

The First Heir novel Chapter 2381 - 2390

Chapter 2381

Mr. Burdock's body surged with a fierce momentum, and his clothes also swelled and fluttered with exploding energy.

His gray hair stood on end as his eyebrows appeared like two sharp blades.

An extremely fierce and powerful energy pressure soared within a one-meter radius under his feet, wrapping his entire being inside it.

It was as if Mr. Burdock was in the center of the energy storm. His eyes turned blue and white in an instant, Then.

Roar!

He opened his mouth and roared, slamming his hands on the ground frenziedly.

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Rumble!

Suddenly, with Mr. Burdock as the center, a layer of white ice was rapidly forming on the ground. In a split second, he froze the entire area within a one-mile radius.

Then!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

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Nine ferocious ice crystal dragons burst out from under the layer of ice on the ground. The sky sparkled brilliantly!

Nine ice crystal dragons about tens of meters long broke through the ice from the ground.

The nine roaring dragons wreaked havoc in the hall, shattering the glass steel roof.

Clatter!

The broken glass in the sky and those dazzling ice crystal dragons formed a shocking scene.

All the disciples and supernatural present were stunned.

Such an apocalyptic scene was like nothing they had ever seen before.

Was this the strength of a disciple of the fourth zone?

It was too powerful!

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Such means were enough to make them worship Mr. Burdock from the bottom of their hearts.

“Slash!” Mr. Burdock shouted angrily, his pupils shining with the color of ice crystals.

This was a reaction to the ice attribute being pushed to the extreme!

Philip’s expression changed as he looked at the nine ice crystal dragons that swooped down from the sky.

This attack from the old coot actually displayed the strength of the fifth zone.

As expected of the previous generation of disciples, Their strength was profound.

However, Philip remained fearless.

He looked up at the nine giant ice crystal dragons roaring and swooping down from the sky.

He stomped his feet on the ground and jumped into the air. Then, with his hands, he drew circles on his side!

One by one, white swords of energy formed like a circular fan with Philip as the center, which gradually opened up and formed a full circle.

Then, Philip put his hands together in front of his chest and conjured another image of a sharp sword.

The circle of white energy swords next to him vibrated with biting chills and terrifying energy pressure.

The sharp sword energy raged in this area. The sky was filled with the sounds of clanking swords!

“Slash!” Philip roared!

Countless white swords of energy aimed at the nine giant ice crystal dragons that were roaring and swooping from the sky.

They slashed out in anger.

One by one, the white swords of energy slashed at the bodies of the ice crystal dragons and pierced through their huge jaws.

The entire scene created a great impact.

The white swords of energy collided with the ice crystal dragons, causing both to shatter and collapse constantly.

The entire sky formed an extremely shocking scene.

Boom!

At the last minute!

The nine ice crystal dragons and the countless white swords of energy shattered together.

Where they collided, a dazzling white energy storm halo was formed.

Chapter 2382

Rumble!

The world lost all color!

The sky was filled with shattering crystals that were bright and dazzling.

Philip diffused Mr. Burdock's strongest attack all by himself.

Instantly, the hall was dead silent!

The sky was dazzling white.

Mr. Burdock stood on the spot and looked up in the air.

Everyone thought Philip would be killed by this attack.

However, when the white light faded, they saw a figure hovering in mid-air with dozens of white energy swords suspended next to him.

With a hook of Philip's fingers, these energy swords aimed at Mr. Burdock on the ground.

Then, like rapidly firing bullets, a stream of energy swords fired at Mr. Burdock.

At this moment, Mr. Burdock stared at the figure in the sky.

A strong threat of death welled up in his heart.

The fifth zone!

At this moment of death, he finally determined that this young man had reached the fifth zone!

Boom!

The ground shook as smoke billowed everywhere.

The place where Mr. Burdock stood was instantly covered by white swords.

Perfect and precise strike!

When the smoke and dust cleared, the spot where Mr. Burdock stood had collapsed. As for Mr. Burdock, his body had been pierced through by countless white energy swords, and he was covered in blood.

Then, he reluctantly fell into a pool of blood.

Hiss!

The scene was deathly silent!

At that moment, no one else dared to look down on Philip.

Such means, such destructive force. Even one of the seven expert guardians of the Singer family had been killed by him.

“Holy shit!”

“He is even stronger than Mr. Burdock!”

In that case, he should be at least at the peak of the fourth zone, if not the fifth zone.

