

The First Heir Chapter 1271

Chapter 1271

Philip returned to the hotel and saw Wynn on the phone. She was probably dealing with matters related to Beacon.

He walked over and hugged Wynn from behind, leaning on her shoulders. He inhaled her sweet fragrance.

At that moment, he felt so relieved.

It felt as if only he and Wynn were left in this world.

“What’s the matter?”

Wynn hung up the phone, tilted her head, and put her delicate hands on Philip’s.

“It’s nothing. I’m just a little tired and want to hug you.”

Philip narrowed his eyes as a faint smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

With a happy smile on Wynn’s face, she said, “Phil, I feel very happy like this.”

Philip hummed. Wynn turned around, held Philip’s face seriously, and looked into his eyes while asking, “Phil, will you leave me?”

Philip chuckled, bopped Wynn’s little nose, and said, “Silly, what are you thinking? Why would I leave you? You’re my wife.”

Wynn smiled contentedly.

“By the way, Mindy just called and said that the company has several projects that I need to go back to discuss. I’ve booked a flight ticket for tomorrow,” Wynn suddenly said.

Philip frowned and asked, “What projects? Are they urgent?”

He did not want Wynn running around since she was already five months pregnant.

“Beacon is preparing to expand into other cities. For certain cooperation agreements, those bosses are not at ease without my presence.”

Wynn said with a smile and then grabbed Philip’s arm to say, “Don’t worry about me. We can ask Anne to accompany me.”

Philip nodded and said, “I’ll arrange for a few more people to follow you.”

Wynn did not refuse either.

She now knew that Philip and Theo Zander had a very close relationship.

Many times, she did not try to guess what kind of person Philip was because that was meaningless.

She just wanted everything to remain like this as she stood quietly by Philip's side.

She only knew that Philip was her husband and Mila's father. That was enough.

After meeting Wynn, Philip went to the hospital to visit Hannah.

Hannah was sitting on the hospital bed reading a book. Her long, straight black hair flowed down. She looked just like a gentle and sweet woman that had walked out of a painting.

"Hannah, can you tell me what happened to you all these years?"

Philip sat on the edge of the bed and asked after hesitating for a long time.

Hannah looked up at Philip, smiled sweetly, and said, "Phil, can we not talk about this?"

Speechless, Philip looked at Hannah's eyes and nodded. After that, he got up and said, "I'll get you some water."

After leaving the ward, Philip dialed Rick's phone and asked, "About Hannah's encounters over the years, did you find anything?"

On the other end of the phone, Rick replied helplessly, "Not yet. I've read the information about Ms. Hannah, but it's all shallow details about her time at the orphanage. At first glance, the information was artificially forged."

Philip frowned upon hearing that and asked, "How much longer do you need?"

"It's hard to say. I'll try my best," Rick replied and continued, "But Young Master, I accidentally discovered other things while investigating what the young lady has been up to in the past ten years."

Other things?

"What things?" Philip asked.

"Regarding Madam's accident, it's possible that the person behind the operation is someone who cannot be mentioned."

Rick replied, sounding very hesitant and cautious.

"Who?"

Philip's expression suddenly became extremely cold.

His mother's accident!

Finally, there were other clues!

"I can't say for sure, but it must involve a certain Supreme-level figure. Young Master, we have to prepare in advance. This has exceeded our original estimate."

Rick said, a deep worry evident in his voice.

Philip's eyes condensed. It really was him!

Philip recalled that night in the interior hall of Dragon Gate, the first time he saw the masked man's eyes.

Too similar!

“I see. Trigger the Golden Seal and assemble the other comrades. I'm planning to go there personally.”

Philip said coldly, his eyes burning and full of chills!

“Young Master, are you sure you want to call all the other members over?”

On the other end of the line, Rick was actually a little doubtful.

Legion of the Sovereign—the subordinates of the sovereign.

This sovereign naturally referred to Philip Clarke!