

# The First Heir novel Chapter 1471–1480

## The First Heir – Chapter 1471

As soon as Kelsey said that, the great figures sitting at the jade onyx round table in this glorious side hall also cast strange glances at Philip.

Most of them only took a second glance before they stopped paying attention.

It was because all those who could sit here were powerful and remarkable people.

Everyone had their pride and ego.

Even Kelsey had to behave properly here.

It was not that the Clarke family was not as good as them, but keeping a low profile was the only key to survival here.

Moreover, most people knew Kelsey's identity. They were courteous on the surface just to show some respect.

They were here for the auction. When the bidding started, that would be when the competition really began. It was much more cultured than having a real fight.

Wilbur invited Philip to step into the side hall. Victor followed closely but he was stopped by the bodyguards at the sides.

Within three meters of the round table was a circle of black suited bodyguards who were guarding them closely.

The entourage of these great figures also stood in various places in the hall. There were rest areas around and all of them waited silently.

Philip entered the room, sat randomly on an empty seat, and looked at Kelsey. However, he did not intend to pay him any attention.

Kelsey was startled and frowned. He bitterly went back to his seat with a snort.

This damned Philip did not show him any respect at all! Hateful!

Forget it, the most important thing today was the next program. There was no benefit to getting caught up with a guy like Philip.

Seeing Philip sitting down, everyone at the round table started talking quietly.

After all, every time a person sat down, it meant they had one more competitor.

No one had ever heard anything about this competitor, so naturally, they had some doubts.

“Mr. Ellis, aren’t you going to introduce this young man? To be able to sit here, he must not be someone ordinary.”

Finally, a middle aged man with a gloomy face who was fiddling with stress balls in his hands, said unceremoniously.

The Steele family had a reputation in Hampton as one of the 17 most powerful families with assets worth more than ten billion!

Sigmund Steele was also one of the representative figures of Hampton with fame of his own.

Wilbur smiled and said, “Patriarch Steele, you’re right. Let me introduce him to everyone. This is Philip Clarke. Some time ago, the world tournament in Uppercreek that was famous in the world martial arts circle happened because of Young Master Clarke. The Jensen family, a family of national martial arts, also shares a close relationship with Young Master Clarke.”

Hearing Wilbur’s introduction, the expressions of many dignitaries at the round table darkened slightly. It seemed that this was a tough opponent.

Meanwhile, Wilbur introduced to Philip, “Young Master Clarke, this is the head of the Steele family in Hampton, Sigmund Steele. He’s one of the 17 most powerful families in Hampton.”

Philip frowned slightly and looked at Sigmund.

Hampton.

If he remembered correctly, during the underground chamber of commerce a few months ago, Moses Dunley of the Dunley family had invited him to join a chamber of commerce alliance in Hampton.

Just after Wilbur finished his introduction, someone disdainfully objected. “Mr. Ellis, as per the rules of Le Reverie, non core members are not allowed to participate in the auction, right?”

The one who spoke was a man in his 40s or 50s. He had a haughty look on his face and was wearing a gray suit. He had a broad back, a beard, and a stout figure.

Ingram Jordan, one of the 17 most powerful families in Hampton. Just like Sigmund Steele, he came from a well established family in Hampton with assets worth more than ten billion.

His reputation in Hampton was on par with Sigmund.

As soon as he said that, Wilbur replied, “Mr. Jordan, you’re right. Non-core members are not allowed to participate in this auction.”

After saying that, Wilbur snapped his fingers.

## **The First Heir – Chapter 1472**

Immediately after, a woman in a red dress walked gracefully to Wilbur’s side while holding a document with both hands.

Wilbur took the document from the woman’s hand, picked up the pen, wrote in a flourish, and said to everyone, “From now on, Young Master Clarke is one of the core members of Le Reverie. This is the membership agreement. I believe everyone can see it.”

Hearing this, everyone's faces darkened and their eyes fell on the indifferent Philip with a little more suspicion and hostility.

Who on earth was this kid to make Wilbur take him so seriously?

