Weiss.

Everyone in Warehouse 8, whether sitting or lying down, were first class agents. Compared to the rest, Tyrone was nothing but rubbish.

When he first came in, he was overbearing and refused to yield to anyone. However, after just being locked up in here overnight, he conceded and completely caved in!

There was nothing but maniacs and freaks in Warehouse 8!

At the thought that he once suffered the brokeback mountain humiliation, Tyrone felt disgusted and had goosebumps all over!

Now, the opportunity was finally here and Tyrone was wildly ecstatic. He was best at bullying a newcomer. However, from the current looks of things, this

newcomer named Philip Clarke was obviously a little arrogant, which really annoyed him.

Philip merely lifted his eyelids slightly, looked at Tyrone coldly, and said with a frown, “I have to clean just because you told me to? Who said so?”

In fact, Philip knew clearly that this was likely the orientation program. He had been with the Dragon Warriors in the past and naturally knew some of the rules.

It was really interesting that such a lowly tactic was being used on him now.

As he said that, he tilted his head slightly and glanced at the camera with a red light in the corner.

Some people were bound to be disappointed.

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!

The First Heir – Chapter 1859

In the office, Mandy Una and Hal Weiss were staring at the surveillance screen. A faint sneer appeared on the former's face. She was eager to see what exactly was so extraordinary about Philip Clarke that made her mother give the order to trap him inside here.

Hal also looked at the surveillance screen with uncontrolled pride in his eyes. He laughed sarcastically as he said, "Miss Una, as long as this agent from Country M makes a move, this kid won't remain alive and kicking."

Philip's eyes were slightly narrowed at the moment. With his arms across his chest, he looked at the bear like man in front of him and said with a smile, "Do you have an opinion?"

The agent from Country M did not like Philip's provocative attitude at all. Making use of his tall figure, he reached out and grabbed Philip's head, trying to dunk him.

However, before his hand touched Philip's head, a huge force slammed into the agent's stomach!

The burly bear-like man was kicked and sent crashing into a wall before he fell to the ground with a loud bang. From his appearance, he seemed to weigh at least 100 kg. When he fell, the entire ground shook. This agent was a good fighter in Warehouse 8, but Philip had sent him flying with just one move!

This made Tyrone dumbfounded for quite a while. Obviously, the agent from Country M had belittled his opponent too much that he got kicked like that. Many people were shocked at the scene and felt that it was unbelievable.

Under such circumstances, the other four people who were still indifferent earlier when watching the excitement coldly stood up at this moment.

Philip swept his eyes over them as a sneer appeared at the corner of his mouth. He clapped his hands indifferently, looked at them nonchalantly, and hooked his fingers at them. He said provocatively, “Do you want to come at me together? Come on, then.”

His clear eyes blatantly revealed contempt and disregard.

“Let’s attack together and kill him! Let’s show this kid what this place is!”

The agent from Country M on the ground roared at this moment. He clearly felt that his abdomen and internal organs had suffered a huge impact.

With the kick just now, he understood that the newcomer in front of him was not a rookie at all!

Such explosive power could only be possessed by special personnel who had undergone special training.

As soon as he said that, the remaining few people rushed over with a fierce look on their faces. They wanted to make a move on Philip.

However, at this moment, one of the men who had been lying in the corner opened his eyes leisurely. He cursed angrily, “So noisy! Can’t you let me sleep in peace?”

When Philip heard this voice, his heart suddenly jolted. It sounded familiar.

Then, the few people who surrounded Philip stopped moving when they heard the man in the corner talking. After that, they stood on both sides respectfully and bowed to the man who stood up while stretching. They said, “Ethan, are you awake?”

The man was obviously a local with an arrogant and disdainful attitude. His hands were in his trouser pockets, and he had a sluggish appearance. He walked up to the Country M agent who stood on one side after getting up from the ground while clutching his stomach. He slapped the agent on the head and reprimanded him like he was scolding a child, “You stupid bear, is that all you’ve got? You even got kicked out by a newcomer. Don’t you think that you’re a disgrace to Country M?”

The brawny agent lowered his head, nodded vigorously, and said, “You’re right.”

Although that arrogant and handsome man was wearing prison garb, it could hardly conceal his noble and domineering demeanor.

He walked to Tyrone who had disrespected Philip earlier, looked at his arm, and chided, “Useless piece of trash. Your punishment is to clean the urinal pit for a month!”

When Tyrone heard that, his face was ashen and he wanted to cry. Likewise, he looked at Philip with deeper resentment. However, he dared not make any retort in front of this Ethan guy.

This was what made Warehouse 8 so terrifying. This man was a nightmare for all of them!

The First Heir – Chapter 1860

Immediately after, Tyrone quickly said, “Ethan, you can’t blame us for this. This kid is too cocky. He just came in yet dares to be so lawless. In the future, he might even go over your head.”

Tyrone had not done too well after infiltrating this country but he had perfected the art of sowing discord.

The handsome man frowned at this time. He turned around and looked coldly at Philip who sat on the bed. He asked, “Hey, who is that kid? How dare he throw his weight around on my turf?”

However, when he finally saw Philip’s face clearly, he exclaimed in shock and froze on the spot!

“Ethan, what’s wrong with you?” Tyrone could not help asking.

Ethan was the maniac of Warehouse 8. No! To be precise, the maniac of the entire underground prison!

He held the title of Battle Maniac. Everyone who was brought here had been brutally abused by Ethan.

No matter which country’s agent they were or if they were a wanted person in more than a dozen countries, once they got here, everyone would be taken care of and tamed by Ethan.

However, Ethan was now looking at Philip as if he had seen a ghost!

There was even a trace of fear and respect in his expression.

The handsome man completely ignored Tyrone's words and looked at Philip with a shocked expression. After a long while, he finally shouted, "Oh my, Big Brother, why are you here?"

'Big brother?!'

As soon as these words were spoken, all the people in Warehouse 8 were dumbfounded!

Philip was also very helpless at this moment. He sat on the bed, shrugged as he stood up, and said with a smile, "Ethan Clarke, you sure live a comfortable life. You've recruited many underlings here, huh? No wonder Uncle Tim said he hasn't been able to find you recently. To think that you're hiding here."

Hearing this, Ethan showed a look of surrender. He scratched the back of his head and grimaced as he said, "Big Brother, this... I had nothing better to do so I came in here for some peace and quiet."

"Nothing better to do? Peace and quiet?" Philip chuckled. He knew his cousin best.

He was mischievous since he was a child and caused a lot of trouble. Later, he was sent to Reed Williams for training and finally settled down for a few years. He did not expect to run into this rascal here.

Ethan looked like a mouse in front of a cat. In fact, he was always beaten up miserably by Philip when he was a child. He smiled shyly and grumbled, “It’s all because of my old man who insisted on arranging a marriage for me. I don’t even know what the girl looks like and he wants me to marry her. Besides, how old am I? I still want to play around for a few more years.”

Upon hearing that, Philip patted Ethan on the shoulder, shook his head, and said, “You’re still too young. One day in the future, you’ll regret it.”

At the same time, Tyrone asked with an incredulous face, “Ethan, do you know him?”

Ethan turned his head and glared at Tyrone. He went over and slapped him silly before saying coldly to the bloodthirsty agent and spies, “All stand at attention!”

Clatter!

Instantly, the six vicious and terrifying villains of the underground prison stood at attention with their heads held high while waiting for instructions. If word of this got out, the entire underground prison would be in an uproar!

Ethan stood with his hands behind his back and introduced, “To give you a grand introduction, this is my elder brother and also your big brother! From now on, we’re a family. Do you understand?”

The First Heir – Chapter 1861

When facing Philip and Ethan, the several men of varying heights were as fearful and well-behaved as a mouse in front of a cat.

“Big Brother!”

In unison!

All six men bent and nodded respectfully to Philip. At first glance, they seemed well-trained and must have received a fair share of beatings!

Especially the agent from Country M and Tyrone, who made a move against Philip earlier. Their eyes darted about now, afraid that Philip would cause trouble for them.

Philip glanced around, and Ethan understood. With one hand in his pants pocket, he pointed with his other hand at the agent and Tyrone while saying, “Aren’t you two going to apologize to our brother?”

Tyrone was the first to concede, nodding eagerly while admitting his mistake, “B-Big Brother, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to. I was wrong!”

The agent also apologized while bowing at a 90-degree angle and lowered his head, not daring to speak. Although the searing pain in his abdomen made his forehead full of cold sweat, he dared not raise his head casually.

Philip waved his hand and said, “It’s okay, I know you received instructions from the top.”

Hearing this, Tyrone and the agent from Country M, as well as the others, heaved a sigh of relief.

This person was a man whom even a devil like Ethan feared. He must not be that simple. He might even be more devilish than the devil himself. Thinking of this, Tyrone could not help but shudder. Fortunately, he was not reckless. Otherwise, he might have died without knowing the reason.

