

The First Heir novel Chapter 2681

Chapter 2681

Something unexpected happened!

In an instant, three teams of fully armed combatants appeared. One team fell from the sky and broke through the ceiling above. One team rushed in from one side and crashed through a wall with an armored tank, while the other one broke through the windows. Others rushed in through the doors!

The three teams of fully armed combatants with guns in their hands brought the scene under control in an instant!

“Drop your weapons! On the ground!”

“Do not resist or we will fire!”

“Down on the ground!”

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Seeing this scene, the man in the lead still wanted to resist and roared, “Charge out!”

However!

Rat- tat-tat! Rapid gunshots!

More than a dozen vicious people guarding the hostages were shot and fell in a pool of blood. The scene was cleaned up in an instant!

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All the hostages were rescued.

The leader of the team also quickly reported back, “All the hostages have been rescued, but Cyril Hopper was not found at the scene.”

“Okay. Come back first.”

Meanwhile, Cyril sat in his car and passed by a dense forest. He was about to head back to Beechwood City. However, the car braked suddenly.

In the car, Cyril was jolted forward and said coldly, “What’s going on? Do you know how to drive?”

“Villa Master Hopper, we’ve been blocked,” the driver said.

Hearing that, Cyril frowned. Through the car window, he saw seven or eight figures in black clothes on the mountain trail. All of them had weapons and were staring at the car indifferently. Seeing this, Cyril turned his head to the back of the car and seemed to realize something.

At the same time, those people had surrounded them.

Cyril said coldly, "Run them over!"

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Zoom!

The car started quickly and rushed out of the blockade!

This group of people quickly tried to use firepower to stop them, but this car was bulletproof.

Seeing that the car was about to escape, the leader shouted, "After them!"

In an instant, a chase unfolded. In the end, a few missiles were launched and blew the car into the air, igniting balls of flames.

A figure spread out its wings like an eagle, full of energy pressure and power of rules!

Cyril fell from the sky, his eyes cold. Most of his clothes were burned. He landed with a bang and stared at the eight people who had quickly surrounded him. These eight people, uniformly dressed, were disciple assassins.

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Chapter 2682

When he saw these eight people, Cyril's heart dropped to rock bottom. He knew that he was doomed today, but he would not give up without a fight!

"Are you here to kill me?" Cyril sneered as he asked.

Without waiting for an answer, he increased his aura to its peak and said, "I'm sorry to disappoint you. After all, I'm a disciple who just entered the sixth zone!"

A thunder-like roar echoed throughout the mountain forest. Birds and beasts scattered!

Cyril's demeanor was no longer like a normal person at this moment and was extremely fierce.

The eight people did not waste any words with Cyril at all and just charged at him. They were disciples of the fourth and fifth zones with very strong overall combat effectiveness!

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Bang, thud!

Rumble!

Instantly, the place was engulfed by the battle. Cyril wandered among the eight people and fought non-stop.

Both parties launched killing moves. Cyril was a disciple of the sixth zone, after all. His comprehension and control over the power of rules were beyond what these disciples of the fourth and fifth zones could imagine. Therefore, after several rounds of battle, Cyril gained the upper hand and showed signs of suppressing the other party.

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“Hahaha!”

Cyril sent two disciple assassins flying with a punch and a kick. He laughed smugly and said, “A bunch of trash like you dares to kill me? Dream on! Did Leon Jefferson send you here? He has greatly underestimated me! Today, all of you will die here!”

With that said, Cyril charged forward!

The eight people also fell from proactive to reactive mode. They were wounded too.

Seeing that these eight people were in a crisis, a figure suddenly walked out of the forest with rhythmic footsteps. He was tall, handsome, and imposing with his hands tucked in his trouser pockets indifferently. He stared coldly at Cyril who was charging ahead.

Suddenly, a whirlwind surged with raging energy pressure!

Cyril stopped and stared fixedly at the figure that suddenly appeared and said with a sneer, “I didn’t expect Young Patriarch Clarke to show up in person.”

Philip stood indifferently with a chill in his eyes and said, “Your actions are beyond my limit of tolerance, so I want to meet you in person.”

“Presumptuous! I’m one of the masters of Terrain Villa, after all. Do you really think that I’d be afraid of you?” Cyril shouted angrily.

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The anger that had been building up for a few days exploded at this moment. He threw a punch with raging energy pressure at Philip. In his mind, the arrogant Young Patriarch Clarke would turn into ashes in the next second!

However, Philip merely raised his hand calmly.

Bang!

Cyril's domineering punch with raging energy pressure was received by Philip easily.

