

# The First Heir Chapter 1385

"Phil... Philip!"

Wynn looked at Philip who was kneeling on the ground full of broken glass. Her eyes were full of tears, and she was sobbing soundlessly.

At this moment, Wynn realized that Philip's love for her was so fervent!

"Get up! I don't want you on your knees! No way!"

Wynn screamed, but Wylan, who was next to her, slapped her face fiercely and shouted, "Shut up!"

Philip was already kneeling with his fists clenched. His cold eyes stared at Wylan on the second floor as he shouted, "Don't hit my wife!"

Wylan laughed loudly as he looked down from the second floor at Philip who was kneeling on the ground. He felt extremely delighted as he said, "Young Master Clarke, aren't you very powerful? Why are you kneeling in front of me like a dog now?"

The sound of mockery resounded throughout the front building.

Master Bell stood behind Philip with his fists fiercely clenched. He jerked his head up, stared at Wylan, and roared, "Wylan Jensen, I swear to heaven that I won't let you off!"

Wylan did not even bother to pay attention to Master Bell and merely said, "Master Bell, just look at the person you're hanging out with. He knelt just because I told him to. Why do you still want to follow such a wimp? Why don't we join forces and swallow the entire Uppercreek?"

Wylan was just saying this casually.

Victor Bell shouted furiously, "Dream on!"

Meanwhile, Philip started crawling forward on his knees on the broken glass shards.

The cold broken glass pierced into his flesh, causing a searing pain that worsened with the alcohol!

Behind him were two bloody trails about two to three meters long!

Seeing this scene, Wynn almost fainted from crying. She whimpered and shouted, "Philip, get up! I don't want you to kneel down to him. Don't bother about me!"

She was in an excruciating heartache!

Wylan was really enjoying this scene and gestured to the two men around him.

Then, on the second floor, his subordinates cut two bags of salt open and spilled them on the ground that was covered with broken glass.

At this sight, Master Bell almost shouted hysterically, "Damn it, Wylan Jensen!"

**“Young Master Clarke, you can’t kneel anymore!”**

Master Bell had been following behind Philip. He looked at the ground covered with salt and broken glass shards in front of him. There were still more than ten meters to go. How could a normal person endure this?!

Wynn also shouted frantically, “Philip, get up! You’re a man! You can only kneel to heaven, earth, and your parents!”

However, Philip raised his head, his eyes full of tenderness as he looked at Wynn on the second floor. He said, “For you, I can do anything.”

As he said that, he knelt directly on the broken glass shards that were covered with salt!

Hiss!

Instantly, that tingling sensation made Philip shudder all over!

However, he could not get up!

Wynn and Mila were still in Wylan’s hands!

Just like that, Philip kept enduring the inhuman torture and knelt to the end.

At this moment, Wylan had already brought Wynn to the first floor and was standing right at the front door. He was looking down at Philip who was kneeling in front of him with lowered brows.

Bam!

He went up and kicked Philip violently in the shoulder.

Philip face-planted the ground, the pain in his knees making him unable to move.

“Haha, Philip Clarke! I didn’t expect the dignified Young Master Clarke to end up like this today!”

Wylan laughed coldly, his tone arrogant.

“Do you still remember how you made me kneel that day? Today, I want you to repay it tenfold!”

Wylan shouted. Then, he took a long dagger from his men, threw it directly in front of Philip, and said grimly, “Cut off your right hand now. Don’t say I’m not giving you a chance. As long as you cut your right hand off, I’ll release your wife immediately!”

“No, Philip, don’t!”

Wynn was very anxious. With tears on her face, she knelt in front of Wylan and pleaded, “Master Jensen, please let go of my husband. I beg you. I can do whatever you want. I can even give Beacon to you.”

Wylan frowned as he seemed to have thought of something.

After that, the corners of his eyes froze. He kicked the long dagger in front of Philip and said coldly, “Let’s start.”

