

The First Heir - Chapter 2652

Tonight, Beechwood City was about to attract attention and become a topic of discussion for everyone!

At eight o'clock in the evening, the largest and most luxurious hall of the Tannes Hotel was filled to its capacity. It was full of prominent figures in Beechwood City and other areas. If the financial resources and the strength behind them were combined, it would be enough to shake the entire Beechwood City and subvert the northern economy as well as those prominent families.

Tonight, Tannes Hotel was brightly lit and brilliant. Many reporters and media gathered outside the hotel. They received news that a super grand banquet with the top families in attendance would be held here tonight. They did not believe it at first, but when they arrived and saw the endless stream of bigwigs entering the hotel, everyone shuddered.

The dignitaries of the North had all arrived, and they were giants.

In a flash, the entire Tannes Hotel was packed. However, the security guards controlled the scene very well.

The owner of Tannes Hotel was also there in person to preside over tonight's banquet. He had no choice. The attendees tonight were all big shots. Every single one of them had the power to make Tannes Hotel disappear from Beechwood City overnight. Moreover, for Mr. Clarke to entertain all the prominent families in Beechwood City with such assurance showed that the power behind him was even more unfathomable.

The main point was that everyone showed up!

At this moment, in the most luxurious hall of the hotel, hundreds of people from Beechwood City and other areas were seated and discussing something in low voices.

"Villa Master Hopper of Terrain Villa has arrived!" The host at the door shouted loudly.

At once, the heads of those families seated in the hall got up and bowed toward the figures walking in at the door.

Cyril Hopper was dressed in a black suit and walked in briskly. Four bodyguards in black suits followed closely behind him, each with extraordinary skills.

Cyril smiled at the heads of the families and said, "Hello everyone, please have a seat."

With that said, Cyril followed the host to his seat. It was the table right at the front of the entire hall.

Cyril took his seat as a hint of a smile flashed in his eye. It seemed that Mr. Clarke understood the rules well enough not to mess up their positions and identities.

After a while, the host at the door shouted loudly, "Villa Master Turner of Terrain Villa has arrived!"

With this announcement, all the heads of the families stood up in greeting again. Cyril also stood up quickly and looked at the door with a smile on his face.

Ernest Turner walked into the hall in a blue-gray suit with his hands behind his back. There was a serious look on his angular face, and he had a calm gait.

"Everyone, thank you very much." Ernest greeted everyone, walked to the front table, and sat next to Cyril.

"Villa Master Turner."

Everyone greeted and sat down upon Ernest's signal.

Creak! Bang!

Soon, the huge golden doors of this hall were closed from the outside. For a while, the heads of the prominent families were a little confused.

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Ernest frowned but did not betray any other emotions. He turned to Cyril and asked in a low voice, "What's going on?"

Cyril shook his head and said, "Don't worry, Villa Master Turner. With such a big banquet and so many reporters outside, I don't think Mr. Clarke would dare to do anything. It's probably a closed-door banquet."

Hearing that, Ernest nodded and made no further comment. However, it was different for the other heads of families.

Everyone started discussing.

"What's going on? Why did they close the door? Is this a trap?"

"This is outrageous! How dare they do this in the North? Do they have any respect for the families at all?"

“Hmph! I want to see what Mr. Clarke is going to do tonight!”

The discussions grew louder, but Ernest and Cyril chose to watch in silence.

The clamor was good. At least, it would intimidate Mr. Clarke and let him know that the North was not that easy to take over!

After waiting for ten minutes, Philip and the others still did not make an appearance. The heads of the families in the hall grew anxious.

What the hell? He invited them here, but he was late himself?

The main point was that the door was locked and this made the heads of families a little flustered. Such flustered emotions slowly spread from a few people to the entire hall.

“Damn it! What the hell? We waited for 20 minutes. Why is Mr. Clarke not here yet?!”

“That’s right? Is he doing this on purpose?!”

“Damn it! The disciple families of the North are not pushovers! Why are we still sitting here and tolerating this?!”

Ernest and Cyril noticed the rising emotions in the hall but remained unperturbed. It was better if they caused a fuss. That way, they would have a better say.

As the clamor grew louder and emotions heated up, Philip, Fennel, and Leon were sipping tea and chatting in the side hall.

At this moment, a subordinate walked in and said anxiously, “Young Patriarch, the hall is in a mess right now. All the heads of the families are shouting and demanding to see you. If you still don’t make an appearance, I’m afraid they’ll leave.”

Philip chuckled and said, “It’s no rush. Let them shout. We’ll be there in a while.”

However, Leon got up and said, “Young Patriarch Clarke, wait no longer. You may not be afraid, but it won’t be good if the fuss continues. Let’s go over there quickly.”

Philip thought about it, got up, and said, “Okay.”

With that said, Philip left the side hall first and walked toward the main hall.

At this moment, the main hall was very noisy.

“Mr. Clarke has arrived!”

A loud announcement resounded throughout the hall, causing the noisy voices and emotions in the hall to slowly calm down. All the heads of the families looked in the direction of the door at this moment.

A very young man stood there. He was tall and upright. He was handsome in appearance and his hands in his trouser pockets as he looked at the crowd indifferently.

Was this Mr. Clarke who destroyed the Singer family in one day?

He was too young!

Immediately, someone questioned, “Are you Mr. Clarke? You must be an imposter. How could you be so young? Tell the real Mr. Clarke to come out!”

After someone took the lead, others immediately followed suit and shouted, “Yes, tell the real Mr. Clarke to come out quickly!”

For a while, the heads of dozens of families echoed.

Philip raised his eyebrows, looked at the head of the family who was the first to speak up, and asked lightly, “Do you doubt my identity?”

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The head of the family who took the lead saw Philip’s icy eyes at this moment and trembled.

He suppressed the panic in his heart and said, “Y-Yes. Why should we believe that you’re Mr. Clarke just because you said so? None of us have seen Mr. Clarke before. What if you’re an impostor? Besides, would Mr. Clarke be a young kid like you? Let the real Mr. Clarke come out. The heads of the families in Beechwood City are not that easy to fool.”

After the man finished speaking, the other heads of families also echoed.

“That’s right! Tell Mr. Clarke to come out. Since we were invited here, why bother to hide?”

“Does Mr. Clarke look down on us and want to intimidate us? In that case, why should he find such a young kid to take his place?”

“Hmph, if Mr. Clarke refuses to see us, why bother with this banquet? Let’s go!”

After saying that, a few people took the lead and turned around to leave. However, when they reached the door, several fully armed guards there showed no signs of opening the door at all.

“Why are you standing there? Open the door!”

A family head in his 40s with a hooked nose, also the one who took the lead earlier, said sternly. However, the guards at the door stood motionless on the spot.

“Damn it!” The hook-nosed family head cursed and was about to open the door himself!

Click!

However, suddenly, the guns in the hands of the guards were placed on the head of the hook-nosed family head. The guards said coldly, “Under Mr. Clarke’s order, no one is allowed to leave without his permission. Those who leave without permission will be killed without mercy!”

Hearing this, all family heads in the hall were dumbfounded.

The hook-nosed family head was even more furious. He pointed at the guards angrily and shouted, “Outrageous! Let’s see who dares to fire at me! I’m the head of the Farley family in Beechwood City!”

After yelling, he glared at Philip and shouted, “Tell them to open the door!”

The other family heads who followed the hooked-nose family head also roared. “Open the door! This is Beechwood City!”

“This is ridiculous! Is he trying to get rid of us in one fell swoop?!”

After cursing, Patriarch Farley shoved the guards away, grabbed the door handle, and was about to open the door. However, Philip was indifferent. With his hands in his trouser pockets, he said lightly, “You’re disrespecting me...”

With that said, one of the guards raised his gun.

Bang!

A gunshot resounded throughout the hall. The bullet penetrated right through Patriarch Farley’s head!

Until his death, Patriarch Farley had no idea why he died. His eyes rolled over, and he fell into a pool of blood on the floor with his eyes wide open.

Seeing this scene, the other family heads who followed behind Patriarch Farley panicked!

“H-He really fired!”

This was the head of the Farley family in Beechwood City! Was he killed just like that?

For a moment, the entire hall was dead silent. No one dared to speak or breathe loudly!

This was terrifying!

Everyone looked at Patriarch Farley who died a tragic death in a pool of blood and felt as if a huge boulder was weighing heavily on their hearts.

At this moment, Philip calmly stepped forward and said, “Excuse me, everyone. I have a bad habit, and I ask everyone not to disobey my orders. Since I’ve gathered everyone together, I want to talk to everyone in a harmonious environment. As for such bloodshed, it was completely an accident.”