In the past, one had to go through various assessments to get Le Reverie's membership.

Now, for this kid, Wilbur just signed the documents on the spot.

"Haha, since you're already a member, there's nothing else to say. Young Master Clarke, I look forward to having a good time with you."

Several people displayed friendly attitudes to Philip at this moment.

Philip also greeted them one by one. "Thank you."

However, the one who attracted his attention the most was the only female among them who was dressed very elegantly. From the start till now, she had been staring at Philip without saying a word.

This woman had coiffed hair, delicate features, and was wearing a white low cut see through dress. Her figure was curvaceous, and her smile was full of charm.

There was a sound of clapping accompanied by a voice with a foreign accent. "Calw has not taken a seat yet, how can the auction start?"

Everyone looked in the direction of the voice and saw a group of people suddenly barging in from the door.

The person in the lead was a man with a face full of arrogance. He was dressed in an expensive suit. He had a hooked nose, blue eyes, and was closely followed by four burly bodyguards behind him.

Seeing Philip's gaze shifting to her, she did not feel embarrassed and only smiled slightly while nodding at him.

Philip also nodded lightly.

As if he saw through something, Wilbur took the initiative to introduce the two. "Young Master Clarke, this is the daughter of the head of the Larson family in Fernvale, Sheryl Larson. I believe you two should know each other."

Philip smiled and said, "We do, but I didn't expect to meet the daughter of Patriarch Larson here."

Philip naturally knew Sheryl Larson.

Both parties just did not point it out at the beginning. There were a lot of people here and Philip did not want to make a big deal out of it.

Obviously, Sheryl shared the same sentiment.

Kelsey sat aside and watched this scene with interest while sneering inwardly.

At this time, the elegant Sheryl said, "I didn't expect to meet you here either, Young Master Clarke. When this auction is over, I'd like to invite you to have a chat. I wonder if you can grant me the pleasure?"

Haha.

Philip laughed and said, "Since it's an invitation from the daughter of the Larson family, I'll naturally attend."

After saying that, the hall fell silent.

At this moment, everyone was speculating about Philip's relationship with Sheryl.

This Philip Clarke even knew the daughter of the Larson family. It seemed that his identity should not be underestimated.

However, they would not pay much heed to this young man either.

After all, the Larson family had withdrawn from the mainland for more than a decade and posed no threat. They were only polite as a show of respect to the Larson family of Fernvale.

"Well, since everyone is already familiar with each other, let's-" Wilbur clapped his hands and said with a smile.

However, before he finished speaking, he was interrupted.

### **The First Heir – Chapter 1473**

From the moment they came in, the atmosphere in the whole hall became extremely tense!

In the hall, many bodyguards of the prominent figures stood up at this moment, staring at the group of foreigners fiercely.

The bodyguards of Le Reverie also stood on alert.

At the round table, many people's faces turned unpleasant and hostile when they saw the group of people who had barged in.

"Oh, Calw, this is Le Reverie! We're not in the West, much less the domain of the Hall of the Underworld!" Sigmund Steele spoke at this moment with hatred in his eyes.

Calw, the Sacred Hall of the West?

Philip frowned, and his gaze instantly fell on Calw.

The words and actions of this guy revealed arrogance and high handedness!

Was he that envoy of the Hall of the Underworld?

After Sigmund finished saying this, Calw stood with his hands behind his back and laughed. With a pair of menacing blue eyes, he stared at Sigmund and said, "Patriarch Steele, I just took some business away from you. Is it necessary to hate me so much?"

Sigmund snorted coldly and said, "You're not welcome here, and even less welcome are the people of the Hall of the Underworld!"

"Yes, Calw, if you understand the situation, get out of here!" Ingram Jordan also followed suit and chastised.

However, instead of leaving, Calw sat down and said, "As per the rules of Le Reverie, all members can participate. Right, Mr. Ellis?"

Wilbur's face was cold, but he still smiled and said, "Of course."

After that, no one said anything else.

