

# The First Heir novel

## The First Heir – Chapter 1641

Philip stayed with Wynn in the hospital until the evening. After completing various tests, Wynn was discharged from the hospital and was ready to return to the hotel.

There was nothing serious about her condition but the people around her were too nervous. After all, Wynn was about to give birth.

Philip personally drove the car and did not allow Heath and his men to follow them. After all, Wynn was not aware of his power in Uppercreek. There were certain things he could not tell her just yet.

After the matter involving Beacon and Martin Johnston was resolved and he took Wynn back to Arcadia Island, the time would be almost ripe.

The car turned into a remote lane and they were almost less than two blocks away from the hotel. Suddenly, three vans flanked from the front and back, blocking Philip's car.

Philip was shocked and slammed on the brakes!

At the same time, he reached out to grab hold of Wynn, who was sitting in the front passenger seat. He almost got thrown out!

Instantly, Philip got angry. If not for his quick reflexes just now, an accident would have definitely happened!

A blonde young man wearing a leather jacket with a sleek appearance led four or five underlings out of the van.

More than a dozen people got down from the three vans. They stepped forward, knocked on the car window, and said, "Get out of the car! Hurry up or we'll smash the car!"

Every single one of them looked fierce and menacing with steel pipes and blades in their hands. They were obviously not good people at first glance.

When had Wynn ever experienced such a situation? Instantly, she went pale with fright. "Philip, what's going on?"

Philip grasped Wynn's hand and comforted her, "Don't be afraid, I'm here. I'll go down and take care of them."

Wynn fiercely tugged on Philip's clothes and said, "Don't go! Can't you see they have knives in their hands? Don't you want to live anymore?"

After saying that, Wynn rolled down the car window a little and tried to solve this with her business negotiation techniques.

"You guys... What do you want? If you want money, how much do you want? I can pay..."

Wynn was still relatively smart. At such times, money was immaterial. Saving their lives should take utmost priority.

Through the slit in the car window, the group of punks saw Wynn 's stunningly beautiful face and instantly got excited!

“Brother, this chick is not bad! Why don't you let us have some fun first before we send them to Master Eight's mansion?”

“That's right. Just look at her perfect figure! It's worth the trip if we can enjoy her! Hehe.”

The punks snickered wickedly and put their hands on the door handle of Wynn's Mercedes.

They were about to reach out and smash the car door when Blondie slapped the head of the punk in the lead. He huffed, saying, “Are you still going to mess around? We're here to do business. If something goes wrong, Master Eight will skin you alive! Step aside!”

As soon as he heard the name 'Master Eight", the little punk covered. Looking at the beautiful lady in the car reluctantly, he ultimately shrank his head and stepped back.

He dared not make another move.

Master Eight!

He was a famous figure in the underground scene of Uppercreek and one of the four kings on the streets. His reputation was second only to the three lords of Uppercreek!

His power was enormous!

The punks were Blondie's underlings, while Blondie was an inconspicuous little team lead under Master Eight.

If Master Eight got angry, the consequences would be serious!

The lighter punishment would be losing a pair of hands while the more serious punishment could make someone disappear from the face of the earth!

Everyone backed away when they heard Blondie's words. Their leering eyes fixed on Wynn with a trace of reluctance.

Blondie looked at them and said with a smile, “A bunch of worthless trash. I'll bring all of you to the club to have some fun later. Let's get things done for Master Eight first”

Philip frowned.

He seemed to have heard Blondie saying something about Master Eight.

Master Eight?

Who the heck was that?

At this time, the sound of steel pipes hitting the glass of the car window became heavier, especially on Wynn's side where the car window was already cracked.