

The First Heir – Chapter 1871

At this moment, George was full of anger as he sat in the chairman's office of his newly established group building.

Not long after, the secretary walked in.

“Mr. Thomas, the president of Harper Group from aboard, Mr. Chris, has arrived at our group's conference room and has been waiting for ten minutes. Do you want to go down and meet him first?” the secretary asked.

George was obviously not in the mood to entertain the president of Harper Group now. He waved his hand and said coldly, “Let him wait!”

The secretary did not know why the chairman was suddenly so angry, but the status and power of this group abroad were not that simple. In particular, President Chris was a member of the 12 Sacred Halls of the West in Country M. His position was indeed not low. It might be a little inappropriate to leave someone like him waiting.

Thus, the female secretary cautiously asked, “Mr. Thomas, how long should he wait? He came here this time with a letter of intent for cooperation. He has been waiting for more than ten minutes and seems a little cranky.”

George merely replied coldly, “If he refuses to wait, tell him to get lost! It's just Harper Group. I don't care about it at all!”

With that said, the female secretary had no choice but to exit the chairman's office.

Inside the conference room, after the white bearded President Chris heard the female secretary's words, he was furious and started to curse angrily. Finally, he raised his voice and threatened, "Tell your chairman that I'll definitely return and inform our Lord Hades that your group treated distinguished guests from abroad so rudely. This is simply unacceptable! F*ck this bullsh*t! Let's go!"

Chris was mad with fury. He turned around and left with four hot blondes.

Back in Southridge.

Reed Williams was not in a good mood at this moment. Philip Clarke was a member of his Dragon Warriors. Although retired, once a Dragon Warrior, always a Dragon Warrior. Moreover, he was his disciple and his teacher's son. He was the future of the Clarke family!

With such a special identity, there were still people from the combat squad who dared to touch him. Either they were stupid enough to court their own deaths, or they were not members of the combat squad but were acting under the guise of one.

Within two short minutes, Reed had analyzed the cause and consequence of this case, as well as the people who might have done this to Philip. Finally, he set his eye on a certain institution.

"Is it people from the Nonagon?" Reed was grim as he stood with his hands behind his back at the top of the undefeated mountain.

After that, he ordered the 12 Apostles behind him, “Immediately pass on my Supreme Order. Inform the other three supremes that Southridge will have our troops lined up in front of the Nonagon. If they don’t want to get involved in this mess, don’t interfere in the affairs of Southridge!”

“Yes, Supreme!” The 12 Apostles shouted respectfully. Immediately after, these people left with a flash.

Meanwhile, far away in the land of Charbury, somewhere inside a heavily guarded courtyard. An old man in his 503 or 605 was practicing in the sunset while wearing a white martial arts garb.

All around the courtyard, guards in green uniforms watched this place closely.

The old man was the most prestigious person in Charbury, Old Master Garth Santos.

Even the Dunleys, who were the most affluent family in Charbury, had to pay some respect to Garth. It was because of his honorary feat of retiring from the borders!

He was a grand commander.

There were only 20 to 30 grand commanders in the entire country, with only three or four being appointed each year. Although it was one level lower than

the supreme, they were also people of great prestige and strength within the territory.

At this moment, his personal guard walked into the courtyard briskly while holding a mobile phone in his hand. He said respectfully, “Old Master Santos, you have a call.”

Garth hummed and said, “Put it aside.”

However, before he finished speaking, a cold voice sounded over the phone, “Garth Santos.”

Hearing this voice, Garth was taken aback and quickly picked up the phone. This scene also stunned the guards who were standing a t attention in the yard.

For Old Master Santos to take the call so nervously, the identity of the person on the line must not be that simple.