

# The First Heir Chapter 1203

Philip desperately held Hannah's abdomen as the bright red blood stained his palm.

His eyes were wet, and it was obvious from his expression that he was nervous and panicking!

No, no way!

He had been looking for his sister for 13 years and had been feeling guilty for 13 years. This could not be happening now!

Hannah's face began to turn pale. She stretched out a bright red hand, touched Philip's cheek, and said weakly, "Phil, don't cry. We've finally met again. Can't you smile instead?"

Philip squeezed out a smile and pressed his big hand against Hannah's abdomen.

"Phil, do you know? I've always missed you, Mom, Dad, but I can't go home. I don't have a home anymore.

"Phil, can you promise me? Stay alive. You're the eldest son of the Clarke family. You're Dad's hope and my hope.

"Phil, it hurts so much..."

Philip cried, his tears unable to stop streaming as he said, "Stop talking! I'll take you to the hospital!"

Philip got up and princess-carried Hannah.

However, in front of him, more than a dozen bodyguards in black suits were still standing there. They were staring at Philip with cold eyes, all of them withdrawing batons from behind their waists.

Philip was furious!

The monstrous killing intent in his eyes was like a vast ocean!

“Get lost!”

Philip bellowed, his voice like a roar of an evil dragon, shaking the entire office.

The dozen or so bodyguards were all stunned by Philip’s demonic eyes.

They knew it too well!

The killing intent that flowed through Philip’s body was substantial. He had experienced the vicissitudes of life!

This type of person was like a caged tiger. Once it broke free, everything would be destroyed!

Thud!

Philip lifted his foot and stepped forward, the sound of his footsteps like a concerto of the demon lord.

Thud!

Thud, thud!

With each step, the dozen or so bodyguards in black suits who stood in front of Philip looked at each other before taking a few steps back.

Too cold!

The aura that radiated from his body was like a storm in the ocean that could wreak havoc on everything!

Sidney Wes was stunned. He never expected that this kid's aura could be so oppressive!

"Why are you in a daze? No one can escape today! Attack!" Sidney roared.

Immediately, the group of bodyguards rushed up again!

Philip looked at these people rushing toward him with eyes full of murder!

"Stop! Who dares to touch Mr. Clarke?!"

Suddenly, another group of people rushed in at the door of the office!

Sam Cohen!

Anson Goode followed next to him, and there were more than a dozen people behind them!

It turned out that Anson had gone out earlier to seek reinforcements.

Sam looked at Philip, who looked furious, and then saw the injured woman in his arms. He was immediately annoyed!

Oh no!

Something bad was about to happen!

He immediately walked to Philip, bowed respectfully, and said, "Mr. Clarke, sorry I'm late."

Philip did not respond.

Here, Sidney frowned as he stared at Sam who broke in. He asked, "Sam Cohen, are you going to interfere in my affairs?"

Sam led his people directly and stopped the dozen or so bodyguards belonging to Sidney. The two groups of people were very distinct.

He said coldly, "Sidney Wes, I'm warning you. Mr. Clarke is not someone you can lay a hand on casually. You'd better tell your people to withdraw immediately. Otherwise, don't blame me for not considering our relationship!"

Sidney frowned and glanced at Sam as well as Philip who was behind him.

Damn it!

Sam actually came here and was speaking up for that young man!

It seemed that the guy's identity was not simple.

"Hehe, Sam, don't try to scare me. I'm not afraid of you at all!"

Sidney yelled, his eyes shining with coldness.

His status was about the same as Sam's, and their power in Uppercreek was also about the same. Generally speaking, their paths usually did not cross.

Today, however, they were obviously on opposite sides.

When the two were arguing, Philip clearly felt that Hannah was becoming weaker in his arms.

They were running out of time. He roared, "To the hospital!"

Sam nodded immediately, quickly assigned someone, and said, "Send Mr. Clarke to the hospital!"

However...

Over here, Sidney said angrily, "Who the hell dares to leave? Block the door for me!"

A few bodyguards in black suits blocked the door directly.