

# The First Heir Chapter 1635

At this moment, Philip was like a battle god incarnate. His face was chilly, and his pupils reflected a biting killing intent! This sight stunned everyone in the suite!

What a shocking aura!

Was this really the usually wretched Philip Clarke?

Too horrifying!

Martin was also shocked by Philip's angry roar. He immediately took two steps back and stammered, "You... What do you want to do..?"

Philip looked grim. Behind him, Theo waved his hand and a dozen thugs in black suits quickly subdued everyone else.

"Let go of us! Who are you to capture us?"

"Let go! Theo Zander, what's the matter with you? You're the kingpin of Riverdale. Why are you acting like a bodyguard for this guy?"

"Philip, hurry up and tell them to stop. You're making an illegal arrest!"

Several people bellowed angrily but Theo and his men would not listen at all.

They were waiting for Philip's next orders.

At this moment, Philip's eyes were dark and cold. He glared at Martin in front of him as he approached the other party.

This made Martin sweat profusely like he was facing a great foe. He panicked and shouted, "Stop there! What do you want? Aren't you afraid that someone might find trouble with you?"

Martin was flustered as his eyes kept darting to Bernard next to him.

Bernard was not stupid either. He quickly took out his phone to make a call.

However...

Snap!

Philip made his move, snatched the phone out of Bernard's hand, and smashed it heavily on the floor. After that, he kicked Bernard in the stomach. The latter hunched over like a shrimp as he flew out and crashed into a wine rack on the side!

Clatter!

A row of red wine shattered on the floor. The entire floor was covered in red and looked pretty scary.

Bernard fell to the floor and was drenched in red wine. He was clutching his stomach and wailing.

With this kick, Bernard felt that the intestines in his stomach were in knots!

Then, with cold eyes, Philip stared at Martin who was hiding behind the sofa. He said grimly, "Martin Johnston, you forced me to do this!"

"No, no way, Philip, you can't do this to me. I'm Martin Johnston, the chairman of Martin Pharmaceutical. I'm Wynn's second uncle!" Martin roared, watching as Philip walked toward him with his fists clenched.

Bam!

Buk!

Philip's fist smashed heavily into Martin's face, causing his nose and mouth to instantly gush with blood!

"Argh!"

A miserable scream resounded throughout the suite. Martin felt dizzy as he covered his mouth and nose with his hand. There was a trickle of bright red between his fingers.

He exploded with anger and pointed with his other hand at Philip, whimpering angrily, "Philip Clarke, you're dead! How dare you hit me?! I'll take my revenge! I want you to die a miserable death!"

Only now did Martin realize that not only was Philip rich but he was also ruthless!

As soon as he said that, Philip reached over with one hand and grabbed him by the collar to lift him up!

At this scene, the rest of the people in the suite were all dumbfounded!

This... Was Philip still a f\*cking human?

How strong must Philip's arms be to lift Martin?

Panic!

They shut their mouths and stopped cursing.