Instantly, everyone gulped and dared not make a sound.

His strength was too terrifying. He should at least be in the top 20 of the Disciple List!

He was still so young!

Who the hell is this guy?

Could he be a king of disciples?

Philip landed on the ground and looked indifferently at Ronan and the others who stood there silently.

With today's battle, Philip's fame would completely spread through the disciple community in the north and south.

He single-handedly killed the expert guardian of the Singer family from the northern area.

It could be foreseen that the Singer family would jump in fury and send experts to demand an explanation.

Philip naturally understood this, so after he landed, he walked toward Ronan and the others.

At this moment, Ronan had already woken up. His heart was aching after watching the scene of Philip killing Mr. Burdock.

At this moment, seeing Philip approaching with a cold expression, Ronan roared, "How dare you kill an expert guardian of the Singer family? You're simply courting death!"

However, Philip looked at Ronan blandly and said, "So what if I killed him? If your Singer family is discontent, feel free to come and look for me. My name is Philip Clarke."

Hearing this, Ronan's blood boiled as he said angrily, "Insolence! My Singer family will never let you off!"

Philip calmly looked at Ronan, pondered for a moment, and said, "In that case, you can also join your guardian."

After saying that, Philip put his fingers together and a white energy sword flew up against Ronan's neck.

At that moment, Ronan truly experienced the threat of death.

He quickly changed his tone and said, "Spare my life! I surrender! I'm an idiot and I was wrong! If you kill me, you'll sow discord between the disciples in the north and south. When the time comes, all the expert guardians of the Singer family will be dispatched. You won't be able to escape! If you let me go, the Singer family will not pursue the matter today!"

Ronan was still acting tough the previous second, but now, he had started begging for mercy.

It was human nature to fear death.

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Chapter 2383

Philip looked indifferently at Ronan who was begging for mercy on his knees and threatening him at the same time.

The corners of his mouth twitched slightly as he sneered, "You should display a proper attitude when you're begging

for forgiveness. What do you mean by threatening me like this?"

Hearing that, Ronan's face darkened. A cloud of gloom flashed in the corner of his eyes as he said, "I'm sorry! I was wrong. I shouldn't have been rude to you just now.

Please forgive me!

Ronan Singer was not a mindless playboy.

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He knew that he was in a lot of trouble today, so he could only lower his stance as much as he could. He must stay alive first.

Otherwise, if he was killed like Mr. Burdock, then there was nothing he could do.

However, Philip looked at Ronan coldly and said, "I think even if I let you go, your Singer family won't let me off. I still know the meaning of letting the tiger return to its den. So, since I've offended the Singer family, I might as well take it right to the end."

After saying that, Philip raised his hand and pointed his finger!

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At that moment, Ronan was really frightened.

His whole body shook as he begged for mercy, "No, you can't kill me! I was wrong! Please let me go! I promise you, as long as you let me go, the Singer family won't go after you! On the contrary, I even want to invite you to be the Singer family's guest of honor. You can name your terms!"

Ronan's mind churned rapidly as he quickly thought of a solution.

Everyone's jaws dropped the moment he said this. However, at the same time, they were also full of approval.

Being able to kill Mr. Burdock, one of the Singer family's expert guardians, with one strike, showed that Philip was very strong.

Such a young disciple who might have the strength of the fifth zone would definitely be fought over by the major disciple families.

Their future depended on such prodigies! Therefore, Ronan's move was the best of both worlds. However, he had overlooked Philip's identity.

How could the young patriarch of the Clarke family on the dignified Arcadia Island be someone a small disciple family could recruit at will?

Thus, Philip said with an indifferent sneer, "Sorry, your Singer family doesn't have the power to recruit me yet."

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Hiss!

As soon as he said that, everyone was dumbfounded and gasped!

Arrogant! Simply outrageous!

How dare he say such arrogant words?! Was he saying that the Singer family was unworthy?

Hearing that, Ronan frowned. He looked at Philip, raised his hand, and roared, "No, you can't kill me! I'm the third young master of the Singer family, the core descendant of one of the top ten disciple families in the north! If you dare to do something to me, my eldest brother, my father, and the entire Singer family will never let you go! No matter how powerful you are, the Singer family will hunt you down! My eldest brother is the king of disciples."

Puff!

Before he finished speaking, the white energy sword controlled by Philip cut Ronan's neck open!

Blood stained the place red.

