

The First Heir novel Chapter 1521–1525

The First Heir – Chapter 1521

After listening, Philip looked back at Yolanda. Her head was lowered and she did not say anything.

The fat man said angrily, “Master Bell, although this is your territory, there are rules on the streets too. This is something we’ve agreed upon. You have no right to interfere in this matter, right? If you insist, I’m afraid people will be unhappy!”

The fat man said triumphantly. He was a member of the Harrison family!

Who would dare to disrespect him?

“This...” Victor was in a tough spot.

Firstly, Randolph did have a point. Secondly, Victor was not in a position to provoke the Harrison family.

For a short while, Victor was between a rock and a hard place.

“Master Bell, since everything is clear now, please leave the room. Don’t stop us from playing cards!”

As Randolph said that, he walked to Yolanda and said with a wicked smile, “Come on, beautiful, stop thinking about it. No one will help you. Come back here and let us continue!”

He made a grabbing motion as he said that.

Yolanda instinctively went behind Philip, and Philip stretched out his hand to intercept Randolph.

Randolph was unhappy and said fiercely, “Who the hell are you? Hurry up and get out of my way. I’m in a good mood today, so I’ll forget about the incident of you pushing me. If you continue to stick your nose into my business, I’ll bash you up!”

Philip laughed and said, “Mr. Harrison, right? How much did this lady lose to you?”

Randolph frowned. Was this person going to help Yolanda pay back the money?

If Victor was the one who said this, he might have to consider it.

However, the person in front of him obviously looked like a loser from the way he was dressed. How dare a wimp like that pretend to be the hero in front of him?

Randolph laughed disdainfully. “Oh, are you going to help her pay back the money? Fine, she lost more than 12 million dollars to me. Can you afford it? If you can, I’ll get up and leave immediately!”

There seemed to be so many idiots in this world!

A loser like him dared to pretend to be a knight in shining armor?

Randolph was certain that the fool in front of him could not fork out that kind of money.

Philip nodded and said, "I don't have money."

Randolph was taken aback briefly before bursting into laughter!

"Hahaha! Why is a wimp like you pretending to be cool? Are you trying to be the hero and save the beauty? Do you have the power to do it? F*ck off to the side if you don't have money. Don't stop me from having fun."

Randolph's words caused Victor and the rest to glare angrily at him.

Members of the Harrison family of Glenford were as arrogant and cocky as always!

Philip waved his hand at them and said to Randolph, "Mr. Harrison, although I don't have money, I can play two games with you. If I win this lady's money back, can she leave?"

As soon as he said this, Victor and the gang screamed inwardly. The end was near!

After they let him win a few games, Philip really regarded himself as a skilled gambler!

"Mr. Clarke!" Cedric Barlow said anxiously.

Philip made a gesture to stop him from speaking. Randolph was almost dying of laughter.

"Do you see this? This kid wants to play cards with us! Hahaha!"

Several of Randolph's entourage and bodyguards laughed out loud. The blonde foreigner at the table looked at Philip and shook his head disdainfully.

This foreigner was the gambling expert that Randolph had invited from abroad. In terms of poker skills, no one in the country could win against him!

It had been the same for Yolanda. Randolph had arranged for this gambling expert to help him take Yolanda down.

Philip Clarke, a young man who looked like he was in his 20s, wanted to play poker with a gambling expert? What a big joke!

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Philip said flatly, "Have you laughed enough? Can you just say if this suggestion will work?"

Randolph choked from laughter. A female attendant next to him came over and patted his chest.

Randolph smiled and said, "Yes, if you're capable, you can win back what she lost to me. If you can do that, I'll let this b*tch go. But, if you lose, what do I get? Don't say I'm looking down on you. With your looks, I don't think I can even get 50,000 if I sell you off."

Philip scratched his head. "Yes, I have no money... In that case, I'll bet on one of my hands."

"Mr. Clarke!"

"You can't do this, Mr. Clarke!"

"I have money! You can take it! You can't place such a bet!"