At this time, Ethan said to Philip with a grin, “Brother, why are you here? Did you fight with Sister-in-law and come here to hide?”

Upon hearing this, Philip glared at Ethan in a huff and said, “Do you think I’m like you? You only know how to hide when you encounter a problem, the same as what you always did when you were a child. Don’t you like the girl that Uncle Tim introduced to you? Which family does the young lady belong to?”

Hearing Philip’s question, Ethan leaned back on the bed, crossed his legs, and said, “Who else could it be? The Joo family’s daughter, Vivi Joo.”

“Vivi Joo?”

Hearing this name, Philip’s expression changed to one of awkwardness. He stroked his chin and cleared his throat. He was quite familiar with Vivi Joo.

Come to think of it, he had not seen her in a while. This seemed to be a forced political marriage, and the other party turned out to be his cousin.

“Vivi Joo... I’ve seen her before,” Philip thought for a moment and said casually.

Hearing that, Ethan turned around and sat up straight. His eyes widened as he looked at Philip with a silly smile. He quickly got up, dusted the bed with his sleeve, and said flatteringly, “Brother, have a seat. It’s more comfortable here.”

Philip furrowed his brows as the corners of his mouth curled up slightly. Seeing the look on Ethan, he immediately knew what this kid had in mind.

Sure enough, as soon as Philip sat down, Ethan asked with a grin on his face, “Brother, what does this Vivi Joo look like? Is she pretty?”

Philip rolled his eyes at him and pretended to put on airs. “Well... She’s the daughter of the Joo family, after all. How can you judge a person by her appearance? Since Uncle Tim has agreed to this marriage, you might as well just go along with it.”

Upon hearing this, the excited expression on Ethan’s face disappeared. He muttered, “Marry her if you want to. I don’t want to marry a woman I don’t know.”

Philip snorted and said, “Don’t you think I know your character well enough? You really don’t want to marry her?”

“No, I don’t!” Ethan said seriously.

Philip nodded as he lay down on the bed and said, “Okay, I’ll talk to Uncle Tim later and help you to cancel the marriage. It’s a great pity. Vivi Joo can be considered as the leader of the six golden flowers of the capital city...”

Upon hearing this, Ethan’s eyes lit up. He quickly turned his head and said with a flattering smile, “Brother, what did you say? The leader of the six golden flowers of the capital city?”

Philip ignored him but Ethan kept buzzing around him, begging Philip to tell him about Vivi Joo.

On the side, Tyrone, the agent from County M, and the others who were standing in rows at the corner were completely dumbfounded when they watched this scene. That was the devil of this underground prison who held the title of Battle Maniac. At this moment, he was actually so...

Sure enough, all men were obnoxious!

The First Heir – Chapter 1862

While on this side, Mandy Una and Hal Weiss had been staring at the surveillance screen. At this moment, they were completely dumbfounded. No one expected this dramatic scene.

Not only was Philip not suffering, but he even became the guest of honor in Warehouse 8!

As Mandy watched the reality unfold before her eyes, she almost went mad with anger. She turned her head with a scowl on her face. Her shapely eyebrows carried a biting chill as her pale lavender eyes glinted. She shouted, “Junior Commander Weiss, what’s going on here? Who is that man in Warehouse 8?”

Mandy’s jade like finger pointed at Ethan who was walking around Philip on the monitor screen.

Hal also looked guilty and helpless as he said, “Miss Una, we can’t touch this person. He’s not within our authority.”

Mandy frowned and asked coldly, “Why? Didn’t you tell me that Warehouse 8 is full of vicious Villains, spies, and agents from various countries? How can this man be so powerful?”

Hal glanced at Ethan’s figure on the screen and said helplessly, “Miss Una, this person’s confidentiality authority is far above mine. He’s a level-7 classified personnel! He wasn’t captured by us. He came in on his own.”

“Level-7 classified personnel? He came in here himself?”

Mandy was shocked. She lowered her eyebrows and looked hard at the surveillance screen at the man surrounding Philip Clarke. This man who looked handsome but acted frivolously actually had a level-7 classified identity!

‘Who was he?’

‘In that case, who the hell was Philip Clarke?’

‘How could he make a man with level-7 classified authority treat him with such respect?’

“No way, I need to go there again. I want to see for myself what kind of people these two are!”

Mandy was very angry. With a sway of her hips, she turned around and left the office without further ado.

Hal glanced at the monitoring screen with resentment and helplessness before chasing after her.

On this side, Philip’s status in Warehouse 8 had already changed from a newcomer to a guest of honor. He soon got acquainted with this group of spies and agents.

After asking around, it turned out that they were all spy agents working in the territory. They even revealed their agent codes and secrets. Moreover, everyone had blood on their hands.

Since they were locked up here, no matter how many people came to interrogate them and tried to get valuable information out of them, they had kept their mouths shut and never mentioned a word.

However, Philip merely asked a few simple questions and all of them confessed. It was mainly because of Ethan who stood next to Philip. He gave them a lot of psychological pressure and a sense of fear!

“Well then, this can be considered as atonement for your crimes. It’s impossible to let you out since you are our enemies, after all. However, I can apply for a short vacation for all of you.” Philip looked at the group of people in front of him with a cold expression on his face.

Facing important matters as such, Philip still had a sense of measure. This group of spy agents would stay in the territory for the rest of their lives and die of old age.

However, at this moment, a cold voice sounded.

“You should be worrying about yourself instead of their well being!”

At this moment, Mandy Una strode briskly up to the railings of Warehouse 8 with a biting chill in her eyes. She stared intently at Philip and Ethan, who was next to him!

The First Heir – Chapter 1863

Philip turned to look. The door of Warehouse 8 was already opened. Mandy swayed her hips and walked in while displaying a charming and imposing manner. When they saw Mandy walking in at this moment, all the agents squatting in the corner moved away tactfully.

“Keres, do you think this woman is here to see Ethan or Big Brother?”

At this moment, Tyrone was like a little girl next door with his sneaky eyes darting all over Mandy. He looked very much like a gossipy grandpa in a neighborhood.

As for Keres, the agent from Country M with a bear-like figure, endured the pain as he shook his head and said, “I don’t know.”

Tyrone rolled his eyes at him. Keres was famous for being a man of few words.

When Mandy heard Tyrone’s words, she turned her head and glared at him coldly. Tyrone was so scared that he quickly shut his mouth, lowered his head, and stopped talking.

Philip was nonchalant. The woman in front of him acted as if she harbored great hatred toward him as if he was a scumbag who dumped her.

“Oh, Miss Una, did you miss me so soon?” Philip said with a chuckle. With his head pillowed on his hands, his eyes leisurely swept over Mandy’s figure. He had not looked closely before, but it seemed that Mandy Una’s body was

extraordinarily hot. She had all the curves in the right places and a tiny waist. Her wavy hair and flaming red lips would make any man stop in his tracks!

Next to him, Ethan could not help but give a thumbs up at Philip's words and said, "My brother is still so awesome. Does my sister-in-law know about this?"

Philip turned his head and glared at Ethan. The latter closed his mouth obediently.

However, this sentence made Mandy angry. She did not expect Philip to be so frivolous and abominable!

Despite that, what she did not expect was that Philip's next sentence was even more revolting!

"Judging by your looks, you must have frequented many high-end places. Why are you staring at me all day long? Do I have gold on me?" Philip laughed mockingly.

What he wanted to do was to stoke Mandy's fury. When a person got angry and flew into a rage, it was easy to lose rationale.

Sure enough, his words made Mandy so angry that she started to tremble.

Likewise, those guys in Warehouse 8 also looked at Philip with admiration.

One word, awesome!

Second word, amazing!

Mandy angrily clenched her fist. The hidden lavender light under her eyes reflected a biting killing intent. In the Nonagon, everyone was respectful to her, but when she got here, she was actually humiliated by a scoundrel who was nothing!

Furious!

Mandy almost could not hold back and was about to kill Philip right here on the spot!

“Hey, Miss Una, if you look at me like that, I’ll get scared. I didn’t do anything to you. I’m married and have a wife. Can you not pester me like this?” Philip said with a sneer.

“Hal Weiss, bring him out! I want to teach him a lesson personally!” Mandy shouted coldly and sternly.

After saying that, she turned around on her high heels and left in a huff. However, Philip’s next words almost made Mandy stumble.

“Oh no, my brothers, I’m sorry. She wants to be alone with me in a room.”

Hearing these words, Hal, who was responsible for bringing Philip out of the prison cell, also had a face full of icy coldness. He glared at Philip viciously and said grimly, “You’ll die from talking too much!”

Philip turned his head and smiled faintly. He was led out by two men in combat uniforms holding his arms. This time, he did not struggle but left with Hal very obediently.

Ethan stood at the door of the prison and looked at Philip’s departing back as well as the others. A hint of devilish chill and killing intent flashed in the corners of his eyes!

Just now, Philip had told him not to act rashly. Otherwise, according to Ethan’s temper, he would have turned this place upside down!