After all, Calw was the great envoy of the Hall of the Underworld. His position was equivalent to a mayor in the territory. He was a person of unparalleled means and strength.

The power of the force behind him was not something they could easily go against.

After sitting down, Calw looked around. First, he made a gentlemanly gesture to Sheryl and said with a smile, "Dear Miss Larson, it's an honor to meet you here. I wonder if I can invite you for dinner later?"

Sheryl smiled, glanced at Philip slyly, and said, "Sorry, I already have a date."

Hearing this, Calw raised his thick eyebrows. His eyes followed Sltery's line of sight and landed on Philip who was on the other side.

He took a few glances before saying with a flippant smile, "My friend, I want to have dinner with Miss Larson tonight. I hope you can cancel your date with her."

His tone carried a hint of threat, and his voice was full of arrogance.

Philip frowned as his eyes grew cold. He glanced at Sheryl who was snickering on the other side.

Was this woman deliberately causing trouble for him? Sure enough, she was still the same as before making trouble for him everywhere.

Philip smiled, turned his head, and looked at the arrogant Calw. He said, "What if I don't want to cancel my date with Miss Larson?"

Calw's face darkened as his brows twitched. His blue eyes reflected a biting chill as he said to Philip coldly, "My friend, you may not know who I am. My name is Calw and I come from one of the most powerful halls in the 12 Sacred Halls of the West, the Hall of the Underworld. I'm one of the seven great envoys under Lord Hades! As long as I want to, all the rich families and powerful enterprises present here can vanish into nothing in an instant."

After that, the atmosphere in the whole hall gradually cooled down.

Sigmund had a bad temper. He slammed the table and shouted, "Calw, what did you say? If you have the guts, say that again!"

Many people also said with displeasure, "Mr. Calw, you're in our territory, after all, and within our borders. I'm afraid it's not appropriate for you to talk like that."

"Hmph, the people from the Sacred Halls of the West are minions and sinister villains!"

"Take back what you said just now! Do you want to start a capital war? Fine, who's afraid of you?!"

## **The First Heir – Chapter 1474**

For a while, the atmosphere in the room was tense!

However, Calw seemed unwilling to talk to these people. He pulled on his suit and tie, saying proudly, "People like you dare to compare yourselves to the Hall of the Underworld? Even the most powerful hidden families in your territory are beneath my hall. As for you all, you're nothing but rich families from small districts or cities."

After that, Calw turned his head and said to Philip coldly, "I'm still going to say the same thing to you. Cancel your date with Miss Larson."

The pressure was overwhelming!

Calw had long had his eye on this daughter of the Larson family.

At his words, the four foreign bodyguards he had brought with him pressed their hands to their waists as if they were ready to fight!

However, Philip stood up calmly at this time, picked up a crystal ashtray on the table, and weighed it in his hand. Exhaled heavily, he then said, "I didn't want to get into a feud with the Hall of the Underworld so soon, but your attitude has made me very upset. Also, I remembered something that has made me very unhappy, so I'm sorry..."

With that said, Philip suddenly slammed the crystal ashtray in his hand at Calw's temple!

Crack!

The crisp sound was accompanied by fresh blood!

Argh!

Calw screamed, his face flushing red as he fell to the ground. He covered his face and wailed.

Everyone at the scene also gasped at this sight.

Too violent!

That was Calw!

He was one of the seven great envoys of the Hall of the Underworld. That status and position was not something they could compare to!

His assets alone were worth tens of billions!

The Hall of the Underworld, which was supporting him, had assets worth hundreds of billions!

Moreover, it was not just a matter of money but a matter of connections and influence!

It was because there was no ban on guns and ammunition in the West.

The Hall of the Underworld owned a group of retired Navy Seals.

However, at the scene, only three people did not display any shock.

One was Wilbur Ellis, the other was Kelsey Clarke, and the remaining was naturally Sheryl Larson.

Looking at the scene in front of them, everyone was silent.

