

The First Heir Chapter 1387

At that moment, Wylan Jensen experienced the meaning of death!

He clearly felt that the figure standing in front of him was full of cold intent and murderous aura!

Wylan trembled involuntarily, his forehead already pouring with a cold sweat.

The pain in his right arm kept him sober the entire time.

He thought that he would bleed to death if he did not seek medical attention immediately!

At this moment, Philip's eyes were cold. He lowered his eyebrows to look at Wylan who was lying at his feet and asked coldly, "How do you think you'll end up dying?"

This simple question made Wylan shudder.

Following that, he stared at Philip viciously and sneered, "I didn't expect you to be this scheming, but so what? Do you dare to touch me? I'm Wylan Jensen!"

Bam!

Philip went up and kicked Wylan abruptly. The latter rolled over twice and clutched his right arm while groaning in pain.

Philip's kick hit the wound in his arm and it hurt like hell!

"You! You're courting death!"

Wylan knelt on the ground, his left hand covering his crimson right arm. His eyes showed the vicious fighting spirit of a trapped beast.

"Do you really think I don't dare to kill you?"

Philip said coldly, his expression indifferent.

The entire Car Wash City, from inside out, had been surrounded by Master Bell and Philip's people!

Everyone else had been subdued!

Looking at the current situation, Wylan would be dead for sure!

However, Wylan, who was kneeling on the ground, cackled sinisterly. His face was full of gloomy coldness as he said, "Do you dare to kill me? How are you going to do that? Don't forget, that lovely baby daughter of yours is still in my hands! If I die, your daughter definitely won't see the sunrise tomorrow!"

After that, Wylan raised his head and stared at Philip menacingly from the corner of his eyes. He sneered like a devil from hell.

Philip's heart trembled. Mila!

At this time, Wynn was standing close to Philip's side. Her face was full of tears as she shouted at the disheveled-looking Wylan, "Where's my daughter? If you let my daughter go, I'll ask my husband to let you off."

Hmph!

Wylan snorted coldly and clutched his right arm with difficulty. He got up from the ground, staggering a couple of steps. He glanced at Wynn and Philip coldly, saying, "Your daughter's life in exchange for my life?"

Hearing this, Philip frowned and said coldly, "What else do you want?"

Wylan chuckled, pointed to his right arm, and said, "What do you think?"

Philip understood. His eyebrows twisted and his face quickly became full of chills.

Crack!

Instantly, Philip made a move. He grabbed Wylan by the neck and lifted him up!

At this moment, Philip's eyes were red, full of anger and murderous aura. He shouted, "Wylan Jensen, don't think about threatening me! You're not qualified!"

Wylan's face flushed red and he gasped with difficulty.

Philip loosened his hold and Wylan slumped on the ground, coughing desperately.

"Speak, where is my daughter?!" Philip roared.

Wylan sneered, "Do you want to know? No way! Hahaha, even if I die, I'll drag your daughter down with me! You can live the rest of your life in repentance and regret!"

Wylan knew that it was over for him. Only in this way could he get a touch of comfort.

If he could take someone down with him, it would not be a total loss!

Especially in the next few decades, Philip would live in pain and remorse. It was even more gratifying than killing him!

Thinking of this, Wylan laughed madly.

When Wynn heard this, she was really upset. With tears on her face, she grabbed Philip's arm in desperation and cried out, "Phil, save Mila. We can't lose Mila."

Philip was also anxious. He took Wynn's cold and trembling hand, saying, "Don't worry, Mila will be fine."

As soon as the words left his mouth, a team of four heavily armed combat guards rushed in through the door.

"Young Master Clarke, we found traces of Young Miss near the port. We have arranged for a search party."

The man in the lead said respectfully.