

The First Heir – Chapter 1771

On the other end of the phone, Ernie said tersely, “Master, I’ve arrived in Uppercreek.”

“Good!”

Homer said coldly, “Find that kid immediately and kill him!”

“Understood,” Ernie responded and ended the call.

At this moment, he was sitting in the dark car, smoking a cigarette. The scarlet tip of the cigarette looked particularly eye-catching at night.

After sitting for a while, Ernie observed the surroundings through the car window. He looked at the hotel where a dozen people were guarding the entrance and looked up.

This was the hotel where Philip was staying. According to the young master, his pregnant wife was in this hotel.

Menacing intent flashed from the corner of Ernie’s eyes. He glanced at the people patrolling around as a sneer appeared at the corner of his mouth.

Such an arrangement could indeed deter many people. However, Ernie was different. He was an expert at assassination, someone who had survived from the edge of the sword.

These people arranged by Victor Bell were nothing more than moving targets in his eyes.

Ernie inserted a dagger that glinted with a cold light between his legs and used his pants to hide it. Then, he took out a Desert Eagle from the bottom of the car seat and inserted it into the back of his waist.

After that, he put on a mask and a broad hat. After his preparations, he pushed the car door open. He threw the cigarette to the ground and stomped on it heavily. It was drizzling in Uppercreek and there were not many passersby or pedestrians.

Ernie walked to the hotel's front entrance. As he approached, he suddenly turned around and walked toward the back entrance of the hotel.

He took advantage of the night to feel for an open window. After looking around, he took out a tool from his pocket, pried open the window, and entered through the opening.

Thud!

The muffled sound of him landing was very light. He was in a lounge for hotel employees.

Ernie crouched down, grabbed a staff uniform from the bench, and changed into it.

Three minutes later, he very calmly walked out of the lounge while pushing a small dining cart. He walked along the corridor until he reached the elevator.

On the way, he would smile politely whenever he met any bodyguards on patrol. Nobody found Ernie suspicious. Ernie smoothly got into the elevator and pressed the button for the floor. Half a minute later, the elevator door opened with a ding.

Ernie pushed the dining cart and walked out calmly.

In the corridor on this floor, he found a bodyguard stationed every three to five steps apart. Two rows of black-suited bodyguards were protecting this floor securely.

Basically, two bodyguards were standing guard on both sides of every suite door. At the suite at the end, eight burly men with sharp eyes were standing at the entrance.

Ernie's appearance instantly made the bodyguards alert.

However, they just glanced at him without a second look.

Ernie pushed the dining cart and came to the door of a room. He rang the doorbell and shouted, "Room service. Your food is here."

Soon, the door opened. The lady inside wore a bathrobe and was wiping her wet hair. She said with a puzzled face, "I didn't order any room service."

Ernie smiled and said politely, "Complimentary from the hotel."

The woman frowned slightly before she turned sideways and said, "Come in, then."

Then, with a bang, the door was closed.

Ernie took advantage of the woman standing with her back toward him and took the knife from the dining cart. He stabbed the woman in the back firmly and accurately while covering the woman's mouth with a white towel.

Although she struggled and screamed, no one outside heard her. The woman fell, her back completely drenched with red while her eyes were still wide open.

Ernie glanced around the room calmly. He then walked to the vent in the room, moved the table and chairs, and removed the vent cover. He jumped up and got into the ventilation channel.

Following the map in his head, Ernie slowly crawled forward. As he passed through several vents, he could hear sounds of pleasure from men and women as well as other noises from the rooms.

Finally, Ernie stopped at a vent and looked down.

In the room, a woman with a big belly was anxiously talking on the phone. “Philip, how is Anne? Is she okay?”

Ernie sprawled at the vent opening, looking down at the woman who had a charming back.