An accident?

All the family heads sweated profusely. He was making an example!

Was this young man really that Mr. Clarke?!

At this moment, at the main table, Ernest’s and Cyril’s expressions looked very ugly. That was because Philip had killed a family head in Beechwood City right in front of them! It was an act of intimidation!

Ernest angrily squeezed the teacup in his hand, which shattered immediately. He was just about to slap the table in anger and stand up when Cyril quickly grabbed him and said, “Villa Master Turner, Patriarch Farley’s death is no big deal. We must stay calm and see what Mr. Clarke wants to do next.”

Ernest snorted, his eyes full of anger!

On this side, Patriarch Farley’s body was quickly taken care of.

The other family heads looked at each other in a panic and dared not say anything. The other party was too strong. One move was enough to overwhelm them. Even the family heads who made a fuss just now kept their mouths shut now.

Philip glanced at them indifferently and asked, “Do any of you still doubt my identity?”

Hearing Philip's question, the few family heads were afraid that the other party would make a move against them, so they quickly shook their heads and said with fake smiles, "No, we don't doubt your identity at all. We were just misled by Patriarch Farley just now."

Seeing these cowardly old fellows, Philip could not be bothered with them. He snorted coldly and walked to the main table. Fennel and Leon followed closely behind him.

At the sight of Leon Jefferson, the faces of the family heads went cold.

Sure enough, Villa Master Turner was right. Leon had already reached untold cooperation with Mr. Clarke.

Philip walked to the main table. Cyril quickly got up and introduced, "Hello, Mr. Clarke, this is the master of Terrain Villa, Villa Master Ernest Turner."

Philip stopped and looked at Ernest, who was still seated. He said with a smile, "Villa Master Turner, nice to meet you."

Ernest was still angry at the moment. Seeing Cyril who kept winking at him, he stood up, shook hands with Philip, and said, "Mr. Clarke, how do you do?"

Then, he sat down again. Obviously, he was brooding over the fact that Philip had just killed Patriarch Farley in front of him. After all, killing a family head in his territory was no different than slapping him in the face!

Philip was unperturbed. He chuckled and took his seat. Leon and Fennel followed suit.

Seeing Leon sitting down, the anger on Ernest's face became even more obvious like a surging ocean wave. He said coldly, "Leon, it's been a long time. I didn't expect you to get a head start."

Leon chuckled and said, "Villa Master Turner, you've misunderstood. I got to know Mr. Clarke earlier by chance, and I'm here tonight as an observer."

"Hehe, an observer? Well said. If you hadn't instigated this, would Mr. Clarke be so merciless as to kill a Northern disciple family head in front of me?"

Ernest could not hold back and questioned coldly.

Philip smiled and said, "Villa Master Turner, you may have misunderstood. I didn't do this on purpose. In fact, my objective is very simple, which is to take down all the family heads in this hall. What do you think?"

Crack!

The teacup in Ernest's hand shattered again. He looked at Philip sullenly and said, "Mr. Clarke, watch your words. The combined strength of all the family heads in this hall isn't something one Singer family can be compared to! Even though you destroyed the Singer family with your extraordinary power and shook the entire North, no matter how powerful you are, I'm afraid it's not that easy to wipe out all the family heads in this hall."

After saying this, Ernest sneered threateningly.

Philip said indifferently, "We won't know until we try."

Hearing this, Ernest frowned and asked, "Are you saying that you plan to challenge the Northern supernatural disciple world?"

Philip said with a smile, "Villa Master Turner, you've misunderstood. It's best to settle things peacefully. If you promise to step down from the position of villa master and leave it to me to make manpower arrangements, those things you just mentioned won't happen. I'm determined to unify the North and the South, so I hope that you can consider this matter carefully."

"Hmph!"

Ernest violently threw the newly brought teacup in his hand to the table, causing the tea to splash everywhere. Then, he shouted coldly, "Mr. Clarke, you're too arrogant! This is the North, and Terrain Villa has always been in charge of it. Do you think you have the right to take over my villa master position with just one word?"

This arrogant brat was too cocky for words!

He even wanted to take away his villa master position. This was simply intolerable!

Philip shrugged and said, "Villa Master Turner, it should be better for you to get rid of such annoying things. As long as you step down from the position of villa master, I can arrange for you to spend the rest of your life without worries."

"No need!" Ernest interrupted Philip and said, "It seems that we won't reach a consensus tonight. In that case, I shall take my leave!"

After saying that, Ernest got up to leave. With that move, all the family heads in the hall also got up and stared at Philip with dissatisfaction.

Seeing this, Ernest snorted and said, "Mr. Clarke, watch clearly. This is unity! In the North, Terrain Villais the authority! It's too soon for you to get your hands on the North."

After saying this, Ernest stepped forward and was about to leave.

Philip took a sip of tea indifferently and said, "Villa Master Turner, it's easy to enter this door but difficult to get out. You should think twice about it."

Hearing that, Ernest stopped in his tracks. His eyes flashed sharply as he turned to look at Philip, who was seated at the main table. At this moment, he suddenly felt that this young man was so unfathomable.

The other party seemed very confident.

Ernest snorted and said, "Mr. Clarke, what do you mean by that? Are you saying that the family heads and I don't have the right to come and go freely in Beechwood City? Or do you want to deal with us like how you dealt with Patriarch Farley just now?"

Instantly, all the family heads were encouraged by Ernest and kicked up a big fuss. The entire hall fell into a commotion again.

"Arrogant! All of us are the heads of disciple families here. This is Beechwood City. Who dares to stop us?"

"This Mr. Clarke is too cocky. Does he want to get rid of us in one fell swoop?"

"It's no big deal. Let's force our way out! Fight them!"

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Facing the excited crowd, Leon reminded Philip in a low voice, "Young Patriarch Clarke, there's no need to anger the crowd at this time. Otherwise, it won't end well."

Philip naturally understood. He got up and said, "Villa Master Turner, why don't we make a bet?"

Hearing this, Ernest frowned and asked, "What bet?"

"Five days later, the disciple competition between the North and the South will be held. Why don't we put all the long-standing grievances between the North and the South in this competition? Whoever wins will have the right to determine the rules of the supernatural disciple world in the entire country. What do you think?"

Philip said lightly with a faint smile in the corner of his eyes.

Hearing that, Ernest was taken aback before he smiled and said, "Mr. Clarke, I'm afraid you still don't know the results of the previous North-South competitions. Hahaha, since you said so, I'll accept it!"

With that said, Ernest turned around and left with his people. This time, no one stopped them. More than a hundred family heads left the hotel.

Philip and the others remained standing in the main hall.

Leon said worriedly, "Young Patriarch Clarke, this is too reckless. Even if you enter the competition with Mr. Leigh, your probability of winning is not high. There's too big of a gap between the overall performance of the South and the North. Out of ten matches, it takes six to win. Based on the current strength of the South, even with the two of you in the competition, we only stand a chance of winning four matches."

Hearing this, Philip frowned and asked, "Can't I fight in all ten matches?"

Leon shook his head and said, "No, one person can only enter one match."

Philip nodded, thought about it, and said, "I'll figure it out. Don't panic."

After Ernest returned to Terrain Villa, he threw a fit in the hall and roared. "Damn that Mr. Clarke! He doesn't respect Terrain Villa or me at all! Having the gall to kill Patriarch Farley is the same as slapping me in the face!"

Facing the furious Ernest, Cyril could only stand by silently.

When Ernest's anger subsided, Cyril said, "Villa Master Turner, it's no big deal. What matters now is the bet between you and Mr. Clarke. The competition in five days is what we should focus on."

Ernest calmed down, looked at Cyril, and asked, "Villa Master Hopper, between the North and the South this time, who do you think will win this competition?"

Cyril said with a smile, "Of course, it'll be the North. Even if Mr. Clarke and Fennel Leigh enter the competition, the South will only stand a 40% chance of winning, which is nothing for us to worry about. I think Mr. Clarke didn't know the gap between the North and the South. He's probably regretting his decision by now."

Hearing this, Ernest laughed and said, "Hmph, how dare that ignorant brat fight with me? Okay, let's wait and see!"

Then, Ernest added, "Villa Master Hopper, you must carefully select the participants for the competition this time. This is a great opportunity for Terrain Villa to take over the south!"

Cyril laughed and said, "Villa Master Turner, don't worry. I've prepared the list. You can take a look at it."

With that said, Cyril took out a list and handed it to Ernest.

Seeing this, Ernest smiled. He took the list, looked over it several times, and his smile grew bigger. He said, "Well done! Let's go with this!"

