

The First Heir - Chapter 2674 -

Philip was furious and smashed the wine glass in his hand. At this moment, he was full of chills. The killing intent filled the entire suite.

Leon Jefferson also scowled. He clenched his fists angrily and said, "Young Patriarch Clarke, Ernest Turner and his people are too vicious to think of such a malicious trick! The killers they secretly sent out last night were all expert disciples with strength in the fifth zone. For them to deal with secular people is simply massacre!"

"The Warren family and Hart family, including all the servants and non-core personnel were slaughtered overnight! The remaining head of the Warren family, including Ray Warren's brother and sister-in-law as well as Tony Hart's daughter were all kidnapped. Their bodies weren't found at the scene."

At this point, Leon's anger became more intense. He never expected that. Ernest and Cyril would do such an inhumane thing just to lower their odds of winning!

Overnight, 72 people died tragically!

The important members of the Warren and Hart families also disappeared.

After Leon learned about it, he quickly dispatched people for search and rescue but found nothing. From the clues found on the scene, they could only determine that these people came from the North. After careful thought, it was not difficult to guess who the mastermind behind this was.

After listening to Leon, Philip's face was dark, and his eyes were full of anger. He also did not expect the master of Terrain Villa, Ernest Turner, who represented the entire Northern supernatural disciple community, to do such a thing.

Was this Ernest's idea or Stanley Berry's?

"Villa Master Jefferson, what's the situation now? Any other news?" Philip asked with a frown.

Leon replied, "The scene has been completely cordoned off, and the people from the Supernatural Bureau have intervened in the investigation. However, such a massacre can't be solved in a day or two. Mr. Sun of the Supernatural Bureau's Southern division just sent me a message that it'll take at least three days to find the kidnapped Warren and Hart family members."

"Three days?"

Philip frowned and asked, "Are you sure it'll take three days?"

Leon was also skeptical, but the Supernatural Bureau was too powerful. Many disturbances in the supernatural disciple world were handed over to them to deal with. It was an institution personally approved by the Imperial Preceptor. Thus, with such immense power, their word was the sky!

If they said three days, no one could argue with them. However, this duration was too coincidental. It happened to be one day after the end of the disciple competition.

Was there some other implication in this?

“Yes, Mr. Sacha was sure it’d take three days,” Leon replied with a hint of helplessness in his tone.

Philip’s face darkened as he stood with his hands behind his back. He looked at the street view of Beechwood City through the large French windows.

A villa halfway up the mountain appeared in his eyes. That was Terrain Villa. As if he sensed something, Philip seemed to make eye contact through the air with Ernest Turner who stood at the memorial altar of Terrain Villa. There seemed to be a spark in the air.

With a sneer on his face, Ernest was dressed in pale golden clothes with Cyril standing behind him.

He smiled and asked, “How’s everything going?”

Cyril said, “Villa Master Turner, you can rest assured that everything has been handled very well with no evidence or trace left behind. Moreover, I’ve contacted Mr. Sacha of the Supernatural Bureau’s Southern division. Three days later, we’ll just hand the people over.”

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Ernest smiled smugly.

“Hmph, in my opinion, the young patriarch of the Clarke family is just an immature boy. He’s nothing worth mentioning. In front of people like us, he has no choice but to back down because this is Beechwood City, the territory of Terrain Villa!” Ernest said solemnly with irresistible severity.

“Pass my order. From today on, no guests are allowed! Especially Philip or his friends, if they’re here to question us, refuse them directly,” Ernest said to a few subordinates behind him.

“Yes, Villa Master!” Several subordinates responded and left to execute his order.

Cyril smiled and said, “Let me say my congratulations in advance for your victory in this year’s disciple competition.”

Ernest laughed, turned around, and said to Cyril, "Villa Master Hopper, you've made your contribution in this matter too. As long as we can stabilize the position of Terrain Villa and defeat Young Patriarch Clarke, the entire South will be under our control. When the time comes, you can take over the Cherry Villa in the South. We can work hand-in-hand in the North and the South. Wouldn't that be wonderful?"

Hearing that, Cyril was excited and quickly said, "Thank you for your support. I'll definitely serve you to the best of my ability!"

"Hahaha!" Ernest's laughter echoed throughout the villa.

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Back to Philip's side. He withdrew his gaze with chills in his eyes and said to Leon behind him, "Send someone to contact Mr. Sacha of the Supernatural Bureau and tell him I want to ask him some questions about last night's incident. Also, release the news in the whole country to capture the disciple assassins from last night! Anyone who provides a clue will receive a reward of 10 million! If the clue is very favorable, 50 million! If we can capture the assassin, 100 million!"

"In short, we must catch all the assassins before the disciple competition at all costs and rescue all the kidnapped members of the Warren and Hart families!"

Leon quickly replied, "Okay, I'll make immediate arrangements."

"Also, how did you deal with Ray and Tony?" Philip asked.

Leon shook his head and said, "I just received news from Wicca that Ray has just left the mountain. He was supposed to come over today and prepare for the competition, but because of this incident, he has already returned to Golden City. As for whether he can participate in the competition, I don't know yet."

"As for Tony, because he has been traveling all the time, I have no news of him."

Hearing this, Philip nodded and said, "Send someone to Golden City to calm Ray down first. In addition, immediately send someone to look for Tony and contact him as soon as possible. Don't let them do anything rash."

After saying this, Philip sighed and said, "I'm most worried that they won't participate in the competition because of this matter. In that way, Ernest will achieve his goal."

Leon naturally understood and said, "Then we only have two days."

Philip nodded and said, "I know. I'm going to Terrain Villa."

“Young Patriarch Clarke, do you want to see Ernest Turner?” Leon asked in surprise.

Philip snorted coldly and said, “Everyone is aware of this matter. I’m going to meet him and hear what he has to say.”

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Leon quickly said, “Young Patriarch Clarke, that’s too risky. Ernest has already done such a thing. If you go meet him now, I’m worried something may happen to you.”

Leon had a point. After all, Ernest even dared to assassinate the Warren and Hart families, which meant that he was no longer afraid of Philip’s identity. Such a person was the most dangerous.

Hearing that, Philip chuckled and said, “Hehe, I just want to meet him and see what he wants to do.”

After that, Philip’s eyes twinkled coldly. By daring to do this, Ernest was opposing Philip.

Seeing this, Leon made no further comment and just said, “Let me go with you, then. Even if something happens, we can look out for each other.”

Philip turned to look at Leon and said, “Okay, you can make the arrangements, then. In ten minutes, we’ll set off for Terrain Villa.”

“Okay,” Leon responded and quickly made arrangements.

Ten minutes later, he and Philip sat in a Mercedes-Benz and headed straight for Terrain Villa.

At the main entrance of Terrain Villa, Philip got off the car and looked up. The huge gatehouse was made of white jade engraved with the name of the villa. It looked quaint yet spectacular. The villa was located atop a small mountain, which towered above the rest, and the surrounding buildings looked very imposing. As expected of Terrain Villa. It looked quite majestic.

At this moment, four bodyguards in black suits stood in front of the Villa’s main entrance.

Philip tucked his hands in his trouser pockets and walked up the steps, followed by Leon.

Two of the bodyguards took a step forward and said coldly, “Please stop. The villa master will not receive visitors today. Please go back.”

“No visitors?” Leon asked doubtfully before he said coldly, “Stop with these pretenses. Tell Ernest Turner that Leon Jefferson and Philip Clarke are here to see him!”

However, the two bodyguards remained motionless and said, "I'm sorry, but the villa master has given the order that no visitors are allowed for today and tomorrow. Please go back. You can come back again two days later if there's anything urgent."

Hearing this, Philip and Leon frowned.

He refused to see guests due to a guilty conscience. It seemed that Ernest was expecting them and deliberately avoiding them.

Philip's face was cold as he looked up at the quaint hall of the villa halfway up the mountain.

That building was big and imposing. A figure could be seen vaguely on the balcony, staring coldly at the two visitors at the main entrance.

It was none other than Ernest Turner.

With an indifferent expression and a sneer, he asked Cyril behind him, "Villa Master Hopper, do you think I should meet Young Patriarch Clarke?"

Cyril looked down at the two small figures at the entrance at the foot of the mountain and said, "That's totally up to you. Personally, I'd choose to see him. After all, his appearance here means that he suspects us. In that case, we should try to meet him and probe a little. We may get some unexpected results. Moreover, we can also do something to put some pressure on Young Patriarch Clarke to test him out."

Ernest pondered before he nodded and said, "You have a point. Let's see him, then."

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Back to Philip's side. Leon had started arguing with the bodyguards and was even prepared to fight. However, at this moment, someone ran down the stairs, bowed, and said with a smile, "Oh my, Young Patriarch Clarke, Villa Master Jefferson, I didn't expect you to come in person. This is an honor for our villa!"

Leon frowned and looked at Cyril who came running over. He scoffed and said coldly, "Hmph, Cyril Hopper, stop playing tricks. We want to meet Ernest Turner!"

Cyril smiled and said, "Villa Master Jefferson, why are you so angry? Did something happen?"

Was he playing dumb?

Leon could not bear it any longer. He raised his fingers angrily and chided, "Cyril Hopper, are you still playing dumb at this point? Don't you know what you've done?"

Leon was livid!

If Philip had not reminded him not to get angry on their way here, he would have charged into Terrain Vila and destroyed everything!

With a smile, Cyril said, "Villa Master Jefferson, forgive me, but I really don't understand what you're saying."

"You!" Leon was furious and was about to take action.

At this moment, Philip smiled and stopped Leon, motioning for him to calm down. He then looked at Cyril indifferently and said, "Villa Master Hopper, lead the way please."

