

The First Heir Chapter 1342

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“You did these?” Wynn asked with a heartbroken expression.

Vincent Foley, now with a bruised and swollen face, begged desperately, “Madam Johnston, I was wrong. I won’t do this again. I was just confused.”

Wynn stopped looking at him, and Philip ordered his men, “Take him out, break his limbs, and throw him out into the streets. Let him fend for himself.”

Immediately after, Vincent’s frantic cries were heard as he got dragged out!

Wynn felt a little distraught and wanted to plead for mercy, but Philip said, “Your kind-heartedness is an opportunity for them to harm you, understand?”

Wynn bit her red lip and nodded.

Soon, everyone left Burton Manor.

On the way back, Wynn asked tentatively, “Phil, can you tell me who you are now? What is the Clarke family? What’s up with those people today?”

Philip pressed Wynn’s tender little hand and said after a moment of silence, “Soon. I’ll bring you back after I finish taking care of the matter in Uppercreek this time.”

“Really?” Wynn asked excitedly.

Philip nodded with a smile, put his arm around Wynn’s shoulder, and said, “I’ve been hiding from you all this while but you have to believe me when I say that I have my reasons for doing this. I don’t want you and Mila to be harmed in any way.”

“I believe you,” Wynn said as she took Philip’s hand.

After saying that, Wynn gently leaned on Philip’s shoulder.

Although she was not sure of Philip’s true identity, she had vaguely made some guesses after such a long time.

As long as the words came out of her husband’s mouth, she would believe them.

It did not take long for them to return to Tundra Villa.

At the entrance, the six Aces, Master Bell, and the members of the Jensen family were all waiting respectfully.

After Philip and Wynn got out of the car, everyone gathered around and asked questions, making Wynn very embarrassed.

Even so, she still greeted them graciously one by one.

“Sister Wynn, hello, my name is Lydia Jensen.”

Lydia squeezed over exuberantly at this time and took Wynn’s small hand. Looking at her belly, she asked enviously, “Sister Wynn, is it tough being pregnant?”

Wynn smiled, looked at Philip who was discussing things with the people over at the other side, and said, “No, it’s not.”

Following that, Lydia and a group of girls from the Jensen family surrounded Wynn. They went to the backyard.

Here, Philip and the six Aces, as well as the Jensen family, started discussing tomorrow’s world tournament.

“Young Master Clarke, we already got the registration forms. There are a total of 23 martial arts delegations from different countries and regions participating in this world tournament. Among them, Fusha has the largest number of participants, followed by Country M and Country Y.”

Crawford looked at the forms in his hand and said in detail.

“Furthermore, the competition this time is probably not as simple as we thought. According to the news from Uppercreek, many forces and groups have entered our territory as martial arts delegations but have ulterior motives. There are even members of the 12 Sacred Halls of the West mixed in the crowd. Should we send more people to prevent accidents in the arena?”

The 12 Sacred Halls of the West?

Hearing that, Philip was silent for a moment before saying, “For this matter, you may make arrangements with Theo and Master Bell. Just mobilize as many people as you need. If the number isn’t enough, I can even transfer some guards from the Clarke family over.”

Crawford quickly said, “That’s more than enough. With Mr. Zander and Master Bell around, I think they won’t cause any trouble this time. But I wonder how you plan to arrange for our people to participate in the tournament this time, Young Master Clarke. Do I need to join forces with several national martial arts families to select some candidates?”

Philip said with a smile, “No, I already have the candidates. You may announce to the public that only eight people from the national martial arts delegation will participate in the world tournament this time.”