

The First Heir – Chapter 1805

Hearing that, Winston scowled. At this moment, he had entered the building of the Dunley Group. He took the gilded private elevator and went straight to the upper floor of the building.

Of course, it was not the topmost floor.

The top floor was the office of Sterling Dunley, the patriarch of the entire Dunley family. His office was on four floors below the top.

In fact, the floor level of the Dunley Group building represented the hierarchical status and identity of the owner of the floor in the main Dunley family.

Winston Dunley, as the fifth uncle of the patriarch of the main Dunley family, had a lot of status and influence in the Dunley family. Moreover, he was mainly in charge of the Dunley family's foreign trade and export.

At this moment, Winston walked out of the elevator and pushed open the gilded door of his office. He was angry, and with a sneer on his face, he walked to the French windows where he took a cup of coffee from the maid. He said solemnly, "Young man, since you said I have no capability, let's see what kind of waves you can create in Hampton."

At this moment, a row of men and women in black suits stood behind him, fully equipped with firearms and weapons.

They had hurried over after receiving Winston's order.

On the phone, Philip said coldly, "You should take a good look, then. Even if Hampton is the tiger's den, I'll turn it upside down and create enough waves to drown you. Today, I shall stand by my word. If you dare to intervene in the affairs of the Dunley family of Flower City, I don't mind pulling you down from your current position! Whoever stands in my way shall die!"

After Philip said that, Winston laughed aloud and said, “Philip, you’re very cocky. I didn’t believe it when Milo told me about it, but now, I’ve seen it with my own eyes. I didn’t think the younger generation would act so arrogantly now. Now that you’ve made such a harsh declaration, I’ll also give you a word of advice. Hampton of Charbury is a solid wall. No matter who you are, it’s impossible to touch the foundation of the Dunley family of Charbury! If you insist on taking this path, you’ll die miserably!”

Just after Winston was done speaking, Philip said, “Very well. I’ll send you a big gift later, then. I hope you won’t be too surprised when you see it.”

Having said that, Philip ended the call and said to the man next to him, “Go and prepare a big gift for Winston Dunley.”

“Yes,” his subordinate said.

At the same time, Philip’s car had arrived at the entrance of the Dunley Group building.

He did not rush to get out of the car but looked around for a while before saying to the driver, “Go to the hotel first.”

Soon, the car left the Dunley Group building and drove straight to a nearby hotel.

Winston smiled tauntingly. With one hand in his trouser pocket, he held a coffee cup in the other. He took a sip and said, “Interesting. This little fellow named Philip Clarke has really sparked my interest.”

With that said, he turned to the dozen men and women in black suits behind him, ordering, “Let’s begin. I want to know everything about him, including his businesses, sphere of influence, whether he has a backer, and his family members. Within ten minutes, give me a report.”

“Yes, Mr. Dunley.”

The men and women in black suits quickly turned on their computers or immediately contacted the underground forces. An invisible force quickly spread from the Dunley Group building to the outside world.

At the same time far away in Penhart, in the conference room of a company building somewhere.

At this moment, more than a dozen people in black suits were busily operating computers and other electronic equipment.

An elderly man with a walking cane stood with a worried face in front of the large French window. This person was none other than George Thomas.