At this time, Calw also staggered from the ground and got up. He was about 1.8 meters tall, and his forehead was full of blood now. He pointed at Philip and roared angrily, "Bastard! You actually dare to hit me with this filthy thing! I am Calw, an envoy of the Hall of the Underworld! You're finished. I want you dead! I want your whole family to be buried together!"

As soon as the words left his mouth, the four bodyguards he brought rushed over. However, they were stopped by Wilbur's people.

Wilbur stepped out at this moment and mediated, saying, "Mr. Calw, your injury is not light. Why don't you go to the back and dress your wound first?"

"Get lost!"

Calw shoved Wilbur away furiously and roared at him, "Wilbur Ellis, if you don't give me an explanation today, I'll bring my men and destroy Le Reverie! Believe me, I have the strength to do so!"

Wilbur was in a difficult position. He looked at Philip and then at Calw. He finally straightened his body and said coldly, "Mr. Calw, I'm afraid you can't. Don't forget that you're in our territory now. The presence of people from one of the sacred halls of the West has already attracted many people's attention. If you cause any trouble now, I'm afraid it won't be good for you."

## **The First Heir – Chapter 1475**

When Calw heard this, his face instantly turned dark. He took the towel from the waiter, covered his forehead, and stared fiercely at Wilbur and Philip. He said angrily, "Wilbur, do you think I'll be intimidated by just a few words front you? Are you trying to fool me into thinking you have a great plan when you don't have one?"

Wilbur chuckled. Everyone here was also taken aback before they started laughing.

Calw was really funny.

Wilbur smiled and said, "I didn't expect you to know about war strategies, Mr. Calw. It's a pity that you've got it all wrong. This is not an empty threat."

His words were filled with chills!

In an instant, team after team of bodyguards rushed in from the entrance of this magnificent side hall. They were all the most powerful bodyguards in Le Reverie.

They would only appear if there was an emergency. Stomps resounded throughout the entire underground floor!

Even those who were enjoying the entertainment in the outer hall were startled by this scene and were looking around.

Wilbur waved his hand and the door was quickly closed.

When Calw saw this scene, the corners of his eyes showed a menacing coldness as he shouted at Wilbur, "Wilbur Ellis, are you going against me and the Hall of the Underworld? You should know Le Reverie is no match at all for the Hall of the Underworld. In our eyes, you're nothing but ants. I advise you not to make wrong judgments, so as not to affect the cooperation between Le Reverie and the Hall of the Underworld!"

Threat!

It was a blatant threat!

Calw had lost all patience!

Even if the entire side hall was surrounded by Wilbur's people, Calw was not afraid!

The people from the Hall of the Underworld had never been afraid of anything.

Wilbur raised his eyebrows. There was slight dissatisfaction on his face as he looked at Calw and asked, "What do you want to do, then?"

"Make this arrogant bastard kneel and apologize to me! Also, I want to cut off the hand he used to hit me!"

Calw said viciously, his face looking grim.

In the West, no one dared to provoke the 12 sacred halls!

In the past, anyone who saw people from the 12 sacred halls would turn around and go another way not to mention the great envoy of the darkest Hall of the Underworld!

This ignorant kid who had messed with the envoy of the Hall of the Underworld was simply looking for death!

Hearing this, no one in the side hall spoke. All of them looked at Philip coldly.

Since he caused the mess, he would naturally have to solve it himself.

They could also take this opportunity to see what background this kid had.

Wilbur thought about it, turned to Philip, and asked, "Young Master Clarke, you've heard the other party's request. What do you think?"

Philip chuckled. "Calw, is it? The great envoy of the Hall of the Underworld is a very noble status indeed."

When Calw heard that, he instinctively grinned. A look of pride flowed in his blue eyes as he said, "It's good that you realize that. Now, kneel and apologize to me. Then, I'll cut off your right hand!"

He thought Philip would be afraid when he learned his identity, but to his surprise, Philip actually had no fear.

Instead, he shook his head and asked Wilbur who was next to him, "Mr. Ellis, if I cause trouble here, will it bring you any inconvenience?"

Wilbur smiled slightly and said, "Le Reverie will cooperate with you, Young Master Clarke. Even if this place is turned upside down today, it doesn't matter. Le Reverie will take care of the aftermath."