Cyril dared not delay and immediately turned around to lead the way. Soon, they crossed the stairs and arrived at the main hall of Terrain Villa halfway up the mountain.

A small square paved with white marble stood in front of the main hall with a high platform that overlooked the entire landscape below the mountain.

With one glance, Philip knew that Ernest must have been standing here looking at everything at the entrance just now.

Cyril stretched out his hand and said, "Young Patriarch Clarke, Villa Master Jefferson, Villa Master Turner is waiting for you in the side hall."

"Side hall?"

Hearing this, Leon frowned, and his face became even darker. Ernest Turner was trying to exert his authority by receiving them in the side hall, which was undoubtedly a humiliation to Philip!

However, Philip just smiled slightly and said, "Thank you, Villa Master Hopper."

Cyril smiled, and a hint of ruthlessness flashed in the corner of his eyes. He had wanted to take the opportunity to humiliate Philip and see how the other party would react. However, Philip had been calm and indifferent since the beginning, which made Cyril a little apprehensive.

To be the young patriarch of the Clarke family at such a young age, he was actually not arrogant or impetuous! The future for this young man was unlimited.

Soon, Cyril led Philip and Leon to the side hall. At this moment, Ernest sat on the main seat in the side hall.

The hall was not big and could accommodate a few dozen people. The place was surrounded by paintings and bookshelves.

Ernest sat on the main seat while sipping tea. When Philip and Leon walked in, he did not pretend to get up and greet them. He just placed his teacup down and asked, "Young Patriarch Clarke and Villa Master Jefferson, what's the purpose for your sudden visit to Terrain Villa?"

Philip stood in the side hall and put his hands in his trouser pockets. He stared at Ernest and asked directly, "Did you arrange for someone to deal with the Warren and Hart families?"

Ernest was taken aback, and a chill flashed in his eyes. He forced a smile and said, "Haha, I don't know what you're talking about. What about the Warren and Hart families?"

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Philip said, "Last night, a group of disciple assassins with the strength of the fifth zone launched an attack on the Warren and Hart families in the South, killing 72 people. All the important members of the Warren and Hart families have disappeared. Aren't you the one who arranged for this to happen?"

"What?!" Ernest stood up in shock and asked, "How could such a thing happen?!"

He looked at Leon and asked, "Villa Master Jefferson, they're the families in your South. Did something like this really happen?"

Just as he finished speaking, a henchman rushed in from the door, knelt on the floor in a hurry, and shouted, "Villa Master Turner, something has happened. The Warren and Hart families in the South suffered a massacre last night. This case has been taken over by the Supernatural Bureau."

An imperceptible sneer flashed across Ernest's mouth as he chided, "I already know! How are you doing your job? It took you so long to inform me. Young Patriarch Clarke and Villa Master Jefferson had to tell me in person! Get lost!"

Watching the old fox acting like this, Philip and Leon were full of anger.

Ernest Turner was too good at acting.

Then, Ernest smiled pretentiously and said, "Young Patriarch Clarke, Villa Master Jefferson, see, I just received the news too. For such a tragic thing to happen, Terrain Villa will not sit idly by and do nothing. If you need any help, I'll definitely try my best and help you catch those vicious killers as soon as possible! We must punish them severely!"

Hearing Ernest's hypocritical words, Leon could not hold back any longer. He pointed at Ernest and shouted, "Ernest Turner, it's obvious that you did it. Why are you still putting on an act here? If you have the guts to do it, why don't you have the guts to admit it?"

Seeing the angry Leon, Ernest shrugged and said with a smile, "Villa Master Jefferson, this is slander. Without evidence, how can you say that I did it? No matter how evil I may be, I wouldn't do such a thing. Villa Master Jefferson, don't get carried away by your anger and say something by mistake. That'll affect the friendship between the North and South."

Hearing that, Leon's face turned pale with anger.

At this time, Philip said blandly, "Maybe we misunderstood, Villa Master Turner."

Ernest smiled and said, "Since it's a misunderstanding, it's not a problem. I just want to know the current situation of the Warren and Hart families now. Have you found any clues? Do you need my help?"

Philip chuckled and said, "No need. Since you don't know much about it, we won't disturb you any longer."

Ernest nodded and said, "Is there anything else, Young Patriarch Clarke?"

Philip shook his head and said, "No. I'm just here to see what you're doing right now."

With that said, Philip turned around to leave. However, when he reached the door, Philip suddenly stopped and said, "Villa Master Turner, I have to remind you that if you can do some things, so can I. I just wonder if the talents on your side can withstand a lesson from the battle god of the Clarke family."

Boom!

Ernest's head buzzed at Philip's remark!

In his line of sight, Philip left.

"Villa Master Hopper, what did he mean by that last remark?" Ernest got a fright at Philip's last words.

Cyril frowned and said, "Villa Master Turner, don't worry. Maybe he's just trying to scare you and make you lose sight of things."

Hearing that, Ernest nodded and said, "I hope so, but I still feel uneasy."

Battle god of the Clarke family? What was Philip going to do?



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Back to Philip's side. After he returned to the hotel, his face was full of chills. He stood in front of the French windows, dialed a number, and said coldly, "Uncle Tango, I need your help."

On the other end of the line, a gruff voice rang out. "Young Patriarch, how may I help you?"

"Help me teach some people a lesson. Remember, don't kill them. Just teach them a lesson and make them lie on the bed for a few months," Philip said.

"Okay," the voice on the line said.

After he ended the call, Philip looked at the distance somberly and said, "Ernest Turner, I hope you don't regret your actions."

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Half a day later, Ernest and Cyril were discussing in the hall of the villa. Suddenly, a guard at the door rushed in, knelt on the floor, and said while panting for breath, "Villa Master Turner, something has happened!"

Hearing that, Ernest frowned and said coldly, "What's wrong? Why are you panicking?"

The kneeling guard quickly said, "Villa Master Turner, we just received the news that someone has challenged the Crawford and Lewitt families. The sons of the two families were severely injured in one move, and they're unable to participate in the disciple competition the day after tomorrow."

"What?!"

Hearing this, Ernest stood up in shock and crushed his chair with one strike. His face was cold, and his eyes flashed with biting anger!

"Philip Clarke! It must be Philip Clarke!" Ernest roared.

He finally understood the meaning of Philip's last remark!

Cyril asked quickly, "What about the Jones, Woods, and Hunter families? And several other families who'll be participating in the competition? Did anything happen to them too?"

The guard shook his head and said, "I don't know. We haven't received any news yet."

Cyril breathed a sigh of relief and said quickly, "Quick, notify them immediately and tell them not to see any guests!"

However, after Cyril said that, another guard rushed in again at the door. He hurriedly shouted, "Villa Master Turner, Villa Master Hopper, something bad has happened. Five families including the Jones, Woods, and Hunter families were challenged by someone. The young masters and young ladies of the five families were all severely injured! The grand masters of the five families tried to stop the challenger, but they were all severely injured in one move! T-They won't be able to compete!"

Bang!

Hearing this, Ernest smashed the pillar beside him with a punch and said angrily, "Damn it! How dare he do this? If this goes on, how are we going to compete?"

Cyril also said coldly, "Villa Master Turner, we might've made a big mistake. To be able to defeat so many people with one move, including the grand masters of several families, I think the person who did this is no simple character."

Of course, Ernest had to agree, but since things had reached this point, there was no turning back.

"Hmph! Do a reselection of talents immediately. Also, spread the news that the South has the ambition to take over the North! At the same time, issue a joint petition with all the families to the Supernatural Bureau and ask them to take action to resolve this matter!" Ernest said angrily.

Cyril nodded and said, "That's the only way now."

Then, he asked, "What should we do with the captured members of the Warren and Hart families?"

A trace of ruthlessness flashed in Ernest's eyes as he said, "Kill them all!"

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Cyril trembled at Ernest's order.

He said, "Villa Master Turner, do we really want to take things that far? They're the core members of the Warren and Hart families, the close relatives of Ray Warren and Tony Hart. If we do that and things come to light, there's no way we can get away with this."

Ernest turned his head abruptly, looked at Cyril grimly, and said, "Are you afraid? Do you want to be a sinner of the Northern supernatural disciple world and an ant at the bottom of Philip's sole?"

Cyril jolted at Ernest's words and said, "Villa Master Turner, I'm not afraid but..."

"Do it immediately! Since Philip dares to do this, he shouldn't blame me for being ruthless!" Ernest roared.

Cyril nodded and left quickly. Then, he got into a car and sped toward an abandoned training ground in the west of Beechwood City.

This training ground was located on the outskirts with mountains and quarries nearby. There was an abandoned site at the edge of the quarry, which was the training ground.

Cyril's car stopped here. He got out of the car with a dark face as he glanced at the surrounding environment.

A subordinate approached him with a flattering smile and said, "Villa Master Hopper, what brings you here?"

With an unpleasant look on his face, Cyril said, "Where is everyone being locked up?"

The leading man quickly said, "They're inside. Please come with me..."

Then, they walked toward the abandoned house at the back of the training ground.

This scene was clearly captured by an eight-fold scope lying in ambush behind a bush on a nearby hill. Two people were completely hidden behind the bushes. The man with the sniper rifle stared through the lens at the person walking and said into the headset, "No. 7 has found the target's position."

At the same time, in the hotel suite, Leon received the news from his subordinates and quickly reported, "Young Patriarch Clarke, we found them at an abandoned training ground in the west. Several people are keeping close watch now. However, they mentioned that Cyril's presence at the scene may not be a good thing for the Warren and Hart family members."

Philip stood at the French window and said, "Arrange for some people to rescue the hostages. Also, capture Cyril Hopper alive!"