Victor and the others said anxiously. The most important thing in the casino was the rules. As long as the two parties made a bet, the terms must be met.

It was just like what had happened to Yolanda today. Since she had agreed with Randolph in advance that she would undress if she lost, even Victor Bell could not say anything about it.

If the agreement was not carried out, according to the rules on the streets, their tongue would be cut!

Several people persuaded him in every possible way but Philip just refused to listen.

Randolph said, "Great, it seems that you're one tough guy. I've really underestimated you. Okay, I agree to use one of your hands as the ante. If you dare to play, just come over to the table!"

At this time, Yolanda pulled the corner of Philip's clothes from behind and shook her head at him. Although Yolanda had looked down on Philip many times before, she was very grateful that he was standing up for her this time.

If not for her boyfriend's debt, she would not have come to Randolph.

Philip smiled and pushed her hand away. Ignoring the crowd's persuasion, he went to the gambling table.

The foreigner smiled as he surveyed the unassuming young man in front of him, saying, "Your last name is Clarke, right? Mr. Clarke, you can decide what you want to play. We can go with whatever you want."

The foreigner was still very polite.

Philip thought about it and said, "Well, let's go with stud poker. I've been getting a good hand in this today."

Next to him, Victor and the others stomped their feet after hearing this!

Was it really his good luck?

The foreigner smiled, nodded, and asked the croupier to bring a deck of poker cards who then handed out a hole card to each of them.

The two people at the poker table looked at each other, and Philip asked first, "How big is your ante?"

The foreigner said, "It starts from 200,000 dollars here, but I don't think your hand is worth so much."

"Then how much will it be?" Philip asked.

"I heard that the price of pork in your country has increased this year, about 30 or 40 dollars for 500 grams. Let's calculate it according to this price. I think your arm should weigh at least a few kilograms, right?"

"Let's start the bet from 200 dollars!" The foreigner laughed.

It was a blatant taunt!

“You!”

Victor was furious, but Philip was the one who said he wanted to play, so he could not interfere. He could only watch on the side.

Philip chuckled but did not object. The two continued to draw.

For the second card, the foreigner got seven of clubs while Philip got nine of diamonds.

“20,000 dollars,” Philip called out.

The foreigner looked at Philip and said, “Call.”

The croupier nodded and continued to deal out the cards.

For the third card, the foreigner had nine of hearts and Philip had king of hearts.

“50,000,” Philip said with a smile.

The foreigner froze and said, “Call.”

The croupier continued to deal out the cards.

For the fourth card, the foreigner got ten of clubs and Philip got ace of spades.

“150,000 dollars,” Philip said.

The foreigner frowned and said, “Young man, do you understand the rules? Don’t say I didn’t remind you. Although my hand is not as big as yours, if I get another eight, it’s likely to form a straight with my hole card. A straight is definitely bigger than your loose cards. If you raise the bets foolishly like this, don’t blame me if you have to chop off one of your hands later.”

Philip smiled and said calmly, “Continue.”

“Wait.” The foreigner suddenly said, “I fold.”

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When Victor and the others saw the foreigner folding, they quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

They were really holding their breaths for Philip earlier. Yolanda’s face also relaxed a little.

Philip smiled and said, “Didn’t you say you could beat me if you drew a straight? Why did you fold?”

The foreigner grunted.

At the casino, luck was still very important at the beginning.

Even an expert might not be confident to win against a rookie like Philip.

Moreover, with the few cards just now, Philip's points were higher than his. If the kid really got lucky, it would not be worth it.

"I was afraid a young lad like you might lose your hand, so I'm letting you win a game first," the foreigner said.

Philip glanced at the foreigner's hole card covered under his hand, smiled slightly, and said, "Then I'll have to thank you for the 150,000 dollars."

After saying that, he took the three chips worth 50,000 dollars that the foreigner pushed over.

The second round began.

The hole card was dealt out to the two. For the second card, Philip got five of spades while the foreigner got seven of hearts.

