

The First Heir novel

The First Heir – Chapter 1663

Three billion dollars? Holy sh*t!

Clint was shocked, and his entire mind went blank! Three billion dollars at one go!

Philip was too generous!

Was this the financial strength of Young Master Clarke?

Terrifying! Simply astounding!

“Young Master Clarke, are you sure you want to invest three billion dollars?” Clint was still in a daze and stammered with excitement.

It was hard to imagine a wealthy billionaire losing his composure at a time like this.

Philip glanced at Hoyt and said, “You can settle it with him. I have something else to attend to, so I’ll take my leave first.”

After saying that, Philip left the private room.

This made Clint stunned for a while. Finally, he realized Hoyt was congratulating him with a smile. “Clint, well done. Young Master Clarke has confidence in you. Come, let’s talk.”

As soon as Philip exited the private room, an uncanny voice rang out with some surprise and contempt.

“Philip, why are you here?”

Philip turned around and saw Liam Johnston walking in. He was smartly dressed in a suit and leather shoes. The voice was unpleasant to listen to.

Philip raised his eyebrows and saw the well-dressed Liam. He had his hands in his trouser pockets and was walking toward him with a sneer on his face.

After walking in front of him, Liam sized Philip up with contemptuous eyes before he tugged at the collar of his suit and mocked. “Very well, Philip. It’s very impressive that a loser like you can come to the Imperial Court.”

While saying that, he even gave him a thumbs up, but the sarcasm in his words was very strong.

Philip frowned as a trace of disgust crossed his face. What did it matter to Liam where he was and what he was doing?

He was like a villain acting as though he owned everything.

Philip shook his head without paying any heed to Liam and turned to leave.

Liam felt very upset when he saw this!

Damn it!

A worthless son-in-law of the Johnston family and a poor loser who everyone despised actually dared to ignore him.

Moreover, he was still bothered by what had happened at the Uppercreek Chamber of Commerce. Now that he met Philip again, his anger flared from nowhere!

Liam did not intend to let Philip go just like this. He went over, blocked Philip's path, and said mockingly, "Oh, you're very arrogant now, huh? How dare you ignore me? Do you really think you're a distinguished guest just because you're here in the Imperial Court? Stop dreaming. You can never afford to eat here in this lifetime. Don't think you're amazing just because you're relying on Wynn to support you. You're nothing but a useless kept husband. I'm ashamed of you!"

Philip frowned, his expression extremely unhappy. He still had things to deal with and did not want to waste time on these trivial matters.

At the same time, several rich men and women behind Liam also looked at Philip strangely.

Although they were not familiar with Philip, they had heard Liam say a lot of bad things about him.

He was the live-in son-in-law of the Johnston family in Riverdale who relied on his wife to support him. In the Johnston family, he had very little status and was even beneath the dogs raised by the family.

"Mr. Johnston, is this the infamous loser Philip Clarke from Riverdale? Sure enough, he looks exactly like the loser as the rumors make him out to be."

"This is my first time seeing him and he looks really wimpy. It's really pathetic that he makes a living by selling his wife out."

"Hey, I heard that Wynn Johnston is very beautiful and famous in Riverdale. Why did she marry him? I really can't figure it out."

Several people stood behind Liam, laughing and talking with contempt.

They did not care about Philip's feelings at all. A loser like him was meant for people to poke fun at

Why should they bother about his feelings?

The First Heir – Chapter 1662

Philip frowned deeply. He did not want to remain here a second longer and turned sideways to leave.

However, Liam still continued relentlessly, "Philip, don't go. Since we've bumped into each other, why don't I buy you dinner? of course, it won't be free. If you bark twice like a dog, dinner is on me. What do you think? It's a good deal. If you can have a meal in the Imperial Court, you have the right to brag about it for the rest of your life."

Liam had long been upset with Philip. Why should a wastrel like him act so arrogantly?

"You can eat here yourself," Philip said coldly.

Liam chuckled, stretched out his hand, and patted Philip on the shoulder. He whispered in his ear provocatively, "Philip, I advise you to stay away from the Uppercreek Chamber of Commerce. The cooperation this time will definitely belong to Martin Pharmaceutical. If you dare to approach Director Hoyt Luther again, I won't let you off!"

After saying that, Liam led the group of people and walked directly past Philip toward the inner hall of the Imperial Court.

Philip was left behind, and the corners of his eyes appeared slightly cold as his body exploded with killing intent. He clenched his fists and exhaled before walking out of the door.

Philip did not have much affection or hatred for Liam. To him, Liam was just an uneducated guy.

In the past, Liam had mocked him all the same while in the Johnston family, but Philip always just turned a blind eye. Now that Martin Johnston had gained power, Liam also swelled with arrogance.