The First Heir – Chapter 1864

Soon, Philip was taken into another secret chamber that was surrounded by white walls and incandescent lamps overhead. The whole room was bright, even a little blinding.

In the middle was an iron table with four legs welded to the floor.

A man in combat uniform came over and put handcuffs on Philip's hands.

The handcuffs look very unusual. There was a black steel ring with a coin-sized LCD screen on it, displaying the number 0 that was red in color.

Philip looked at it and frowned. These were no regular handcuffs as they were a high-tech product. After a brief glance, Philip laughed and said, "Buddy, it's not easy to take this thing off after it's put on."

On the side, Hal said coldly and mockingly, "Are you hoping to take it off? These are the latest electronic handcuffs developed specifically to deal with people with combat experience like you. As long as you try to break it, the handcuffs will release an electric current. The more you struggle to break free, the greater the voltage! The maximum voltage can directly electrocute four cows! Believe me, those guys in Warehouse 8 have all been subdued by this thing!"

Philip frowned upon hearing this.

At Philip's expression, a vengeful sneer appeared at the corner of Hal's mouth.

At this time, Mandy walked in and said coldly to Hal, “Get out!”

Hal was taken aback and said, “Miss Una, this guy is not an ordinary person. I want to stay here and protect your safety.”

Mandy turned her head as a dazzling light flashed from her eyes. A regal aura exploded from her body as she sneered and said, “Do I need your protection?”

At that moment, Hal felt as if he was struck by lightning. Mandy’s intensity was too strong!

Just for a moment, Hal even had the urge to bow and worship her. Thinking that she was from the Nonagon, Hal conceded. He turned around and left the secret chamber.

Philip chuckled, looked at Mandy in front of him, and asked, “Are you going to interrogate me alone?”

Mandy had completely erased her charming persona from before. Her expression now was very cold, and her eyes were full of angry resentment.

Bang!

She made a sudden move and stomped on Philip’s feet with her high heels.

A muffled grunt!

Philip's face instantly went pale. He tightly clenched his fists as his body tensed. His eyes suddenly widened with angry flames!

At the same time, the number 0 suddenly spiked up to a value of 230 on the LCD display of the electronic handcuffs.

Sizzle!

Philip abruptly stood up and roared when the electronic handcuffs on his wrists surged with a blue electric current, crackling and sizzling in the process. Instantly, Philip felt as though his whole body was numb. He slumped back on the iron chair again, limp and paralyzed!

He roared inwardly!

Damn it!

Like what Hal said, with these electronic handcuffs, the more he struggled, the greater the voltage!

“Philip Clarke, since you're here now, I can easily kill you!” Mandy's face was full of vicious smiles like a femme fatale.

The First Heir – Chapter 1865

Philip still felt numb all over from the electrocution and simply leaned back on the iron chair. There was a trace of disdain and provocation on his face as he said, “Miss Una, are you getting so furious and desperate that you want to use torture methods on a handsome guy like me?”

Mandy was slightly stunned when she heard this.

Did this guy still have the mood to be narcissistic at this juncture?

He really had no idea what his current situation was. Mandy sneered and moved her high heels away from Philip’s feet. She stared at him coldly while saying, “You don’t seem to be afraid at all. I really don’t know where your confidence comes from.”

Philip scoffed and said, “That’s because my face value is justice. A handsome guy like me has had a tough life. As for you, by using people from the battle squad to bring me here like this, aren’t you afraid of causing unnecessary trouble? I’m really curious about the person behind you.”

Mandy laughed lightly with an intriguing smile. Leaning close to Philip’s ear, she said in a charming voice, “I’m also very curious to know what’s so noteworthy about you that can make us deploy such forces to bring you here. Why don’t you tell me who you are, who is behind you, and what secrets you have?”

At these words, Philip frowned and raised his head. His gaze was blazing as he looked at the seductive woman in front of him.

Did she not know who he was?

He chuckled. Philip asked, “You don’t know who I am?”

Mandy shrugged and said disparagingly, “Why should I know?”

Philip shook his head, looking a little helpless. He said, “So it seems that you’re just a pawn.”

Hearing this, Mandy was unhappy and said, “A pawn? You think too little of me. I might as well tell you that I’m a member of the Nonagon. How about it? Have you ever heard of it?”

‘Huh? The Nonagon?’

Philip was dumbfounded as a doubtful look crossed his face. It could be said that he had heard a lot about the Nonagon recently. It seemed that this Una chick really did not know much about him.

Seeing Philip’s face full of doubts, Mandy smiled smugly and said, “So, have you never heard of the Nonagon before? Hehe, let me tell you that the power wielded by the Nonagon is far greater than anything you can ever imagine! Even that Junior Commander Weiss outside can only condescend in front of me.”

“Now let me ask you, do you really think you can escape from the palm of my hand?”

Mandy smiled with a proud and triumphant expression while saying, “You don’t have to answer me right away. You can slowly digest the information. When you figure it out, tell me honestly who you are, where you come from, what you have done, what secrets you have, and anything else I want to know. If you explain everything to me in one go, I can leave you a whole body.”

Pompous and egotistical. That was Philip’s evaluation of Mandy Una.

It seemed that this young lady was raised with a silver spoon in her mouth. She regarded herself too highly. However, this could also inversely reflect that her identity and status were not that simple.

Nevertheless, Philip was puzzled. Did he have anything to do with the Nonagon ?

Why would people of the Nonagon detain him like this ?

Thinking of this, Philip scoffed and said, “Miss Una, it seems that you think I’m a good-for-nothing. Or perhaps in your opinion, I’m just an insignificant ant ?”

“Of course.”

Mandy shrugged, raised her shapely eyebrow, pursed her flaming red lips, and said, “In the eyes of the Nonagon, someone like you is just a little better than an ant. In this world, there are many secrets you don’t know about. If you don’t want to die a miserable death, just honestly answer the few questions I asked just now.”

“Haha!”

Philip laughed.

“What are you laughing at?” Mandy scolded angrily. She was getting more and more upset Willi Philip. She really wanted to kill him just like that.

However, she dared not disobey her mother’s order.

Philip’s smile was the greatest contempt for her at this moment.

The First Heir – Chapter 1866

“Am I not even allowed to laugh now?” Philip raised his hands, shook the electronic handcuffs in his hands, and said, “I already have these on and I’m still not allowed to laugh? Are you afraid that I’ll escape and get back at you?”

Hearing this, Mandy laughed uproariously and said, “Interesting. Get back at me? I heard from Junior Commander Weiss that you used to be a soldier. It seems that the arrogance of a soldier has not been extinguished from you. If possible, I’d love to have you join me as a bodyguard.”

Philip shrugged and said disdainfully, “No thanks, because you won’t have that chance. From the moment you brought me in, you and I are already enemies. Moreover, I can tell you clearly that no matter who stands behind you and no matter what status you have in that Nonagon, in my opinion, there’s nothing for me to fear.”

Upon hearing this, Mandy instantly got angry!

“What did you just say? Are you defying me?” Mandy smiled grimly and coldly.

She had wanted to put a little pressure on Philip to see if she could get anything out of him. To her surprise, this guy did not know what was good for him and even acted so arrogantly.

“It seems that if I don’t make you suffer a little, you won’t know what this place is and what kind of person I am!”

Mandy could not bear it any longer. She walked over and stomped violently on Philip's foot again. This time, the force was unusually huge!

Philip's whole body tensed!

He clenched his fists and tried hard to break free from the electronic handcuffs, but the electric current hit him directly and his body went weak.

Thus, Philip could only endure the pain in his foot and sneered, "Are you angry? Is that all you can do?"

Mandy sneered and said coldly, "Come in and take good care of him! I want him to know the consequences of defying me!"

Soon, several ferocious looking men in combat uniforms walked in through the door.

Mandy turned around and said before she left the room, "Don't kill him. It's okay to break an arm or leg."

After receiving the order, several men in uniforms nodded in response. Then, they approached Philip grimly.

Philip frowned and looked at the three men in combat uniforms in front of him. Each of them was not a simple person.

Before this, Philip might be able to defeat them easily. However, now that he had these obstructive electronic handcuffs around his wrists, he had no ability to fight back at all.

“Sorry, we’re just carrying out orders.”

One of the three men in the lead said to Philip. They already knew that Philip used to be a soldier and was still quite respectful.

Philip nodded and said with a bland smile, “On the account of your words, I can give you a choice. If you leave here right now, I’ll pretend that nothing happened.”

Hearing this, the man in uniform frowned and said, “As warriors, we are bound to obey orders.”

With that said, he was first to approach Philip steadily. With a punch, he attacked Philip’s stomach.

Boom!

A loud noise!

Before the fist of the man in the uniform landed on Philip’s stomach, the door of the secret room behind him was violently kicked open from the outside.

“Whoever dares to touch a hair on my brother’s head, I’ll exterminate him!”

An explosive roar sounded from the doorway!