In the next two days, Philip remained in Beechwood City. He accompanied Mila while contemplating with Leon and the others on the gap between the supernatural disciples of the North and the South. At the same time, he carefully investigated the strength of the disciples on the ranking list.

The discussion between Philip and Leon was almost done.

"Young Patriarch Clarke, this is the participant list for the disciple competition three days later. Please have a look and see if any changes need to be made."

At this time, Leon walked into the suite and saw Mila sitting on Philip's lap, giggling happily away.

Philip nodded, took the list, and glanced through it. His expression became a little ugly as he asked, "Are these the top experts and talents of the southern supernatural disciple world?"

Leon looked a little ashamed as he said, "Young Patriarch Clarke, to be frank, these are the only talents we have in the South. Due to the difference between the North and the South, we have limited resources for disciples to learn and improve their strength. These people have wasted precious time. They're progressing slowly and are not comparable with the numerous talents of the North."

Hearing this, Philip frowned and looked at the list.

Apart from him and Fennel, there was only one other king of disciples.

Ray Warren. He was a Wicean priest.

Wicca belonged neither to the North nor the South but was a neutral party.

"Is Ray Warren the only king of disciples?" Philip asked with a frown.

Leon said, "Yes. Although he's a Wiccan priest, he's also the young master of the Warren family in Golden City in the South. As he didn't like the overt and covert fighting in the business field,

he entered Wicca when he was young and was favored by the head of Wicca. He became Wicca's second senior and the most promising successor."

Hearing this, Philip nodded and asked, "What about his strength?"

Leon smiled and said, "In every competition in the past, he was the one who could win a match for the South so that we wouldn't lose everything in humiliation. In terms of strength, he was already in the realm of the king of disciples in the fifth zone the last time. This time, I believe he has improved tremendously and is likely to have reached the sixth zone."

Philip's face darkened as he said, "I remember that there's only one king behind the door in each zone. Why have so many kings of disciples appeared recently?"

Leon sighed and said, "Young Patriarch Clarke, you only know part of it. You're right in saying that there's only one king in each zone who's responsible for maintaining the balance and stability of each zone. However, that doesn't mean that others don't have the opportunity to become kings. For a kingship holder, not only does it depend on individual strength but also the choice of the door. Anyone who's recognized by the door can become a king, and the king of each zone is a symbol of status. Many kings simply can't be bothered to compete for that status."

After listening to Leon's explanation, Philip finally understood. In other words, kingship holders were not lacking in numbers.

As Philip pondered, Leon tentatively asked, "Young Patriarch Clarke, do you have any plans for the competition three days later? To win, we must find two other people with extraordinary strength. The participant list of Terrain Villa has been announced. Compared to previous years, there were no special changes in the contestants, except for a replacement named Stanley Berry."

"Stanley Berry? Who is he?"

Philip took over Terrain Villa's list of participants from Leon, and his eyes found Stanley Berry's name immediately.

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"Young Master Clarke, Stanley Berry is none other than the son of Cooper Berry, the deputy consul of the Nonagon. With his extraordinary strength, he has long entered the realm of the king of disciples in the sixth zone. But he has kept a low profile and is a very tricky person to deal with!" Leon explained worriedly.

Although he knew that Philip and Fennel had reached the realm of the king of disciples in the sixth zone, Terrain Villa had also entered two kings of disciples in the sixth zone to compete.

Stanley was one of them, and the other one was none other than the eldest son of the Singer family, Auric Singer. Therefore, even with Ray Warren, Philip, Fennel, and another genius on Leon's side, they only had a 40% chance of winning at the most.

Once Philip and Fennel went up against Auric and Stanley, the outcome of the two matches would be difficult to predict. After all, no one knew exactly how strong those two really were.

Philip's face was very dark at this moment. Stanley Berry. He would remember this name.

It turned out he was Cooper Berry's son. It seemed that Cooper also had ideas about the Northern supernatural disciple world.

"I got it." Philip said mildly and asked the servant to bring Mila out. Then, he got up, dialed a number, and said, "Where are you?"

On the other end of the phone, a lazy voice said, "Young Patriarch, I'm undercover at the Nonagon. But this is too tiring. You have to pay me extra for this."

Philip said in exasperation, "Okay, but you need to come to Beechwood City first. Something's up."

"Okay."

Rick Davenport ended the call and walked out of the main entrance of the towering Nonagon building. He even whistled at several tall and sexy girls who walked by. Then, he disappeared in a flash.

Philip hung up the phone and thought for a moment. He called Ethan Clarke and said, "Come to Beechwood City. There's work to do."

Ethan was enjoying the sun on the seaside of a coastal city with a bunch of women in swimsuits.

When he received a call from Philip at this moment, he was a little upset and said, "Bro, I'm busy. Let's talk later."

"Then I'll ask Uncle Tim to bring you back, send you to the Joo family, and force you to marry Vivi Joo," Philip threatened.

Ethan immediately sat up from the beach chair, his sunglasses falling off. He hurriedly said, "Don't. I'll be there soon."

With that said, he ended the call. Ethan looked at the beauties on the beach, sighed, and said reluctantly, "Babes, wait for me."

That night, Rick and Ethan arrived in Beechwood City and took a car to the hotel where Philip was.

In the hotel suite, several people sat together. Philip smiled and introduced them to Leon, "Villa Master Jefferson, this is my cousin, Ethan Clarke."

Leon quickly got up, bowed slightly to Ethan, and said, "Young Master Clarke, I'm Leon Jefferson."

Ethan yawned as he shook hands with Leon and said, "Hello, Villa Master Jefferson."

"This is my friend, Rick Davenport. He's proficient in all kinds of assassinations," Philip continued the introduction.

Rick stood aside, leaning against the wall with his arms around his chest. He maintained a dashing posture at all times.

Leon nodded and said with a smile, "Mr. Davenport..."

Rick nodded as a greeting.

Philip sat down and said, "Villa Master Jefferson, with these two as participants, what are our chances of winning?"

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Hearing that, Leon looked at the two and scrutinized them for a moment. He asked, "Young Patriarch Clarke, with all due respect, I can't tell their levels. They don't seem to display any fluctuations in the power of rules or energy. Are they not disciples?"

Philip smiled and said, "Yes and no. The good show is about to come. Let's watch and see."

Hearing this, Leon did not know what to say but paid more attention to Ethan and Rick. Maybe Philip had his ideas.

Since he had decided, Leon did not object and said, "I'll change the list right now and send it out tomorrow."

Philip nodded and left the rest of the minor details to Leon.

Together with Ethan, Rick, and Fennel, Philip went to the largest nightclub in Beechwood City for some fun. The four rarely got together, so having some fun was a must.

The biggest night entertainment area in Beechwood City was not indoors but an entire street filled with bars and private clubs.

It was the largest and most prosperous street in Beechwood City with a dazzling array of lights. The street was full of roaring sports cars. Tall and slender beauties twittered on the street while dressed in revealing clothes. They were waiting in line to enter the venue.

The biggest and most expensive venue had to be the Jumbo Bar!

With the highest consumption rate in Beechwood City, Jumbo Bar boasted a cash flow of tens of millions per night. Moreover, the most beautiful girls and handsome guys in Beechwood City could be found here. Half the customers here were tall and hot goddesses fishing for a rich and handsome guy. The other half were the sons and daughters of rich families here to have fun.

In short, Jumbo Bar was definitely an iconic place in Beechwood City. It would be in vain if a visitor came to Beechwood City without going to Jumbo Bar.

Philip got to know this place from a subordinate who was familiar with the local neighborhood. He drove his Mercedes-Benz here with Fennel and the others.

In the parking lot in front of Jumbo Bar, a Mercedes-Benz was not worth mentioning. That was because at a glance, the parking lot was full of luxury cars such as Porsche, GTR, Ferrari, Lamborghini, and Bentley. The most expensive one was a special custom-made gold Rolls-Royce.

It was the car that belonged to the young master of Jumbo Bar. It was worth 14 million!

Philip was used to seeing these luxury cars. As soon as he entered, the loud music almost deafened his ears. Fortunately, he had made a reservation in advance, so Philip followed the subordinate and went straight to the booth. He ordered a few bottles of liquor and drank with Fennel and the others.

They were simply here to pass the time, so after ordering a few drinks, they just sat and chatted.

At this moment, three glamorously dressed sexy ladies walked over hand in hand. They sat beside Philip and the others, saying sweetly, "Hey, handsome, is this your first time in Jumbo Bar? How about ordering two bottles of Champagne Armand de Brignac? Beer is too crude."