Cyril was full of shock. He wanted to step back but could not move because his fist was grabbed by the other party.

A trace of killing intent flashed in Philip's eyes as he squeezed Cyril's fist and said, "Villa Master Hopper, do you have any regrets?"

"You're courting death!" Cyril was furious and kicked Philip.

Bang!

Philip raised his other hand and blocked it. The tremendous energy pressure where the two collided rumbled like a landslide!

Immediately after, Philip smirked and grabbed Cyril's foot with a backhand.

Crack!

The sound of broken bones resounded throughout the forest trail.

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Chapter 2683

Cyril roared in pain, "Argh! How dare you?!"

However, before Cyril could continue, Philip's fist slammed into Cyril's face like a meteor with raging airwaves.

Bang!

In an instant, Cyril flew out like a ray of light!

Boom!

He smashed through more than a dozen towering trees and fell to the ground. As he slid across, a deep pit of dozens of meters was razed on the ground.

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Smoke billowed!

When Cyril fell to the ground and was about to get up, Philip was already in front of him. He raised his foot and stomped on Cyril's chest.

Crack!

The sound of broken ribs resounded through the forest trail again!

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Cyril roared in pain and lost all ability and will to resist. "Argh! You're so cruel! Let go of me. I'm the master of Terrain Villa and the head of the Hopper family in Beechwood City. You..."

Cyril roared but his words were distorted by the pain in his leg and chest.

"So annoying!" Philip said coldly and raised his hand to form a sword from condensed air.

Puff!

The sword pierced through Cyril's arms and rendered them useless!

"Argh!" With a trembling roar from the depths of his soul, Cyril's bloodshot eyes popped wide open.

His whole body tensed due to the pain. He stared at the indifferent Philip in front of him and said tremblingly, "How dare you cripple me?! Villa Master Turner and all the families in the North will never let this rest!"

Philip said impassively, "Then let me experience the wrath of Terrain Villa and the Northern families."

After saying this, Philip exerted force on his feet again. Cyril passed out in pain!

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Then, Philip raised his eyebrows, looked up at the sky, and said, "Bring him back."

The news that Cyril was caught in an ambush soon spread to Terrain Villa.

Bang!

Ernest was furious and smashed the newly arrived chair. A burst of anger surged through his body, and the kneeling guard trembled in fear.

“Immediately inform the guards of the entire villa to step up the security in the villa! Also, notify the 12 Killers to find Cyril Hopper at all costs and bring him back. If they can’t, kill him on the spot!” Ernest said solemnly.

He could not allow Cyril to stray outside. If Cyril spilled all their plans, Ernest would be charged and wanted by the Supernatural Bureau.

After saying this, he confirmed again, “Were all members of the Warren and Hart families rescued?”

The guard replied, “Yes. No survivors were found at the scene, and all the people of the Warren and Hart families have been rescued. However, all the evidence and clues that point to us at the scene were destroyed in advance, so they can’t track us down.”

Hearing this, Ernest breathed a sigh of relief. Then, he got up and said, “Carry out my orders quickly. I need to see Young Master Berry immediately.”

After saying this, Ernest got up and headed to Stanley Berry’s current residence. At this time, only Stanley could help him.

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Chapter 2684

Soon, Ernest took a special car to the villa where Stanley lived.

This was a property owned by the Berry family in Beechwood City with a moderate size equivalent to a soccer field. The villa looked like a white castle surrounded by trees and flowers.

After being verified by the guards at the entrance, Ernest walked into the hall of the villa.

At this moment, inside the hall, Stanley stood by the Window looking at the scenery in the courtyard.

“Young Master Berry, you have to help me!”

Ernest entered the door and knelt on the floor.

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Stanley turned around, looked at the kneeling Ernest, and said mildly, "I already know everything. To be honest, I don't like what you did. We could've easily defeated Philip in a fair game, but for your selfish intentions, you sent disciple assassins to kidnap the Warren and Hart families. You can't keep this matter under wraps. Although you have people in the Supernatural Bureau, they'll definitely sell you out to protect themselves. What do you think are your chances of survival in a place like the Supernatural Bureau?"

Hearing this, Ernest trembled instinctively and said, "Young Master Berry, I know my mistake now. On account of the past, please save me! If you can resolve this matter, I'll serve you for the rest of my life!"

Hearing this, Stanley pondered in silence and said, "Get up!"

Ernest got up. With his waist bent, he stood respectfully next to Stanley.

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Stanley said, "You've done something foolish. Fortunately, Philip has rescued the hostages. If they had died, you would've had to atone with your death!"