This time, the foreigner's card was bigger and it was his turn to call the bet first.

"Since you already have 150,000 dollars in chips, I think we can have a good time now," the foreigner said carefreely, "This hand will be 10,000 dollars."

Philip said, "I'll call you for 10,000 dollars."

The croupier dealt the cards.

For the third card, Philip got three of diamonds while the foreigner got eight of spades.

It was still the foreigner's turn to call.

"How about 40,000 dollars this time, Mr. Clarke?" The foreigner smiled as he spun a golden chip deftly in his hand.

Philip shrugged and said indifferently, "Call. Why not?"

With that said, he took out a golden chip worth 50,000 dollars and tossed it on the table.

"Great, very decisive!" The foreigner also tossed the chip in his hand.

For the fourth card, Philip got ten of diamonds while the foreigner got the king of diamonds.

"Hahaha, Mr. Clarke, your hand this time is far worse than the last. All your cards are lower than mine. I want 100,000 dollars this time. Do you dare to call?" The foreigner put his hands on the card table and looked at Philip with a smile.

Philip looked up at the foreigner and said, "All in."

While saying that, he tossed in his remaining two chips from far away.

Wow!

The audience was instantly surprised.

By this time, many guests outside had noticed something going on over here and rushed over to join the fun.

Someone would lose their hand if they lost!

How could they not watch such an exciting event?!

All the cards of this young man were lower than the foreigner.

The only way to win against the foreigner now was to have a pair between his hole card and the open cards.

However, there might also be a pair in the foreigner's hole card, and the foreigner's overall cards were higher than Philip's. The chances of the pair being bigger than Philip's were also much higher.

It was too unwise to go all in at this time!

The foreigner chuckled. "All in? Well, I'll call 150,000 dollars. Alas, young man, it's a big no-no to be impatient when playing cards. Look at what I have here."

The foreigner turned over his hole card.

Eight of diamonds!

Sure enough, he had a pair!

The audience gasped.

This time, the young man was almost finished.

The hearts of Victor and the others that had calmed down were on tenterhooks again!

The foreigner said, "Were you hoping I didn't have a pair? But too bad, I have a pair, and it's eight of diamonds. Now, only a ten can win against me, but ten of clubs is already out. You can only win with a ten of hearts or ten of spades in your hole card, but I think the odds are too small, right?"

The foreigner looked smug and took a sip of the red wine in front of him.

Beside him, Randolph sneered, "I thought he was amazing but it turns out he's a rookie. Boy, if you don't have the strength, don't try to stand up for others. It's too easy to die like this!"

At this time, Yolanda also felt that Philip did not know how to gamble at all. The first win just now was entirely based on luck, relying on the number of points to win.

This time, it was obvious that his luck was not so good.

However, Yolanda was still very grateful to Philip for standing up for her, so she whispered in Philip's ear, "Philip, I appreciate you helping me out, but after losing 150,000 dollars to them, everything will be even again. Stop playing after this. This foreigner is very famous abroad and his gambling skills are superb. You can't win against him."

Philip said with a smile, "It's okay. If I lose 150,000 dollars, I still have a hand to give him."

Yolanda was taken aback.

Was Philip a lunatic?

Why would he do that?

Did he want her to be grateful to him?

That was impossible!

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“How about it, Mr. Clarke? It’s time for you to reveal your card! Now that you’ve seen my hole card, are your hands shaking so much that they can’t hold onto your card anymore?” the foreigner taunted.

Philip said to the foreigner, “Since I’ve staked everything I have, I won’t regret it. But for you to call my 150,000 dollars, aren’t you afraid of losing? I advise you to back out now while I haven’t revealed my card.”

The foreigner waved his hand and said, “Do you think it’s useful to intimidate me?”

While saying that, he took two chips from in front of him and threw them on the table.

“Go on. I don’t believe your luck is still as good as the last hand!”

Philip shook his head and said, “You’re right, I had good luck in the last hand. The odds of having good luck two hands in a row are pretty small.”