"Yes!" Leon responded and quickly made arrangement.

Back to Cyril's side. He had entered the abandoned house at this moment. There was a pungent smell of blood in the dark room. The place was divided into two areas, and there were more than a dozen people who were tied up.

These people were ragged and unkempt. They were in very low spirits and had blood stains all over them. Their hands and feet were also chained together with iron chains.

At this moment, the door was pushed open, and several people walked in. These people huddled together nervously, and the chains made loud clanking sounds.

Cyril stepped in with a frown and waved his hand in front of his nose.

The man in front of him smiled flatteringly and said, "Villa Master Hopper, look, everyone's here. No one can escape."

Cyril nodded, and his eyes fell on the panic-stricken hostages. Then, he said to the man beside him, "Kill everyone! Dig a pit and bury them. Leave no evidence behind! After everything is done, take care of those underlings outside. Remember, leave no traces!"

The man with a grim face quickly said, "Okay, I'll do it right away!"

The hostages of the Warren and Hart families were made up of the old and the weak. Hearing Cyril's words at this moment, they started screaming. Unfortunately, their mouths were taped.

Cyril frowned, but at this point, he could only resort to this. After leaving the order, Cyril turned around and left. He returned to his car and told the driver to drive away.

On this side, the man who sent Cyril away turned around and said with a smile, "Boys, let's get to work!"

These people were armed with guns. They approached the house and aimed their guns at the hostages of the Warren and Hart families.

Seeing this group of Villains at this moment, the hostages burst into tears as they lowered their heads to welcome the arrival of death.

The leading man waved his hand with a cruel smile on his face!

Bang, bang, bang!

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Something unexpected happened!

In an instant, three teams of fully armed combatants appeared. One team fell from the sky and broke through the ceiling above. One team rushed in from one side and crashed through a wall with an armored tank, while the other one broke through the windows. Others rushed in through the doors!

The three teams of fully armed combatants with guns in their hands brought the scene under control in an instant!

“Drop your weapons! On the ground!”

“Do not resist or we will fire!”

“Down on the ground!”

Seeing this scene, the man in the lead still wanted to resist and roared, “Charge out!”

However!

Rat- tat-tat! Rapid gunshots!

More than a dozen vicious people guarding the hostages were shot and fell in a pool of blood. The scene was cleaned up in an instant!

All the hostages were rescued.

The leader of the team also quickly reported back, “All the hostages have been rescued, but Cyril Hopper was not found at the scene.”

“Okay. Come back first.”

Meanwhile, Cyril sat in his car and passed by a dense forest. He was about to head back to Beechwood City. However, the car braked suddenly.

In the car, Cyril was jolted forward and said coldly, “What’s going on? Do you know how to drive?”

“Villa Master Hopper, we’ve been blocked,” the driver said.

Hearing that, Cyril frowned. Through the car window, he saw seven or eight figures in black clothes on the mountain trail. All of them had weapons and were staring at the car indifferently. Seeing this, Cyril turned his head to the back of the car and seemed to realize something.

At the same time, those people had surrounded them.

Cyril said coldly, “Run them over!”

Zoom!

The car started quickly and rushed out of the blockade!

This group of people quickly tried to use firepower to stop them, but this car was bulletproof.

Seeing that the car was about to escape, the leader shouted, "After them!"

In an instant, a chase unfolded. In the end, a few missiles were launched and blew the car into the air, igniting balls of flames.

A figure spread out its wings like an eagle, full of energy pressure and power of rules!

Cyril fell from the sky, his eyes cold. Most of his clothes were burned. He landed with a bang and stared at the eight people who had quickly surrounded him. These eight people, uniformly dressed, were disciple assassins.

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When he saw these eight people, Cyril's heart dropped to rock bottom. He knew that he was doomed today, but he would not give up without a fight!

"Are you here to kill me?" Cyril sneered as he asked.

Without waiting for an answer, he increased his aura to its peak and said, "I'm sorry to disappoint you. After all, I'm a disciple who just entered the sixth zone!"

A thunder-like roar echoed throughout the mountain forest. Birds and beasts scattered!

Cyril's demeanor was no longer like a normal person at this moment and was extremely fierce.

The eight people did not waste any words with Cyril at all and just charged at him. They were disciples of the fourth and fifth zones with very strong overall combat effectiveness!

Bang, thud!

Rumble!

Instantly, the place was engulfed by the battle. Cyril wandered among the eight people and fought non-stop.

Both parties launched killing moves. Cyril was a disciple of the sixth zone, after all. His comprehension and control over the power of rules were beyond what these disciples of the fourth and fifth zones could imagine. Therefore, after several rounds of battle, Cyril gained the upper hand and showed signs of suppressing the other party.

“Hahaha!”

Cyril sent two disciple assassins flying with a punch and a kick. He laughed smugly and said, “A bunch of trash like you dares to kill me? Dream on! Did Leon Jefferson send you here? He has greatly underestimated me! Today, all of you will die here!”

With that said, Cyril charged forward!

The eight people also fell from proactive to reactive mode. They were wounded too.

Seeing that these eight people were in a crisis, a figure suddenly walked out of the forest with rhythmic footsteps. He was tall, handsome, and imposing with his hands tucked in his trouser pockets indifferently. He stared coldly at Cyril who was charging ahead.

Suddenly, a whirlwind surged with raging energy pressure!

Cyril stopped and stared fixedly at the figure that suddenly appeared and said with a sneer, “I didn’t expect Young Patriarch Clarke to show up in person.”

Philip stood indifferently with a chill in his eyes and said, “Your actions are beyond my limit of tolerance, so I want to meet you in person.”

“Presumptuous! I’m one of the masters of Terrain Villa, after all. Do you really think that I’d be afraid of you?” Cyril shouted angrily.

The anger that had been building up for a few days exploded at this moment. He threw a punch with raging energy pressure at Philip. In his mind, the arrogant Young Patriarch Clarke would turn into ashes in the next second!

However, Philip merely raised his hand calmly.

Bang!

Cyril’s domineering punch with raging energy pressure was received by Philip easily.

Cyril was full of shock. He wanted to step back but could not move because his fist was grabbed by the other party.

A trace of killing intent flashed in Philip’s eyes as he squeezed Cyril’s fist and said, “Villa Master Hopper, do you have any regrets?”

“You’re courting death!” Cyril was furious and kicked Philip.

Bang!

Philip raised his other hand and blocked it. The tremendous energy pressure where the two collided rumbled like a landslide!

Immediately after, Philip smirked and grabbed Cyril's foot with a backhand.

Crack!

The sound of broken bones resounded throughout the forest trail.

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Cyril roared in pain, "Argh! How dare you?!"

However, before Cyril could continue, Philip's fist slammed into Cyril's face like a meteor with raging airwaves.

Bang!

In an instant, Cyril flew out like a ray of light!

Boom!

He smashed through more than a dozen towering trees and fell to the ground. As he slid across, a deep pit of dozens of meters was razed on the ground.

Smoke billowed!

When Cyril fell to the ground and was about to get up, Philip was already in front of him. He raised his foot and stomped on Cyril's chest.

Crack!

The sound of broken ribs resounded through the forest trail again!

Cyril roared in pain and lost all ability and will to resist. "Argh! You're so cruel! Let go of me. I'm the master of Terrain Villa and the head of the Hopper family in Beechwood City. You..."

Cyril roared but his words were distorted by the pain in his leg and chest.

"So annoying!" Philip said coldly and raised his hand to form a sword from condensed air.

Puff!



The sword pierced through Cyril's arms and rendered them useless!

"Argh!" With a trembling roar from the depths of his soul, Cyril's bloodshot eyes popped wide open.

His whole body tensed due to the pain. He stared at the indifferent Philip in front of him and said tremblingly, "How dare you cripple me?! Villa Master Turner and all the families in the North will never let this rest!"

Philip said impassively, "Then let me experience the wrath of Terrain Villa and the Northern families."

After saying this, Philip exerted force on his feet again. Cyril passed out in pain!

Then, Philip raised his eyebrows, looked up at the sky, and said, "Bring him back."

The news that Cyril was caught in an ambush soon spread to Terrain Villa.

Bang!

Ernest was furious and smashed the newly arrived chair. A burst of anger surged through his body, and the kneeling guard trembled in fear.

"Immediately inform the guards of the entire villa to step up the security in the villa! Also, notify the 12 Killers to find Cyril Hopper at all costs and bring him back. If they can't, kill him on the spot!" Ernest said solemnly.

He could not allow Cyril to stray outside. If Cyril spilled all their plans, Ernest would be charged and wanted by the Supernatural Bureau.

After saying this, he confirmed again, "Were all members of the Warren and Hart families rescued?"

The guard replied, "Yes. No survivors were found at the scene, and all the people of the Warren and Hart families have been rescued. However, all the evidence and clues that point to us at the scene were destroyed in advance, so they can't track us down."

Hearing this, Ernest breathed a sigh of relief. Then, he got up and said, "Carry out my orders quickly. I need to see Young Master Berry immediately."

After saying this, Ernest got up and headed to Stanley Berry's current residence. At this time, only Stanley could help him.

## The First Heir - Chapter 2684

Soon, Ernest took a special car to the villa where Stanley lived.

This was a property owned by the Berry family in Beechwood City with a moderate size equivalent to a soccer field. The villa looked like a white castle surrounded by trees and flowers.

After being verified by the guards at the entrance, Ernest walked into the hall of the villa.

At this moment, inside the hall, Stanley stood by the Window looking at the scenery in the courtyard.

“Young Master Berry, you have to help me!”

Ernest entered the door and knelt on the floor.