Hearing this, Philip's eyes fell on Wilbur and he took a few scrutinizing glances at him.

Le Reverie was really not that simple.



It seemed that even if he killed Calw here, they could still handle the clean up.

Calw also raised his eyebrows after hearing these words from Wilbur.

What did Wilbur Ellis mean by this?

Before he could think about it, Philip was already standing in front of him. With his hands behind his back and an innocent smile on the corner of his mouth, he said, "Mr. Calw, I'm going to say two words to you right now. I hope you'll come to a decision after hearing these two words."

Calw furrowed his brows and asked, "What two words?"

## **The First Heir – Chapter 1476**

"F\*ck off," Philip said calmly.

His voice was not loud, and one could hear a pin drop. The entire side hall quietened down instantly!

Hiss!

Everyone gasped!

Outrageous!

This Philip Clarke was simply too audacious!

He dared to say these two words to Calw, an envoy from the 12 Sacred Halls of the West. He was from the Hall of the Underworld that was now in the limelight! It was enough to show Philip's courage!

Many people changed their opinion about Philip at this moment.

His courage was commendable.

However, Kelsey Clarke sneered inwardly.

Was this damned Philip Clarke trying to show off in front of others again?

F\*ck!

After hearing the two words uttered by Philip, Calw's face instantly changed as he roared, "Arrogant fellow! I'm Calw, the holy envoy of the Hall of the Underworld! Insulting me is insulting the Hall of the Underworld! Lord Hades won't let you off!"

Furious!

Calw was really angry!

However, Philip shrugged very calmly and said, "Even if the Hades you speak of, the so-called lord of the underworld, were to stand in front of me right now, I'd still say the same two words to him. Because this is our territory! This is not a place people from the 12 Sacred Halls of the West like you can step in at will!"

Philip spoke calmly for the first half of the sentence, but for the second half, his voice was like rolling thunder!

The killing intent that flowed from his body directly filled the entire hall!

The biting chill made all of them tremble!

What a strong aura and pressure!

This kid actually had such an aura!

“Insolence! How dare you be so disrespectful to Lord Hades? Do you know the consequences of offending the Hall of the Underworld?” Calw was enraged!

He had never met a guy who dared to be so disrespectful to Lord Hades. This brat was simply too arrogant!

With a sneer, Philip raised his eyebrows and said, “Calw, I don’t know what my consequences are, but your outcome has already been determined.”

What did that mean?

Calw was bewildered.

Everyone in the hall also expressed their confusion. However, the solid gold door that was originally closed was pushed open at this moment.

What caught their eyes was a group of heavily armed combatants dressed in brown and green combat attire! Everyone had camouflage paint on their faces and steel weapons in their hands.

Moreover, everyone was standing upright!

On their chests and arms, they all had special insignias! As soon as these people appeared, Calw panicked.

He was not the only one panicking as all the people present were too!

Mitch Cole, dressed in a commander’s uniform, walked toward Philip before saluting, “Young Master Clarke, everything has been done according to your orders. The seventh squad has assembled. Please give your instructions!”

## **The First Heir – Chapter 1477**

At this scene, the audience fell into dead silence.

It was too shocking!

Those people in front of their eyes were all genuine fully armed combatants!

At first glance, it was obvious they were fighters who had experienced life and death on the battlefield!

The awe-inspiring aura and killing intent filled the entire hall!

Everyone was shocked speechless by the scene in front of them!

The middle aged man who took the lead was donned in a military uniform and the golden splendor on his shoulders was so dazzling that they felt surreal!

Now that such a person was being so respectful toward Philip, it was simply hard to believe!

One could imagine that this Philip Clarke's identity was truly extraordinary.

Philip looked at Mitch and nodded with a hum. "Since you're here, let's start."

Hearing that, Mitch turned around. With cold eyes, he stared at the trembling Calw and said indifferently, "Mr. Calw, I'm afraid it's against the rules for people from the Hall of the Underworld to run rampant in our territory. Have you forgotten the agreement you made with us not long ago?"

