

The First Heir Chapter 1290

Chapter 1290

Juan and Martha looked at each other, both a little flustered.

What was Philip going to do?

After a few minutes, the atmosphere in the private room was too somber.

Juan could not bear it anymore and said coldly, "Philip, what do you want to do?"

Philip responded grimly, "Juan, have you forgotten what I said to you last time?"

Hearing this, Juan frowned and slammed the table. He got up and shouted, "Philip, why are you still so pretentious? You're penniless now! You're nothing but a dog right now! What you need to do is kneel and beg me and Aunt Martha to forgive you!"

"Yes, that's right!"

Martha followed suit with an angry expression. "Philip, you good-for-nothing, all your properties belong to me now. If you know what's good for you, kneel and beg for my mercy! Perhaps I'll let you off on account that you're my son-in-law!"

Martha was full of confidence. Philip was completely deprived of all his wealth now, so why should she still be afraid of him?

However...

Unexpectedly, Philip's expression was still indifferent.

In the frightened eyes of Martha and Juan, Philip got up and took a baseball bat from Master Bell's hand. He walked slowly to Juan's side.

Juan was so scared that he shouted, "What are you doing? Let me tell you, I'm no longer the same Juan Parker. I have a big patron behind me now!"

However, Philip ignored him.

He silently put out his cigarette in Juan's wine glass and said, "You've crossed the line."

With that said, boom!

Philip hit Juan with the baseball bat, and the latter fell directly to the ground while desperately trying to crawl away!

Philip stepped on his crutches and broke them. He then started beating him up for the next ten minutes!

After everything was over...

Martha had been trembling with fright since a long time ago. With cold sweat on her forehead, she shouted hysterically when she heard the footsteps approaching her, "No, don't! Philip, I'm your mother-in-law! You can't beat me! If Wynn finds out, she definitely won't let you off!"

Philip walked to Martha's side with a cold face, looked at his mother-in-law, and shook his head helplessly. "Martha Yates, at this point, do you still not know how to restrain yourself? I've tolerated you long enough."

"I was wrong. I'll change, I promise! Good son-in-law, please let me go this time. I won't dare to do such acts anymore."

Martha immediately cried and begged for mercy.

Philip was helpless. Considering that she was Wynn's mother, he said to Master Bell, "Arrange for someone to send her back to Riverdale and hand her to Theo Zander. Tell him to get some people to keep an eye on her."

"Yes, Mr. Clarke," Master Bell replied and got his men to push Martha out.

As for Juan who was bleeding on the ground, Philip ignored him.

He glanced at the burly man and the young girl standing at the door.

The brawny man was already kneeling on the ground in fright. When he saw Master Bell, he knew he was done for.

"Brother, I was wrong. Mr. Parker was the one who made me do this." The burly man begged for mercy in tears.

Philip waved his hand. Master Bell's people took him out, and a miserable cry came from outside the private room.

With every wail, the young girl shuddered in fright.

She cried in fear and trembled all over, her small hands gripping the corners of her clothes tightly.

"How old are you?" Philip asked.

"18," the girl replied tremblingly with a sobbing tone.

"Did we really do it?"

Philip was having a headache. This Juan Parker was really hateful!

The little girl bit her red lip, shook her head, and said, "It was faked."

Philip breathed a sigh of relief and said to Master Bell, "Send her back and find the best medical team for her mother."

After everything was over, Philip walked out of Whitebird Restaurant and glanced at the sky.

Just at this moment, his phone rang. It was an unknown number.

"Hello, who is this?" Philip frowned.

On the other end of the phone, a strong and serious voice said, “Tidal Pavilion. My lord wants to see you.”

The former supreme?

Philip suddenly radiated with chills as his eyes reflected cold light.

The time was finally here.