Until his death, Ronan's eyes were wide open. He was clutching his neck and pointing at Philip in anger.

The entire place was dead silent!

At this moment, everyone covered their mouths, widened their eyes, and looked at the scene in front of them in disbelief.

Philip actually killed the third young master of the Singer family!

Something big was about to happen now!

Moreover, Ronan's last words made everyone so nervous and scared that they almost forgot to breathe!

The king of disciples?!

The eldest young master of the Singer family was actually a king of disciples!

Chapter 2384

Scary!

Horrifying!

Out of this world!

It was also at this time that the manager of Cherry Villa hurried over with a group of people.

When they saw Mr. Burdock and Ronan lying in pools of blood, the manager was full of shock!

"Mr. Burdock, Young Master Singer.."

A middle-aged man in a gray suit sweated profusely with a panicked look on his face.

Something had gone wrong!

The expert guardian and the youngest beloved son of the Singer family, a family of disciples in the north, had died in Cherry Villa.

Finished! The sky was about to collapse! That middle-aged man's gaze locked onto Philip immediately as he shouted angrily, "Men, lock him up!"

At once, more than a dozen fully armed guards pointed their guns at Philip.

These were not ordinary secular guards.

The weapons they were equipped with were specifically designed to restrain disciples. They were specially issued weapons from the Supernatural Bureau.

Philip looked sideways, glanced coldly at the guards and the middle-aged man standing at the forefront with a face full of anger, and said coldly, "Do you want to arrest me without asking anything?"

The middle-aged man was about to explode with anger and roared. "What is there to ask? That's the third young master of the Singers and their expert guardian. A villain like this has stirred up trouble between Cherry Villa and the Singer family. That's a big crime! You must be captured and handed over to the Singer family to do as they deem fit!"

"Hahaha..."

Philip said, "I thought that the southern disciples might have some backbone, but I didn't expect to see a bunch of spineless cowards. Although I don't know what's going on between the disciples from the north and south, I know from the Singer family that Terrain Villa seems to have always looked down on Cherry Villa. Now, I finally understand that you're just a bunch of rubbish rotting under the sun!"

Following Philip's words, the middle-aged man was furious and shouted, "Stop trying to talk your way out of this. Take him down!"

Suddenly, more than a dozen guards trained by the Supernatural Bureau pounced on Philip with guns.

However, at this moment, a majestic voice came from behind the crowd, "Everyone, stop!"

Everyone looked sideways in the direction of the main entrance of the side hall.

A tall figure passed through the crowd and came to the front.

He was a middle-aged man with a dignified poise. He wore a blue suit and had a rigid, stern face.

As soon as he appeared, all the onlookers bowed their heads respectfully.

Even the manager who wanted to arrest

Philip rushed to the man's side, bowed, and respectfully said, "Villa Master, why did you come out?"

The middle-aged man looked at Philip before looking at Mr. Burdock's and Ronan's corpses indifferently.

He asked, "What's going on?"

The manager immediately said, "Villa Master, this young man broke into Cherry Villa and killed Mr. Burdock, the expert guardian of the Singer family, as well as Young Master Ronan Singer. I'm asking my men to take him down!"

The middle-aged man was Leon Jefferson, one of the three masters of Cherry Villa. He sized Philip up sternly and asked, "Do you think the supernatural disciples of the south are no match for the north?"

Leon Jefferson was one of the founders of Cherry Villa.

His strength was extraordinary, and no one could beat him.

He was said to be the disciple of the sixth zone from the previous generation.

However, the authenticity of the news had

yet to be verified.

Philip frowned, looked at the middle-aged man in front of him, and said, "Although there are differences between the north and the south, the pride remains. It's just the Singer family from the north. If there's trouble, they can just look for me.

"Hahaha!" Leon laughed heartily and said,

"Well said! The pride remains! I like your attitude and personality! It's just the Singer family from the north. The Cherry Villa can still go up against them!"

Chapter 2385

Leon's words had fully expressed his opinion. No matter who the young man in front of him was, he would bear the

brunt.

Firstly, it was for the dignity of Cherry Villa.

Secondly, it was to cherish the young talent.

It had been a long time since there was such a young and powerful disciple in the southern supernatural community.

Such a person could only be the guest of honor sought after by major families.

Leon knew very well what the young man in front of him meant to the disciples in the southern world.

There were three kings in the north but only one king in the smith.