As Philip said that, he used two fingers to pick up his hole card. “However, I don’t know why, but my luck is really that good. Are you angry?”

With that said, he tossed his hole card on the table. Many people gathered around to look at it.

It was actually ten of hearts!

The audience was in an uproar!

“It’s really a ten!”

“This kid has some moves!”

Everyone started talking about it. Although this hand was only worth 150,000 dollars, it was a big win using a small hand. Philip’s spirit and courage won everyone’s applause.

The foreigner frowned slightly, and the expression on his face changed fleetingly.

Could this kid be a hidden expert?

“Very well, young man. You’re very gutsy, and your guts are also worthy of your luck. I wonder if you can keep up with this lucky streak?” the foreigner said.

“We shall see. Let’s continue to deal out the cards,” Philip said.

“Hold on.”

The foreigner raised his hand to stop the croupier who was about to deal out the cards and said, "Bring another deck of cards. This young man has good luck. I think we can play a few more games."

The croupier nodded and took out another deck of cards.

Victor ordered someone to fetch the chips for Philip and laid them out neatly in front of him.

Now, Philip already had 300,000 dollars worth of chips in front of him.

The game continued.

In the next few rounds, Philip and the gambling expert invited by Randolph had their respective wins and losses. However, Philip still won more rounds.

After seven or eight games, Philip already had two million dollars worth of chips in front of him.

The foreigner's expression slowly became solemn.

First of all, he had now concluded that Philip was definitely not an amateur!

During these few games, he had been carefully observing Philip.

He noticed that every time before Philip won, he would wager everything!

This showed that this person would maximize his interest when he was confident in his hole card.

In fact, to determine whether a person was a real gambling expert, the most important thing was psychological warfare.

A true gambling master could guess the opponent's cards through some very minor details, and some could even speculate the opponent's cards by directly observing their opponent's eyes and the order in which they were dealt.

This habit of Philip's was soon grasped by the foreigner, who was known as a gambling expert.

In the eleventh game, after the fifth card was dealt. Philip's cards were the nine of hearts, seven of diamonds, four of spades, and three of spades.

The foreigner's cards were the king of spades, ten of hearts, seven of clubs, and two of spades.

Once again, there were no straights, pairs, or three of a kind in the two players' hands.

It was time to bet against the hole cards for a pair again. The foreigner took a look at his hole card and said with a smile, "All in!"

While saying that, he pushed down the chips in front of him.

Philip had two million dollars.

The foreigner had 30 million dollars in chips when he started. He had lost two million to Philip and now had 28 million left.

Clatter.

The foreigner pushed two million dollars in chips out. "How about it, Mr. Clarke? Do you dare to call?" the foreigner mocked.

Philip took his hole card in his hand and gently flicked it open to look at it before raising his eyes to the foreigner. He said, "Do you want me to call?"

"Of course I want you to call, unless you dare not!" The foreigner continued to trigger Philip with his words.

Philip smiled and pushed the chips in front of him forward. The two million dollars worth of chips in front of him collapsed with a bang.

"I'm with you. All in."

"Hold on!" The foreigner suddenly raised his hand.

"What? Are you backing out?" Philip asked in confusion.

"Of course not, Mr. Clarke. I want to ask if you'd like to raise the bet?" the foreigner said.

Philip waved his hands. "But I only have two million dollars in chips here. How can I raise the bet?"

"I can lend you the money. If you lose... Since you're gambling on behalf of Yolanda, the money will naturally be borne by her," the foreigner said.

Philip asked, "How much do you want to raise?"

"Five million! If you lose and don't have money to pay back, let her accompany our boss for one night!" There was an evil smile on the foreigner's face.

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"You!"

Yolanda's eyes instantly popped wide open. She was a very strong headed woman. This time, if not for the special circumstances, she would never have agreed to come over and gamble with Randolph.

Moreover, Randolph took advantage of Yolanda's unwillingness to admit defeat and eagerness to win, goading her into borrowing money to continue gambling.

