

The First Heir – Chapter 1791

Fred picked up the wine glass on the table and finished it in one gulp before abruptly throwing it on the table. He put his arms around the two charming beauties and said, “Tell me, what’s wrong.”

“F-Fred, Rocky and the gang went to capture Philip Clarke but everyone was wiped out! We’ve lost all contact with them!” the underling got up from the ground and said while trembling.

“What?!”

Fred was shocked and stood up from the sofa in astonishment!

The few beauties around wanted to go over to comfort him but Fred flew into a temper and slapped them while shouting, “Get lost!”

The beauties covered their red cheeks and ran out of the door in a hurry.

Fred scowled and asked, “What’s going on? Rocky brought a dozen elites with him but you’re saying everyone was wiped out?”

Rocky was one of Fred’s most capable followers. He had been with him for seven to eight years. He had never failed a mission. Any task entrusted to him would be done well.

The guy shuddered and lowered his head as he quickly said, “I saw it with my own eyes. Rocky and the others were all tied up and taken away from the hotel!”

“F*ck!”

Fred was furious and violently overturned the coffee table, causing the bottles and glasses to come crashing on the floor. He walked back and forth in the private room with his hands on his hips, chills radiating from his

body. After that, he suddenly turned around, stared at the underling, and asked, “Do you know who caught them?”

The underling shook his head and replied, “I’m not sure yet. I’ve never seen this gang in Flower City. I don’t think they’re local security personnel.”

Smack!

Fred slapped the underling on the face and cursed, “Don’t know? Why don’t you hurry up and find out, then? Find out who the other party is and tell them that if they mess with my people, they’re going up against me, Fred Able!”

The underling immediately bowed and said, “Y-Yes, okay.”

With that said, he turned around and was about to leave when Fred added, “Wait a minute, what’s the situation in the hotel? Is Philip Clarke still there?”

The guy replied, “He should be. I only saw Rocky and the gang being taken out. There was no sign of Philip.”

Fred nodded, a fierce and ruthless look flashing in the corner of his eyes. He said, “Contact the five lieutenants. Tell them to gather everyone and surround the hotel completely. I’ll handle this matter personally this time! I don’t believe that a kid from out of town can make any waves in Flower City!”

“Yes!”

The underling replied and quickly left the private room. About ten minutes later, a few luxury cars quickly drove up to the entrance of the club. The cars were either Mercedes-Benz S-Class or Porsche. One after another, dignified figures of Flower City got down from the cars!

They were the five lieutenants working under Fred.

The five people got out of their cars, stood together at the entrance of the clubhouse, and looked at each other. One of them, a burly man with a beard, asked with a puzzled face, “Why did Fred call us here in such a hurry? Could it be that Benson wants to strike out at us?”

Another slender middle aged man with his hands behind his back and wearing black rimmed glasses narrowed his small eyes slightly. Shaking his head, he said, “I’m not sure, but I’ve heard rumors in the past two days that it’s because of the Dunley family.”

“The Dunley family? Homer Dunley?”

The woman was in a red dress and had a curvaceous hot figure. She looked like she was in her 30s, a mature beauty. She was quite reputable in Flower City and the only woman among these people.

She was nicknamed Madame Red.

Regardless of her beautiful appearance and attractive figure, she was actually a vicious femme fatale. Despite her charming face, she had a wicked heart!

The men who had died in her hands could not be counted with just ten fingers.