Now, the young man in front of him had the strength of a disciple in the fifth zone. Leon decided to have him join Cherry Villa.

“May I have your name?” Leon asked with a kind smile that formed a stark contrast with his stern angular face.

The onlookers were amazed at this moment. They could naturally tell that Leon was showing goodwill to that young man.

Yes, at such a young age, he had the ability to kill Mr. Burdock, one of the seven expert guardians of the Singer family.

It was enough to show that his future as a disciple would be limitless.

If such a person joined Cherry Villa and became one of the core members, Cherry Villa and even the entire southern disciple community might have two kings.

It had been more than ten years since the northern disciple community had outmatched the south.

All the disciples in the south could only wallow in anger.

However, due to the difference between the north and the south, the strength of the disciples was also very different.

This was also an indisputable fact.

Now that Leon was extending an olive branch to Philip, it was enough to show that Leon and the southern disciple community desperately needed a talented genius like Philip.

Philip frowned slightly and replied lightly,

“Philip Clarke.”

Leon nodded and said with a smile, “Im Leon Jefferson, one of the three masters of Cherry Villa. I’m very glad to meet you. I wonder if you’d be interested in attending the 12 Families’ Cabinet Meeting.”

The 12 Families’ Cabinet Meeting?”

Philip shook his head with a frown and said, “I’m sorry. I’m only here to look for someone, so I won’t be joining you.”

After saying that, Philip was about to walk toward the main hall.

Leon immediately asked, "Philip, I wonder who you're looking for? I'm one of the masters of Cherry Villa and would love to help you."

Philip stopped, looked at Leon, and said, "I'm looking for my wife, VVynn Johnston."

"Miss Johnston?" Leon was taken aback, and his expression changed rapidly. He looked at Philip in front of him and said with a smile, "Philip, please come with me."

Philip frowned, thought about it, and followed Leon.

Leon said a few words to the middle-aged manager before he led Philip to the main hall.

After Philip and Leon left, a burst of chatter broke out.

"Oh my God! What did I just see? Master Jefferson actually treated a person so politely!"

"But of course! This is absolutely unheard of and is shocking beyond words! How nice if it was me instead!"

"Alas, this is true strength!"

Over there, the middle-aged manager asked his subordinates to clean up the mess here with a gloomy expression.

Then, he sneakily ran to a corner of the villa, took out his phone, and dialed a number after making sure no one was around.

Soon, the call was connected. A calm and majestic voice was heard. "Cory Trent, why are you looking for me?"

The manager groveled and said respectfully, "Mr. Moon, something has happened! The third young master of the Singer family, Ronan Singer, and Mr. Burdock have been killed by an unknown kid in Cherry Villa!"

"What? Say that again!"

On the other end of the phone, Mr. Moon's trembling and angry voice was heard.

The third young master of the Singer family and Mr. Burdock, the family's expert guardian, were killed in Cherry Villa?

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Chapter 2386

The sky was about to fall!

That was the Singer family, one of the ten great disciple families in the north. They were one of the three masters of Terrain Villa.

There was also a king of disciples in the Singer family!

The Singer family was one of the top three existences in the northern disciple community. An absolute behemoth!

This time, Ronan Singer and Mr. Burdock were killed in Cherry Villa.

This must be a magnitude 10 earthquake.

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The entire northern community would be shaken!

Not to mention the Singer family!

“M-Mr. Moon, Young Master Ronan Singer has been killed!”

Cory Trent stammered with cold sweat on his forehead.

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It was because he could clearly feel the anger and chill from the other end of the phone.

“Who did it? What’s wrong with Cherry Villa? Are they trying to turn on the north?”

Mr. Moon was in a rage, his heart full of anger and fear. His anger was toward Cherry Villa. His fear was of the Singer family.

“Mr. Moon, this matter has nothing to do with Cherry Villa. It was an unknown kid who had a conflict with Young Master Ronan. That kid attacked Young Master Ronan without holding back.”

As Cory explained, he was also very flustered.

“Where’s Leon Jefferson? Where was he when such a big thing happened?” Mr. Moon asked with a roar.

“M-Master Jefferson seems interested in protecting that kid because the strength displayed by that kid may be of the fifth zone,” Cory continued to explain.

‘Fifth zone?’ On the other end of the phone, Mr. Moon frowned.

No wonder Leon wanted to bail him out.

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It had been a long time since someone with the strength of a fifth zone disciple had appeared in the southern disciple community.

