

# The First Heir Chapter 1302

## Chapter 1302

“Are you a member of the Shore family?” Philip asked.

“That’s right! I’m Matthew Shore. The one standing in front of you is my older brother!”

Matthew jerked his chin up, his attitude uptight and arrogant.

Philip nodded and said, “Understood.”

After that, in the trembling eyes of everyone, he directly waved his hand and slapped Matthew’s face angrily!

Hiss!

Everyone was astounded!

In front of the head of the Shore family, Philip slapped his brother in the face?

How could this young man be so outrageous?!

Everyone dared not even breathe aloud.

Matthew came back to his senses, pointed at Philip with a furious expression, and shouted angrily, “Brat, how dare you hit me? I’ll kill you!”

Matthew smacked his palm on Philip’s chest.

Philip did not even dodge because Mobius Pine, who was behind him, had already stepped forward. He stood in front of him and drew out a flexible sword from his waist.

Swish!

A flash of silver light!

The blade of the flexible sword in Mobius’ hand was only an inch away from Matthew’s Adam’s apple!

Though very subtle, the atmosphere had undeniably grown intense!

Matthew did not even touch Philip with his palm.

The cold sweat on his forehead cascaded like a waterfall as his cock-eyed gaze stared fixedly at the blade of the sword near his neck.

The dazzling and cold light from the sword made Matthew feel like the skin on his neck had been submerged in icy waters.

That feeling of numbness in his scalp and the violent throbbing of the main arteries all over his body felt like the moment before death!

Mobius' sword was too fast!

It was so fast that Matthew did not even notice how Mobius made the move.

“Ace Pine, are you about to break the rules of the national martial arts world and attack a member of the Shore family?”

Matthew stammered as he asked. He was not stupid.

Mobius smiled faintly and said, “No, the blade of my sword is still an inch away from the main artery in your brother's neck. I have a good grasp of this inch.”

Hearing this, Matthew breathed a sigh of relief.

“However, my hands might also tremble because of this inch.”

When Mobius uttered the second half of the sentence, Matthew immediately became nervous again.

“Stand down!”

Elliot, who was on the side, ordered his brother to back out upon seeing the delicate situation.

Swish!

Mobius retracted his sword, still smiling as he stood next to Philip.

He acted as though he had never made a move just now.

At the back, Dorian's eyes shone brilliantly as he muttered, “Mobius' swordsmanship has improved again.”

Blacksmith Leon Anders smiled unassumingly and said, “I'm the one who forged his sword.”

Over here, Philip shrugged and looked at the furious Matthew, saying, “If you don't have the ability, don't try to be a hero.”

“You!”

Matthew was about to explode in anger as he clenched his fists tightly.

Next to him, Elliot asked at this moment, “What exactly do you want to do? If your purpose is to rescue Jacob Jensen, you may leave my Shore Manor now.”

Elliot was not stupid. He had already guessed the identity of the young man in front of him.

The only person who could be accompanied by the six Aces should be that Young Master Clarke who became famous in the martial arts circle a few days ago. Philip shook his head with an innocent smile on his face and said tactfully, “You've misunderstood. This time, I'm not only here to rescue Old Master Jensen but I'm also here to completely eradicate the so-called alliance of the four great families.”