

The First Heir Chapter 1244

Ronnie stood at the door of the inner hall, looked at Holt's resentful back view, and clenched his fist before slowly releasing it.

"Do you want revenge?"

Suddenly, there was a voice from behind him.

Ronnie turned around and saw Philip, who had entered earlier, standing behind him. He was leaning against the wall, smoking a cigarette.

"Young Master Clarke," Ronnie quickly turned around and shouted respectfully.

Philip waved his hand and said, "Don't call me Young Master Clarke. Just call me Philip."

Ronnie was stunned for a moment. He did not expect Philip to be so approachable, but he still smiled and said, "I'll call you Brother Philip then."

Philip glanced at Ronnie, not caring about such titles, and said, "It works."

Ronnie answered Philip's previous question, "I want to take revenge, but I want Holt to turn over a new leaf even more."

Philip frowned, stared at Ronnie, and asked, "Why? Don't you think he treats you bad enough? Not only did he humiliate you, but he also insulted your mother."

Ronnie shook his head and said, "But he's my second brother after all and a member of the Duane family. The waters in the Duane family run deep. You might not understand this, but this is what I truly hope for."

Philip was silent. He finished smoking the cigarette in his hand and nodded before saying, "I won't interfere with your private affairs, but after half a month, you'd better be ready. Whether you can reinvent yourself is up to you."

Hearing this, Ronnie was suddenly startled. He quickly bowed to Philip and said, "Thank you, Brother Philip. I will definitely work hard."

Philip waved his hand and said, "It's not a matter of hard work. You'll understand soon."

After that, Philip turned around, walked to the inner hall, and said, "Go back and recuperate from your injuries. I'll see you in half a month."

Ronnie responded, stood up straight, and looked at Philip's carefree figure.

This was the only idol in his life, the person he admired!

"Third Young Master, we should go back now."

Behind him, the old butler waited quietly with his coat.

Ronnie nodded, turned around, and left Dragon Gate with the old butler.

Looking back to the interior hall of Dragon Gate again, Philip sat at the table for normal guests. Jacob Jensen and Jeremy Yarner, as well as the heads of some national martial arts families, members of the National Martial Arts Association, and the World Martial Arts Association, sat in the guest seats, which were in a separate luxurious private room.

Of course, this inner hall was connected in all directions.

The guest seats were located in the most central area, separated by a wooden partition carved with dragons and phoenixes. There were two big tables each at the four corners of the inner hall, already full of people at this moment.

These people were the representatives of the national martial arts family and the representatives of the association. They were discussing what had happened just now.

“Did you hear what happened at the entrance just now? Someone had a conflict with the Lopez family and almost started fighting!”

“I heard Javi Lopez challenged Jeremy Yarner. In the end, even Rafael Lopez and Old Master Jensen stepped forward.”

“So spectacular? What happened exactly?”

A group of people kept chattering. They were not at the scene earlier.

Some of the martial arts families and members of the association sat properly while listening, seemingly unconcerned.

“Haha, don’t be surprised after you hear it. According to the story, a kid named Philip Clarke was very audacious. He even made a bet with the Lopez family to set up the world arena in Uppercreek to challenge martial artists from all over the world.”

“I know about this. Mr. Jacob Jensen actually agreed to it and the match will be held in a week!”

“Philip Clarke? Who is he? Which family does he belong to?” Many people were taken aback. They did not know Philip at all and had not even heard of him.