Before Yolanda could finish speaking, Philip waved his hand and interrupted her words.

Philip smiled and said, "I agree to the raise."

Victor was surprised.

'Did Philip have the confidence to win?'

However, looking at the situation in front of him, a miracle could not happen twice. The chances of winning were too small!

"Hahaha, Mr. Clarke, you're such a decisive person!" the foreigner said as he pushed out another five million dollars in chips. Now, the foreigner had seven million dollars worth of chips out on the table.

"Philip, what are you saying? How dare you use me as a bet?" Yolanda was anxious now.

Although she was grateful for Philip's help, it did not mean that she could accept Philip.

She still hated Philip!

Philip turned his head at this time, looked at Yolanda with interest, and said, "Don't you need my help now? If you don't, then I'll leave. But you have to fulfill your original bet with them."

Yolanda panicked when she heard that.

She turned to look at Randolph who was leering at her and felt disgusted. She hid behind Philip in fear again.

Philip smiled helplessly, turned to the foreigner, and said, "Don't be in such a hurry. I've raised the bet, but I still think it's not enough. How about we add another ten million?"

The foreigner was stunned. What the hell was this guy doing?

Then, he said, "I never promised to lend you ten million!"

There was a trace of impatience in his tone.

This young man named Philip Clarke in front of him was getting too full of himself. He did not have much capital but still dared to raise the bet. Obviously, as someone who had nothing to begin with, he had nothing to lose. Even if Yolanda slept with the boss, she was not worth that much!

Philip waved his hand and said, "You think too much. I won't borrow it from you. Moreover, Yolanda won't fall into the hands of scumbags like you. This ten million will be on me."

Yolanda was stunned when she heard these words, only to realize that she had misunderstood Philip.

She looked back at him apologetically.

"What do you mean then? Do you have ten million dollars?"

The foreigner surveyed Philip briefly, full of disbelief. Philip said to Victor, "Master Bell, give me ten million dollars!"

Everyone was shocked!

Philip was directly asking for ten million dollars?

Was this man crazy?!

The foreigner and Randolph also froze and looked at Victor.

Victor replied, "Yes, Mr. Clarke."

"Mr. Clarke?" Randolph exclaimed in surprise. "Master Bell, I heard you calling this person 'Mr. Clarke' just now, and you also treat him with such respect. Who is he? How do you know a loser like him?"

"Oh, Mr. Clarke is..."

When Philip heard Victor starting to speak, he quickly signaled with his eyes for Victor to shut up.

Victor understood and quickly changed his sentence. "Mr. Clarke is... Oh yes, the tutor of Mr. Wakeman's children. We invited him out today to relax a little!"

Neville Wakeman quickly followed along and said, "Yes, that's right."

Randolph nodded and said with a smile, "No wonder he's so ordinary. He's just a tutor."

Victor did not say anything else. He ordered his men to bring over ten million dollars worth of chips and placed them in front of Philip.

The foreign gambling master did not care much for such irregularities, but he was now a bit skeptical about the cards in Philip's hands.

"Mr. Clarke, they said you're a tutor. May I know how much money you can make in a month?"

Philip thought about it and replied, "On a good day, with a little hard work, I can earn 4,000 to 5,000 dollars a month."

"4,000 to 5,000 dollars a month. In that case, ten million dollars is something you can't earn in this lifetime. How dare you borrow ten million to gamble now?" he asked incredulously.

Philip nodded, slightly lifting his hole card to look at it. His eyes were very ascertained.

The foreigner's expression wavered.

His heart was beating like a drum!

His hole card was seven of hearts, which made up a pair. Thus, he deliberately triggered Philip and wanted him to call, which Philip did.

He then wanted to set Philip up again so that he would lose another five million dollars.

Philip also called.

However, Philip raised the bet at this time!

After observing him for so many rounds, the foreigner believed that according to Philip's habit, he would not be so adamant if there was not a great chance of winning. Could it be that Philip's hole card was a nine?

The foreigner's expression was a little stiff.