Before Liam went far, a round-faced middle-aged man quickly ran over. He looked very decently dressed in a gray suit and was followed closely by two assistants.

It was the owner of the Imperial Court, Werner Peters. He was a major player in Uppercreek and famous in both the underground and official forces.

His identity and status were second only to the three lords of Uppercreek!

The Imperial Court was the largest restaurant in Uppercreek, and their connections ran deep. As the boss, he was naturally not to be underestimated.

Seeing Werner running out at this moment, Liam was very excited. He hurried over with hands fawningly stretched out and said respectfully, "Mr. Peters, what brings you here? Your courtesies flatters me."

Liam was here to make a reservation and entertain Hoyt with a banquet tonight to facilitate the business negotiation.

After all, Uncle Bernard had mentioned that he would be here as well.

He did not expect Mr. Peters to greet him in person. Recently, he had familiarized himself with many people in Uppercreek and knew the identities and status of others.

Hence, he recognized Werner Peters immediately!

However, Werner just passed by and glanced sideways at Liam, wondering inwardly who he was.

Then, he shook his head and asked, "Have you seen Young Master Clarke who just left?"

Werner and Clint were old friends of many years. He already knew that Clint had invited a VIP here and received three billion dollars worth of investment. Moreover, Clint had also mentioned that this Young Master Clarke was the founder of the Uppercreek Chamber of Commerce!

This was a big deal!

He must personally receive such an important figure. It was unfortunate that he was a step too late and the other party had already left, so he quickly chased after him.

Liam was stunned and stammered a little, "Y-Young Master C-Clarke? I didn't see him."

Liam was a little baffled now.

Who was this Young Master Clarke that Werner Peters was so anxious to find?

Was there such a young master surnamed Clarke in Uppercreek who could make Werner receive him in person?

Why did he not have any information about the man?

"Young Master Clarke, please wait up!"

Suddenly, Werner seemed to have discovered something. With an excited smile on his face, he ignored the stunned Liam and chased after Philip.

The First Heir – Chapter 1663

Liam was dumbfounded and felt humiliated as if he had been made use of. He realized that Werner was not here for him but just passing by. Liam was disoriented, and his chest felt stuffy.

The few rich friends behind him who were dressed very fashionably also kept their mouths shut, but a trace of a sneer appeared in their eyes.

"Damn it, what Young Master Clarke? How could he make Werner Peters run out in such a hurry?" Liam muttered and turned to his friends.

All of them shook their heads and said with a shrug, "Don't know, never heard of him."

"Hey, I remember that there was a Young Master Clarke who caused a big commotion some time ago, the one who defeated Fusha during the world tournament. Could it be him?" someone suddenly said.

Instantly, everyone nodded and said, "Yes, it's possible. No, I'm almost certain that's him!"

"Well, should we go and take a look? That guy must certainly not be an ordinary person if Werner Peters came out to greet him in person," someone suggested.

Liam raised his eyebrows, waved his hand, and said sullenly, "Let's go. I want to see this Young Master Clarke who can make the boss of the Imperial Court appear in person!"

After saying that, they walked from the main hall to the entrance in a bustle.

Meanwhile, at the entrance. Werner had already caught up with Philip and shouted, "Young Master Clarke, please hold on. I'm the owner of the Imperial Court, Werner Peters."

Philip stopped in his tracks, looked at the middle-aged man running toward him with some confusion, and asked, "You are?"

"Young Master Clarke, I didn't know you were coming. I'm sorry for not welcoming you. This is the Supreme VIP membership card of the Imperial Court. I hope you can accept it." Werner respectfully handed out the membership card with both his hands.

He had already made up his mind to befriend Philip today.

Philip looked at Werner indifferently, took the Supreme VIP membership card, and said casually, "Thank you."

After saying that, he turned around and walked away.

Not far away, Liam stood at the door with his friends. They were just in time to see Werner respectfully handing the membership card and saw the other party turn around to leave.

However, due to the distance and their line of sight being obstructed, they did not see the other party's appearance clearly. They only saw his back.

"Hey, that... Isn't that Philip Clarke from just now? He's wearing the same clothes!"

In the crowd, someone exclaimed in shock!

Everyone gasped!

The resemblance was uncanny!

However, how was that possible?

How could a loser like Philip make Werner treat him so respectfully?

Everyone stopped talking, their expressions looking very gloomy.

"Don't be ridiculous! How could a piece of trash like him be the said Young Master Clarke?"

Liam shouted indignantly with a deep frown. He was also very suspicious.

It could not be Philip, right?

Probably not.

"Forget it, let's go back," Liam said. He led the group of people and retraced their steps, but he still looked back once in a while.