The First Heir – Chapter 1867

Suddenly, a figure full of killing intent, like the Grim Reaper from hell, walked into the secret room with his hands in his pants pockets.

When Ethan saw Philip with his hands cuffed at this moment, deep anger crossed the corners of his eyes as he stared intently at the men in combat uniforms.

“Release my brother from the handcuffs!” Ethan said coldly with indomitable pressure.

The men in combat uniforms gasped aloud when they turned around and saw Ethan standing behind them. This man was the most difficult and terrifying guy in the entire stronghold.

He held the title of Battle Maniac here!

They still remembered back then when Ethan used his own power to defeat all the guards here before he walked into Warehouse 8 amid the shocked and incredulous gazes of everyone.

He fought his way in here.

Even after the supreme commander learned about the seriousness of the matter and rushed over to meet Ethan, he could not do anything. He only left a warning no one should mess with this man!

Otherwise, they would face catastrophe!

Later, it was rumored that this man was actually the successor of Supreme Williams of Southridge. He was the person with the most potential to become the next supreme figure of Southridge!

He had a level-7 classified authority!

The leader of the three men in combat uniforms scowled and frowned. He looked at Ethan and finally said weakly, “Ethan, don’t give us a hard time. We are acting on orders. If you want to take him away, you can only step over our bodies.”

After that, all three men in combat uniforms assumed a fighting stance as they stood in separate positions. They closely blocked Philip behind them, while keeping Ethan in front of the door. They knew that fighting Ethan would be a suicide mission.

However, they were bound by duty!

Ethan nodded and said lightly, “In that case, fulfill your duties!”

With that said, he stepped forward and stomped down. The soles of his feet produced a clattering sound!

This crunching sound directly exploded in the hearts of the three men in uniforms.

Right in front of their eyes, the aura on Ethan's body suddenly soared, climbing to the point where no one could resist at all!

“Charge!”

With a chill in his eyes, the man in the lead forcibly went up against Ethan's overwhelming killing intent. He squeezed his fist and slammed it into Ethan's chest fiercely!

The power of this punch was unusually great. A normal person who received this punch would surely have their ribs broken and lose their life!

However, Ethan merely smiled contemptuously and raised his hand.

Boom!

The man's punch was blocked by Ethan, who caught his fist firmly.

After that, he laughed lightly and said, “Too weak!”

The man in combat uniform was completely shocked. That was because his punch was not ordinary. It contained at least 300 to 400 kilograms of force. However, such an explosive punch was still blocked by the man in front of him!

The next second, the corners of Ethan's mouth curled up as he exerted a little force in his hand.

Crack!

The sound of broken bones resounded throughout the secret room. The face of the man in uniform went pale as he groaned. He quickly raised his leg and launched an explosive sidekick at Ethan's waist!

This was the weakest spot in the human body. After a kick to that part, most people would be unable to straighten up and lose the ability to move!

However, that kick also fell short.

Ethan kicked sideways as well and hit the knee of the man in uniform. With a bang, the man bent down and knelt on one knee. He was just like a courtier greeting the king.

The First Heir – Chapter 1868

Ethan lowered his eyes and looked at the man who had a pained expression on his face. He said coldly, “You’re not my opponent.”

After that, he loosened his hold and the man breathed a sigh of relief. Holding his broken right fist, his eyes tensed with fear!

Immediately after, Ethan looked at the other two men in combat uniforms and asked, “Do you want to have a go?”

The two men in combat uniforms exchanged a glance and immediately attacked with a punch and a kick.

Ethan shook his head helplessly and said, “What a nuisance. I really hate your relentless attitudes.”

With that said, he stepped forward and made his move. He grabbed one of the men’s punches and directly twisted their arm at a 90-degree angle!

Crack!

The man in uniform looked to be in pain but still endured it. He quickly drew a dagger from his left leg with his left hand and stabbed it at Ethan’s chest. However, Ethan seemed to have predicted his move. He raised his other hand, stretched out two fingers, and clamped the dagger that the opponent stabbed toward him!

Clang!

Immediately after, Ethan used his two fingers to break the shiny cold dagger.

Hiss!

The man in combat uniform and the leader who fell to the ground were dumbfounded when they saw this shocking scene.

What kind of combat power was this ?!

Horrifying!

When the remaining man in combat uniform saw this, he immediately took out his Desert Eagle from his back. “Stop it! Don’t move! Otherwise, I’ll shoot to kill!”

The face of the last man was cold with rage. He glanced at the state of his two comrades who had gone through thick and thin with him. He was furious.

However, not only did Ethan not let go, but he turned his head with a wicked smile and said, “Do you dare to pull the trigger?”

The remaining man was taken aback by this question. A trace of ruthlessness flashed in the corner of his eyes as he shouted, “Let’s see, then! Let go at once!”

Ethan smiled and released the other man in uniform.

The man with the gun breathed a sigh of relief.

However, the moment he relaxed, a black shadow flashed in front of his eyes. Before he knew what was going on, the Desert Eagle in his hand was already aimed between his brows!

When he came back to his senses, he saw Ethan holding the Desert Eagle in his hand against his forehead. With a cold smile on the corner of his mouth, he asked, “Now, do you think I’ll shoot?”

The man in combat uniform panicked, but after going through various life and death situations on the battlefield, he had long trained to become fearless in times of crisis. He chuckled and said, “Shoot me if you have the guts!”
Bang!

As soon as he said that...

A gunshot!

The man in uniform stood frozen in place, his left ear only left with a loud buzzing. In front of his eyes, wisps of white smoke emitted from the muzzle of the gun!

On the wall behind him was an eye-catching bullet hole. Ethan had fired, but it was only a warning to the other party.

Then, Ethan threw the Desert Eagle on the ground, turned his head toward Philip, and asked, “Can you stand up?”

Philip chuckled, his body still a little numb and weak. He said, “Not really. This thing is quite high-tech.”

Ethan pursed his lips, stepped forward, and put Philip’s arm around him. Then, the two brothers walked out of the secret room grandly.

“By the way, Brother, is my sister-in-law pretty?” Ethan asked cheekily.

With a blissful smile on his face, Philip said, “No one in this world looks prettier than her.”

The First Heir – Chapter 1869

“What about Chloe Sommerset? Have you cleared things up?” Ethan asked again with a nosy look on his face.

Philip frowned. It had been a while since he saw Chloe. He wondered what she was doing recently and if she was well. He turned his head, leaned on Ethan to walk out of the secret chamber one step at a time, and said, “You talk too much. I’ll get Uncle Tim to propose marriage to the Joo family later!”

Ethan wanted to cry when he heard that and quickly admitted his mistake, “Okay, I’ll shut up.”

However, before the two brothers had gotten far, more than a dozen heavily armed men in combat uniforms came rushing along this corridor.

Clang!

In front of the brothers, a row of men in battle uniforms dropped their anti-riot shields to the ground. Behind them were three rows of heavily armed soldiers in uniforms and helmets. They were either standing or crouching with guns in their hands.

Hal Weiss stood behind these people. With a grim expression on his face, he said angrily, “Ethan Clarke, this is the 12th division of the Internal Combat Investigation Bureau. As the junior commander, I new order you to take that man back to the secret chamber. Otherwise, we will execute the right to kill!”

Ethan frowned as his eyes swept over the heavily armed soldiers. A disdainful smile appeared on his mouth as he said, “Hal Weiss, are you threatening me?”

Hal said, “This is not a threat but an order! Although you have a level-7 classified authority and I have no right to command you according to the regulations, I just received an order that no one is allowed to leave this place including you! So, to avoid any unnecessary bloodshed, please take that man with you and return to the secret room immediately!”

Ethan chuckled and said to Philip, “Brother, it seems we have to fight our way out.”

Philip also sneered and said, “Great! Let me see the results of your training with the Dragon Warriors over the past few years.”

Although not loud, his words had fallen into the ears of this group of combatants. Hal’s face grew darker as he shouted, “Ethan, are you sure you want to fight your way through?”

With a disdainful look on his face, Ethan said, “Hal, you have no right to interfere with my actions. Since you have received the order, I’ll look for the person who gave the order. I want to find out who dares to bring my cousin in!”

‘Cousin?’

Instantly, Hal’s expression crumbled. He did not expect Philip Clarke to be Ethan Clarke’s cousin. They were both surnamed Clarke, no wonder.

Then, Hal said grimly, “Ethan, this is the final warning. Are you going to resist?”

Ethan chuckled as he supported Philip. A biting chill was reflected in his eyes as he said, “The people you have here are not enough to stop me.”

Hearing this, Hal’s eyes glinted sharply. He waved his hand and shouted, “Take them down!”

After Philip was taken away, Wynn returned to the suite and immediately contacted George Thomas.

Philip had left her George’s contact details back then. At that time, Wynn was very puzzled. Philip actually had the contact information of George Thomas.

This was an existence hailed as the richest man in the Penhart region!