His voice was cold, making everyone shocked at his words.

Calw's face turned very ugly. His gaze shifted back and forth between Mitch and Philip. He clenched his fists bitterly and asked, "Mr. Cole, do you know this arrogant guy?"

Mitch raised his thick eyebrows and said solemnly, "Insolence! Is Young Master Clarke someone you can judge at will?"

Upon hearing this, Calw trembled. His gaze fell on Philip and he shot him a few meaningful glances. He nodded as he said with a smile, "Very well, I didn't expect you to have the power to make Mr. Cole come here in person."

After saying this, Calw said to Mitch, "Mr. Cole, although we made the agreement, it was he who made the first move tonight. You can't possibly shield this murderer, right?"

Mitch laughed and asked, "Is that so?"

Then, he turned his head, his icy gaze sweeping across the entire room as he asked, "Excuse me, did anyone see Young Master Clarke making a move against Mr. Calw?"

Calw was momentarily stunned at his question.

Immediately after, he shouted, "All of you saw it! As long as you testify, I and the Hall of the Underworld will cooperate with him!"

As a result, everyone in the hall was silent as they watched this scene coldly.

Sigmund Steele even yelled, "Mr. Cole, I can testify that Young Master Clarke didn't do anything to Calw. Calw obviously has a loose screw in his head. He took the ashtray and smashed it on his forehead. In the end, he even falsely tried to accuse Young Master Clarke. You must investigate this thoroughly."

After he finished speaking, Calw almost vomited blood. He pointed at Sigmund and shouted, "Damn you! Sigmund Steele, you're talking bullsh\*t with your eyes wide open! You'll suffer the consequences for this!"

However, Sigmund just shrugged, waved his hands, and said, "Sorry, Mr. Calw. Even if you threaten me, I'll still say that Young Master Clarke didn't do anything. You're framing him. If you don't believe me, you can ask everyone else for their opinion."

“That’s right, it was clearly Calw who had falsely accused him.”

“Young Master Clarke has been sitting there without making a single move.”

All of a sudden, everyone in the side hall was on Philip’s side.

Calw’s chest heaved with anger as his pair of deep set eyes exploded with cold intent!

“You... All of you are actually distorting the facts!” Calw was livid.

How dare this bunch of trash treat him like this?!

He was the envoy of the Hall of the Underworld. He was an existence that was only below one person while standing above the rest!

In the West, everyone would treat him with respect and deference at the mere mention of his name!

When had he ever suffered such an insult before?

At this time, Mitch continued, “Mr. Calw, as you can see, everyone is giving the same statement. Do you need to say anything else?”

## **The First Heir – Chapter 1478**

Calw waved his hand indignantly, threw the blood stained towel on the ground, and shouted at Mitch coldly, “Mitch Cole, I’m Calw, the great envoy of the Hall of the Underworld! Do you dare lay a finger on me? Do you know what the consequences are? What you’ll face, no, what your territory will face is the revenge from the Hall of the Underworld! Lord Hades will never let you off! He might even come to your territory in person to demand an explanation!”

Calw was right. Hades, the lord of the Underworld, was an extremely protective person.

He was very proud and arrogant.

In the West, his reputation was no less than Zeus, the head of the Sacred Halls and the Sun God. Zeus had the highest honor.

Mitch’s eyes darkened and his expression flickered. He said to Calw through clenched teeth, “Mr. Calw, are you threatening me and threatening my territory?”

Calw did not deny and coldly snorted, saying, “That’s right!”

Mitch clenched his fists bitterly. He had wanted to deal with Calw for a long time, but unfortunately, the Hall of the Underworld that was behind him was really tricky!

Only a figure of a supreme level could hope to take them down!

Mitch Cole was just a combatant near Uppercreek. In terms of strength and status, he really could not be compared to Calw!

Even so, Mitch was not afraid of Calw!

It was because he was a hot blooded warrior!