Philip smiled and kept his distance from the woman wearing a black halter dress. He pulled her arm away and said, "No thanks. We're used to drinking beer. If you want to promote drinks, find someone else."

Hearing that, the woman was not angry but leaned close to Philip and said, "Hey, handsome, you should be here to have fun. A few bottles of liquor aren't that expensive. If you order some, we can drink with you. Moreover, if you can make us drunk, you can punish us at will."

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The woman leaned close to Philip's ear and said seductively, "It's okay if you want to bring us to a hotel."

This was a blatant temptation. In general, the three women looked good with shapely figures. They could be considered goddesses.

Other ordinary youngsters might fall for them.

However, Philip was different. He was an old hand at this.

He took a sip of the beer in his hand and said with a light smile, "It's okay. Our health is more important when we're out."

This remark annoyed that woman.

She stood up with a scowl, slapped the glass from Philip's hand, and scolded, "What do you mean by that? Are you saying that I'm dirty? Do you know who I am? How dare you come to Jumbo Bar if you don't have money? You're even looking down on me! You're looking for death!"

Philip frowned, looked at the woman in exasperation, and said, "Miss, you're the one who came here to promote drinks. You don't have to do this even if I refuse."

"Hmph!" The woman snorted coldly and put her arms across her chest.

The other two also got up and stood beside her. They stared at Philip and the others coldly, saying mockingly, "Cindy, I think they're just four poor brats posing as rich kids!"

"I think so too. Only losers drink beer!"

"It's really a shame to bump into four beggars for our first business. Cindy, let's forget it. I think the few rich kids over there seem quite open to having fun."

Cindy snorted coldly and said, "No, this kid just called me dirty. I can't let him go! Not unless he apologizes to me!"

Hearing this, the other two turned to Philip and said, "Did you hear that? Hurry up and apologize to Cindy, you loser!"

Philip said helplessly, "I'm just telling the truth. Did I poke a sore spot, so you get angry because of that?"

"Damn you, how dare you say that? Fine! just wait and see how I'm going to deal with you!"

Cindy turned around and left in her high heels.

Philip and the others looked at each other helplessly. Just as they continued drinking, a hostile male voice suddenly came from a distance.

"Are these the four dumb*sses who pissed you off, Cindy?"

The person who spoke was a flamboyant rich kid in a floral shirt with a gold necklace around his neck. There was a Cartier watch worth hundreds of thousands of dollars on his wrist.

"That's right, it's them! Especially that loser who scolded me! Jake, you must help me out tonight!"

At this moment, Cindy was like a proud rooster as she swaggered over with four young men.

In an instant, seven or eight people surrounded the booth.

The rich kid in the lead looked unfriendly as he stepped on the table and looked at Philip provocatively. He bent over, put his hands in his trouser pockets, and said, "Hey, brat, did you piss Cindy off? Hurry up and apologize on your knees. Otherwise, I'll kill you!"

Philip raised his brows coldly, looked at the rich kid, and said, "I'm afraid you can't afford it."

The First Heir - Chapter 2660

Philip was peeved. He was just here to have fun, not cause trouble. However, looking at the situation, these rich kids would not let him off easily.

The leading rich kid scowled at Philip's remark and said with a sneer, "Whoa, brat, you're quite tough, huh? Do you know where this place is? Do you know my name? How dare you speak to me like that? Do you want to die?"

At the same time, the rich kid gestured with his hands and poked Philip several times in the nose. His attitude was extremely arrogant!

His few friends behind him, including the three women before, watched the scene mockingly and said, "Huh, I'm dying of laughter. How dare he act tough in front of Young Master Seely?"

"This trashy loser dares to drink in a Jumbo Bar without money and even ordered beer. What a joke!"

"Cindy, just let us deal with this rubbish."

Facing the ridicule and smears of these youngsters, Philip was indifferent. He took a sip of beer in the glass, looked sideways at the rich kid who was still yelling at him, and said, "I'll give you a count of three to get lost from my sight."

This remark pissed Jake Seely off immediately!

This was the first time he had been looked down on. The other party told him to get lost!

In the past, he was the one who said such words to intimidate others. Today, it was the other way around!

Interesting!

"Hahaha!" Jake immediately laughed and said, "Brat, have you gone mad? How dare you threaten me? Do you know who I am? My name is Jake Seely. I'm the young master of the Seely family in Beechwood City. Have you heard of the Seely family before?"

The Seely family!

One of the top ten families in Beechwood City, a giant in the real estate business in Beechwood City. The Seely family had a stake in the Jumbo Bar too. He was one of the four young masters here.

Of course, the eldest young master was the boss behind the scenes of Jumbo Bar. It was the young master of the Berry family, Stanley Berry. Thus, few people dared to cause trouble in Jumbo Bar, which led to the high and mighty attitude displayed by Jake Seely.

He totally treated this place as his backyard and did whatever he pleased. Moreover, the Seely family was quite influential in Beechwood City. Ordinary people would grovel at the mention of this name. In reality, it was like that too. Hence, Jake mostly announced his name when he was pissed to gain an advantage.

This time was no exception.

After he made the announcement, the smugness on his face was beyond words. He even jerked his chin up to Cindy and the others behind him. That was an indication for them to watch how this loser was about to kneel and apologize to him. However, what happened next came as a surprise.

Philip was completely unmoved after hearing Jake's announcement and said, "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I don't know the Seely family. As I said before, I'll give you the count of three to get lost from my sight..."

"Three!"

In an instant, Jake was once again pissed off by Philip!

What the hell?!

How dare he ignore the name of the Seely family?!

Was this guy really not afraid of death?

The First Heir - Chapter 2661

Not just Jake, but Cindy and the other rich young kids behind him were also dumbfounded.

What the heck? What did this loser say just now?

He said he did not know the Seely family. Was he from out of town? He was a country bumpkin!

As Cindy and the others spewed curses, Jake had already picked up a liquor bottle from the table in a huff. He roared haughtily. "Damn it! I dare you to complete the count! Let's see if I'll do anything to you!"

"Two!"

"One!"

Philip counted down to one calmly. Seeing that Jake was still standing in front of him, he shook his head helplessly and said, "Excuse me, but you've disturbed me from drinking."

Bang!

As Jake raised the liquor bottle in his hand, Philip made his move and smashed the glass in his hand at Jake's face viciously!

Crack!

There was the crisp sound of a nose bone getting broken followed by Jake's miserable screams. He clutched his bloody nose, staggered back, and fell to the floor.

"Argh! My nose!" Jake cried out in pain.

The friends behind him also surrounded him in an instant while shouting, "Young Master Seely, are you alright?"

"Damn it, how dare you do this?! He's Young Master Seely!"

"This is a riot! You're doomed for doing this to Young Master Seely!"

In an instant, these people pointed at Philip and cursed. The commotion here also instantly attracted the attention of everyone in the bar!

"Whoa, are my eyes playing tricks on me? Isn't that Young Master Jake Seely? Did he get hit?"

"Oh my, this is a Jumbo Bar. No one has ever dared to make trouble here!"

"Who are those people? How dare they hit the arrogant and domineering Young Master Seely?"

For a while, there was a lot of noise in the bar. Everyone watched the commotion here.

Philip flexed his hand indifferently and said, "Excuse me, Young Master Seely. Since you don't understand civil words, I can only prove it with practical actions."

Cindy and the others were also stunned at Philip's decisive actions.

"Young Master Seely, are you alright?" Cindy ran forward in her high heels and helped Jake up. At the same time, she glared at Philip and roared. "Stinking loser, you're dead! How dare you hit Young Master Seely? Don't you dream of leaving this place tonight!"

Jake stood up with Cindy's help, took the tissue handed by his friend, and covered his nose. He pointed angrily at Philip and shouted, "Damn you, how dare you hit me?! This is the first time I ever got hit. You're dead! Don't you leave! I'm going to call someone to kill you!"

Blake was almost dying from the pain in his nose, and the sting from the alcohol made him feel a burning pain in his nasal cavity as soon as he breathed.

Philip looked indifferent and was totally unconcerned. He said, "If you want to call someone, go ahead."

After saying that, he turned to look at Fennel and the others who were still merrily drinking.

This scene made everyone in the bar go crazy. These people were too cocky!

After hitting the young master of the Seely family, they still had the nerve to sit there and drink as if nothing had happened.

This was big news, indeed!

Many people even started to speculate about Philip's background.

On lake's side, he had already dialed the phone and shouted angrily. "Get the hell inside at once, all of you!"

After that, it did not take long before more than a dozen burly men rushed over from behind the crowd. They stood behind lake and said with a bow, "Young Master Seely, what are your orders?"