“Hello, excuse me, are you Mr. Thomas?” Wynn was very anxious at the moment but still remembered to be polite. She supported her belly with one hand and held the phone with the other. Her worry showed on her face as she asked.

“You are?” George’s aged voice came over the phone.

“My name is Wynn Johnston, Philip Clarke’s wife. He told me to contact you,” Wynn quickly replied.

‘Young Madam ?’

The First Heir – Chapter 1870

George almost fell off from his director's chair in fright. He quickly asked with a smile, "Miss Johnston, how may I help you? Did something happen to Mr. Clarke?"

Wynn nodded and said anxiously, "Yes, Philip has been taken away by some people in combat uniforms ten minutes ago. I'm worried about his safety, so I called you. Mr. Thomas, do you have a way to find out who took my husband away? No matter what the other party demands, I'll fulfill it as long as they don't hurt my husband."

While saying that, Wynn was already crying from distress.

George's mind was buzzing loudly now!

"What? Young Master has been taken away? Who's the other party?" George slapped his desk and stood up angrily.

"Y-Young Master?"

Wynn was stunned speechless and asked, "Mr. Thomas, what did you just say?"

At this moment, George realized he had a slip of the tongue. He quickly thought of an excuse to brush it off and said, "Oh, you must have misheard me. I was asking who took Mr. Clarke away. Do you remember what they said or if they had any special markings on them?"

Wynn thought about it and quickly replied, “Yes, they said that they’re from some Internal Combat Investigation Bureau. Mr. Thomas, you must save my husband. No matter what you need, I’ll try my best to help!”

Wynn had thought about it thoroughly. As long as Philip could be brought back safe and sound, even if the other party wanted all the shares of Beacon Group, she would be willing to let them go!

George quickly replied, “There’s no need. I’ll deal with this matter immediately. Miss Johnston, don’t be too anxious. Mr. Clarke will be fine. If they dare to take Mr. Clarke away for no reason, I’ll tear down that miserable unit of theirs!”

“Thank you, Mr. Thomas.” Wynn thanked him repeatedly before ending the call.

However, after hanging up the phone, she recalled the words George had uttered just now.

‘Young Master?’

Did she hear it wrongly?

After George ended the call, he was in a state of fury. How dare the people of the combat squad meddle in the affairs of the Clarke family and take the young master away for no reason?

This was a violation of the agreement with the Clarke family!

This was making an enemy of the Clarke family! Intolerable! With George's temper, this matter would not end so easily!

Soon, George contacted Reed Williams and said solemnly, "Supreme Williams, the young master has been taken away by the people from the Internal Combat Division Investigation Bureau. You must find out the young master's whereabouts as soon as possible and ensure his safety. Also, you must uncover the mastermind behind the scenes this time!"

George's words caused Reed, who was guarding his station in the jungles of Southridge, to furrow his brows. He asked, "What's going on? Mr. Thomas, please tell me slowly."

Reed still held some basic respect for George. After all, he was the Clarke family's butler and followed Roger Clarke around, so he was also quite important.

"The young master has been taken away by people from your combat squad. The other party's unit is the Internal Combat Division Investigation Bureau. Moreover, it has been more than ten minutes!" George said gravely, "I'll inform the old master of this matter immediately. I hope you can find out the young master's whereabouts as soon as possible. If anything untoward happens to him at all, you and I both understand that this will be a disaster no one can bear!"

Of course, Reed knew that. He was standing on a mountain in Southridge at the moment with one hand behind his back. He was in a combat uniform. Behind him, six of the most elite Dragon Warriors stood on each side. They were fully armed in combat uniforms and armor.

In the Dragon Warriors, they held the invincible title of the 12 Apostles!

Reed frowned as a faint killing intent flowed from the corners of his eyes. It startled a flock of birds in the forest. They flapped their wings and flew away.

“I understand. I’ll take care of this,” Reed said with a chill in his eyes.

The First Heir – Chapter 1871

At this moment, George was full of anger as he sat in the chairman's office of his newly established group building.

Not long after, the secretary walked in.

“Mr. Thomas, the president of Harper Group from aboard, Mr. Chris, has arrived at our group's conference room and has been waiting for ten minutes. Do you want to go down and meet him first?” the secretary asked.

George was obviously not in the mood to entertain the president of Harper Group now. He waved his hand and said coldly, “Let him wait!”

The secretary did not know why the chairman was suddenly so angry, but the status and power of this group abroad were not that simple. In particular, President Chris was a member of the 12 Sacred Halls of the West in Country M. His position was indeed not low. It might be a little inappropriate to leave someone like him waiting.

Thus, the female secretary cautiously asked, “Mr. Thomas, how long should he wait? He came here this time with a letter of intent for cooperation. He has been waiting for more than ten minutes and seems a little cranky.”

George merely replied coldly, “If he refuses to wait, tell him to get lost! It's just Harper Group. I don't care about it at all!”

With that said, the female secretary had no choice but to exit the chairman's office.

Inside the conference room, after the white bearded President Chris heard the female secretary's words, he was furious and started to curse angrily. Finally, he raised his voice and threatened, "Tell your chairman that I'll definitely return and inform our Lord Hades that your group treated distinguished guests from abroad so rudely. This is simply unacceptable! F*ck this bullsh*t! Let's go!"

Chris was mad with fury. He turned around and left with four hot blondes.

Back in Southridge.

Reed Williams was not in a good mood at this moment. Philip Clarke was a member of his Dragon Warriors. Although retired, once a Dragon Warrior, always a Dragon Warrior. Moreover, he was his disciple and his teacher's son. He was the future of the Clarke family!

With such a special identity, there were still people from the combat squad who dared to touch him. Either they were stupid enough to court their own deaths, or they were not members of the combat squad but were acting under the guise of one.

Within two short minutes, Reed had analyzed the cause and consequence of this case, as well as the people who might have done this to Philip. Finally, he set his eye on a certain institution.

"Is it people from the Nonagon?" Reed was grim as he stood with his hands behind his back at the top of the undefeated mountain.

After that, he ordered the 12 Apostles behind him, “Immediately pass on my Supreme Order. Inform the other three supremes that Southridge will have our troops lined up in front of the Nonagon. If they don’t want to get involved in this mess, don’t interfere in the affairs of Southridge!”

“Yes, Supreme!” The 12 Apostles shouted respectfully. Immediately after, these people left with a flash.

Meanwhile, far away in the land of Charbury, somewhere inside a heavily guarded courtyard. An old man in his 503 or 605 was practicing in the sunset while wearing a white martial arts garb.

All around the courtyard, guards in green uniforms watched this place closely.

The old man was the most prestigious person in Charbury, Old Master Garth Santos.

Even the Dunleys, who were the most affluent family in Charbury, had to pay some respect to Garth. It was because of his honorary feat of retiring from the borders!

He was a grand commander.

There were only 20 to 30 grand commanders in the entire country, with only three or four being appointed each year. Although it was one level lower than

the supreme, they were also people of great prestige and strength within the territory.

At this moment, his personal guard walked into the courtyard briskly while holding a mobile phone in his hand. He said respectfully, “Old Master Santos, you have a call.”

Garth hummed and said, “Put it aside.”

However, before he finished speaking, a cold voice sounded over the phone, “Garth Santos.”

Hearing this voice, Garth was taken aback and quickly picked up the phone. This scene also stunned the guards who were standing a t attention in the yard.

For Old Master Santos to take the call so nervously, the identity of the person on the line must not be that simple.

The First Heir – Chapter 1872

Garth Santos was flustered as well. Although he was almost 60 years old, when he heard that voice, he still immediately put the receiver to his ear and said respectfully, “Supreme Williams, what are your orders?”

Phew!

After saying this, Garth gasped inwardly.

The supreme!

Although Supreme Williams was only 40, his accomplishments and feats were already enough to shake the world, past and present. No one could rock his title as the first supreme in the territory.

However, why was Supreme Williams calling him so suddenly?

Could it be that something big had happened in Southridge or Charbury?

“Garth Santos, one of my Dragon Warriors has been taken away by someone from the Internal Combat Division Investigation Bureau under your jurisdiction. You need to give me an explanation,” Reed Williams said coldly.

Garth was taken aback and immediately felt his scalp tingling.

Someone under his jurisdiction actually captured a Dragon Warrior established by Supreme Williams?

How could that be?

That was the Dragon Warriors! They enjoyed the glory as the first combat squad in the country!

Who would dare to make a move against the Dragon Warriors?!

That was tantamount to offending Supreme Williams!

Instantly, sweat dotted Garth's forehead as he quickly said, "Supreme Williams, I'm not aware of this matter. I'll look into it right away. There must be a misunderstanding. I'll deal with it at once. Please wait for my call."

At this moment, a certain combat squad stationed somewhere in the suburbs of Songfield in Charbury was surrounded by tightly guarded facilities.

In the most hidden tent in the middle, there was a man who looked to be in his 30s or 40s. He was wearing a green combat uniform with an armband. He was staring at the training screen on the electronic device, his face full of gratification.