Stanley turned around, looked at the kneeling Ernest, and said mildly, “I already know everything. To be honest, I don’t like what you did. We could’ve easily defeated Philip in a fair game, but for your selfish intentions, you sent disciple assassins to kidnap the Warren and Hart families. You can’t keep this matter under wraps. Although you have people in the Supernatural Bureau, they’ll definitely sell you out to protect themselves. What do you think are your chances of survival in a place like the Supernatural Bureau?”

Hearing this, Ernest trembled instinctively and said, “Young Master Berry, I know my mistake now. On account of the past, please save me! If you can resolve this matter, I’ll serve you for the rest of my life!”

Hearing this, Stanley pondered in silence and said, “Get up!”

Ernest got up. With his waist bent, he stood respectfully next to Stanley.

Stanley said, “You’ve done something foolish. Fortunately, Philip has rescued the hostages. If they had died, you would’ve had to atone with your death!”

Hearing this, Ernest’s forehead was full of cold sweat. He said, “I just wanted to increase our chances of winning.”

“Hmph!” Stanley snorted and said, “Then you should’ve wiped everything clean and left no one alive! Now, the hostages have been rescued, and Cyril Hopper has also been captured. If he spills everything, even I can’t save you.”

Thud!

Ernest was so frightened that he knelt on the floor again and shouted, "Young Master Berry, you have to save me! Your father has people in the Supernatural Bureau. I beseech you to ask Deputy Consul Berry to intercede for me."

Stanley snorted coldly and said, "If I didn't want to help you, I wouldn't have let you in! Get up!"

Ernest stood up tremblingly again. He bent his body lower and waited for Stanley to speak.

After a long while, Stanley said, "Send a team of people to assassinate Cyril at any cost. In short, everyone involved in this matter must be dealt with cleanly! On the Supernatural Bureau's side, I'll step in and intercede on your behalf, but I'm not sure of the outcome. The Supernatural Bureau isn't a place we can interfere easily. As you and I know, the person behind it is that one!"

Of course, Ernest knew who Stanley was talking about and said tremblingly, "As long as you can help me get through this crisis, the Northern supernatural community and all affluent families here will obey you, Young Master Berry!"

Hearing this, Stanley sneered faintly and said, "Okay, I'll deal with the rest, On Philip's side, don't try to cause trouble with him for the time being and just wait for the disciple competition the day after tomorrow. As for the participants, use the people I select!"

With that said, Stanley's bodyguard handed a list to Ernest.

Ernest took a few glances and said with a bow, "Yes, Young Master Berry. I'll make arrangements immediately."

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After saying that, Ernest silently left the hall.

Stanley sat on the sofa in the hall, took a sip of tea, and said, "Help me get in touch with Mr. Fern of the Northern Division in the Supernatural Bureau."

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Back to Philip's side. After he returned to the hotel, Leon found him and said, "Young Patriarch Clarke, Mr. Sacha of the Southern Supernatural Bureau division has been waiting in the side hall."

Philip hummed and headed toward the side hall without delay.

When the door opened, he saw a middle-aged man with a potbelly. He was wearing black-rimmed glasses and sat on the sofa, where he drank tea and ate snacks comfortably.

As Philip walked in, the fat middle-aged man put down the snacks in his hand, got up with a smile, and said with a bow, "Young Patriarch Clarke, it's nice to meet you. I'm Brad Sacha. You're indeed a talented and good-looking young man. You're a good role model for the younger generation. With young talent like Young Patriarch Clarke in the South, it's really a gift from heaven..."

The moment he opened his mouth, it became obvious he was an old fox.

Philip interrupted Brad Sacha's speech and said coldly, "Mr. Sacha, are you in charge of the Southern division in the Supernatural Bureau?"

Seeing Philip's indifference, Brad restrained his flattery but still smiled and said, "That's right, I'm in charge of the Southern division in the Supernatural Bureau. Under my wise leadership, the situation in the entire South is now very stable and harmonious..."

Without waiting for Brad to boast, Philip interrupted him again and said coldly, "Your leadership? Are you saying that you're wise and have done your best? Mr. Sacha, right under your nose, a group of disciple assassins from the North infiltrated Golden City and Sunbury in the South and slaughtered 72 people from the Warren and Hart families. How dare you say you've managed things well and call yourself a wise leader?"

Brad was taken aback and a chill flashed in his eyes.

Young Patriarch Clarke did not respect him at all and reprimanded him at first sight. Who did he think he was?

Brad wiped the smile off his face and said a little coldly, "Young Patriarch Clarke, this is the business of the Supernatural Bureau, which has nothing to do with you. If you're doing this for a friend, I can tell you some things..."

Philip chided, "Brad Sacha, at this point, haven't you realized your mistake yet?"

This angry shout shocked Brad for a moment. Then, he glared at Philip and said coldly, "Young Patriarch Clarke, no matter what, I'm still the leader of the Supernatural Bureau's Southern division. What's with your attitude of yelling at me like this? I'm giving you enough respect by coming here to see you. How dare you be so arrogant and disrespectful?"

"To put it in other words, what have you got to do with the Supernatural Bureau?"

Hearing Brad's remarks, Philip was furious and said solemnly, "Brad Sacha, you have no idea what's going on, do you? Do you really think I don't know about your secret deal with Ernest Turner and Cyril Hopper?"

After saying that, the subordinate behind Philip took out some documents and threw them in front of Brad!

Brad was shocked and picked up the documents on the floor, which were full of investigation details about him!

This document was enough to take his life!

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Brad panicked!

He looked at the documents in his hands. Every charge and allegation was enough to send his head rolling!

"Slander! This is slander! These are all false accusations. They're not done by me at all! How could I have done such things?!"

Brad roared in agitation and said with panic, "Young Patriarch Clarke, how could you joke about this kind of thing? Have I offended you? Are you framing me?"

Brad said with certainty that everything was forged by Philip.

Philip chuckled and said coldly, "Brad, things have reached this point. How long do you think you can hide? As the leader of the Southern Division in the Supernatural Bureau, you dare to collude with external enemies! You suppressed the incident of the Warren and Hart families because you have unspeakable dealings with Terrain Villa! Do you want evidence? Alright, I'll give it to you! Men, bring Cyril Hopper here!"

Brad shuddered at Philip's order.

Cyril Hopper? Did he betray Brad?

Then, two heavily armed guards dragged in Cyril, who was covered in injuries.

Bang!

Cyril was thrown to the floor. Although he had been given some basic medical attention, the pain in his body made him breathless!

On the floor, Cyril looked up at Philip, who stood like a demon king in front of him.

Philip asked with eyes lowered, "Cyril Hopper, are you and Ernest Turner the ones who did that to the Warren and Hart families?"

Cyril had gone through the torture and only had the thought of surviving now. He nodded weakly and said hoarsely, "Yes."

Hearing that, Brad quickly shouted, "Young Patriarch Clarke, what does this have to do with me? Since they did it, you should report it to the Supernatural Bureau and we'll arrest them. It's not your place to mete out torture like this!"

After that, he stepped in front of Cyril and said warningly, "Villa Master Hopper, we really can't judge a book by its cover. I admired you in the past, but I never expected that you'd do such a thing! You must tell us everything honestly and think about your family. Don't say anything that shouldn't be said, and don't hide anything. Otherwise, you can't afford some consequences!"

Hearing this, Cyril trembled as if he had thought of something terrible.

Philip's face darkened as he glared at Brad and said, "Mr. Sacha, have you forgotten my existence by saying such threatening words?"

Brad snorted and said, "Young Patriarch Clarke, you're wrong. I just want the truth! After all, the Supernatural Bureau won't pay attention to any evidence gained through coercion."

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Philip sneered and said, "Cyril, if you want to survive and save all your family members, tell the truth. Tell me if the Southern Division of the Supernatural Bureau colluded with you in the incident involving the Warren and Hart families."

Cyril's eyes flickered as he gritted his teeth and glanced at Brad who had an ugly scowl on his face. He dared not say anything because his whole family was under Brad's supervision. If he said anything, his entire family would die in the next second!

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Cyril shook his head and said in a low, weak voice, "Young Patriarch Clarke, I don't know what you're talking about. I don't know Mr. Sacha at all. This is our first meeting."

Hearing Cyril's sensible remark, Brad said smugly, "Listen, Young Patriarch Clarke. I don't know Villa Master Hopper at all. So, those false accusations are slander. You're framing me."

Hearing this, Philip frowned, looked down at Cyril, and said, "Cyril, you don't have many chances. If you don't tell the truth now, aren't you afraid that the other party will silence you later?"

Cyril's heart skipped a beat. However, he had no choice. Compared to his family, his life was trivial.

Seeing Cyril's hesitation, Philip added, "Villa Master Jefferson, bring them in..."

"Yes!"

Very quickly, Cyril's family members were led in by several guards.

When Cyril saw them, he slumped to the floor and burst into tears. He stared at Philip and roared miserably, "Young Patriarch Clarke, I'll tell you everything! Please let go of my family members!"

Philip looked at Cyril impassively and said, "I've rescued your family members for you, so you should know what to do."

Seeing this, Brad sweated profusely and said sternly, "Young Patriarch Clarke, this is kidnapping and a deliberate attempt at slander and framing!"

However, Philip simply ignored Brad's furious roar.

Cyril said immediately, "Young Patriarch Clarke, Brad and I are old friends. Brad Sacha is involved in the Warren and Hart families' incident!"

After saying this, Cyril slumped like a deflated balloon on the floor. His eyes stared forlornly at his wife, children, and mother.

Brad pointed angrily at Cyril and roared, "Cyril Hopper, this is a false accusation! I don't know you at all! What about the Warren and Hart families? It has nothing to do with me!"