Jake pointed at Philip and the others angrily while roaring. "Take all of them down! Especially that one. Chop off his right hand!"

The First Heir - Chapter 2662

The security guards were burly and tall, giving off a strong sense of oppression. They rushed in, and after hearing Jake's order, they took out the anti-riot batons from their waists. They rushed at Philip and the others.

Seeing this, Jake sneered maliciously and said, "A bunch of idiots! Just wait for your doom! I'll torture you to death latter!"

Cindy and the others surrounded Jake and tried to stop his bleeding.

On this side, Philip remained calm as he glanced at the group of security guards who rushed in brandishing batons. He shook his head helplessly and said, "I didn't want to cause trouble at all, but you guys are seeking death."

With that said, Philip flung the liquor glass that was just served to him right at the face of the security guard who rushed at him first.

Splash!

The security guard was stunned at being splashed by the drink, He quickly wiped the water on his face with one hand while swinging the baton in his other hand at Philip's head.

Bang!

However, in the next second, Philip raised his hand and grabbed the incoming baton. Then, with a twist of his arm, he snatched the baton from the security guard. At the same time, he kicked the security guard in the knee!

“Argh!” With a scream, the security guard knelt in pain.

Meanwhile, Philip swung the baton in his hand at the security guard’s head.

Bang! Blood splattered!

The security guard clutched his bloody head and knelt on the floor, howling in pain.

Such a sudden scene also made the onlookers surprised.

What the hell was going on?

The security guard who rushed up aggressively was actually kneeling on the floor and screaming in pain with his bloody head in his arms now. For a while, those security guards who were about to rush over stopped in their tracks. They were surprised and at a loss as they looked at each other. They did not dare to step forward.

The man sitting on the sofa was too strong.

Everything happened in a split second. His moves were not ordinary.

Seeing this, Jake was furious and roared. “Why the hell are you standing around? Give it to him! F*ck him up!”

With the Jake yelling from behind, the stunned security guards rushed up again.

Philip shook his head helplessly, flicked the baton in his hand, and dazzled everyone’s eyes.

Biff, bang, thud!

With a few muffled noises, the security guards who had rushed up aggressively again flew out. Some clutched their heads while others clutched their arms. Screams could be heard one after another.

From the beginning to the end, Fennel, Ethan, and Rick had not made any moves. They merely spectated.

Philip took care of these security guards easily.

Everyone gasped at this scene. They finally realized that Jake Seely had met a tough opponent today!

Jake pointed at the wailing security guards on the floor and cursed, "Damn it, what the hell? All of you couldn't even take care of a loser! Did I spend all that money on a bunch of trash? F*ck!"

Jake was furious.

He glared at Philip who held a bloody baton in his hand and cursed, "Dude, you're not showing any respect! Not only did you hit me, but you also beat up the people under me. Don't even think of leaving the Jumbo Bar today!"

The First Heir - Chapter 2663

Philip snorted and swung the baton in his hand, which made Jake stagger back in fright. He shouted in agitation, "W-What are you doing?"

Philip chuckled and said, "Young Master Seely, don't be nervous. If I wanted to hit you, I'd have done so much earlier. I don't want to cause trouble. The medical expenses of these people will be 500,000 each. I'll give you five million."

Five million? Whoa, what a haughty tone!

Jake snorted and said, "Hey, loser, are you serious? Five million? How can a loser like you come up with five million? How rich can you be if you came to Jumbo Bar for beer?"

Upon hearing Philip's remarks, Cindy and the others also sarcastically said, "Hmph, five million? You can't even order a bottle of champagne! How can you afford five million?!"

"That's right! Four beggars are drinking beer here, yet they still have the guts to pretend."

"Young Master Seely, I say you should just call the guards of your Seely family directly and capture these losers!"

Faced with the ridicule of a group of people, Philip took out a card from his pocket, threw it on the table, and said, "Get someone to withdraw the money."

Seeing that, Jake scowled and said with a sneer, "Hehe, you're really being pretentious now. Let's see if you have five million in your card!"

After that, Jake called for a subordinate, handed the card to the other party, and said, "Tell the bank teller to withdraw five million!"

The subordinate immediately made arrangements. Jake looked at Philip coldly and said, "Hey, dude, if I can't get five million later, I won't be merciful."

Philip smiled lightly without comment, looking unperturbed. This made Jake furious. He gritted his teeth. At the same time, he winked at a person in the crowd, who was none other than a bodyguard of the Seely family. That wink was an indication for the other party to notify the Seely family's guards.

He was not about to let Philip and the others go!

Not long after, the subordinate who went out earlier walked in hurriedly and whispered in Jake's ear.

Jake frowned, his eyes full of disbelief.

"What did you say? You really took out five million?" Jake asked doubtfully.

Without waiting for the other party to speak, two bank employees quickly walked in from the door, each of them carrying a silver case. The two bank employees walked up to Philip, handed over the cases, bowed respectfully, and said, "Mr. Clarke, the five million you requested are here. The moment we received your request, our headquarters gave the order that no matter how much you want, we need to fulfill your request as soon as possible."

Philip nodded and said, "Okay, tell your president that I thank him for his kind intentions."

Needless to say, Philip's card had alarmed the bank's headquarters. After all, the bank cards of the Clarke family were very special.

The onlookers were dumbfounded. It was really five million dollars... Moreover, the two bank employees were obviously full of respect for that young man.

Jake glared at the two bank employees gloomily and asked his subordinate, "Are you sure they're employees of the bank?"

The subordinate replied, "I'm certain."

At the same time, Philip said to Jake, "Young Master Seely, do you want to count the money? If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving."

With that said, Philip got up to leave.

However, how could Jake let him off so easily? He shouted, "Hold on! Did I say that I'd let you go?"

The First Heir - Chapter 2664

At Jake's remark, the men and women around him knew that the young master of the Seely family was ready to teach these people a lesson.

Cindy and the other women mocked. "Young Master Seely, don't waste time with them. Just lock them up and torture them properly!"

Jake thought so too. He covered his nose which had finally stopped bleeding with a tissue and sneered grimly. He glared at Philip and said smugly, "Idiot, do you think you're amazing just because you have some money? Are you pretending to be a wolf in sheep's clothing? Who do you want to frighten by bringing out five million? Let me tell you, I'm not short of this money! I'll buy your right hand with this five million!"

Jake shouted fiercely, his eyes full of anger.

By now, Philip's patience had reached its limit. Putting his hands in his trouser pockets, he looked at Jake and asked, "Young Master Seely, are you saying that you won't give up until you break my right hand?"

"Of course! It's the first time I've been beaten! You've humiliated me, so you must break your right hand to make amends! Otherwise, how can I establish my authority in the Jumbo Bar?" Jake shouted.

Hearing that, Philip nodded and said, "I'm afraid you can't afford the consequences."

Jake laughed as if he had just heard the best joke in the world. He said, "Then, let's see what are the consequences that I can't afford!"

As soon as he said that, a team of eight fully armed guards rushed in from the bar's entrance. They were in black combat uniforms with tactical helmets and guns. As soon as they appeared, the whole bar quickly went quiet!

Everyone stood aside to watch for fear of getting into trouble.

This team of fully armed guards quickly came in, walked behind Jake, and shouted respectfully, "Young Master!"

The leader of the team looked respectfully toward Jake with his head lowered and said, "Young Master, I'm sorry for being late!"

Jake glanced at him, waved his hand, and said, "Captain Song, arrest these people immediately! Especially that one. I want you to break his right hand and then make him kneel and apologize to me!"

Jake's words echoed in the bar. Anyone who heard it felt their hearts beating like a drum!

These were not the same bar security guards from before but the real guards of the Seely family. All of them were warriors. The guns in their hands were fully loaded with live ammunition!

The reason why the Seely family had armed guards was that the old master of the Seely family had once received a great honor, so Beechwood City rewarded them with armed guards. Moreover, due to the personal connections of the Seely family, they had also recruited some people in private to serve as armed guards of the Seely family.

In short, now that the Seely family's guards were around after Jake was messed with, the other party would be doomed no matter who they were.

"Hehe, I think that idiot is done for this time! The Seely family's guards are here. He's dead!"

"No sh*t! Wasn't he very arrogant just now, flinging five million around like it was nothing? Does he really think he can do whatever he wants just because he's a rich kid?!"

"In Beechwood City, not only must you have money but also strength!"

A group of people chattered and mocked.

After receiving Jake's order, Captain Song turned around quickly. His eyes were as cold as a blade as he stared at Philip and the others. He said coldly, "Take them down!"

Swish!

