

The First Heir Chapter 1284

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Another old man who was about 60 years old carried the aura of an accomplished master, especially with his defined brows and a long beard. He said, "Don't forget what Senior Jensen said to us before he left. We must know our priorities."

Ace Boris Vahn was a learned practitioner in the arts of tarot and astrology.

With that, Roxy gritted her teeth in hatred.

Philip did not say a word. Along with the other six, he watched as the figure walked far away.

It was desolate yet massive.

This figure would support the backbone and future of national martial arts!

After leaving this place, Philip returned to the hotel.

When Martha saw Philip return, she immediately yelled, "Philip, I'm thirsty! Pour me a glass of water."

Philip answered, poured a cup of warm water, and handed it over.

After that, he played with Mila for a while.

"Philip, I want to eat an apple. Peel one for me."

Martha looked at the TV and shouted.

Philip quickly got up, sat on the side, and peeled the apple before handing it to Martha.

"Are you blind? How can I eat it like this? Cut it into small pieces and feed me with a fork!" Martha said angrily at once.

Philip nodded and agreed.

He cut the apple into small pieces and slowly brought each one to Martha's mouth.

Martha seemed to enjoy being served by Philip as her eyes were full of joy and complacency.

When it was lunchtime, it was also Philip who pushed her downstairs to go to a nearby restaurant.

Perhaps because of her status as the mother-in-law and the fact that she could not move, Martha's attitude toward Philip was very bad when they were in the restaurant. She was constantly yelling and shouting at him.

Even the diners around them found it unbearable to watch.

Of course, there was no shortage of those watching and gossiping.

“Look at that silly boy acting like a male nanny.”

“It’s too pitiful to be treated like that by his mother-in-law. I won’t be able to do it.”

“But of course. At first glance, you can tell he’s a good-for-nothing with no temper at all.”

Philip listened to their comments without saying anything.

Martha, on the other hand, was very happy. She even took it up a notch and treated Philip even worse.

Once they were out of the restaurant, Martha was being pushed in front. She sneered, “Philip, don’t think I can’t do anything to you just because I’m in a wheelchair now. I’m your mother-in-law and have more than enough means to take care of you. I’ve heard from others what you’re doing in Uppercreek. You’re keeping a mistress, right? How capable of you.”

As Philip continued to push Martha’s wheelchair, his brows knitted.

Keeping a mistress?

Was Martha here just because of this?

“Mom, who told you that? I came to Uppercreek for my personal matters,” Philip explained.

However, Martha refused to listen and chastised, “Are you still denying it? Fine, wait till I get the evidence. I’ll kick you out of the Johnston household at that time!

“As for Mila, the Johnston family won’t accept her either! My daughter can’t keep a burden on her. When the time comes, even she will be kicked out!

“Let me tell you, Philip, as long as I’m around, don’t think of living a good life!”

Martha’s words grew increasingly harsh, and the chilly look on Philip’s face became intenser.

At this time at the road junction.

While Philip was pushing Martha’s wheelchair, just about to cross the road, a fast-approaching truck was heading over from not far away.

Suddenly, Philip looked at the truck and then at the wheelchair he was holding. His hands suddenly loosened.

Beep!

The truck started honking desperately!

Martha was so scared that she turned pale and shouted, “Philip, are you crazy?! Quickly pull me back! Pull me back! Ah! Help!”