Anyone who dared to disrupt the peace would be killed! Philip saw Mitch's hesitation and stepped forward at this moment. He said to Calw with scorching eyes, "What did you just say? Are you threatening my territory?"

Calw sneered, "I heard that there are four supremes in the territory. I really want to see what kind of powerful figures the supreme in your territory are. Perhaps, in the hands of our Lord Hades, they're nothing but garbage."

With that said...

**Bang!**

Before Calw could react, he was already forcefully kicked away by Philip. His body crashed into the table and chairs behind him, instantly breaking into pieces!

**Hiss!**

Everyone was dumbfounded!

Philip was really unbothered with Calw's identity. He kept striking out at Calw and his every move was ruthless!

**"F\*ck! I'm going to kill you!"**

Calw fell to the ground and clutched his stomach with a wail. He glared viciously at Philip who stood with his hands behind his back.

This son of a b\*tch actually dared to hit him again!

Calw roared furiously, "How dare you do this to the envoy of the Hall of the Underworld?! Lord Hades will tear you apart!"

However...

Under the gaze of the crowd, Philip walked step by step to Calw. With flames dancing in the pupils of his eyes, he spoke in a cold voice, "The Hall of the Underworld, huh? Very well, let me see how bold the people of the Hall of the Underworld are to break into our territory!"

**"As long as they're from the Hall of the Underworld, I'll kill every single one of them. I'll kill your people until you're afraid of us and until you dare not trespass our territory again!"**

## **The First Heir – Chapter 1479**

**Shocking!**

Philip's words echoed in the entire side hall!

The men's passion was stoked at this moment!

Even if the men at the side were already in their 40s or 50s, hearing Philip's heroic words at this moment, they felt their blood boiling!

Their territory had been weak for a hundred years. Today's achievements were forged from blood and tears!

This group of foreigners who dared to covet their territory was seeking self destruction!

The blood in their bones had not gone cold yet; it was still piping warm!

“That’s right! Who the hell do you think you are? To threaten our territory, the Hall of the Underworld is overestimating yourself!”

With a thud, a burly man stood up abruptly at this point. He pointed at Calw and shouted sternly!

“Exactly! The Hall of the Underworld is just a foreign power. How dare you covet our territory? Do you really think there’s no one here to stop you?”

“Hehe, Calw, I advise you not to count your chickens before they’re hatched. Any supreme in our territory can destroy the Hall of the Underworld by just raising their hand!”

For a while, everyone stood up and chastised Calw.

Calw was also flustered now. He did not expect his words to bring about the opposite effect!

The words of Philip just now were too arrogant!

Did he think that the Hall of the Underworld was a pushover?

Were they trash?

However, in the face of the angry crowd, Calw had no choice but to clench his fists bitterly. He said, “Okay, I’ll remember you, Philip Clarke! Let’s go!”

After that, Calw led his people and turned to leave. However, the combatants at the door did not allow them to leave.

Calw’s eyes darkened. He turned to stare at Mitch and said coldly, “Mr. Cole, what’s the meaning of this?”

Mitch chuckled, looked at Philip, and asked, “Young Master Clarke, how do you want to handle this?”

Philip looked at Calw, thought for a while, and said, “Let them go.”

Mitch was startled. He did not expect Philip to let them go after setting up such an elaborate trap.

However, he did not ask too much. Philip must have his reason for doing so.

Not only Mitch, but the others were also puzzled.

“Let them go!” Mitch said.

Calw glanced at Philip sullenly before leaving with his people.

As soon as they left, Philip said, “Arrange a few expert trackers to follow them and find out their main base camp in the territory.”

It finally dawned on Mitch and he quickly said with a laugh, “I’ll arrange it right away!”

After saying that, he quickly led his men away.

At this point, order was restored in the side hall.

The crowd settled back in their seats, their hearts still slightly trembling. When they looked at Philip, their gazes carried a little more awe.

Sigmund looked at Philip and seriously sized him up for a few moments. Then, he got up and said, "Young Master Clarke, I'm an uncultured person. I admire your character very much and I apologize for being rude to you just now."

