

The First Heir novel (master yu who smokes) Chapter 1216

Not long after Philip left, he told Master Bell's people to stay on guard at the hospital.

About 20 minutes later, a charming figure appeared in Hannah's ward, her fragrance filling the space.

The graceful woman, dressed in a fiery red trench coat that was paired with a black shirt underneath, stepped on her high heels and walked toward Hannah's hospital bed. She sat down.

Her fiery red lips whispered, "Is it worth it?"

Hannah smiled faintly and said, "You don't understand. He's my brother, after all. Besides, only in this way can I take the initiative."

The woman nodded and asked, "Do you need me to send someone over?"

"It's okay, Sister Margot. I can be alone. If there are too many people, it'll only rouse my brother's suspicions."

Hannah shook her head and said.

Margot Pearson smiled alluringly and said, "The boss asked me to pass you a message. If it doesn't work out, retreat in time and don't get embroiled in it."

A pair of dimples appeared on Hannah's face as she smiled and said, "I understand."

Then, Margot got up and left the ward.

However, before she left, she arranged for two personal female bodyguards to remain in Upper creek.

She was worried about Hannah.

Here, Philip returned to the hotel. As soon as he arrived, a few people came up to him.

The leader was an old man in his 80s. He was wearing a white martial arts uniform, and with a respectful smile, he said, "Young Master Clarke, we finally meet again."

Jacob Jensen arrived at the hotel an hour ago and had been waiting in the lobby.

At this moment, both inside and outside the lobby were filled with Jacob's apprentices. The place was heavily guarded.

Beside him, a mischievous-looking young girl with her hands on her back tilted her head as she blinked her big eyes. She looked at Philip carefully.

Was this the Young Master Clarke her great-grandfather was talking about?

He looked very ordinary.

Great-grandfather was not suffering from bad eyesight and recognized the wrong person, right?

"Great-grandpa, did you recognize the wrong person? This ordinary young guy is the Young Master Clarke you've been talking about?"

Lydia Jensen pursed her lips and was unwilling to believe it.

The brilliant hero who helped the Jensen family become the rotating director of the World Martial Arts Association could not be the ordinary and plain-looking man in front of her.

This did not fit the image in Lydia's mind.

Lydia had always been arrogant since she was a child. She felt that a man who was worthy of her would either be a successful world martial arts champion or a man who possessed the talents of the world and was admired by thousands of people.

Therefore, after she learned about Young Master Clarke's deeds from her great-grandfather, the image she had of him naturally overlapped with the hero or Prince Charming in her mind.

Now, however...

Shattered!

"Lydia, don't be rude!" Jacob reprimanded.

Lydia stuck her tongue out, still scrutinizing Philip.

Philip looked up and saw Jacob. He smiled and said, "Old Master Jensen, what are you doing here?"

Jacob was flattered and hurriedly replied, "I'm here to personally apologize to Young Master Clarke on behalf of that foolish nephew of mine."

After that, Jacob turned around and shouted at Jude at the corner, "Get over here at once!"

Jude walked over hurriedly, carefully bowed his head to Philip, and said, “Young Master Clarke, I’m sorry.”

It was a shameful thing to ask a 50-year-old Jude to apologize to Philip.

However, Jude accepted his fate.

It was because he could not afford to offend the man in front of him, all the more for the Jensen family.

This man was a hidden expert!

Philip shook his head and said with a smile, “Old Master Jensen, there’s no need for this. It just makes me seem heartless.”

Jacob laughed before respectfully inviting, “Young Master Clarke, it so happens that there’s a small-scale world martial arts exchange meeting tonight.

People from all over the world will participate. I wonder if you have the time to accompany this old man, Young Master Clarke?”

Before Philip could respond, Lydia stood up and looked at Jacob incredulously. She pointed at Philip in dissatisfaction and said, “Great-grandpa, are you confused?”

You should know how important the martial arts exchange tonight is. Even if you bring him there, he won’t be able to fight in the ring.

Wouldn’t it be a shame for our national martial arts in front of those rude foreigners?”