At this time, his phone suddenly rang. The guard on the side glanced at the caller ID and quickly handed it over while saying, “Supreme Commander Gildon, it’s a call from Mr. Santos.”

Mac Gildon immediately took the phone and walked a few steps to the side with a smile on his face. As soon as he was about to speak, an angry roar came from the other end of the line, “Mac Gildon, did your people take a man named Philip Clarke away from Uppercreek just now? I’m telling you, he’s a Dragon Warrior! He’s under the command of Supreme Williams! Release him at once! If that person is harmed in any way, you can put in your resignation and see me for your execution!”

Mac Gildon was none other than the enforcer of the Internal Combat Division Investigation Bureau in Songfield of Charbury. He was also Hal Weiss’ direct superior.

He had no idea that Mr. Santos would personally call him.

What was Mr. Santos’ identity? He was the grand commander!

Hearing Mr. Santos’ words, Mac dared not be negligent and quickly said, “Mr. Santos, please wait a moment and calm down. Let me make a phone call to confirm. I’ll definitely give you an explanation!”

‘Oh no!’

Something was about to happen!

That bunch of imbeciles under him actually touched someone under a supreme's command. Moreover, it was a Dragon Warrior belonging to the first supreme in the country!

The First Heir – Chapter 1873

Mac almost went crazy. What the hell was this bunch of people doing? How dare they touch someone from the Dragon Warriors? Was that not fooling around in the lion's den?

“Mr. Santos, don't worry. I'll deal with this matter immediately. Please wait for my call!”

After a few words from Mac, Garth hung up angrily. Mac was now full of cold sweat. He immediately said to his guard, “Connect me to Hal Weiss at once. I want to know what that kid has been up to!”

Mac was about to explode with anger!

District 12 of the Internal Combat Division Investigation Bureau was under the responsibility of his capable subordinate, Hal Weiss. He had battle honors at such a young age and was promoted to the rank of junior commander.

Soon, the call was connected. Mac's face was cold and his tone was angry as he roared, “Hal Weiss, who the hell did you arrest just now? Do you know how much trouble you've caused?”

At this moment, Hal was confronting Ethan Clarke in the dim corridor. When he suddenly received a phone call from his superior, he quickly picked up the call and was angrily reprimanded.

“Supreme Commander, I did arrest one person but it was with your consent. Moreover, this was a direct order from the Griffin Pavilion of the Nonagon.” Hal was also a little helpless at this moment. He did not expect a small Philip Clarke to invoke a personal call from Supreme Commander Gildon.

“With my consent? In that case, I now order you to release him immediately!” Mac bellowed.

“Release him? Supreme Commander Gildon, I’m afraid you can no longer make decisions on this matter. This is a direct order from the Griffin Pavilion of the Nonagon. We have no right to interfere. Moreover, Miss Una is here with me right now. I have no right to refuse her request. Even you have no right to defy her.”

What Hal said was true. An order from the Nonagon could bypass the combat squad without anyone’s consent. Even a supreme commander like Mac Gildon had no right to question or change it.

When Mac heard this, his face darkened immediately. He asked, “Miss Una is there in person?”

Hal nodded in response, glanced at Ethan opposite him, and said, “Supreme Commander Gildon, I can’t follow your orders on this matter. I’m dealing with something urgent right now so I’ll end the call.”

With that said, Hal was about to hang up the phone.

On the other side, Mac was furious. His subordinate refused to listen to his order!

Was the Nonagon really that powerful ?

Yes, of course. Even Mac Gildon had to give way to them.

However, the people from the Nonagon had bypassed him and were commanding his subordinates within his jurisdiction. This made Mac upset!

“Damn it!”

Mac roared, “Hal Weiss, as a supreme commander, I hereby order you to release that person at once! If Miss Una of the Nonagon questions it, you can say that it’s my order and I’ll bear all consequences! You have to understand that the person you arrested is not a simple character! Too many forces are involved behind him!”

However, as soon as Mac finished speaking, Hal said solemnly into the phone, “Supreme Commander Gildon, I can’t release him because they’re ready to fight their way out. As you know, breaking out is a capital offense.”

Click!

The phone was hung up!

Mac was dumbfounded. ‘Break out ? Capital offense ?’

Damn it!

Hal Weiss was actually disobeying his orders!

Immediately, Mac put on his hat and said coldly to the guards around him, “Get the car ready. Bring five teams and send me to Songfield! Hal Weiss is getting too bold and is even committing insubordination now. Let me skin him alive!”

Instantly, five teams of combat personnel were mobilized outside the tent. They were waiting in place in an orderly manner, ready to move out.

As soon as Mac got into the jeep, Garth called again.

The First Heir – Chapter 1874

“Are things settled?” Garth asked coldly.

Mac breathed heavily and said, “Mr. Santos, the subordinates are being a little disobedient. I’m going there in person. Don’t worry, I’ll take care of it!”

Hearing that, Garth frowned and said, “Okay, give me the address. I’ll handle it personally.”

Instantly, Mac was dumbfounded. The grand commander wanted to deal with it personally.

This was getting serious!

How many grand commanders were there in the country? Which one of them was not a hero who had shed blood on the battlefield and carved a name in history?

Which one of them had not shed their blood bravely for the country?

In other words, Mr. Santos was a living legend.

Mac dared not say anything. He could only recite the address dutifully before saying to the guard next to him, “Bring some people to Songfield immediately without a moment’s delay!”

“Yes!”

Urgent mobilization order!

To Songfield at top speed!

Back to Ethan’s side. With an indifferent face, his eyes revealed a chill as he stared at Hal who stood behind the soldiers. He said, “Hal Weiss, when I came here uninvited back then, all of you didn’t do anything to me. Do you think you can trap me here now with all these weaklings?”

Hal scowled when he heard this and said, “I admit that your skills and strength are unfathomable. But no matter how good you are, can you escape the weapons in the hands of these warriors? Don’t forget what I just said. If you dare to force your way out, I’ll execute the right to kill!”

“Haha!”

Hearing that, Ethan laughed and said, “The right to kill? I’m sorry, but please look behind you.”

At those words and looking at Ethan’s bland expression, Hal’s heart jolted. With a twitch of the corner of his eyes, he abruptly turned his head to look behind.

The entire corridor behind him was full of prisoners from various countries. The ones taking the lead were those guys from Warehouse 8, who were all looking at Hal with a mocking sneer.

Whoosh!

In an instant, the row of soldiers behind Hal turned around and raised their guns at those vicious criminals. Hal's face was filled with gloomy chills as he turned his head and roared at Ethan, "You dare to rebel?"

Ethan shrugged and said, "You're exaggerating. This is just an appropriate threat. Junior Commander Weiss, you should be a sensible person. These people are all vicious bastards. If anyone escapes, it's enough for you to spend the rest of your life in prison!"

A blatant threat!

Hal's expression was very ugly. Was he being flanked on both sides?

Most importantly, how did this group of people get out?

Were those prison guards a bunch of dimwits?

As if seeing Hal's doubts, one of the scrawny guys pulled out a large key from his pocket and said, "Excuse me, Junior Commander Weiss. I used to be a thief. I can open every door here."

Hearing that, Hal exploded in anger!

“How about it, Junior Commander Weiss? Do you still think you can keep me here?” Ethan asked provocatively.

Hal clenched his fists and roared, “So what if that’s the case? This place is heavily surrounded! No one can escape today! Everyone, listen to my order! Anyone who dares to force their way out, kill without mercy!”

Hal went crazy, and his eyes were red with anger!

The First Heir – Chapter 1875

At Hal's command, all the soldiers loaded their weapons.

By this time, the discomfort in Philip's body had also dissipated. He slowly straightened his back, got up, and walked behind Ethan. He gently patted his shoulder and said, "I'll do it."

Seeing that his cousin seemed to have recovered, Ethan breathed a sigh of relief and said with a smile, "It's okay, I can deal with these small potatoes with one hand."

Philip did not refute but smiled and said, "You're still with the Dragon Warriors and under the teacher's command. There are some things that you can't intervene in. It won't be good for your future development. I'll take care of it."

With that said, Philip did not care if Ethan agreed but stood in front of him directly. With a firm gaze, he looked at Hal coldly and asked, "I have two questions for you. Who instigated you?"

Hal did not hide the information and replied directly, "Miss Una."

"Who's Miss Una?" Philip asked.

"She's not someone you can inquire about. If you have to know, I can only tell you that she's from Griffin Pavilion of the Nonagon," Hal said to put some pressure on Philip.

“You have to understand that the Nonagon can’t be confronted so easily, even for people like us. Moreover, they’re far more powerful than us and can directly bypass the combat squad. Philip Clarke, if you don’t want to cause any trouble, you should immediately return to that secret room of your own accord!” Hal said.