In an instant, the eight-man team immediately aimed their guns at Philip and his gang. Four of them stepped forward with raised guns. They were ready to seize Philip and his gang.

The First Heir - Chapter 2665

At this time, Philip coldly raised his eyebrows and looked indifferently at the team of eight guards. He said, "You're armed guards, after all. How could you arrest people without rhyme or reason like this?"

Faced with Philip's question, Captain Song, who led the team, frowned and said, "Excuse me, but you have no right to question our code of conduct! We're the guards of the Seely family and follow the orders of the Seely family! Take them down!"

In an instant, a few guns were aimed at the heads of Philip and the other three.

Philip's eyes were icy cold as he turned his head to look at Fennel, Ethan, and Rick. He said, "It seems that we're too low-key."

At this moment, Ethan sneered and said, "Bro, I say we should just bring people to destroy this so-called Seely family. Why should we talk crap with them? Since they dare to use guns on us, they can't blame us."

Philip thought about it and said, "We just came to Beechwood City. It's better not to cause too much trouble. After all, the competition in three days is more important."

Ethan frowned and said, "What are you afraid of? I can easily squish a small family in Beechwood City with one finger. It won't take more than ten minutes."

Hearing the conversation between Philip and Ethan, Jake exploded with anger!

What the heck?! What did these two mean by that?!

Did they not see his family guards pointing guns at their heads?

How dare they speak so casually about destroying the Seely family?

Damn it! Simply outrageous!

The surrounding onlookers were also stunned.

Who were these people? Were they lunatics?

They had guns pointed at their heads but they could still talk about destroying the Seely family as if nothing was going on.

Since when did destroying a family only required talking about it?

Madness! These people must have been scared out of their wits!

At this time, Jake Seely roared angrily. "Captain Song, what are you waiting for? Take them down now!"

Captain Song's face was also sullen. He waved his hand that was in tactical gloves and shouted sternly, "Take them down!"

In an instant, the four guns aimed at Philip and the others had their safety catches released. As long as they dared to resist, these guards would fire and kill them without hesitation. However, in the next second, a shocking scene happened!

Four clicks!

Philip and the other three moved at the same time. As fast as lightning, they snatched the guns aimed at their heads from the hands of the four guards. Meanwhile, they struck hard. With several bangs, the four guards fell to the floor before they knew what was going on. They were foaming at the mouth and could not get up again.

The remaining four guards, including Captain Song, were stunned in disbelief.

Such skills and speed! They were not on the same level at all!

Almost instantly, Captain Song judged the strength of Philip and his gang.

They were definitely at the level of battle kings!

Who the hell did Young Master Seely mess with? How could people like this be ordinary characters?

The First Heir - Chapter 2666

At the same time, the earlier conversation between Philip and Ethan flashed in Captain Song's mind. They could destroy the Seely family in ten minutes. Now, Captain Song could not help but tremble. He suddenly felt that these people were not joking!

Their skills were definitely not ordinary, and the forces behind them might be very strong. If they really wanted to destroy the Seely family, it might not be impossible. Thus, in an instant, Captain Song took two steps back and shielded Jake to prevent the other party's sudden attack. After all, his duty was to protect Jake Seely!

If anything happened to Jake, he would definitely face the wrath of the head of the Seely family!

Philip smiled indifferently as he fiddled with the pistol he had snatched from a guard.

He said, "I don't like big guns very much. This pistol is quite good. An Italian Beretta 9213' series with 9mm Parabellum. It's 8.5 inches in length with an empty cartridge weight of two pounds. The muzzle velocity is 0.207 miles per second, and the effective range is 50 yards with

a high degree of accuracy. I didn't expect the Seely family's guards in Beechwood City to be equipped with such a pistol. It surprised me a little."

Hearing Philip's introduction, those who did not know about guns were stunned. Due to their lack of knowledge, they felt as if Philip was amazing for spouting such professional terms.

For Captain Song, Philip was absolutely right. He knew a lot about guns. This also proved Captain Song's idea right!

The other party also came from a battle group!

Since he was from a battle group and had such strength, it was enough to prove that the other party's battle group was very special. It was also likely that the other party's level was not low.

Something was about to happen. After messing with such an existence, Jake surely could not get off the hook so easily.

Captain Song thought about it and made a bold decision. He said, "My friends, we've offended you just now. Please allow me to apologize to you on behalf of our young master. Let's end this matter here."

Hearing Captain Song's words, Jake exploded!

He roared, "Fred Song, what the f*ck are you talking about? What do you mean by apologizing on my behalf? Do I need to apologize? I told you to take them down, not apologize!"

Jake was furious!

With just one face-off, the guards of the Seely family were intimidated into apologizing. Where would he put his dignity, then?

How was he supposed to continue hanging out in Beechwood City in the future?

However, Fred Song quickly turned around and said to Jake in a low voice, "Young Master, hear me out. These people's skills are not ordinary, and he's very familiar with this gun. I suspect that they may be from a battle group, and their levels are definitely not low! It's best to avoid any trouble. Young Master, let's put this matter aside for now. It won't be too late to make a decision after I return and investigate their identities."

"No way!"

Jake roared angrily and interrupted Fred. He said, "I don't care about their identities! So what if they're from a battle group? This is Beechwood City, and we're in a Jumbo Bar! Everyone has to toe the line here!"

Hearing this, Fred shuddered.

This young master was too pampered, so his arrogance was inevitable.

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“Young Master, we really need to reconsider this matter at length. Let’s do this. Let me send you back and I’ll ask the old master for his opinion.”

Before Fred confirmed the identities of Philip and his gang, he dared not take any risks. That was because their display just now had frightened Fred.

Bang!

At this moment, Jake lifted his leg and kicked Fred violently in the stomach, sending him flying. Then, he pulled out the pistol from his waist, pointed it at Fred, and shouted, “Damn it, Fred Song! Are you on their side? How dare you stop me? I’m telling you that I’m getting rid of them tonight! Let’s see what backgrounds they have!”

After yelling, Jake turned around with the loaded gun in his hand and waved it at Philip and the others.

He yelled, “Kid, weren’t you very cocky just now? Why don’t you go on? As long as you dare to move, I’ll kill you!”

Philip raised his eyebrows and looked at Jake in silence. With a biting chill in his eyes, he said, “Are you sure you want to point a gun at me?”

Jake sneered and said, “Pooh! So what if I’m pointing it at you? Who do you think you are?!”

Smack!

As a result, before Jake finished speaking, he saw a black shadow flash before his eyes. Immediately after, the pistol in his hand disappeared. At the same time, a loud slap fell on his cheek. By the time he reacted, he realized that Philip was holding guns in both hands. They were loaded and aimed at his head!

For a while, Jake panicked and his legs went weak. He could not even be bothered with the burning pain on his cheek.

“W-What are you doing? I’m telling you, I’m the young master of the Seely family. If you dare to do anything to me, my father will never let you go!” Jake suppressed his panic and threatened.

He could not imagine how the gun in his hand was taken away by the other party when he did not even see it happening.

Philip chuckled and said, "Young Master Seely, I've given you many chances but you didn't cherish them."

After saying that, Philip slowly pulled the trigger. This frightened Jake and everyone around him!

Thud!

Jake timidly knelt on the floor and begged for mercy, "Bro, I was wrong. Please don't shoot. I was really wrong! I was just impulsive."

Seeing Jake apologize quickly, Philip was surprised. The onlookers were also aghast.

The usually domineering Jake Seely was actually so cowardly. This was too disgraceful.

Philip coldly looked at Jake who was kneeling on the floor and said, "You're quite quick to admit your mistake."

Jake's forehead was full of cold sweat as he said, "Bro, calm down. I was wrong, okay?"

However, just as Jake apologized, there was a sudden commotion behind the crowd.

"Jake Seely, are you still considered a young master of a family in Beechwood City? It's too embarrassing!"

Hearing that, everyone turned around to look.

At this moment, a sparkling figure escorted by four special bodyguards with sunglasses crossed the dance floor and came to the front.

He was handsome and imposing with his hands in his pants pockets. He wore a golden floral shirt and had a pair of small sunglasses on his face. He looked extremely arrogant!

"Whoa, it's Young Master Berry, the big boss behind Jumbo Bar!" Someone shouted, which immediately caused a commotion.

Young Master Stanley Berry was the biggest boss behind Jumbo Bar and also the most outstanding young master!

Stanley's appearance instantly ignited the atmosphere in the bar.

All the onlookers were dumbfounded as they looked at the handsome guy. The reason was none other than that he was the eldest young master behind the Jumbo Bar. The young master of the Berry family, Stanley Berry.

In the North, the Berry family was one of the top largest families. The legend among all families!

