

The First Heir Chapter 1221

The First Heir novel (master yu who smokes) Chapter 1221

“Torres Hane! Stop following me!”

Lydia was very angry as she glared at Torres who was following behind her.

“Lydia, I know that I was wrong, so please forgive me. I’ll apologize, okay?” Torres said.

He glanced at Philip who was being pulled by Lydia. First, he separated them in disgust. Then, he said indifferently with a dark face, “Hey, I’m sorry.”

Philip smiled. He did not wish to cause trouble. He could see that these people were the second-generation members of those rich and respectable families, so he said calmly, “It’s okay. Can I go now?”

“You can go now.”

Torres said coldly and then turned to look at Lydia as if to please her. He said with a grin, “Lydia, it’s fine now, right?”

Lydia glared at him and said nothing.

Philip turned around and left, but Torres’ disdainful voice came from behind. “Such bad luck!”

This made Philip frown. He had not even done anything but was scolded several times for nothing.

He stopped and looked up at the sky, his thoughts were unknown.

Suddenly, he turned around and walked toward the group of people laughing over there.

Torres was chatting with the others at this time. When he saw Philip walking toward him, he was taken aback for a moment and then sneered, “Oh, you dare to come back? What, have you taken a fancy to Lydia? Have you taken a look at yourself...”

Before he finished speaking, Torres saw a fist as big as a sandbag flying toward his cheek!

Philip did not know why he was doing this. He just felt very upset and wanted to punch someone.

Bam!

With the collision between Philip’s fist and his cheek, Torres tilted his head and staggered before falling to the ground.

Wow!

The several rich second-generations were all stunned as they watched this scene happen before their eyes.

Lydia’s beautiful eyes widened in astonishment. Covering her little mouth, she watched this scene in disbelief.

“F*ck!”

Torres roared, got up from the ground, and pointed at Philip while shouting, “Do you want to die?!”

Seeing Torres rushing up with an angry face, Philip suddenly lifted his leg and feinted a kick. Torres quickly took a step back in fear.

Philip put his hands in his trouser pockets in a swaggering manner and said indifferently, “Do you know what type of people I hate the most?”

The group of people was shocked by Philip’s domineering display. Their expressions appeared very puzzled as they stared in a daze.

Was this shabby-looking guy a practitioner too?

Torres was also flabbergasted. He had never met anyone who dared to beat him, so he had no idea what to do for a while.

“What the hell are you trying to say?”

Torres’ face was cold as he clenched his fists. If this guy could not say anything, he would definitely maim him!

Philip shook his head, glanced at the crowd, and found that these rich second-generations were really cowardly. He said leisurely, “What I hate the most are rich second-generation bullies like you.”

Huh?

The crowd was astounded.

Philip continued, “Because no one is richer than me and no one is more suitable for the term ‘rich second-generation’ than me.

Do you, you, and all of you think that because you have tens of millions of assets in your families, because you can drive BMWs and Benzes around every day, and you can follow your parents in and out of big parties and banquets, that makes you so great? In front of me, you’re no more than little kids!”

The few rich second-generations were dumbfounded. In their minds, the things he mentioned were indeed amazing.

After a long pause, one of the boys reacted.

This pauper actually looked down on them and said that he was the most worthy of the ‘rich second-generation’ label. Just at the sight of what he was wearing, could he be a rich second-generation?

Torres was not a fool either. At this time, he rushed up with an angry look and grabbed Philip by the collar. He cursed, “What are you talking about? Are you a rich second-generation?”

Philip smiled faintly. “As true as it can be.”

A round of sneers.

“Holy sh*t, is this old man right in the head? He actually says that he’s a rich second-generation.”

“He must be a nutcase. Torres was beaten for nothing.”

“This must be the funniest joke I’ve ever heard this year. Is he trying to brag in front of Lydia?”

Philip knew they did not believe him and said calmly, “It’s up to you to believe it or not, but I want to tell you, don’t provoke me. Otherwise, your parents will kneel in front of me and beg me to forgive you.”

Torres could not tolerate it anymore. This guy was too much. As soon as he wanted to punch him, Lydia stood in front of him and looked at him coldly. She said, “How dare you!”

Torres flew into a rage. He pointed at Philip and said with a scowl, “Lydia Jensen, are you trying to protect him?”

Torres was really angry. The girl he liked had made him embarrassed.

Was he inferior to an old man?