

The First Heir – Chapter 1820

“It’s simple.”

Philip folded his arms across his chest and said with a smile, “Contact your patriarch and tell him that Philip Clarke wants to see him.”

Hiss!

Instantly, everyone gasped!

What did he say? He wanted to see the patriarch of the Dunley family?

That was simply wishful thinking!

Did he not realize what an unfathomable existence the patriarch of the Dunley family was?

Was he worthy to meet the patriarch of the Dunley family?

The leader of the bodyguards immediately rebuked, “Dream on! Is the patriarch of the Dunley family someone you can meet so easily? Who do you think you are? How dare you demand to see him?”

Philip shrugged and said, “In that case, there’s nothing else to discuss, right?”

Having said that, he lowered his eyes to look at Winston, who lay on the floor. “Winston Dunley, this isn’t my fault. It seems that you don’t carry enough weight in this matter. You can only blame the Dunley family for not taking your life seriously enough.”

After saying that, a burst of killing intent filled Philip's eyes. The other anti riot baton in his hand was placed against Winston's head!

Swish!

He lifted the baton and was about to smash it down violently!

Everyone was stunned!

Was this guy about to kill Winston Dunley in the Dunley Group building ?

If the baton landed, it would kill Winston on the spot!

Maia also frowned. She was a little flustered. However, since the young master had chosen to do this, she would handle the aftermath for him.

"N-No, don't... Spare me..."

When Winston saw that Philip was about to take action, he panicked as the fear welled from the depths of his soul. He whimpered, "Quickly, notify the patriarch at once. Do you want to see me die?"

"Stop! Stop immediately! I'll contact our patriarch at once!"

The leader of the bodyguards was shocked by Philip's actions. He was a lunatic!

The anti riot baton in Philip's hand was just an inch away from Winston's head when he stopped!

At this moment, a pungent smell wafted.

Many people's faces tensed. When they looked at Winston, there was a trace of disgust in their eyes. Winston had gotten so scared that he lost control of his bladder.

Philip frowned and kicked Winston farther away from him.

The leader of the bodyguards immediately took out his phone and dialed the patriarch's internal line. However, no one answered for a long time. This made the leader panic.

Just when he was getting anxious, a black Rolls-Royce suddenly stopped at the entrance of the Dunley Group building.

An elegant middle-aged man with a faint smile on his face got down from the car. Dressed in a dark gray suit, he walked with a steady gait and exuded a subtle domineering spirit.

"Fourth Master is here!"

Someone saw him and shouted with surprise and astonishment on his face!

It was Spencer Dunley, the fourth master of the Dunley family!

The brother of the patriarch!

The initiator and executor of the Dunley family's coup d'état back then!

Spencer's position in Hampton was on par as Sterling Dunley if not higher!