“Okay, I got it. Pay close attention to the movements in Cherry Villa. I’ll inform Terrain Villa and the Singer family at once!”

Mr. Moon said before he quickly ended the call.

At this moment, far north of Beechwood City, in the study of a luxurious villa.

A slightly fat middle-aged man with glasses was full of anger and panic.

He quickly picked up the suit on the hanger next to him and put it on.

He left the villa in a hurry and personally drove his Ferrari to Terrain Villa in the northern district of Caltrop Mountain.

At the foot of Caltrop Mountain, Quentin Moon passed through several checkpoints before he arrived at the gates of Terrain Villa.

He quickly got out of the Ferrari and jogged to the main hall of Terrain Villa.

It was a distance of a thousand meters.

Quentin was out of breath from running.

“Q-Quickly inform the three villa masters that something big has happened!”

Quentin ran to the entrance of the villa’s main hall and shouted to the several guards with guns.

Soon, Quentin followed the guards to the main hall.

The three masters of Terrain Villa were sitting on the high platform with their chests upright in front of him.

The man in the highest position was sitting on a golden chair.

On both sides of that man’s chair were two bronze chairs.

“Quentin Moon, why are you looking for us at this late hour?” A middle-aged man on the left asked, looking a little unhappy.

Chapter 2387

After being called to gather in the middle of the night, feelings of resentment were inevitable.

Quentin Moon wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, stood humbly in the hall, and lowered his head. He panted and stammered, "Villa Masters Hopper, Singer, and Turner, something has happened.

"Just spit it out already!" Villa Master Hopper, the middle-aged man with an unhappy expression, was wearing a black suit and fidgeting with two stress balls in his hand.

He had an imposing demeanor, a ruddy complexion, and exuded a harsh intensity.

Quentin glanced at Villa Master Hopper before his gaze landed on the person on his right.

This was the current patriarch of the Singer family, one of the top ten disciple families in the north, Jenkins Singer.

He was also one of the founding families of Terrain Villa and one of the three villa masters.

His face was dignified as he sat upright.

He wore a gray suit, and his hair was gray. He had a pair of deep-set eyes that looked very chaotic, which intimidated others and stopped them from looking directly at him.

Jenkins Singer was one of the honorary teachers of the Nonagon and also a member and director of the Nonagon Teaching Association.

He had a great reputation in Nonagon and had taught many disciples.

It could be said that among the current disciples of Nonagon, two out of ten were taught by Jenkins or by the Singer family.

Thus, the Singer family had a lot of power and prestige in Nonagon.

Not to mention that Jenkins had taught three kings of disciples before!

Such teaching achievements were engraved on a stone monument in Nonagon.

It could be said that the Singer family had the power to mobilize half of the disciples in the northern supernatural disciple community with a single word.

At this moment, Quentin gulped and fell to his knees. He bowed and shouted, "Villa Master Singer, Third Young Master Ronan has been killed in Cherry Villa!"

Crack!

Abruptly, an explosion was heard!

Jenkins, who was sitting upright, stood up in anger at this moment. With a biting chill in his eyes, he asked, "What did you say?"

Quentin trembled all over because he felt the surging killing intent and biting coldness in the air around him.

"Third Young Master Ronan and Mr. Burdock were killed by an unknown young man during the disciples' gathering at Cherry Villa, which they attended tonight.

The other party also said that if the Singer family wants to seek revenge, they can go look for him."

Quentin bit the bullet and lowered his head as he forced the words out.

Boom!

Following his words, he felt an overwhelming energy pressure that suddenly erupted.

The energy pressure was so intense that Quentin dared not raise his head at all.

His whole body was trembling.

Jenkins' eyes were full of anger as he stood on the high platform. The terrifying energy that raged all over him was enough to easily tear down any disciple of the fifth zone.

"Cherry Villa, damn you!" A furious cry from hell resounded throughout the entire Terrain Villa.

"Who's the other party? Doesn't he know that Ronan is my son?" Jenkins restrained his energy pressure and asked coldly.

Quentin knelt on the floor and said tremblingly, "The other party is an unknown junior. I heard that the other party killed Third Young Master Ronan because of a conflict. At that time, Ronan had already mentioned the Singer family and begged him for mercy, but the other party seemed to have no intention of letting Ronan go. He directly killed him."

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After that, the atmosphere in the main hall plummeted to freezing point.

It seemed that any movement would cause a catastrophic ending.

