

The First Heir – Chapter 1449

She held Mila's little face, looked at it with distress, and said anxiously, "Mila, are you hurt? Do you feel pain anywhere? Let me take you for a check-up."

Mila shook her head, took Wynn's hand, and wiped her tears sweetly. She said, "Mom, don't cry. I'm fine. You have a baby in your stomach. You need to rest more."

Hearing such tender words from her daughter, Wynn immediately hugged Mila's head while crying with great sadness but also with relief.

Philip stood silently by the side, a happy smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

"Phil, thank you," Wynn raised her eyebrows and said to Philip.

Philip smiled, walked over, and touched his daughter's and Wynn's head. He said, "What's there to thank?"

The family's brief reunion was filled with happy laughter.

As for Lydia Jensen, she rushed here the second she received the news. She pursed her lips and wiped her tears as she looked at Mila.

Mila ran over, raised her head, and said to Lydia, "Sister Lydia, don't cry. I'm fine. Dad saved me."

Lydia squatted down with red eyes as she wiped her tears. She nodded and said, "I won't cry. It's good that you're okay."

Philip stayed in the ward and chatted with Wynn for a few minutes.

At this time, Victor barged in hurriedly. Seeing Philip chatting with Wynn, he stood aside respectfully and waited.

"Phil, is he here to see you?" Wynn asked.

She had seen the person standing at the door many times in the past few days. He seemed to be someone her husband knew.

Philip smiled and said, "Yes, he's a friend."

Wynn nodded and said, "He must be looking for you for something urgent. You should go."

“Okay.”

Philip stroked Mila’s head before getting up and walking out of the ward.

In the hospital rest area, Victor bowed and stood beside Philip. He said nervously and anxiously, “Young Master Clarke, the other party refuses to come to an agreement. I already kicked them out of the hospital earlier and told them about your intentions, but they didn’t listen and insisted on seeing you. Otherwise, they’ll barge in with their people.”

Philip frowned and asked solemnly, “Where are they?”

Victor said, “At the entrance. My men are stopping them.”

With that said, Philip walked toward the entrance of the hospital.

Sure enough, two groups of people were confronting each other at the entrance of the hospital.

One side belonged to Victor Bell, led by Heath.

Philip recognized the other party at one glance. It was the third young master of the branch family, Kelsey Clarke. He was Levi Clarke’s younger brother.

This guy was dressed like a flamboyant young master. He had feminine facial features and was dressed in an expensive looking white Stilt. He looked extremely rude and arrogant.

At this time, Kelsey also saw Philip walking out and immediately sneered, “Oh, Cousin, you’ve finally decided to come back. I thought you died in Cloudside.”

This sentence was utterly rude.

Such typical traits of a prodigal son.

Moreover, Kelsey despised Philip and the main Clarke family from the bottom of his heart.

In his view, the branch family could replace the main family.

Philip’s face darkened. He walked closer and said coldly, “What are you doing here?”

Kelsey shrugged, brushed his slender nails, and said gently, “My dad told me to bring Levi back. By the way, my dad also said that you must apologize to the branch family in front of me. Otherwise, my dad will bring people and put pressure on the main family.”

Hearing this, Philip’s expression quickly became extremely cold as he said, “Are you sure you’re worthy of making me apologize?”

Kelsey raised his eyebrows, looked at Philip, and snorted. “Philip, I advise you to release my brother and grandfather quickly. Otherwise, even the main family can’t afford to offend the branch family!”

“Are you threatening me?”

Philip laughed as a cold intent appeared at the corner of his mouth.