Philip was taken aback and looked at Sigmund. He smiled, got up, and said, "Patriarch Steele, you're too polite."

However, Kelsey Clarke, who had been watching the excitement on the sidelines, said uncannily at this moment, "Hehe, what's the big deal? He just scared Calw away. What's there to brag about?"

"Damn it! What did you say?" Sigmund was furious when he heard Kelsey say this. He clenched his fist and made a move to punch.

Kelsey glared at Sigmund and said, "Sigmund Steele, are you out of your mind? How dare you try and hit me?!"

Sigmund shuddered and realized that Kelsey was not an ordinary young master of a rich family.

He squeezed his fist and sat down angrily.

At this time, Kelsey got up and said to Philip with a cold smile, "Philip Clarke, well done for being so pretentious just now. I just wonder if you can step out as you did just now if the people from the Hall of the Underworld really come later. Don't tell me the people from the Hall of the Underworld will take revenge on all of us here while you're hiding in the back?"

His words were very condemning.

In an instant, the atmosphere in the side hall quickly chilled down.

Everyone was watching the scene in front of them as the expressions on their faces kept changing.

## **The First Heir – Chapter 1480**

Kelsey was right. If the Hall of the Underworld really wanted to seek revenge, the first to bear the brunt would certainly be the ones present here tonight.

Since Philip could even mobilize a battle squad, he would not be afraid of them.

However, they were not the same. They were just some affluent families from a city or region.

They might be respected in the country, but on a global scale, especially in the West, the gap was really too big.

Silence.

The atmosphere was a little somber now.

Wilbur Ellis quickly stepped out at this time and said with a smile, "Well then, the next program is our main event. Everyone is gathered here tonight for that item, right? Shall we start now?"

It seemed like a question but Wilbur had already snapped his fingers.

Instantly, all the main lights in the side hall were turned off, leaving a dim lamp in the middle of the jade round table.

Everyone was staring intently at the center of the round table.

They had almost forgotten about the important event tonight.

Everyone waited with bated breath.

Kelsey and Sheryl also stared nervously at the beam of light in the center of the round table.

Philip just frowned slightly. What on earth could have brought Kelsey and Sheryl here?

Even people from the Hall of the Underworld had turned up.

Immediately after, the small round platform in the center of the round table slowly sank as everyone watched. An ancient wooden box rose from the bottom. The box was carved with dragons and phoenixes, looking very exquisite. It had a light fragrance to it. There was also a design of golden floating clouds on the four corners of the wooden box, which was likely made of pure gold.

Everyone glanced at each other and seemed very impatient.

"Mr. Ellis, what's inside it? You've never revealed it before. Can you tell us about it now?" someone asked.

Wilbur stood on one side with a mysterious smile, saying, "A key."

A key?

Others did not quite understand it, but Kelsey and Sheryl looked suffocated. Their eyes revealed extraordinary enthusiasm and excitement!

"A key? What key? Is it a hidden treasure?" Sigmund asked skeptically.

"Mr. Ellis, stop joking with us. We came all the way here expecting a rare treasure, but you're telling us that it's a key? What can it do? Is it really a treasure?"

Ingram Jordan also said.

Wilbur smiled and said, "Not really. This key is only known to people who know its worth. I can only tell you that this item is priceless. Getting your hands on this is tantamount to getting a treasure trove. Even if you're penniless, you can immediately become a billionaire. If you have tens of billions of assets, you can multiply it by several times in the next few years."

Hearing Wilbur's words, even those who were not initially interested perked up.

"What are we waiting for, then? Open it and let us have a look," someone urged.

However, Kelsey said nonchalantly at this time, "I'll take this item. 100 million dollars!"



Hiss!

Everyone turned to Kelsey. This was too exaggerated. Was he bidding 100 million dollars for this item without even looking at it?

However, what made everyone more alarmed was still to come.

Sheryl parted her red lips and said delicately, "I'll offer 200 million dollars, plus a Larson family's enterprise in Uppercreek. In total, it's worth 500 million dollars!"