

# The First Heir novel

The First Heir – Chapter 1642

“You two, hurry up and get down! Or else, we’ll smash the car!”

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“Get down now!”

“How dare you disobey Chad’s orders? Do you know who Chad works for?”

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Wynn’s delicate face was pale as she nervously grabbed Philip’s hand and said, “What should we do? Let’s call the police!”

Philip looked around and said, “Don’t be hasty. If we call the police, I’m afraid it’ll only anger them. If they smash the car, you’ll get hurt”

“What should we do then?” Wynn was so anxious she almost burst into tears.

Philip looked at Wynn tenderly and said, “Wynn, do you trust me?”

“W-what do you want to do?” Wynn looked at Philip with uncertainty. Although she did not know what Philip was about to do, her heart still shook when she saw Philip’s sincere and gentle eyes. She gritted her teeth and said, “I trust you. What are you going to do?”

Philip smiled, took out his phone, and quickly found a number. He said, “Call this person and say that Philip Clarke has run into some trouble. Then, close your eyes.”

With that said, Philip placed his hand on the handle of the car door.

“I...” Wynn said anxiously. She was afraid Philip would do something stupid!

Philip looked at Wynn’s concerned gaze and warmth surged in his heart. He put his arms around Wynn’s neck, kissed her gently on her forehead, and said softly, “Don’t worry, I’ll be fine. I won’t let anything happen to you and the child.”

Immediately after, he opened the car door and walked down.

Once he got out, the eyes of all the gangsters turned to Philip. Wynn took advantage of this time to dial the phone number Philip told her to.

“Hello? Is your name Victor Bell? Philip Clarke is in trouble...”

There were merely a dozen punks surrounding their car, and Philip would have no trouble taking care of them. However, when Philip and Wynn were still talking earlier, he had seen another van approaching from behind upon glancing at the rear-view mirror.

There were two vans in front and two behind. This road was not wide, almost equivalent to a larger alley. The vans completely sandwiched Philip's car right in the middle.

There was no way to escape now.

It would be fine if Philip was alone, but Wynn was also present today and she was pregnant. If he had known, he would not have let Heath and the others leave first. If they attacked Wynn while he was distracted by the fight, it would be dangerous!

Philip was also thinking about how to buy more time. When they saw Philip getting out of the car, confusion crossed their faces.

One of the punks asked Blondie, "Chad, is that him?"

Blondie was also a little puzzled. He took out his phone and looked up the photo for comparison. His expression immediately showed his excitement!

"Brothers, it's him! That's the kid Master Eight has ordered us to get rid of by all means!"

Everyone went wild when they heard it!

It turned out to be this kid!

Blondie took the long dagger in his hand, knocked it on his shoulder, and said, "Our luck is so good today. I just wanted to try my luck and never expected it to really happen. This job is too easy."

Blondie, also known as Chad, laughed loudly.

Philip frowned slightly and asked, "The guy with the blonde hair, who sent you here? What's the purpose?"

"What the f\*ck?"

"You're really courting death!"

"Are you tired of living? How dare you speak to Chad like that?"

The punks cursed angrily.

Chad waved his hand and said smugly, "It's okay, let me clear things up for you before you die. Someone has offered to pay us for your two arms, two legs, plus a dozen ribs, as many as we can count. An extra broken bone will earn us 5,000 dollars more! As for who, you don't need to ask. If you want to know, find out when you get to hell!"