However, Philip gave Brad no chance. He asked the guards to take Cyril and the others away. After that, he stared at Brad coldly and asked grimly, "Brad Sacha, what else do you have to say?"

Faced with Philip's question, Brad shook his head desperately and refused to admit it. He said, "Young Patriarch Clarke, I absolutely didn't do it! I don't know anything about the Warren and Hart families. This is an obvious setup! I've never offended you in any way, so why are you framing me?"

At Brad's denial, Philip stepped forward, stared at him coldly, and said, "Brad, at this point, it doesn't matter whether you admit it or not. If the director of the Supernatural Bureau finds out about this matter, do you think you'll have a way out?"

Thump!

Philip's remark totally shattered Brad's final line of defense.

The director of the Supernatural Bureau. That was one extremely dangerous and ruthless character!

That person was a criminal expert. In front of that person, Brad had no chance to lie at all, because he dared not. Moreover, that person was not easy to deceive.

Thud!

Brad knelt on the floor and said tremblingly, "Young Patriarch Clarke, I was wrong. Please don't tell the director. I'll do whatever you tell me to. I just hope that you'll give me a way out."

Faced with Brad's plea for mercy, Philip said indifferently, "You only have one chance. After the disciple competition two days later, I want you to point out Ernest Turner and Terrain Villa as well as everyone involved in this matter."

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He had to point everyone out?

Brad panicked. He would offend many people if he did that. Could he still survive then?

With that thought, Brad shook his head and said, "I can't do that, Young Patriarch Clarke. If I point everyone out, I'll die all the same."

Philip snorted coldly and said, "Do you think you'll have a chance to survive in front of the director?"

Brad trembled at that remark. It was better to offend everyone else than to be punished by the director!

Thus, Brad slumped to the floor, his eyes dull.

Seeing his state, Philip did not dwell on this topic and said to Leon behind him, "Villa Master Jefferson, please send someone to watch over Mr. Sacha and make sure he's properly fed and served. After the disciple competition two days later, bring him in."



“Yes, Young Patriarch Clarke,” Leon responded.

He was very excited because Philip’s means were simply too explosive. He took down Brad Sacha in such a short time.

He was the person in charge of the Southern Division in the Supernatural Bureau, a high-ranking figure. Even Leon had to treat him with respect. However, Brad had knelt in front of Philip.

This was Philip’s strength and means.

Soon, the news reached Ernest’s ears in Terrain Villa. Of course, the news was deliberately released by Philip to make the opponent flustered so that he would reveal his flaw and make the wrong move.

In the main hall, Ernest smashed the teacup in his hand, stood up angrily, and roared, “That damned Philip Clarke wants to drive me to the grave!”

Ernest already knew all about Brad being detained and Cyril’s confession. Now, he must think of countermeasures to resolve the current situation.

“Men!” Ernest shouted angrily.

Two guards walked in, knelt on one knee, and said, “Villa Master Turner.”

“Tell the 12 Killers to set off immediately! If they don’t bring Cyril’s head back with them, they can atone for their deaths!” Ernest roared in a rage.

“Yes!”

The two guards responded and quickly left the main hall.

Ernest stood in the hall, his breathing rapid. His eyes were full of chills. He had been oppressed by Jenkins Singer for many years. Now that Jenkins was finally dead and he could show off his prowess, he must not let everything be in vain.

After giving the order, Ernest paced back and forth in the hall. Finally, he stepped out of the hall and said to the guard at the door, “Let’s go up the mountain to see the grandmaster!”

Soon, Ernest passed through a steep and winding mountain road behind Terrain Villa. He walked up and came to a small house on the top of the back mountain. The small house was built here hundreds of years ago. It looked ancient and imposing.

Ernest stood outside this ancient building and said with a bow, "Ernest Turner requests to see the grandmaster!"

After a long while, the door of the ancient building slowly opened from the inside with bursts of fireworks. Then, an old voice came from inside the building and said, "Come in."

Ernest immediately walked respectfully and reverently into the ancient building.

Crack, bang!

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The door of the ancient building was closed, and the room was dark and secluded. Only two rows of dim lamps were lit on both sides of the hall, which seemed very quiet. In the main hall, there were two pillars carved with dragons and phoenixes on each side. On both sides of the pillars, there were ponds about half an arm deep with lotus lamps and some small black fish.

13 steps led up to a high platform at the end of the hall. An ancient podium carved with a dragon stood atop the high platform.

At this moment, a withered old man with scant gray hair and a hunched back sat cross-legged on the podium.

After Ernest entered, he immediately bent down, walked cautiously to the bottom of the steps, and prostrated on the floor. He greeted, "Grandmaster..."

The old man on the podium opened his profound eyes, looked at the kneeling Ernest below, and said in a gruff, deep voice, "Get up."

Ernest stood up but was still bent over.

The old man on the podium asked, "Is something wrong with the villa? Why are you here in such a hurry?"

Ernest quickly knelt down again and wailed, "Grandmaster, you must save me."

Hearing this, the old man's aura suddenly became dark as he said, "Tell me what's going on."

Ernest quickly said, "Grandmaster, the young patriarch of the Clarke family wants to destroy Terrain Villa. I'm really forced into the corner now and have no choice but to see you."

"The Clarke family?" Hearing that name, uncontrollable anger burst out from the old man's body and eyes.

He stared at Ernest with hatred and asked, "Is it that Clarke family? Have they already selected the young patriarch?"

Ernest quickly nodded and said, "Yes, Grandmaster. It's that Clarke family! Their young patriarch is Philip Clarke. According to the information I received, he's Roger Clarke's son."

"Roger Clarke?!"

The old man on the podium suddenly roared in rage. "Is that old guy not dead yet?"

The old man raged before he laughed and said, "Very well. The young patriarch of the Clarke family, Roger Clarke's son. It seems that the feud between the Turner family and the Clarke family isn't over yet."

"Grandmaster, you have to save me," Ernest said.

The old man waved his hand, and a circle of energy aura and the power of rules rippled outward like a circular airwave. It spread from the ancient building to a radius of 100 miles!

In an instant, all the disciples in the North felt that fierce and murderous aura from the sky.

A half-step to the other shore! A powerhouse half-step to the other shore had actually appeared in the North!

Leon, Fennel, and Tango Lidds in the North felt this fierce aura as well. At this moment, Tango, who was executing a secret mission somewhere, turned around and stared in the direction of Terrain Villa. A chill flashed in the corner of his eyes. His brows twitched, and he said under his breath, "Is that the one from the Turner family?"

At the same time, the old man on the podium in the ancient building sneered and said, "The Clarke family has no right to run rampant in my Northern territory! A young patriarch of the Clarke family isn't worth my attention! You can just act according to your plan. At the critical juncture, I'll go out and help you!"

Hearing this, Ernest quickly knelt down and said, "Thank you, Grandmaster."

Then, he slowly retreated from the ancient building. After he left the building, Ernest stood at the door and looked at the view of Terrain Villa. He sneered and said, "Philip Clarke, let's see what you're going to do! Terrain Villa is not a bug that you can crush at will!"

Back to Philip's side.

Cyril and his family members were placed in two separate suites.

It was midnight now.

Suddenly, a group of 12 assassins appeared at the hotel downstairs. They looked at each other before going their separate ways. They quickly ran from the outer wall of the hotel to their respective target points. Yes, these people ran over the walls like geckos at top speed!

Lights could be seen in the two suites. The 12 people used advanced tools, broke open the windows quietly, and jumped inside!

Soft sounds of footsteps landing.

In Cyril's suite, he lay on the bed in bandages and was on drips. He breathed weakly. Suddenly, he opened his eyes as if sensing the danger. However, a shiny dagger soon appeared in front of him. He wanted to scream for help, but the other party had covered his mouth with leather gloves!

Swish!

Seeing the dagger slashing toward his neck, Cyril felt a sense of relief.

He already knew that he would not survive this ordeal. He knew this group of people too. The 12 Killers were the most powerful assassins in the North. They were all disciple killers in the fifth zone, and the leader was the former king of disciples.

"I'm sorry, Villa Master Hopper, you know too much. Villa Master Turner wants us to bring your head back."

The guy with the dagger wore a black mask and said emotionlessly. Cyril gave up resistance and closed his eyes. Just as the other party made his strike!

Bang!

Suddenly, the room door was broken open from the outside. A team of fully armed guards quickly rushed out from all corners of the room with guns aimed at the people around the bed. Red focus beams were all over them!

The lead assassin narrowed his eyes and threw the dagger in his hand at a guard without hesitation. They had been engaged in assassination missions and knew what to do right away!

Rat-tat-tat!

In an instant, rapid gunfire resounded in the suite. Amid the gunshots, several figures jumped back and forth under the lights.

Bang, thud!

One by one, the guards were sent flying by the other party. Some were even kicked out the window and fell dozens of meters down!

Six people fought with this group of guards. However, it was a one-sided fight. After all, these six were disciples of the fifth zone and could not be easily taken down by a group of secular guards.

Just as the six were enjoying the kill, a languid figure suddenly walked out from behind the crowd.

Ethan Clarke stepped forward and said with a frown, "You guys are disturbing my sleep. It's very annoying."

The six people stood back to back, and their eyes quickly locked onto Ethan. It was because they could see that Ethan was the leader of this group of guards.

In an instant, two people split away from the group and attacked Ethan.

As Ethan did not exude any energy fluctuations, they determined that the man in front of them was not a disciple. Two of them could easily obliterate him.

Seeing two assassins approaching him, Ethan smiled in disdain and said, "Hey, you're underestimating me."

After saying that, he threw a punch right at the dagger that the assassin stabbed at him!

Clang!

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The moment the dagger collided with the punch, Ethan's arm and fist transformed. A layer of metal rippled over the surface of his skin like water waves and quickly disappeared.