Jenkins stood on the high platform, his eyes were full of anger.

He clenched his fists and asked, "Did the people of Cherry Villa just watch my son get killed by an unknown junior?"

Quentin quickly bowed and replied, "Villa Master Singer, Villa Master Leon Jefferson of Cherry Villa stepped in later. If I understand Cory Trent correctly, Leon wishes to protect the young man named Philip Clarke."

"Leon Jefferson? How dare he?!"

Jenkins roared and shouted, "Immediately gather all the experts of the Singer family and go with me to Cherry Villa. I want to see who Leon Jefferson dares to protect in front of me! After killing my beloved son, no matter who the other party is, I'll kill him with my bare hands!"

As he said that, Jenkins clenched his fists tightly.

Below the hall, a guard from the Singer family bowed in response and immediately walked out of the main hall.

Seeing Jenkins' anger at the moment, Villa Master Hopper said, "Villa Master Singer, please accept my condolences. This move from Cherry Villa is aimed at Terrain Villa. It seems that Leon Jefferson wants to personally protect the kid named Philip Clarke. Should I send people to go along with you?"

"No need!"

Jenkins rejected Villa Master Hopper's kind intentions and said, "This is a matter between the Singer family and Cherry Villa. There's no need for outsiders to intervene!"

A chill flashed in the corner of Villa Master Hopper's eyes.

He squeezed out a smile and said, "In that case, I hope you can apprehend your son's murderer and promote the prestige of Terrain Villa. Take this opportunity to teach a good

lesson to Cherry Villa and the entire southern supernatural disciple community.

"Hmph!" Jenkins snorted coldly and left the main hall.

After Jenkins left, Villa Master Hopper wiped away the flattering smile on his face and said gloatingly, "Jenkins Singer Really doesn't take us seriously now!"

The middle-aged man who was sitting on the main golden chair had a gloomy expression.

He raised his thick eyebrows slightly and said, "Villa Master Hopper, do say less. Now that something like this has happened to the Singer family, we should help as much as we can. Sooner or later, there'll be a battle between the disciples in the north and the south. When the time comes, the Singer family will still be the main force of the northern supernatural disciple

community."

Villa Master Hopper chuckled and said, "Villa Master Turner, aren't you worried that Jenkins Singer will replace you one day? I've heard that the Singer family has been developing their forces over the years. Many times, he doesn't even show you any respect."

This sentence was a little too straightforward.

Hearing that, Villa Master Turner's face darkened as he looked in the direction of the entrance of the main hall.

After a while, he said, "The Singer family is indeed getting out of line. "

Villa Master Turner had long felt the persecution and threat from the Singer family.

He was not as powerful as Jenkins Singer and only became a master of Terrain Villa thanks to his lineage.

Therefore, many times, in front of the Singer family and Jenkins, Villa Master Turner had little right to speak.
The strongest ruled.

Villa Master Hopper quickly said, "Villa Master Turner, I think we should make preparations in advance, just in case. Jenkins and the Singer family really have intentions to rebel, we will be able to deal with it holistically at that time.

Villa Master Turner glanced sideways at Villa Master Hopper. He thought for a long time before he asked, "What do you have in mind, Villa Master Hopper?"

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Back to Philip's side.

He followed Leon Jefferson through the lobby and passed through several doors before entering the core area of Cherry Villa. He saw a clear lake with a white arch bridge over it. On both sides of the lake, fully armed guards strictly kept watching.

They were equipped with weapons specially targeted at disciples.

These guards would be able to tackle any disciples of the fourth zone and below.

A magnificent white castle stood across the lake and arch bridge. A sense of solemnity could be felt from the castle even from across the lake.

In front, Leon invited Philip, "Philip, please come with me."

Philip glanced at the surrounding environment. The security measures in this place were quite impeccable

"Thank you." Philip said politely and followed Leon to the arch bridge.

They made their way to the white castle.

When Philip got closer to the white castle, he realized that there was a special energy pressure around it that constantly suppressed the power of rules in his body.

It was as if his strength was weakened just by being in this area.

This was the power utilization of the anti-matter rule, which was especially targeted at disciples!

Philip's face darkened as he stared at Leon intently.

Leon was incredulous at Philip's keen intuition. He smiled and said, "Philip, you're not mistaken. Anyone who enters this area will have their control over the rules of matter suppressed by the power of the rules of anti-matter. Their strength will also be suppressed to the third zone. Whether you're in the fifth zone, a king of disciples, or a hidden monster from the sixth or seventh zone, all will be suppressed to the third zone here. The purpose of doing this is to prevent those with ulterior motives from doing anything. I hope you understand."