Hearing this, Ernest's forehead was full of cold sweat. He said, "I just wanted to increase our chances of winning."

"Hmph!" Stanley snorted and said, "Then you should've wiped everything clean and left no one alive! Now, the hostages have been rescued, and Cyril Hopper has also been captured. If he spills everything, even I can't save you."

Thud!

Ernest was so frightened that he knelt on the floor again and shouted, "Young Master Berry, you have to save me! Your father has people in the Supernatural Bureau. I beseech you to ask Deputy Consul Berry to intercede for me."

Stanley snorted coldly and said, "If I didn't want to help you, I wouldn't have let you in! Get up!"

Ernest stood up tremblingly again. He bent his body lower and waited for Stanley to speak.

After a long while, Stanley said, "Send a team of people to assassinate Cyril at any cost. In short, everyone involved in this matter must be dealt with cleanly! On the Supernatural Bureau's side, I'll step in and intercede on your behalf, but I'm not sure of

the outcome. The Supernatural Bureau isn't a place we can interfere easily. As you and I know, the person behind it is that one!"

Of course, Ernest knew who Stanley was talking about and said tremblingly, "As long as you can help me get through this crisis, the Northern supernatural community and all affluent families here will obey you, Young Master Berry!"

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Hearing this, Stanley sneered faintly and said, "Okay, I'll deal with the rest, On Philip's side, don't try to cause trouble with him for the time being and just wait for the disciple competition the day after tomorrow. As for the participants, use the people I select!"

With that said, Stanley's bodyguard handed a list to Ernest.

Ernest took a few glances and said with a bow, "Yes, Young Master Berry. I'll make arrangements immediately."

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Chapter 2685

After saying that, Ernest silently left the hall.

Stanley sat on the sofa in the hall, took a sip of tea, and said, "Help me get in touch with Mr. Fern of the Northern Division in the Supernatural Bureau."

Back to Philip's side. After he returned to the hotel, Leon found him and said, "Young Patriarch Clarke, Mr. Sacha of the Southern Supernatural Bureau division has been waiting in the side hall."

Philip hummed and headed toward the side hall without delay.

When the door opened, he saw a middle-aged man with a potbelly. He was wearing black-rimmed glasses and sat on the sofa, where he drank tea and ate snacks comfortably.

As Philip walked in, the fat middle-aged man put down the snacks in his hand, got up with a smile, and said with a bow, "Young Patriarch Clarke, it's nice to meet you. I'm Brad Sacha. You're indeed a talented and good-looking young man. You're a good role model for the younger generation. With young talent like Young Patriarch Clarke in the South, it's really a gift from heaven..."

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The moment he opened his mouth, it became obvious he was an old fox.

Philip interrupted Brad Sacha's speech and said coldly, "Mr. Sacha, are you in charge of the Southern division in the Supernatural Bureau?"

Seeing Philip's indifference, Brad restrained his flattery but still smiled and said, "That's right, I'm in charge of the Southern division in the Supernatural Bureau. Under my wise leadership, the situation in the entire South is now very stable and harmonious..."

Without waiting for Brad to boast, Philip interrupted him again and said coldly, "Your leadership? Are you saying that you're wise and have done your best? Mr. Sacha, right under your nose, a group of disciple assassins from the North infiltrated Golden City and Sunbury in the South and slaughtered 72 people from the Warren and Hart families. How dare you say you've managed things well and call yourself a wise leader?"

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Brad was taken aback and a chill flashed in his eyes.

Young Patriarch Clarke did not respect him at all and reprimanded him at first sight. Who did he think he was?

Brad wiped the smile off his face and said a little coldly, "Young Patriarch Clarke, this is the business of the Supernatural Bureau, which has nothing to do with you. If you're doing this for a friend, I can tell you some things..."

Philip chided, "Brad Sacha, at this point, haven't you realized your mistake yet?"

This angry shout shocked Brad for a moment. Then, he glared at Philip and said coldly, "Young Patriarch Clarke, no matter what, I'm still the leader of the Supernatural Bureau's Southern division. What's with your attitude of yelling at me like this? I'm giving you enough respect by coming here to see you. How dare you be so arrogant and disrespectful?"

"To put it in other words, what have you got to do with the Supernatural Bureau?"

Hearing Brad's remarks, Philip was furious and said solemnly, "Brad Sacha, you have no idea what's going on, do you? Do you really think I don't know about your secret deal with Ernest Turner and Cyril Hopper?"

After saying that, the subordinate behind Philip took out some documents and threw them in front of Brad!

Brad was shocked and picked up the documents on the floor, which were full of investigation details about him!

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This document was enough to take his life!