

The First Heir Chapter 1249

It was them!

Philip's eyes were burning as he stared closely at the group of people who entered the inner hall.

The old man was in the lead, leaning on the gilded walking cane. He greeted Jacob and they chatted quietly.

It was pretty obvious that Jacob respected the old man who was about his age.

Jacob Jensen was one of the champions of the national martial arts, the director of the National Martial Arts Association, the director of the World Martial Arts Association, and held many other honors. To be respected by someone like him, that person must have a great background!

Everyone in the inner hall stood up at this moment.

They had no choice.

Even Jacob and people of that level had all stood up to welcome them, so they could not remain sitting.

Here, Philip stared at the group of people with cold eyes and furrowed brows.

Perhaps it was his sixth sense, but the man with the mask next to the old man suddenly turned his head. His gaze directly met Philip's.

In that instant, Philip felt unprecedented pressure!

This person's eyes were extremely piercing!

Philip believed that he had only seen this look on Reed Williams!

They were the same kind of people!

However, Philip was no ordinary character either. Instantly, his aura magnified. An invincible and majestic intensity suddenly radiated from his body!

Fierce and domineering!

The heir to the Clarke family, the world's largest family, was not an incompetent loser!

With the air of a true monarch, all the shocked guests at this table were directly dumbfounded!

A sudden burst of energy!

They were completely astounded and stared at Philip in horror.

What was the matter with this guy?

Why did he suddenly become so strong?

That invisible magnitude seemed to soar higher than the sky!

Gil, Yolanda, and the others felt it most acutely. They shook all over.

Too strong!

Too terrifying!

Was he still human?

Lydia was also taken aback and looked at Philip who was sitting next to her in confusion.

It was the first time she felt such a raging aura that seemed to belong to the devil. It was several times stronger than even when her great-grandfather was furious!

Who exactly was Philip Clarke?

“Brother Philip, what’s wrong with you?”

Lydia tentatively pulled on Philip’s sleeve. She was very scared.

Philip abruptly came back to his senses, reduced his aura, and stared at the half-masked man with cold eyes.

He must have seen this person somewhere before!

He had an impression of this gaze!

However, Philip could not recall who it was!

It seemed to have been many years ago.

Was it from the scene of his mother’s accident?

Philip still remembered that the scene of his mother’s accident was very tragic. Back then, many people had witnessed it.

He was still young at the time and was crying, but in the crowd, he had clearly seen a gaze. That gaze haunted Philip for many years.

Until now, the seal on that memory had not been broken!

The eyes of the masked man overlapped with the eyes he saw at the scene of his mother’s accident!

Was that him?

Philip dared not jump to conclusions. He sat there silently and paid close attention to the other party’s every move.

The other party seemed to know Philip. After several glances, he spoke a few words to the old man next to him.

Then, the old man who had been talking to Jacob turned his head and glanced at Philip with a slightly surprised look.

It was just a glance that did not mean anything.

At the same time.

Jacob had led the group of people to the centermost private room.

Soon after, Jacob walked out and trotted toward this table.

The others at this table all got up quickly in shock.

Gil was drenched in sweat and extremely flustered!

“Holy sh*t, why did Old Master Jensen go to that table? Is there someone important there?”

“I don’t know. They seem to be children of ordinary martial arts families. The only person I recognize there is the young master of the Dean family, Gil Dean.”

“No way, is Mr. Jensen going to look for Gil Dean? When did that family start enjoying such treatment?”

The people at surrounding tables chattered and expressed their envy.

At this moment, Gil was like a cat on a hot tin roof. In the past, he would definitely have gotten up and acted pretentiously, but now, he understood that Old Master Jensen was definitely not here for him.

There was only one possibility, and that was Philip Clarke!