

The First Heir Chapter 1384

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With that said, a group of people appeared downstairs of the building. They were holding several large crates of beer bottles and smashed them all on the ground!

Crash, bang!

The ground was now full of broken beer bottles, the shards glinting with a silver light!

With a ferocious coldness in the corners of his eyes, Wylan pointed to the dozen-meter stretch of ground that was covered with broken beer bottles and said, "Kneel and crawl over on your knees. Then, bow to me and beg for my mercy!"

When Wynn saw this scene, she shook her head desperately with tears streaming down her face. She shouted, "Philip, no, don't do it!"

Philip looked at the dozen-meter stretch of the ground in front of him that was full of broken bottles.

He clenched his fists tightly and looked at Wynn upstairs. Without any hesitation, he asked coldly, "If I kneel and go over, do you promise to let my wife go?"

"That's right!" Wylan responded with a taunting smile on his face that grew wider by the minute.

He was a man with a vengeful spirit.

The humiliation he suffered the other day must be repaid today!

At this point, Master Bell became angry and pointed at Wylan, shouting, "Wylan, you're going too far! How dare you do this to Young Master Clarke? You're seeking death!"

After saying that, he looked at Philip and said, "Young Master Clarke, you mustn't do this. Wylan Jensen is deliberately trying to humiliate you. The hostages are in his hands anyway. We mustn't back down!"

"Victor Bell, this is none of your business. Shut the f*ck up! Today, I'm only targeting him. If you insist on sticking your nose in, I don't mind declaring war on you too!" Wylan shouted coldly.

He knew about Philip's identity, but so what?

The man's wife and children were in his hands. What could Philip do?

Wylan had already inquired about it. Many of those who had offended Philip were either bankrupt or disabled.

They were all rubbish!

Wylan was not afraid. With his wife and kid as his trump cards, even if Philip was some legendary fighter, he must kneel before him!

“Are you kneeling or not?”

Seeing that Philip was motionless, he increased the strength in his hand and made Wynn cry out in pain.

Philip was heartbroken and shouted, “Okay, I’m doing it!”

With that said, he was about to kneel.

Victor immediately grabbed hold of Philip and said, “Young Master Clarke, let me do it!”

Crash!

A beer bottle was smashed at Victor’s feet as Wylan barked, “Who the hell do you think you are? Do I need you to kneel?”

He glared at Philip and said, “I’ll give you ten seconds to consider.”

Without any consideration, Philip glanced at Wynn on the second floor who looked to be in pain and knelt down!

Wynn kept looking at Philip. When she saw that Philip was about to kneel, her heart was bleeding!

“Philip, no, get up! Get up!”

Wynn wailed as her tears flowed uncontrollably.

A man’s knees were worth their weight in gold. They could only kneel to heaven, earth, and their parents!

However, at this moment, Philip was kneeling on the ground full of broken glass for her!