

The First Heir Chapter 1308

Chapter 1308

As soon as she entered the door, Lydia was already in tears.

“Great-grandpa, boo-hoo...” Lydia flung herself into the hall and cried very sadly.

Some of the Jensen family members pulled her away and comforted her.

Philip watched as Lydia tore away from the crowd and ran out while covering her face

Crawford called for someone to chase after her, but Philip shook his head helplessly and said, “Let me.”

After all, he had promised Old Master Jensen that he would take care of Lydia for him.

Hearing that, Crawford said, “I’ll have to trouble you then, Young Master Clarke.”

Philip walked out of the main hall and came to a corner of the villa by the artificial lake.

Here, he saw Lydia who was squatting on the ground and hugging her knees while crying bitterly.

He did not disturb her and only watched from a distance. When she was finally done crying, Philip slowly walked forward and handed her a tissue. “Wipe your face.”

Lydia did not take it. Her despondent eyes that were red and swollen stared at the reflection on the surface of the lake. She curled up with her knees and choked, looking very sad and aggrieved.

“Great-grandpa is gone. He said he would wait for me to get married.

“Great-grandpa was the best to me. He’d buy me everything. Every time I got in trouble, only my great-grandpa would care for me. We have only been apart for a few days...”

“He didn’t keep his promise. He’s a big liar!”

Lydia was talking to herself, and Philip listened quietly.

“Old Master Jensen deserves everyone’s respect,” Philip said.

“I don’t need him to be respected. I just want him to stay with me in peace. I don’t want him to be an Ace.” Lydia cried very sadly, tears flickering in her eyes.

After a moment of silence, Philip said with sadness in his eyes, “When I was 12 years old, my mother left me forever. At that time, I was in a similar state as you now, and I even cried more than you.”

When Lydia heard the words, she turned her head and looked at Philip with a little confusion before asking tentatively, “You lost your mother at the age of 12?”

Philip lowered his eyes, looked at Lydia who was squatting on the ground beside him, and nodded while saying, “Yeah, I was 12 years old. Back then, I closed myself off and refused to see anyone. I didn’t listen to anyone who came to persuade me. I just hid in my own little world.

At that time, I had thought to myself, ‘My mother was so good, like an angel, so why did God take her away?’ I hated God and the unfairness of the world.

However, as I grew older, I realized that everyone has their own destinies.

We should not be immersed in the past but look toward the future. It was terrible to lose a loved one, but there are more loved ones waiting for us. They need me.

They need me to stand up and they need me to be strong.”

Philip said a lot as he chatted with Lydia about the past and his thoughts while remaining by the lake.

Slowly, Lydia’s mood gradually calmed down.

She squeezed her little fist and said, “Brother Philip, I understand. I will work hard. I want to properly learn the martial arts of the Jensen family. I want to avenge my great-grandpa. I want to defend the dignity of the Jensen family!”

Philip stroked Lydia’s head and said, “Let’s go back.”

“Yeah.” Lydia wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes, gritted her teeth, and stood up.

The two of them walked toward the hall.

However, from a distance, they heard an argument in the hall!

“Mr. Simmons, this is the old master’s memorial shrine. Why are you barging into this place uninvited?”

Crawford roared with cold eyes, staring at the dozen people outside the hall!

Behind Crawford, all the members of the Jensen family were filled with indignation and anger as they glared at the man.

On the opposite side, the leader was the masked man named Monty Simmons, and behind him, there were 12 men in suits who were full of killing intent!

Monty stood with his hands on his back, and he was dressed in a dark green battle uniform that was adorned with badges on his chest and shoulders. There was a dagger around his waist. He was covered in chills when he said, “I heard that Old Master Jensen passed away due to illness. I came to express my condolences by order of the lord and to retrieve an object.”