The Berry family rarely made public appearances in the outside world or created any influence. That was because the Berry family had strict family rules that did not allow family members to be too conspicuous. However, no matter how strict the family rules were, it could not stop the reputation of the Berry family from spreading among the top families. As for Stanley Berry, he was one of the few Berry family members with an influence in the secular world.

At this moment, Stanley looked arrogantly at Jake who was begging on the floor before he looked at Philip and said with a smile, "Young Patriarch Clarke, it's nice to finally meet you."

Philip frowned. This Stanley Berry seemed to have been paying attention to him for a while now.

At Stanley's appearance, Jake jumped up and exclaimed, "Young Master Berry, you have to call the shots for me. This kid is too arrogant! He injured so many of my guards and forced me to apologize! I can't take this lying down. I must teach him a lesson!"

Jake took no notice of Stanley's address of Philip and immediately cursed.

He stared at Philip gloomily and roared, "You're dead! With Young Master Berry around, I won't let you off!"

He was the typical villain. One second, he was begging for mercy on the floor. The next second, it was a complete reversal. He was simply throwing his weight around while riding on someone else's coattails.

Philip glanced sideways at Jake, and a chill flashed in his eyes. He raised his hand and slammed the butt of the gun in Jake's face!

Crack!

Jake's front teeth shattered at once. He howled as he covered his bleeding mouth.

"H-How dare you?!" Jake almost died of pain!

Of course, he was also furious. This damnable guy still dared to attack him while Stanley was standing here. He was not showing any respect to Stanley at all!

Philip merely glanced at him coldly and said, "You talk too much. This is just a lesson for you."

Then, he turned to Stanley and said with a smile, "Young Master Berry, do you want to call the shots for him?"

Stanley smiled and said, "What do you think?"

Philip shrugged and flicked the gun in his hand while saying nonchalantly, "I think your appearance here is too much of a coincidence. It's more like you've been waiting for this."

Hearing that, Stanley chuckled and said, "Yeah, you guessed right. I've been watching upstairs just to see what kind of person the rumored young patriarch of the Clarke family is. It seems that there's nothing special about you except for your short temper."

Hearing this, Philip chuckled and said, "Young Master Berry, if you want to gain an upper hand in an argument, I advise you to give up. You can only get to know me after close contact."

Hearing this, Stanley raised his brows. He looked at the howling lake beside him and said, "Take Young Master Seely away."

Jake roared furiously. "Young Master Berry, you must do something about this! You have to kill him! Ouch, it hurts! Take me to the hospital quickly."

After Jake and the others left, Stanley said to Philip, "Young Patriarch Clarke, if you don't mind, why not take a seat in my private room?"

Hearing this, Philip frowned and felt uneasy. He did not have a good impression of Stanley Berry. Mila was kidnapped because of his father's plan. He naturally had no good feelings toward Stanley Berry, the son of Cooper Berry.

"Excuse me, but I do mind." Philip immediately declined and said to Fennel and the others behind him, "Let's go."

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However, as soon as Philip and the others got up, the special bodyguards behind Stanley blocked their way.

Stanley said blandly, "Young Patriarch Clarke, you're being too disrespectful to me. As the young patriarch of the Clarke family, are you afraid of me?"

After saying this, Stanley was full of arrogance.

Philip frowned, his eyes full of chills as he glanced at the four special bodyguards of the Berry family who were blocking the way.

“Do you want to stop me too?” Philip said coldly.

Behind him, Fennel, Ethan, and Rick stood up at the same time with cold gazes.

The few bodyguards with special identities on the opposite side did not give in at all. They said coldly, “Our young master is inviting all of you to have a seat in the private room. This way, please.”

That was a bit domineering.

With murderous intent in his eyes, Philip said coldly, “What if I refuse?”

In an instant, a fierce killing intent poured from Philip. The atmosphere in the surroundings immediately became ice-cold. Almost everyone could feel the extremely cold sharpness radiating from Philip’s body!

With just a brief exposure, that feeling made many people tremble from the depths of their souls.

After hearing Philip’s reply, the special bodyguards of the Berry family remained stoic and said coldly, “Excuse us, then.”

With that said, they stepped forward and wanted to take them away. As for Stanley, he looked as if he were watching a show. He stood there with a sneer.

Seeing this, Philip said grimly, “You asked for it!”

Boom!

He threw a punch at the special bodyguard who approached him. However, the other party seemed to have expected Philip’s move and also threw a punch.

Boom!

The dull collision of fists resounded, making everyone tremble!

The two stood in the same spot, motionless.

Philip froze, frowned, and immediately understood. This team of special bodyguards was not ordinary people but disciples. They were also quite strong!

This man could actually resist Philip's blow.

Fennel and the others also faced the same situation.

At this moment, Stanley snorted as if he had expected this and said, "Young Patriarch Clarke, don't waste your energy. They're not ordinary people but my father's personal bodyguards. Their strength is not inferior to mine. Well, do you want to have a seat in my private room now?"

Hearing this, Philip frowned.

If their strength was not inferior to Stanley, it meant that these four people had actually reached the realm of the king of disciples in the sixth zone. That terrifying?

Cooper Berry actually had such powerful bodyguards by his side?

Philip's face darkened as he looked at Fennel, Ethan, and Rick. The three of them also shook their heads secretly, which meant that it was not necessary to start a conflict now.

Thus, Philip said, "Lead the way."

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Stanley chuckled, turned around, put his hands in his trouser pockets, and swaggered away. He left the first floor of the bar and walked to a very luxurious private room on the second floor. It was the largest and most extravagant private room in Jumbo Bar with a complete view of the entire bar. It was also why Stanley had noticed the dispute between Philip and Jake earlier on.

Soon, they arrived at the private room.

Stanley sat down, cheerfully poured a few glasses of specially brewed whisky for Philip and the others, and said, "Young Patriarch Clarke, please have a seat."

Hearing that, Philip was not afraid and walked in. He sat down but did not take the glass from Stanley.

"Just say what you need to. I don't think there's anything to discuss between us," Philip said coldly.

Stanley shrugged, leaned back, and said directly, "Young Patriarch Clarke, my father may not have a good impression of you, but I'm different. I hope we can be friends, close friends."

Hearing this, Philip smiled and said, "Friends? Maybe you've misunderstood the meaning of this word, Young Master Berry. You and I will never befriends because to me, your father is

someone I must kill at any cost. Do you want to be friends with a man who's about to kill your father?"

"Hehehe..." While chuckling Stanley said, "You're very forthright, but I'm afraid it won't be that easy for you to deal with my father. My father has made too many enemies in his life, and you're not the one who wants to kill him. However, my father is still alive and well. He's the deputy consul of the Nonagon. Now, the consul has been sealed again by the grand master of your Clarke family. To be honest, after three months, my father can become the new consul of the Nonagon. When the time comes, the entire Nonagon will belong to my father. Do you think you can still kill him?"

Hearing this, Philip's face darkened. With chills in his eyes, he said, "Are you saying that the Clarke family can't do anything to your Berry family at all?"

Stanley chuckled and said frankly, "That's right. In the Nonagon, your Clarke family can't do anything to my Berry family at all. This country is not the world of your Clarke family. Although the Clarke family has the financial resources and strength that amazes everyone, compared to the Nonagon, we may be better than you in certain aspects."

At Philip's silence, Stanley continued, "Young Patriarch Clarke, both you and I should be clear about the upward trend of the world. Why don't we join hands to create the future together? As long as the Clarke family joins forces with the Berry family, the entire country will belong to us. Don't you wish to have greater power and strength in your hands?"

Hearing Stanley's tempting words, Philip smiled lightly and said, "Young Master Berry, do you want to control the supernatural disciple forces in the country together with me? Is this your idea or your father's?"

Stanley took a sip of whiskey and said, "It's my idea, of course."

"Oh, then how can I believe that you have the ability to cooperate with me? As you have mentioned, your father will become the new Nonagon consul in three months. Even if I want to cooperate, I should do so with your father. Why should I cooperate with you instead?" Philip smiled lightly and asked.

Stanley chuckled and said, "Young Patriarch Clarke, you're wrong in thinking this. My father will never cooperate with you. In his opinion, getting rid of you is his greatest wish, but I'm different. I think mutual cooperation is the best choice."

Stanley continued, "Why don't you think about my proposal? During the disciple competition three days later, I hope to receive your reply."

Philip raised his eyebrows and said flatly, "You seem to have put much thought into this. If I understand correctly, will you join forces with your father against us if I don't agree to cooperate with you?"

Stanley shrugged and said, "It's not impossible. After all, no one wants another enemy."