The dagger stabbed by the assassin broke into pieces. At the same time, Ethan's punch knocked the assassin back a few steps.

The assassin was shocked.

Impossible!

An ordinary person actually resisted his attack. Moreover, his arm had obviously changed just now!

Ethan flexed his hand and said with a smile, "Disciples of the fifth zone have some moves, but it's not enough."

As he spoke, a rapid string of green numbers flashed in Ethan's eyes. Strings of gene sequences appeared and disappeared on the surface of Ethan's skin. Finally, a blue genetic sequence imprint appeared between Ethan's eyebrows!

At the same time, he said, "I'm sorry. I want to sleep and don't have time to play with you."

With that said, Ethan's figure disappeared from the sight of the six people. When they saw him again, Ethan reappeared in front of a killer and threw a punch in the killer's face!

Boom!

With tremendous force, the punch sent the killer flying several meters away before he crashed heavily into a wall. The entire wall shattered upon impact.

A group of fully armed guards stood on the other side of the wall.

Instant kill!

The remaining five killers now realized that they had met a tough opponent. This guy was not a disciple but had the strength of a disciple. The five exchanged a glance and charged toward Ethan in a joint attack. However, Ethan also attacked indifferently.

The fight was extremely fierce and trashed this floor!

Ethan fought single-handedly against five disciples of the fifth zone without falling to a disadvantage at all. From the outside, a certain floor of this building could be seen rumbling with exploding flames, as well as surging waves and lightning flashes.

In less than ten minutes of battle, Ethan killed the other six!

This floor was totally ruined!

Ethan stepped on an assassin who was already covered in wounds and kept coughing up blood. With a disdainful smile, he said, "With this strength of yours, don't come out and humiliate yourself."

With that said, Ethan exerted force under his feet. With several cracks, the assassin was dead.

At the same time, the battle on another floor was also coming to an end. Rick was engaged in the battle. As he was also an assassin, he was more proficient.

The 12 Killers were wiped out!

When Ernest received the news, he was furious!

“What? Everyone was wiped out?” Ernest could not believe it.

That was his pride. They were wiped out?

“This is simply outrageous!” Ernest roared angrily and said, “Philip Clarke, this is war!”

On Philip’s side, he met up with Ethan, Rick, and Fennel.

“How’s it going?” Philip asked.

Ethan stretched lazily and said, “Too weak.”

Rick also nodded and said, “Yeah.”

Philip smiled and said, “Don’t let your guard down. I’m sure that’s not all they have.”

Everyone nodded.

Philip asked Fennel, “Do you think the aura of the half-step to the other shore today was deliberately unleashed to warn us?”

Fennel nodded and said, “The water in Terrain Villa runs deeper than we thought. If such an old monster of half-step to the other shore really exists, we may have to stop.”

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A half-step to the other shore was not someone Philip and the others could easily mess with. That was an indomitable powerhouse. No one expected an old monster like this to be hidden in the Terrain Villa of the Northern supernatural disciple world.

Philip frowned and asked, “How much do you know?”

With an ugly expression on his face, Fennel thought for a long time before he said, "I don't have much impression about this person. If this powerful being really exists, it should be that person."

"Who?" Ethan asked curiously.

Fennel sighed and said, "Among the people involved in the Nonagon unrest back then, several powerful beings followed your father's lead. However, some people chose to oppose your father at the last minute. Among them was a former Northern kingship holder of the seventh zone."

"If I remember correctly, he was the head of the Turner family back then and one who was highly valued by your father. Unfortunately, he took a totally different path than your father."

Hearing that, Philip's face darkened. He frowned and said, "Are you saying that this supreme powerhouse who's a half-step to the other shore is the head of the Turner family back then?"

Fennel nodded and said, "It can only be him. Ernest Turner is the descendant of the Turner family, so this time, this warning can only be from that person."

At this point, the four of them fell silent.

A warning from a figure who was half-step to the other shore and who had also followed Philip's father back then must be a remarkable figure. However, after disappearing for so many years, there must be a reason for him to suddenly appear.

"Phil, what do we do next?" Ethan asked.

Philip was silent. He did not know what to do either. If he was really targeted by the head of the Turner family, things would be unpredictable. Someone who was a half-step to the other shore was not someone he could defeat at this point. This was more than just crossing several realms, it was about the comprehension of the rules, which was a huge gap.

Unless his father stepped in. However, his father was injured and not in the country.

As the several people were at a loss, the door was suddenly pushed open. A burly man walked in.

"Uncle Tango." When Philip saw this person, his eyes flickered. He got up and shouted excitedly.

"Young Patriarch."

Tango Lidds bowed slightly, glanced around, and said to Ethan, "Young Master Ethan."



When Ethan saw Tango, he was like a mouse that saw a cat. He stood upright. That was because Tango once taught him some self-defense techniques as part of the devil's training.

"T-Teacher Tango," Ethan stammered.

Tango smiled, looked at Philip intensely, and said, "Young Patriarch, I already know about the Turner family. Don't worry and just follow your plan. If any problem crops up, I'll take care of it."

Hearing that, Philip's brow relaxed and asked, "Can you beat the Turner patriarch who's a half-step to the other shore?"

Was Uncle Tango that strong?

Unfortunately, Tango shook his head in reply.

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Tango said, "Young Patriarch, in terms of strength, I can't beat that one yet. In this world, few people have reached the half- step to the other shore, and powerhouses in the realm of the other shore are even rarer. In each era, only three or four would appear due to the limitations of this world, so many people won't be able to experience the beauty of the other shore in this lifetime."

"The strength of Patriarch Turner is one entire realm higher than mine."

Hearing Tango's remarks, Philip's eyes suddenly dimmed.

Even Tango was not a match for Patriarch Turner, so this trip to the North was bound to fail. However, Tango suddenly said, "However, I have a way to keep him from making a move, so you can take care of the rest on your own."

Hearing this, everyone's eyes suddenly lit up. They asked, "What way?"

Tango shook his head and said, "I can't tell you. You'll find out when you reach that level."

After saying that, Tango turned around and left. Philip and the others looked at Tango's departing back and breathed deeply.

They looked at each other and Philip said, "Since Uncle Tango has a solution, we don't. have to worry and just do our part."

They nodded and started the discussion.

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Back in Stanley Berry's villa.

At this moment, several people were sitting in the living room. Two dignified middle-aged men sat on the sofa across from Stanley.

With a faint smile on his face, Stanley said, "Lord Administrators, I wonder what the Supernatural Bureau plans to do about the Southern Warren and Hart families."

The two in front of Stanley were two of the six administrators from the Supernatural Bureau headquarters. There were six administrators in the entire Supernatural Bureau. Five of them were responsible for dealing with disciples' events or supernatural incidents in the country. The other one was responsible for certain incidents abroad.

They were the six enforcers under the two chiefs of the Supernatural Bureau and also the most powerful people in the Supernatural Bureau apart from the chiefs. The leaders of each branch in the country within the Supernatural Bureau were under their jurisdiction.

These particular two were invited by Stanley.

The two middle-aged men had imposing airs and cold and serious faces. One of them had an angular face, well-defined eyes and brows, and a square nose. There was a light flowing in his eyes.

His name was John Forrest, and he said at this moment, "Young Master Berry, this is an internal matter of the Supernatural Bureau. It's inconvenient for us to disclose more details to you."

Hearing that, Stanley frowned slightly, but a faint smile remained on his face as he waved to the servant behind him.

Soon, the servant came over with a gift box.

There was golden silk in the yellow gift box with an ancient jade pendant on top. It shone with faint black luster and was carved with a black dragon with five claws.

Stanley said, "Administrator Forrest, this jade pendant was worn by the first emperor back then. I hope you like this little gift I prepared for you."

When Jon saw the black dragon jade pendant, a glint of light flashed in his eyes. He was an avid collector, and his greatest regret in this life was not having a treasure of the first emperor. Now, Stanley's black dragon jade pendant was making him waver. However, he had always been fair and open.

His face quickly returned to normal, and he said, "Thank you for your kindness, Young Master Berry, but I can't accept this. We have explicit rules in the Supernatural Bureau, and I can't break the rules. Moreover, as an administrator, I should lead by example..."

"Hey, Administrator Forrest, it's just a jade pendant. Just accept it as goodwill from Young Master Berry. This will only be known between us."

Suddenly, the other tall and thin middle-aged man next to John said with a chuckle. Simon Fuller was one of the six administrators.

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Hearing Simon's remark, Jon turned to look at him and asked, "Administrator Fuller, what did you say?"

Simon smiled and said, "Administrator Forrest, you're too old-fashioned and follow the rules too strictly. We can turn a blind eye to this, you know? You can regard Young Master Berry's kindness as a gift from a junior, which won't be considered as breaking a rule. Moreover, this black dragon jade pendant is the only one in the world. You always talk about how you're missing a treasure from the first emperor. This is Young Master Berry's kindness to you, so just accept it."

Hearing Simon's words, Stanley also laughed and said, "Administrator Forrest, Administrator Fuller is right. It's just my little gift to you. It's not considered a breach of the rules."

Jon was in a dilemma. He clenched his fist slightly, and his eyes fell on the black dragon jade pendant on the golden silk. Administrator Fuller was right. This matter was only known between them. It should be fine for him to accept it.

Seeing Jon's hesitation, Simon signaled to Stanley. The other party picked up the black dragon jade pendant, put it under the light, and said, "Administrator Forrest, look at this black dragon jade pendant. This is the only piece in the world, and the dragon is very lifelike."