After Leon finished speaking, Philip nodded lightly and said, "Understood."

Then, Leon led Philip into the lobby of the white castle.

At this moment, the hall was already full of many men and women, old and young.

All of them had slightly cold faces and serious attitudes. Seeing Leon entering with someone, all of them got up, bowed to Leon, and said, "Villa Master Jefferson."

Leon walked in with a smile and motioned everyone to sit down. He said, "Everyone, no need to be formal. Please sit down. I also brought a youngster here today."

After saying that, everyone's eyes turned to Philip, who had followed Leon in. No one recognized Philip.

Someone asked, "Villa Jefferson, I wonder which disciple family he belongs to for you to personally bring him here."

"Yes, Villa Master Jefferson. Why don't we ask this young man to introduce himself?"

Everyone spoke with an amiable attitude on the surface, but many had different ideas in their minds.

Leon smiled, turned sideways, made an inviting gesture, and said, "Young man, why don't you just say a few words?"

Philip's expression darkened.

He glanced at everyone present but did not find Shane Lovelace or Wynn, so he was a little disappointed. Could it be that Wynn and Shane were not here? Had they left?

Thus, Philip just said mildly, "Philip Clarke."

Then, he stopped talking.

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Everyone eagerly waited for Philip's next words but after a long while, Philip said nothing.

This made some people unhappy, and they said coldly, "Villa Master Jefferson, this young Philip seems very arrogant and only said his name. Does he look down on us?"

"Hehe, Villa Master Jefferson, we have no objections if you bring newcomers in, but such a newcomer is too ignorant of the rules!"

"Are you done talking?" Suddenly, Philip spoke and interrupted everyone's reprimand that stemmed from their dissatisfaction with him.

Hiss!

Everyone's faces tensed with anger.

Smack!

A middle-aged man slammed the table, stood up suddenly, pointed at Philip, and said angrily, "Presumptuous! This is Cherry Villa and the conference for the southern disciple families. How dare an unruly kid like you be so rude to the elders? Didn't the adults in your family teach you any manners and etiquette?"

"Exactly! Even if you were personally brought here by Villa Master Jefferson, you should mind the occasion!"

"Villa Master Jefferson, I don't think it's necessary for a newcomer like him to attend our conference!"

Amid everyone's reprimand, Leon did not say anything to discourage them but stood aside with a smile on his face as he looked at Philip.

Philip frowned and glanced sideways at Leon, who had a smile on his face. 'Heh, he is just an old fox. Was he deliberately staying out of this to see how Philip was going to resolve this matter?

Philip did not have time to waste on these people, so he simply said, "I was never interested in your so-called disciple family conference to begin with. Since I'm not welcome, goodbye, then."

After saying that, Philip turned around and was about to leave. However, all the people sitting there were haughty and full of themselves.

Some people with scheming minds watched the development and silently observed Philip.

"Stop! Do you think the disciple conference of Cherry Villa is somewhere you can come and go as you wish?" The middle-aged man who previously slapped the table and angrily shouted at Philip continued to berate him without giving in at all.

"That's right! Young man, you can leave if you want, but you must apologize to us for your reckless and rude behavior just now!"

A group of people chattered incessantly.

Among them were children of disciple families who looked like they were just watching the fun.

They had gloating looks on their faces.

Philip stopped, turned his head, and looked at those people who berated him. Then, he said lightly, "Why should I apologize to you?"

“Just because we’re sitting here and you’re standing there!” the middle-aged man sneered.

“Oh?” Philip chuckled and asked, “How did you get to sit there?”

“By strength, of course! Everyone sitting here has their own strength to boast of!” the middle-aged man continued.

In his opinion, a young junior like Philip had nothing more than some background and status.

Such a person should be taught a good lesson so that he could be properly ordered around in the future. This was the usual practice of the

disciple family conference for newcomers. After all, the disciple family conference did not allow too many spokespersons.

“By strength? Okay, then.”

Philip smiled, walked up to the middle-aged man, and said, “In that case, this seat will belong to me from now on. You may get lost!”

When that middle-aged man saw Philip walking toward him, the corners of his eyes chilled as he abruptly got up and Shouted angrily,

“Presumptuous! You’re courting death!”