

The First Heir novel

The First Heir – Chapter 1637

Immediately after, miserable screams from the crowd could be heard from the suite.

It lasted about ten minutes before Theo wiped his hands with a towel, glanced at the people on the floor, and said, "Deal with it cleanly. Throw them to the next city and let them beg for the rest of their lives."

After that, Theo walked out of the suite and approached Philip who was smoking. He said respectfully, "Mr. Clarke, it's been dealt with cleanly. Where do you want to go next?"

"Go to the media arranged by Martin."

Philip's face was calm as he exhaled smoke while asking, "Is everything else ready?"

Theo nodded and replied, "It's all ready. Not even a smidgen of Mrs. Clarke's secret will be leaked. I've already contacted all the media in Riverdale. As for Martin's people, I've also sent people to monitor all of them. The signal in the area they're in has been cut."

Philip nodded, glanced at the suite, and turned to leave. Theo followed closely behind.

When Bernard noticed no more movements, he got up from the floor and ran to his second brother to help him up. He asked agitatedly, "Martin, are you alright?"

Martin was in pain all over his body at the moment. He glared at Philip who was leaving with a cold expression in his eyes and said grimly, "Quick, take me to the hospital!"

Soon, Martin was sent to the hospital. After getting treated, his whole body was wrapped like a mummy. Lying on the hospital bed, he stared at the ceiling with resentment.

"Damn it! How dare Philip treat me like this?! I want him to die a horrible death!"

Martin's face was full of killing intent, and his eyes were resentful.

His right hand was already ruined.

Seeing his second brother in this state, Bernard was also heartbroken and asked, "Martin, what should we do now? By doing this to us, Philip has no regard for us at all. This is a warning to us!"

"Contact Jim Wells and let them spread the secret immediately!" Martin gritted his teeth and said.

Bernard nodded and immediately dialed a number, saying coldly, "Immediately publish the news. I want everyone in the city to know that secret!"

"Sure, Mr. Johnston, no problem. It'll only take ten minutes for all of Riverdale to know the secret."

On the other end of the phone, a cold male voice sneered.

In a flat building at a certain demolition area in Riverdale, many intricate and complicated alleys could be found around here. One could easily get lost in this place if not familiar enough with the area.

At this moment, in an old house with a simple office setup with several laptops and other gadgets, there were seven or eight people in operation.

Among them, a man with glasses and dressed in a black suit hung up the phone in the garden as a cold smile appeared on the corner of his mouth.

He turned around, walked into the house with an envelope, and clapped his hands. He said to a few of his men, "Okay, let's start! In ten minutes, I want the news in this envelope to spread across all major portal websites and forums. Facebook and Twitter will be our main base!"

Once they heard this, everyone started to get busy. They had already edited the text and only needed to input the content from the document. Then, they would make use of trolls and keyboard warriors to occupy the major forums and further spread the news.

Such manipulation of public opinion was nothing short of a piece of cake for Jim Wells.

This was what he did for a living. A trending search could earn him millions!

Jim looked at the busy people with a broad grin on his face. He would earn five million dollars this time. Tomorrow, he could buy the house with a sea view that he had his eye on.

While thinking about it, Jim clapped his hands and encouraged, "Everyone, hurry up. After we're done, I'll buy everyone dinner at Caesar's Palace."

"Thank you, Mr. Wells!"

"Mr. Wells, you're awesome!"

Several people exclaimed.

However, an unexpected situation happened!

One of them shouted doubtfully, "Hey, what's going on? Why can't I post my message? How about you? Is the network down?"

"Huh? Let me try. Holy sh*t, I can't send mine out either. I think the line is down."

"Mr. Wells, please come and take a look. There seems to be no signal."

Everyone was anxious.