While saying that, Stanley looked at Jon. Seeing that he was still hesitating, Stanley suddenly changed his strategy and said, "If you refuse to accept it, this black dragon jade pendant will lose a master who understands it. It's useless to keep it anyway, so it's better to destroy it."

With that said, Stanley raised his hand to smash the black dragon jade pendant.

Seeing that, Jon frowned and quickly said, "Young Master Berry, please don't! I'll accept it!"

Hearing that, Stanley smiled and solemnly handed the pendant over to Jon. He said, "Administrator Forrest, here you go."

Jon received the black dragon jade pendant without the previous hesitation. He earnestly held the black dragon jade pendant and carefully examined it. The smile and excitement on his face grew more intense.

Simon glanced at Stanley, and the two smiled at each other. Simon got up, poured three glasses of wine, and said, "Administrator Forrest, Young Master Berry, let's have a toast and keep this matter tonight between the three of us."

Jon looked at the wineglass handed over by Simon and at the black dragon jade pendant in his hand. He got up with a smile, took the wine glass, and the three gulped the wine in one go.

Then, Stanley sat down and asked with a smile, "Administrator Forrest, I wonder if you can reveal a little about what I asked earlier."

Jon glanced wryly at Simon, who smiled and said, "Administrator Forrest, Young Master Berry is not an outsider. He's the son of Deputy Consul Berry and also considered a business partner of ours, so it's okay to talk about it."

Hearing that, Jon nodded and said, "Young Master Berry, we just received a report on the case involving the Warren and Hart families of the South. After learning about the situation, we found that it's related to the Terrain Villa, so we temporarily suppressed the matter. We plan to investigate thoroughly before making a decision."

At this point, Jon asked suddenly, "Young Master Berry, are you involved in this case too?"

Stanley smiled, shook his head, and said, "No, I just asked because I'm interested in it. After all, I have some connections with Villa Master Turner of Terrain Villa, so I hope that you can pay more attention to the investigation and carefully consider what needs to be reported or otherwise. Terrain Villa can't be missing from the Northern supernatural disciple world, and Ernest Turner is also a descendant of Patriarch Turner. I think you should understand the importance of this matter."

His remark meant a lot.

After Stanley finished speaking, he took a sip of wine and looked at Jon calmly. Jon was not a fool. He had been in the position of administrator for many years and naturally understood Stanley's meaning.

This matter was definitely related to Ernest Turner of Terrain Villa. However, Stanley's meaning was also very obvious. The Supernatural Bureau could not touch Terrain Villa. With the Berry family's backing, things were indeed tricky. Moreover, the descendant of Patriarch Turner was also not someone to be messed with.

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Seeing Jon's hesitation, Simon said, "Administrator Forrest, I say we should just resolve this matter quickly. It's just the deaths of some irrelevant people, so it's no big deal. After all, the most important thing is to maintain the stability of the Northern and Southern supernatural disciple world. Moreover, Terrain Villa is no small potato either. There's no need to find trouble for the Supernatural Bureau, so I think it's enough to find a few scapegoats for this."

Simon stated his opinion.

Hearing this, Jon was still a little hesitant and agitated. He looked at Simon and said, "Administrator Fuller, isn't this a cover-up?"

"What cover-up?"

Simon said, "Administrator Forrest, you're overthinking it. They're just some secular people. Do you want to incur Patriarch Turner's wrath? All of us should know that today's warning came from a figure who's a half-step to the other shore."

Hearing this, Jon shuddered. After thinking for a long time, he said, "In that case, I'll listen to your advice."

Hearing this, Simon smiled, looked at Stanley, and said, "Young Master Berry, this matter is settled, then. Administrator Forrest and I will handle the rest."

Stanley nodded and said cheerfully, "I'll leave it to the two of you, then."

Soon, Stanley sent the two administrators away. He returned to the living room and asked his servant to contact Ernest. He said, "Villa Master Turner, I've helped you to deal with the Supernatural Bureau. You should handle the rest cleanly."

Ernest was in the main hall of Terrain Villa at the moment. Hearing Stanley's words, he smiled excitedly and said, "Thank you, Young Master Berry. I'll definitely do my best to serve you from now on."

"No need for flattery. Just deal with things cleanly. During the disciple competition the day after tomorrow, I don't want to see any undesired result."

Stanley ended the call. On this side, Ernest took a deep breath. A sharp look flashed in the corner of his eyes, and he said, "Hmph, Philip Clarke, let's wait and see!"

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Time flew by quickly.

Today was the disciple competition that rocked the country. A different venue would be chosen for each disciple competition. The last time, it was held in Golden City in the South. As a result, the South was badly defeated and became the laughing stock of the entire supernatural disciple world. However, everyone was used to it. After all, the South had never won.

This time, it was held in Beechwood City, the base camp of the North. At this moment, in a county on the outskirts of Beechwood City. Half a year ago, preparations for the construction of the disciple competition venue had begun here.

A ring-shaped open-air stadium had been converted into the competition venue, which could accommodate up to 10,000 people.

At this moment, the supernatural disciples of the North and South entered the venue in an orderly manner. The place was already full of people. The scene was very lively, and the entire venue was quickly filled. The venue was divided into two sections with the North and South on their respective sides.

Before the opening, the tension was already thick in the air as if it could explode at any time.

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In the outer and inner circles of the venue, fully armed guards were patrolling. Battle tanks and armored vehicles also form solid protection in the surrounding. Hundreds of fully armed guards at the scene were equipped with special weapons distributed by the Supernatural Bureau to perform patrol duty.

After all, the spectators today were all supernatural disciples, and there were many kingship holders. Once the situation got out of control and triggered a war between the disciples of the North and South, the consequences would be unimaginable. Therefore, the security around the venue was at the highest level. Even the satellite system constantly monitored the energy fluctuations in this area.

If an accident occurred, it would be dealt with as soon as possible.

Soon, the venue was packed.

Heavily armed guards patrolled each section, each wearing special protective clothing enough to resist a blow from the disciples of the fourth zone. Moreover, the guns in their hands were also special energy guns with different attribute powers.

For example, a small conflict had happened between the South and North sections just now. Eight guards armed with energy guns decisively made a move and fired a golden metallic net that flashed with lightning power. It tied up all the troublemakers.

In short, the atmosphere at the scene was very tense. Of course, this was just a one-off incident.

Disciples from the North and the South sat down, eagerly awaiting the start of the competition. After all, this was traditionally the major event of the North and South!

Ordinary supernatural disciples were placed in the stands. The heads of the disciple families of the North and South and some core family members followed the usher to the highest stands that overlooked the competition platform below clearly.

Of course, Philip and the others were placed here in the first row.

Just as Philip led Fennel and the others to sit down, a mocking laugh came from behind them.

“Young Patriarch Clarke, I didn’t expect that you’d really dare to show up. In the following competition, the talented disciples of the North will not show any mercy. When the time comes, I hope you can bear this in mind.”

Ernest Turner walked over with a large group of experts from Terrain Villa as well as his selected participants. Of course, some special contestants did not show up here. After all, pride was necessary. Thus, Ernest felt a little angry when he saw Philip and the others sitting here nonchalantly.

“Hmm... Hehehe...” Philip chuckled and said, “Villa Master Turner, have you heard of the story of a wolf in sheep’s clothing?”

Hearing this, Ernest frowned in anger. He led his disciples and contestants to sit on the left.

Philip snorted and swaggered to the right with Fennel and the others.

Leon sat next to him and said in a low voice, “Young Patriarch Clarke, we have no information about the contestants from the North this time. All of them are new.”

Philip knew that with Tango making the move, the Northern contestants who had always participated in the competition would not be able to get out of bed for a month.

Soon, discussions were heard in the audience. There were various opinions on this disciple competition and bets!

“Have you heard? The contestants of Terrain Villa have been replaced with all newcomers this time!”

“I’ve long heard about it. It’s rumored that two days ago, the original participants of Terrain Villa were challenged, and they were all disabled in one move!”

“Whoa, scary! Did the South find someone to do it because they were afraid of losing?”

Philip and the others turned a deaf ear to the surrounding chatter.

Soon, a glamorous-looking middle-aged man who was also the host of previous competitions appeared on stage. As soon as he appeared, he threw a punch into the sky and shouted excitedly, “Good afternoon, everyone! The disciple competition is about to begin!”

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The audience was instantly ignited. Everyone shouted and cheered.

After the crowd finished cheering, the host yelled, “Everyone’s very enthusiastic, so let’s begin. First of all, this disciple competition will adopt a new rule to match the opponents randomly on the spot. Isn’t it exciting?”

“What? Match the opponents randomly? Wow!”

“This is so exciting! If the strongest is matched with the weakest, then...”

For a moment, there was a heated discussion.

The host pointed to the huge electronic screen behind him and shouted, “Now, let’s take a look at the list of final participants for the disciple competition this year! Let the random matching begin!”

In an instant, both sides of the large electronic screen that represented the participant lists of the North and South rolled and flashed rapidly.

Everyone’s breathing became tense!

The host shouted, “Three, two, one, stop!”

The screen froze, and the final list for the competition was released. All eyes were fixed on the electronic screen that displayed the final list of matches.

“Hey, Fennel Leigh is up against Auric Singer, who’s the eldest young master of the Singer family. He’s an unquestionable kingship holder. Who’s Fennel Leigh?”

“I don’t know. And look, Stanley Berry is up against... Philip Clarke?”



“Whoa, that’s the young master of the Berry family. It was rumored that he was a kingship holder long ago, and he’s very strong. Who’s Philip Clarke? I’ve never heard of him at all. Is he strong?”

“Rick Davenport, Ethan Clarke, Maine Jones, and Stuart Carr. Are they newcomers?”

In an instant, there was a heated discussion. However, everyone figured it out soon. This time, the South would surely lose again!