However, Philip merely smiled faintly with a hint of coldness in the corner of his mouth. He said, “Hal, ever since I came here, you’ve never asked me about my identity. Have you never wondered why Miss Una brought me here?”

Hal frowned upon hearing this. He had indeed doubted Philip’s identity. After all, he was Ethan Clarke’s cousin. However, since it was Miss Una’s order, he only had to obey and execute it. He would not ask anything that he should not.

Thus, Hal said, “I don’t care about your identity. Here, everyone has only one identity either a soldier or a prisoner. Obviously, I’m a soldier and you’re a prisoner. This is the simplest truth.”

At that, Philip nodded and said, “Since you say so, then I have nothing more to say.”

After saying that, Philip started walking one step at a time toward the rows of soldiers in front of Hal.

Whoosh!

They immediately aimed their guns at Philip!

Seeing Philip approaching so fearlessly, Hal scowled and shouted angrily, “Stop! If you take another step forward, I’ll shoot!”

However, Philip did not stop at all. The chill that surged in his body became more and more intense!

“Stop! Stop at once!”

Hal shouted angrily before saying, “Everyone, get ready!”

At the same time, the group of prisoners blocking the back of the corridor also started to rush forward. At this critical juncture, Hal suddenly received a message in his earpiece.

“Junior Commander Weiss, Supreme Commander Gildon is here and wants to see you!”

Hal’s expression darkened when he heard the words. He was about to reply when he heard a rush of hurried footsteps behind the long corridor. By the sound of it, those were combat boots.

Mac Gildon’s furious roar followed, “Hal Weiss, get out here!”

The next moment, a group of heavily armed personnel in green uniforms emerged from the other end of the corridor.

The leader was the furious Mac Gildon!

The First Heir – Chapter 1876

At this moment, he was livid!

His station was not far from Songfield. They drove here at full speed and arrived in slightly more than ten minutes.

Hal glanced at Philip coldly before stopping his next movement. Turning around, he saluted Mac who approached him. “Supreme Commander Gildon...”

Boom!

Mac passed through the vicious group of prisoners, came up to Hal, and kicked him fiercely in the stomach. “How dare you disobey my order?!”

Mac roared with anger. Then, he looked at the surroundings and said, “And what the hell is going on here? Loaded weapons? Who are you going to kill?”

Hal rubbed his stomach and jumped up from the ground. He stood in front of Mac coldly, saying righteously and solemnly, “Supreme Commander Gildon, this is Miss Una’s order!”

Seeing Hal’s indignation, Mac was furious. With a cold snort, he sternly reprimanded, “So what if it’s Miss Una? Do you know who you’ve arrested?”

Hal frowned and said, “No matter who it is, as long as they’re caught, they must be treated equally. This is what you taught us back then!”

Mac's chest heaved with anger. Hal actually dared to use his previous words to refute him. He went up with another kick and said, "He's a Dragon Warrior under the command of Supreme Reed Williams in Southridge! Do you know how much trouble you've caused? Just now, Mr. Santos personally called me and told me to release him immediately!"

Hearing this, Hal was completely dumbfounded.

'What? A Dragon Warrior?'

'Under the command of Supreme Reed Williams in Southridge?'

'Mr. Santos personally gave the order to release him? How could this be?'

While Hal was still in a daze, Mac had already walked up to Philip and said with a bow, "Mr. Clarke, you have suffered. Please forgive my poor discipline. I'll bring you out right now."

Philip raised his eyebrow at the sight of this group of people who suddenly barged in to rescue him. He realized something. It seemed that the teacher had made a move.

After thinking about it, Philip did not make things difficult for Mac Gildon and only coldly looked at Hal who was standing at the side before walking forward. His sarcastic look made Hal's face darken.

'Was this over? Damn it!'

Soon, Mac left the underground prison with Philip and returned to the ground above. However, just as they appeared on the surface, they were shocked by the scene in front of them!

In front of them, about a hundred soldiers were pointing their guns at the entrance leading to the underground prison.

The one in the lead was none other than Mandy Una. At this moment, her arms were crossed and her eyes carried a biting chill. She stared coldly at Mac, Philip, and the others. She said, “Supreme Commander Gildon, you have no right to take this person away. He’s a wanted man by the Nonagon!”

Mac’s face darkened at the sight of Mandy. Then, he squeezed out a smile on his face, took a step forward, and said, “Miss Una, you really can’t touch this person. He’s a Dragon Warrior under the command of Supreme Williams. I’ve been ordered by Mr. Santos to bring him out safely.”

To his surprise, this arrogant Mandy Una cocked her head, looked at Mac disdainfully, and said, “Supreme Williams? So what? He’s a man wanted by the Nonagon. Does a small supreme dare to fight the Nonagon?”

The First Heir – Chapter 1877

‘A small supreme of Southridge?’

The corners of Mac’s eyes froze, and he could not help feeling angry.

This Mandy Una was uncharacteristically arrogant and rude. She even dared to disrespect Supreme Reed Williams of Southridge.

He was the first supreme in the country!

Come to think of it, even Deputy Consul Cooper Berry of the Nonagon would have to be polite when he saw Reed and treat him as a guest of honor.

However, Mandy did not care for Reed at all.

Too pompous!

“Miss Una, I’m not kidding with you. This person belongs to Supreme Williams, and Mr. Santos has also given the order that he must be sent back safely. Please don’t make things difficult for me.”

By this time, Mac’s tone had also become a little cold. After all, Mandy bypassed him and directly commanded his subordinates, which already made him upset. Now, this woman was also rude to Supreme Williams, which made his impression of her even worse.

Before this, he still had some respect for her due to her status in the Griffin Pavilion of the Nonagon. Now, since the other party was so disrespectful, Mac felt no need to grovel to her.

A warrior must display the pride and backbone of a warrior!

With a twitch of her eyebrows and a slight chill on her face, Mandy said to Mac, “Supreme Commander Gildon, I don’t want to talk nonsense with you. You can’t take this person away. He’s wanted by the Nonagon. I want to deal with him personally!”

Upon hearing this, Mac held back his anger and solemnly commanded the five squad members he had brought behind him, “Everyone listen to me and force your way out! Anyone who dares to stop us can be killed on the spot!”

Whoosh!

Instantly, the combatants Mac brought with him raised their guns and pointed them at the people opposite. The atmosphere was extremely tense!

Mandy also lost her patience and warned, “Mac Gildon, don’t play with fire! I have the Griffin Order from the Griffin Pavilion of the Nonagon. The people of your combat squad must obey me unconditionally! Otherwise, everyone will be charged with insubordination and dealt with accordingly!”

Mac coldly snorted at that. “Miss Una, this is not me playing with fire but you burning yourself! I also have the order from the grand commander that this

person must be brought back safely! If you dare to make a move, you're disobeying Grand Commander Santos' wishes and being disobedient!"

"Hmph!"

Mandy snorted coldly. She raised her hand and said, "In that case, there's nothing else to discuss between us. Let's see who can walk out of here alive!"

At this critical juncture!

Suddenly, eight Apache combat helicopters rumbled in the sky. The thundering propellers resounded over the entire factory!

The people on the ground swayed like fragile grass due to the strong air current. Everyone looked up and saw the eight combat Apaches hovering over the factory.

Immediately after, black ropes were tossed down from the sky. Combatants in black combat uniforms with weapons on their backs descended quickly from the high altitude!

After everyone landed, they raised their weapons and quickly surrounded this place!

These people were unlike those in green uniforms. They wore black combat uniforms and had armbands with the picture of a longsword as well as the word 'Snapdragon' written on them.

They were Garth Santos' personal guards, Snapdragons!

They specialized in offshore activities. They were a mysterious combat squad. Generally speaking, they never appeared in public.

However, this combat squad appeared today!

The First Heir – Chapter 1878

Mandy looked around at the Snapdragon combatants who quickly surrounded the area and her face darkened. Mac was overjoyed when he saw this scene. The expression on his face turned from nervousness to relaxation, followed by panic.

After all, the appearance of the Snapdragons meant that Old Master Santos was here in person. Sure enough, one of the Apaches landed on the ground and Garth Santos in his white martial arts garb stepped down from the helicopter.

Four Snapdragon combatants guarded him closely from front and back.

This was a legend in the territory, a radiant star!

After Garth arrived, the two confronting parties made way for him. He walked over without even a glance at Mandy and approached Mac directly, first glaring at him coldly before saying solemnly, “I’ll take care of you when we get back.”

Then, he smiled at Philip and said, “Mr. Clarke, I’m sorry to have made you suffer. I’m here to pick you up.”

With Garth Santos around, there was nothing to worry about.

However, Mandy spoke up at this time, “Mr. Santos, I didn’t expect you to turn up in person. But you can’t take this person away. He’s wanted by my Griffin Pavilion.”

Hearing that, Garth turned back and looked at Mandy coldly. Standing with his hands behind his back, he said, “Little girl, even your mother, Dahlia Una, wouldn’t dare to talk to me like this.”

