

The First Heir Chapter 1270

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Philip did not stay long before he returned to the hotel.

When Philip was in the taxi and on his way, he felt that he was being followed.

In order not to expose the hotel Wynn and Mila were staying in, he told the driver to drive in one big circle before he got out of the car and turned around to slip into an alley.

The black van that followed behind the taxi also stopped.

Soon, four to five guys with baseball bats and masks jumped down from the car.

“Listen up, just break his arms and legs. Don’t kill him!”

The young man who took the lead had a tattoo on his neck. He shouted to the guys.

“Yes, Boss!”

Immediately after, these four to five people quickly rushed into the alley!

However, waiting in front of them were a dozen thugs wearing leather jackets and holding various weapons!

Philip stood in front of these people, his hands in his trouser pockets. He silently looked at the four to five people on the opposite side.

“F*ck, it’s a trap! Run!”

The young man who took the lead immediately yelled and tried to run away!

However, behind them, a group of thugs quickly rushed out. They all had weapons!

At this moment, the young hooligans were panicking!

Thud!

Before Philip spoke, the young man knelt and begged for mercy. “Big Brother, we were wrong. Please give us a way out. We’re just trying to make a living.”

Immediately after, the others also knelt and begged for mercy.

Philip stepped forward with indifferent eyes and looked at them condescendingly before asking in a cold voice, “Who sent you?”

The young man had a bitter expression as he said, “We don’t know. We just received this task online. If we broke your arms and legs, we’d get 200,000 dollars.”

“Are you telling the truth?” Philip asked.

“It’s the truth! If you don’t believe me, I can show you the chat history.”

At this moment, the young man was trembling with fright. He hurriedly took out his phone, found the chat history that mentioned the task, and handed it to Philip.

Philip glanced at him and said directly to Heath behind him, “Teach them a lesson.”

After that, he walked out of the alley.

Heath immediately faced Philip’s back and said respectfully, “Yes, Mr. Clarke.”

Then, the corners of his eyes froze. He took the baseball bat in his hand and smashed it down, yelling, “How dare you make a move against Mr. Clarke?! Didn’t you first find out who’s in charge of this territory?”

Soon after, screams sounded from the alley for a whole ten minutes.

After everything was over, Heath ran out and respectfully lit a cigarette for Philip, saying, “Mr. Clarke, it’s done.”

Philip nodded and said, “Find out who’s doing this behind my back.”

“You can rest assured, Mr. Clarke. We often do this kind of task and have our own channels. We will find out soon,” Heath guaranteed.

Philip did not say much. He turned around, hailed a cab, and left.

At the same time in a bar somewhere, after receiving news that the mission had failed, Juan Parker was furious and smashed a lot of bottles of good liquor!

He sat on the sofa and wallowed in anger for a while. He took a sip of wine, dialed a number, and said coldly, “What the hell are you doing? I’ll pay you another five million. This time, make it clean!”