With Stanley Berry and Auric Singer competing, their opponents, Philip Clarke and Fennel Leigh would definitely lose. It would be an instant kill!

“Hahaha, maybe the South sent them just to make up the numbers! These people don’ t even have a ranking on the disciple list! This is rubbish!”

“Huh, I say those idiots from the South shouldn’t compete in the first place. This is embarrassing.”

Hearing the various discussions in the venue, Philip and the others were indifferent.

On the side, Ernest Turner said with a sneer, “Young Patriarch Clarke, it seems that no one is optimistic about you. That’s to be expected. After all, with such a matchup, Terrain Villa is sure to win.”

Philip looked sideways and said with a sneer, “Villa Master Turner, are you so sure that we’ll lose?”

Hearing this, Ernest frowned and said, “Young Patriarch Clarke, I admit that you’re strong enough to destroy the Singer family, but Young Master Berry and Young Master Auric Singer are not people you can figure out. You’ll know their strength on stage later!”

Then, Ernest snorted, turned to a young man on his side, and said, “You’re the first one up. Get ready and give us a good head start!”

“Yes, Villa Master!”

The young talent responded, glanced at Philip arrogantly, and said provocatively, “I’ll win the first match and let you know the gap between the North and the South!”

Philip smiled lightly and said, “I hope so.”

The host shouted on stage, "The first round of competition between the North and South supernatural disciples will officially begin right now!"

"Ned Tomlinson of the North will be up against Alex Baxter of the South!"

"Hahaha!"

After hearing the host's announcement, Ernest laughed with a flushed face, "Young Patriarch Clarke, the show is about to begin. I'll be taking the first win."

The patriarchs and core disciples of other disciple families in the North and South also looked over at this moment. Ernest Turner, the master of Terrain Villa, was really confident!

The disciple families of the South held a breath of anger at this moment. That was because Ned Tomlinson was the young master of the Tomlinson family in the North with the peak strength of the fourth zone. With such a tricky opponent in the first round, this was really not easy to deal with!

As for Alex Baxter of the South, since when did this person appear among the disciple families?

Everyone was puzzled. When they looked at Philip and Leon Jefferson, they looked indifferent.

Philip sat without speaking. His arms and legs were crossed. His eyes were indifferent and sharp as he stared at the two contestants who slowly took the stage.

"We invite the two contestants to come on stage!"

As the host yelled, Ned and Alex stepped on stage. They bowed politely before taking their respective sides.

The first match of the disciple competition between the North and South supernatural disciple world officially started amid the warm applause and cheers of everyone. It was the first match, after all. Hence, everyone's enthusiasm was like a surging ocean!

The battle songs of the North and the South also rang out at the scene!

"I've heard of Ned Tomlinson of the North. He's a disciple at the peak of the fourth zone with extraordinary strength. He'll surely defeat his opponent in seconds!"

"Hehe, this year's North-South Disciple Competition is so boring. Have you heard of Alex Baxter of the South?"

"Hehe, I think a loser like that is just a casual disciple. The South has already gotten to this point. They got a casual disciple to make up the numbers."

Constant chatter filled the stands.

The ridicule and irony from the North aroused dissatisfaction from the South, and heated arguments exploded in the audience!

Ernest laughed as he sat leisurely in his seat and sipped tea. He said, "Young Patriarch Clarke, Ned Tomlinson is a little quick-tempered and aggressive. If he hurts your Southern contestant later, I hope you can bear with him."

"Sure." Philip smiled lightly and said, "I hope you can do the same, Villa Master Turner."

"The first match will officially begin!"

The host roared, and the lift platform rose into the air, leaving the competition platform the size of several thousand square feet for the two contestants.

After the announcement, Ned Tomlinson, the talent from the North, gestured his middle finger to Alex Baxter. He said, "Trash! I'll defeat you with one move!"

Whoosh! Bang!

As a result, as soon as Ned finished speaking, Alex rushed forward and threw a heavy punch at Ned's stomach like a comet collision. He sent the man flying!

Ned was very arrogant and wanted to intimidate his opponent a little. The match had just started but before he could finish his intimidation, he was already lying on his back. He spat out blood and howled in pain!

Hiss!

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The crowd fell silent. All cheers quieted down.

In the stands, Ernest stood up in agitation and stared at the stage in disbelief. "It's... Impossible!"

On one side, Philip took out a folding fan from nowhere, flipped it open, and said, "Gee, the Northern disciples are really weak."

The folding fan in his hand was written with the words, 'Power is a lonely feeling.'

Behind Philip, Fennel and the others as well as Leon and the other contestants smiled faintly. Leon could not believe it either. Before this, Philip had proposed to change the list. He selected a group of people from somewhere and sent them to Beechwood City in secret.

At that time, Philip had simply said, "We'll witness the result on the competition stage. Keep everything secret."

Now, it seemed that the group of people selected by Philip was very strong!

Ernest was furious. He turned his head, stared at Philip angrily, and roared. "You cheated! This isn't the strength a Southern disciple should have!"

However, Philip shrugged indifferently and said, "Villa Master Turner, that's nonsense. They're clearly the disciples of the South. You're simply too ignorant of the situation in the South."

On stage, Alex looked at Ned who flew out. He turned around, scratched his head, looked at Philip on the high platform, and said, "Young Patriarch, I'm sorry. I didn't control my strength well enough and sent him flying."

Philip smiled and said, "27, you did well!"

In the startled eyes of the audience, the first round of the competition started and ended just like that.

Too fast! It broke the fastest record ever! An instant kill!

However, it was the South that defeated the North in seconds. The audience could not react for a while...

Ernest slowly sat down at this moment, his face ashen. He felt uneasy as if he had just eaten poop. Before the match started, Ernest was very pretentious. Now, he was the total opposite. Just now, his lofty ambition of taking the first win was still vivid.

Now...

"Villa Master Turner, thank you for giving way. We'll take the first win," Philip said calmly, but it felt like a punch in Ernest's gut!

Damn it! Simply abominable!

Many disciples subconsciously rubbed their eyes at this moment as they watched the situation on stage.

The Southern disciples slowly regained their senses. Seeing the North being defeated in seconds, the expressions on their faces suddenly became excited. Immediately after, all the Southern disciples in the audience stood up and cheered!

The battle song of the South also rang at this time! This was a rule of the competition. The winning side would play the battle song!

This was like a dream. After so many years, this was the very first time that the battle song of the South was played at the first match during the North-South Disciple Competition. Many Southern disciples were moved to tears at this moment.

Leon sat on his seat, his fists tightly clenched. His eyes were red with tears.

In this lifetime, he could hear the battle song of the South being played in the first match. It was wonderful!

Philip said lightly, "You can shout if you want to because we're the winners!"

"Ah! We won, we won!"

After hearing Philip's remark, Leon could no longer resist. He suddenly got up, clenched his fists, raised them above his head, waved vigorously, and roared. With Leon's shout, the Southern disciples in the audience burst into cheers again!

On the other hand, Ernest's face was gloomy. He almost went mad with anger!

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The victory that should belong to the North was gone just like that!

At this moment, the host also scratched his head in disbelief and confirmed that the contestant had fallen to the outfield before he announced, "The winner of the first round goes to Alex Baxter of the South!"

In an instant, the competition venue was drowned out by cheers again. The pent-up emotions of the Southern disciples were released at this moment. On the other hand, the Northern disciples were full of doom and gloom.

This was humiliating!

For many years, they were used to hearing the Northern battle song being played in the first match, but that practice was broken now. They found it hard to accept for a while.

Alex returned to the stands and the others asked happily, "27, how do you feel?"

Alex smiled and said, "No feeling. He's too weak."

Hearing this, Ernest's face turned purple with anger!

Philip smiled lightly and said, "Villa Master Turner, Ned Tomlinson seems to be badly injured. My people may be a little aggressive. I hope you can overlook it. If you need me to compensate for the medical expenses, I can pay up."

"No need!" Ernest said coldly, then said to the other person behind him who was dressed in black, "You're up next. You must win the match!"

"Yes, Villa Master!"

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Alex Baxter represented the South in the first match and defeated his opponent, Ned Tomlinson from the North, with the fastest time in history. The South took the first victory!

The Northern disciples had just recovered from their astonishment and started discussing.

"Hmph, he can't even beat such a lousy opponent. Ned Tomlinson's strength is overrated!"

"Alas, I think he underestimated the enemy. He didn't expect the opponent to be so strong!"

However, on the Southern side, they began to ridicule.

"Hehe, I think I can do it too. If I were in the match, I could definitely stand one second longer than Ned Tomlinson!"

"Hahaha! That's right, I can hang on for two more seconds!"

Instantly, the disciples of the South and North quarreled again!

"What are you looking at?"

"I'm looking at you, so what? Hit me if you dare!"

As the two sides were about to fight, the heavily armed special guards rushed out immediately and pulled the two parties apart. The host also broke into a cold sweat. Everyone's temper ran high this year.

About ten minutes later, the host took the stage again and said, "In the first round of the competition, the South took the first win as a dark horse in this year's disciple competition, but can they keep winning? Let us wait and see! The second round of the competition will start with Kemp Grant of the South against Diego Gomez of the North!"

Whoa!

A heated discussion erupted!

"Gosh, Diego Gomez? Isn't he an exchange student from Fusha? It's rumored that his strength has reached the fifth zone!"

"He's an expert in Fusha swordsmanship. When he was in the fourth zone, he killed a fifth zone disciple in six sword moves!"

"Hehe, it seems that we'll win this time!"

Amid the discussions, the two contestants were already on stage. The man in black stood with his arms crossed with three Fusha scimitars on each side of his waist!