Mandy frowned before she said with a chuckle, “Old Master Santos, I know that you’re highly respected in the territory and enjoy a lot of fame, but this is the business of my Griffin Pavilion. I hope that you won’t interfere in it. Otherwise, I can’t guarantee if you can keep your status and influence.”

Garth laughed and said, “Very well, you’re indeed your mother’s daughter, carved out of the same mold as Dahlia Una. Even your personality is the same.”

“But you’re not your mother yet, and you’re not qualified to order me around! The Nonagon must have been left alone for too long that they don’t have any respect for anyone else nor the country! You’re just a bunch of selfish and materialistic guys who claim to be working for human civilization and the future, but in fact, it’s all for yourselves!”

Garth said resentfully and added, “Today, I’ll make my stand right here. If your Griffin Pavilion wants to take this person away, you have to convince me first or dismiss me from my post! Otherwise, I’ll definitely pay a visit to Pavilion Master Una in person!”

As the grand commander in the territory, Garth Santos was just short of being a supreme in terms of position. Although the Nonagon could bypass the combat squad, they still had to toe the line in front of a grand commander like Garth. After all, grand commanders were the cornerstone of the territory. Offending a grand commander would be tantamount to offending all battle forces in the territory.

No matter how powerful the Nonagon was, they would not dare to act so recklessly.

Meanwhile, the Nonagon headquarters. The pointed black building.

At the moment, outside this towering Nonagon headquarters building, the streets in all directions were densely packed with armored vehicles and groups of heavily armed combatants.

All of them were heading into the city at the same time!

In less than ten minutes, within a ten mile radius of the Nonagon was packed with fully armed combat personnel. All of them wore dark green combat uniforms. Like blades that formed physical strength, they intertwined into walls of humans.

Meanwhile, within the crowds of fighters on each street, poles with huge red and black flags fluttered in the wind.

The supreme banner of the Dragon Warriors. This was a symbol of invincibility. It was the flag that all enemy nations feared.

At this moment, the entire city fell silent!

The citizens who did not know what was happening hid in nearby buildings and looked at this scene in shock. All the streets were under martial law. Even the skies above were filled with hovering fighting planes.

30,000 soldiers in armor.

The entire Nonagon building went on high alert and was put under martial law immediately. All disciples of the door and combat guards were urgently recalled to guard all entrances and exits of the Nonagon.

At the forefront of the crowd, an imposing figure stood in a green combat uniform and a dark green general's hat. The brim of the hat was embroidered with a green dragon pattern with a gold star in the middle. There was also a green dragon saber at his waist. His gaze was as deep as a sea of stars as he stood with his hands behind his back, looking indifferently at the towering building in front of him.

An invincible posture. An intensity that soared to the heavens!

The First Heir – Chapter 1879

30,000 heavily armed combatants in armor stood in front of the Nonagon building.

Reed Williams stood proudly in front with his imposing figure. Behind him were all armored soldiers. All sorts of combat vehicles filled the nearby streets. Fighter planes hovered in the sky.

The whole situation was on the verge of breaking out. The Nonagon building was also alerted immediately. All members were dispatched.

All the guards on station as well as hundreds of door disciples responsible for the security of the Nonagon and liaison with various divisions received an urgent order to defend the Nonagon headquarters at all costs.

Swoosh!

One by one, figures descended from the sky, emerged from the ground below, appeared out of thin air, or gradually solidified in human forms from flames, waves of water, liquefied iron, and so forth.

All of them, with chills on their faces, stood in a row in front of the Nonagon building.

Each of them had a haughty look as they stood or crouched with arms akimbo or crossed. Their eyes coldly scanned the 30,000 combatants in front of them.

Disciples of the door!

Hundreds of disciples immediately gathered. Everyone was an elite who could fight off a hundred. If word of such an astonishing scene spread to the outside world, it would certainly cause changes to the entire world.

The truth hidden by the Nonagon and several other institutions would be made public.

However, Reed Williams had taken advanced precautions and cleared everything within a ten-mile radius.

All normal citizens were brought away by the combat squad without delay.

At this moment, within a ten-mile radius of the Nonagon, only the people of the Nonagon and Reed's people were present.

Facing the disciples of the door with supernatural powers who looked aloof and arrogant, the 30,000 combatants showed no trace of fear. Just like fighting machines, they stood on the spot awaiting orders from the supreme.

Reed's green uniform fluttered in the wind. With an indifferent face, a glint flashed in his eyes. He instantly figured out the strength of these hundred or so disciples.

“It's been a long time since I met someone of my kind.”

Reed sighed inwardly and stood with his hands behind his back. His long and slender fingers moved slightly. From his expression, he seemed to be calculating something.

At the same time, up in the Nonagon building behind a large French window somewhere, was a middle-aged man wearing a white shirt and a checkered vest. He had a stoic angular face and a pair of deep-set eyes with a hint of gray in his hair. He sipped a cup of freshly brewed coffee in his hand. This person was nearly 1.9 meters tall, broad and sturdy like a bear. His hair was combed back and he had a beard. He wore a pair of gold-framed glasses. He had the reputation as a rogue in a suit.

Cooper Berry, he was the deputy consul of the Nonagon. The actual person in charge of the Nonagon now.

A faint indifferent smile appeared at the corner of his mouth as he said to the three tall and sexy female assistants behind him, “Have you contacted the five pavilion masters?”

A blonde and blue-eyed female assistant wearing a sequined pale gold ultra-short dress with a devilishly hot figure bowed respectfully. She said, “Deputy Consul, we have contacted them and they’re on their way.”

Cooper chuckled and said bemusedly, “On their way? With their strength, it’ll only take them minutes to rush over here from the various pavilions. They’re deliberately stalling for time.”

The blonde female assistant wrinkled her pretty brows and asked, “Do you want to issue the Nonagon Order?”

Cooper shook his head, looked at the scene below, and said, “No need. Members of the five pavilions will always think they’re superior. Where is the Griffin Pavilion Master? Is she on the way too?”

The female assistant replied, “Pavilion Master Una has already arrived, but she seems to be in some trouble.”

Cooper smiled and asked, “What kind of trouble?”

The First Heir – Chapter 1880

Another female assistant in a fiery red dress replied, “Pavilion Master Una has been intercepted in Griffin Pavilion. The other party is a king of disciples, and the two sides are confronting each other.”

“A king of disciples?”

Cooper trembled, turned around, looked at the female assistant in the flaming red dress. He asked, “Who is it?”

Cooper knew that this king of disciples was definitely not one of the current ones in the Nonagon. This person was either from outside the country or had defected.

The female assistant replied, “He’s the former king of disciples of the fifth zone who’s also known as Red Dragon, Fennel Leigh. He previously singled out Spencer Dunley.”

“Fennel Leigh?”

Cooper frowned, and an explosive aura suddenly surged all over his body. Then, he chuckled and said, “Interesting. I only told Pavilion Master Una to test the waters a little. I didn’t expect such a big reaction. Oh, Philip Clarke, your Clarke family is indeed very powerful and mighty. Roger Clarke, what exactly are you plotting? Is he really the chosen one?”

Cooper mumbled to himself before turning around and draping a white coat over his body. The back of the coat was a golden embroidery of the word 'Nonagon' with two gold dragons surrounding the word.

Then, he stepped out of the office while saying coldly, "Let's meet Reed Williams."

Behind him, the three female assistants followed closely.

With a cold face, Reed stared at the hundred disciples in front of him and said indifferently, "I don't want to harm the innocent. You should back down on your own."

One of them was a burly man with a fiery temper. He was dark-skinned and full of brute strength with a pair of shiny iron bangles around his wrists. He was the first to jump down and punch the ground with a fist. In an instant, the surface of the ground within a few meters from the impact cracked like a spider web before exploding. Fiery red lava spread under the cracks.

"I, Matt Wells, challenge you! Anyone who dares to attack the Nonagon is courting death!"

The bad tempered burly man roared and stomped his feet on the ground. Like an exploding cannonball, both his fists burst with dazzling red sparks and smashed at Reed fiercely.

The force of this punch was strong enough to shatter combat armor. The scorching heat carried in that punch was enough to melt iron!

Many disciples smiled faintly when they saw Matt making his move at this moment.

The figure in the green combat uniform in front would most likely fall after a single blow from Matt.

After all, they were two totally different kinds of people. This was the fundament that made the door disciples superior to these normal people. That was because they had long since ceased to be ordinary. They had been exposed to more and better civilizations, and their bodies had evolved along with it.

However, the next second, all the disciples were shocked!

Reed looked at the fiery red fist that blasted toward him expressionlessly. He stood on the spot with just one glance, raised his hand slightly, and stretched out. With just one finger, he blocked the fist that was surrounded by flames!

Yes! That was correct!

Everyone could see this clearly!

With just one finger, he blocked Matt Wells' domineering and fiery punch.

All the door disciples gasped. Immediately after, they saw Reed bend his finger slightly before flicking it.