Philip got up and said, "Thank you for your kind intentions, then. In three days, I'll see you at the disciple competition."

With that said, Philip turned around and left with Fennel and the others.

After Philip left, Stanley finished the drink in his hand and made a beckoning gesture. He said to a bodyguard behind him, "Follow them and watch their movements. Report everything back to me."

"Yes, Young Master!"

The special bodyguard responded respectfully before he turned and left the bar.

At the same time, another person walked in from the door

This person was eight feet tall and walked briskly with an imposing air. He was none other than the master of Terrain Villa, Ernest Turner. Of course, Villa Master Cyril Hopper followed closely behind him.

The two stood at the door, bowed respectfully to Stanley, and greeted, "Young Master Berry..."

Stanley nodded silently, his attitude aloof. He motioned for them to sit.

After Ernest took his seat, he asked in dissatisfaction, "Young Master Berry, why did you let him leave like that? You even want to cooperate with him? He belongs on Leon Jefferson's side from the South."

Stanley laughed as he looked at Ernest and said, "You're wrong. He's on no one's side. In front of him, Leon Jefferson is just an errand boy."

"What?!" Hearing that, Ernest was taken aback.

Until now, he still did not know Philip's true identity. Stanley laughed and told Ernest and Cyril about Philip's identity as well as the Clarke family.

After a long time, Ernest and Cyril were full of horror!

“No wonder he could destroy the Singer family single-handedly. So, he’s the young patriarch of the Clarke family!”

Ernest’s heart beat like a drum, and a layer of cold sweat appeared on his forehead. He had actually opposed the young patriarch of the Clarke family.

With just a word from the other party, Terrain Villa could follow right in the Singer family’s footsteps.

At that thought, Ernest sweated more profusely.

Seeing this, Stanley chuckled and said, “Villa Master Turner, don’t worry too much. If he wanted to deal with Terrain Villa, he would have done so already. Maybe he made a bet with you for the disciple competition three days later because he was worried that making any other move would trigger a counterattack from the Northern supernatural disciples and cause unnecessary trouble. So, you should relax and prepare well for the disciple competition in three days. As long as we win, nothing will be a problem.”

Hearing this, Ernest calmed down and said, “Young Master Berry, with your presence, please rest assured that we’ll definitely win the disciple competition three days later!”

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Stanley laughed and said, “Villa Master Turner, the outcome is still uncertain. As far as I know, Philip has recruited three helpers. Plus Ray Warren and the other person from the South, they have a 60% chance of winning.”

Hearing this, Ernest was taken aback before he laughed and said, “Young Master Berry, you worry too much. What sort of helpers can he find? Villa Master Hopper and I have already figured it out. Even if he can find helpers, he only has a 40% chance of winning. If Philip and Fennel face Young Master Berry and Young Master Singer, the 40% chance will drop to 20%. There’s nothing to fear.”

Stanley shook his head and said, “Didn’t you notice the other two behind him when they left just now?”

Ernest jolted at this question, and he carefully recalled the scene just now. Indeed, there were three people behind Philip just now. Apart from Fennel, he did not know the other two.

Were those two the participants in this competition?

However, something was amiss. Ernest did not notice any disciple aura from those two at all.

“Young Master Berry, those two don’t seem to be disciples, right? Why do we need to worry about such helpers?” Ernest asked.

Cyril also said, “Yes, Young Master Berry, those two seem very ordinary to me.”

Stanley smiled and said, “You know too little about this world. Those two may look like ordinary people to you, but in my opinion, they’re true experts. They’re no less powerful than the kingship holders of the fifth zone!”

Hiss!

Ernest and Cyril gasped.

How was this possible?

They had no aura of a disciple at all.

“Young Master Berry, don’t be ridiculous. Those two really look very ordinary.” Ernest simply could not believe it.

“Yeah, Young Master Berry, I think those two are just filling in the numbers,” Cyril added.

Stanley raised his eyebrows and said solemnly, “Do you know what the Berry family does?”

Ernest said, “They’re dedicated to the study of the human body and the transformation of supernatural disciples.”

That was right. The Berry family and the Lovelace family had the same objective.

However, the Berry family was recognized by the country and affirmed by the Nonagon. They were committed to the study of supernatural disciples. Once the research produced results, even ordinary people could be turned into disciples. They were the authority in the field of biological genetic technology. However, the Lovelace family was different. Their research was not tolerated by the country. They were cruel and full of bloodshed.

Stanley said, “Those two are not simply supernatural disciples. If I guessed correctly, although they’re just ordinary people, they have the strength comparable to disciples. They must have been genetically modified by the Clarke family. On the surface, they look like ordinary people, but once they turn on the chain sequence of their genes, they can unleash their hidden strength. This is why Philip asked them for help.”

Hearing Stanley’s explanation, the faces of Ernest and Cyril went dark. According to Stanley, the helpers found by Philip were not weak at all.

Did they really have a 60% chance of winning?

“What should we do?” Ernest asked anxiously.

Stanley smiled and said, “Don’t worry. Even though he found such helpers, there’s nothing to be afraid of. Auric Singer and I will defeat them mercilessly and make them lose any chance of winning. As for the rest, we’ll leave it to Terrain Villa.”

Hearing that, Ernest smiled. He got up and said with a bow, “With Young Master Berry around, it’s no problem.”

After saying that, Ernest and Cyril left Jumbo Bar. What happened at the Jumbo Bar tonight was quickly squashed by an unknown force.

After Ernest and Cyril returned to Terrain Villa, Ernest could not calm down at all. He paced back and forth in the hall worriedly. He asked, “Villa Master Hopper, what do you think are our chances of winning?”

Cyril said indifferently, “Villa Master Turner, please relax. Since Young Master Berry said so, he must have full confidence. As long as we calm down and act according to the plan, we’ll be fine.”

Ernest nodded but shook his head again. He said, “No way, I can’t help feeling uneasy. If we can lower their chances of winning, that’ll be better.”

“What do you mean?” Cyril asked.

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Ernest stopped and looked at Cyril with narrowed eyes. He made a swiping motion across his neck and said, “Find some people and make things difficult for those guys. As long as they can’t participate in the competition or are dead, victory will be ours!”

Cyril was stunned for a moment and said worriedly, “Villa Master Turner, he’s the young patriarch of the Clarke family, after all. Even Young Master Berry doesn’t dare to so casually lay a finger on him. As the weaker force, if we make a rash move, maybe it’ll cause unnecessary trouble. Moreover, they’re not weak. If we send normal people over, we’ll just be sending them to their deaths.”

Ernest’s eyes froze, and he said, “You’re wrong. If we can’t kill them, we can take action against their families. For example, the Warren family of Golden City, the parents of Ray Warren, and his brother and sister-in-law. The other one is Tony Hart’s daughter. If we capture them, do you think the other two will still compete?”

Hearing this, Cyril understood. He frowned and asked, "Villa Master Turner, are you sure we should do this?"

Ernest turned around, looked at Cyril seriously, and said, "Villa Master Hopper, if we don't do this, what are our chances of winning? All's fair in love and war. Now that we have reached this stage, we can only be ruthless! If Philip Clarke wins, neither of us will end well!"

Cyril nodded, gritted his teeth, and said, "Okay, I'll make arrangements now!"

With that said, Cyril turned around and left the hall. Ernest stood in the hall with his hands behind his back, his eyes full of killing intent. He clenched his fists angrily and said, "Philip Clarke, this time, let's see what happens! You'll never win!"

On this side, after Cyril left the hall, he quickly arranged two teams of killers with extraordinary strength to infiltrate Golden City and Sunbury in the south. These two teams of killers had the strength of disciples in the fifth zone and specialized in assassinating disciples.

Golden City, rainy day.

The entire Golden City looked like a spilled bowl of golden soup in the rain.

At this time, in a small manor in Golden City that belonged to the Warren family.

Bodyguards patrolled back and forth in the manor. However, on this rainy night, several ghostly figures quickly fell from the sky!

Swish, swish!

Several bodyguards fell in the rainy night and were dragged to the side. Then, the four figures in special night costumes looked at each other and lowered their bodies with weapons such as daggers. They quickly spread out and searched for targets in the manor!

Swish! Poof!

Muffled thuds and screams could be heard everywhere. The thick stench of blood soon permeated the damp air of the rainy night.

Meanwhile, in a small family in Sunbury.

Several figures fell into a pool of blood and rainwater. The blood mixed with the rainwater and flowed down the drains.

Bang!

In a hotel in Beechwood City.

Philip was furious!

“What did you say? The Warren family and Hart family were wiped out overnight?!”