

The First Heir novel Chapter 2791 - 2795

Chapter 2791

After a while, Philip left this place and headed to Cynthia's residence. He walked into the room and saw Cynthia lying on the bed, recovering.

"Why are you here?" Cynthia was full of joy when she saw Philip walking in and wanted to get down from the bed.

Philip stepped forward, pressed Cynthia's hand, and said, "Lie down. I'm just here to see you. How are you doing?"

Cynthia nodded shyly and said, "I'm fine..."

The atmosphere was a little awkward.

Cynthia suddenly asked, "Philip, I really don't have to marry into the Berry family, right?"

Philip nodded and said seriously, "No, if you're unwilling to, no one can force you, including Silva Larson!"

Hearing this, Cynthia's eyes welled with tears as she said with a nod, "Thank you, Philip. Thanks for giving me a ray of hope in my times of desperation. I..."

Philip smiled and said, "That's enough. There's no need for thanks between us. You have to call me Uncle, so it's just an uncle helping his niece."

Hearing this tease about their seniority, Cynthia punched Philip a couple of times and said, "You always take advantage of me! How dreadful!"

Philip laughed. He scratched his head and asked, "By the way, do you know that Grandpa is sick?"

Hearing this question, Cynthia's eyes immediately darkened as she said with a nod, "I do. My great-grandfather started losing his memory several years ago. The doctor said it was Alzheimer's disease."

Speaking of this, both of them looked sad. However, Cynthia suddenly said, "However, I can't help but find it strange. Great-grandfather had always been in good health with no signs of this disease. During the year when Uncle Silva took over as the family head, Great-grandfather suddenly fell sick. After that, they put him in that yard. When his memory was clear, he would sometimes ask me to accompany him."

While saying that, Cynthia suddenly thought of something. She got up quickly and said, "By the way, Great-grandfather gave me something and told me to give it to you if I had a chance in the future."

Philip looked sideways. Cynthia was wearing a thin nightgown. She bent over and looked for something in the drawer.

Philip could not help but take a second glance at the graceful and exquisite figure.

What a sin!

Cynthia turned around and saw Philip looking at her. Her cheeks flushed instantly as she said, "What are you looking at?"

Philip was taken aback and smiled awkwardly. He said, "Nothing. What did Grandpa give you?"

Philip changed the subject and saw that Cynthia was holding something like a pouch in her hand. The pouch was dark red with dragons and phoenixes embroidered on it with gold thread. Philip took the pouch, opened it, and found a jade key inside.

"What is this?" Philip asked.

Cynthia shook her head, sat in front of Philip, and said, "I don't know either. When Great-grandfather gave it to me, he told me to keep it carefully and only give it to you."

Philip frowned and looked at the dark green key in his hand, which seemed to have some marks on it. After thinking about it, Philip put away the key and said, "I'll ask Grandpa tomorrow."

Cynthia nodded and made eye contact with Philip. Suddenly, they froze. Cynthia quickly turned away and asked shyly, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Philip stared at Cynthia very intently. No, to be precise, he was staring at a rag doll behind Cynthia. He said, "Don't move!"

Chapter 2792

Cynthia was stunned and looked at Philip in bewilderment. Then, she saw Philip reaching out to her. Cynthia was immediately a little shy and scared.

Was he going to do that to her? What should she do?

Cynthia was very confused. As her thoughts ran wild, Philip reached out and took the rag doll behind her. He said coldly, "This rag doll is a little strange."

"Huh?" Cynthia was startled but breathed a sigh of relief.

She leaned over and asked, "What's strange about it?"

Philip frowned and stared at the black eyeball of the rag doll. He reached out, grabbed the eyeball, and it fell out!

“How did this happen? How could there be such a thing?”

When Cynthia saw the miniature camera disguised as an eyeball in Philip’s hand, she froze.

Philip’s face darkened as he said, “It seems that you’re under surveillance here.”

Meanwhile, in an underground room in Larson Manor. More than a dozen electronic screens hung in the room, displaying various angles of the villa where Cynthia lived. Not only Cynthia’s residence but even Hogan’s residence was being monitored!

At this moment, an electronic screen blacked out!

“What’s happening? The screen went black!” A man had just finished his dinner and looked up at the screen. He stood up abruptly and asked coldly.

Another person in charge of monitoring was playing with his phone. He glanced up and said, “Maybe the camera is damaged. I’ll replace it tomorrow.”

The man frowned and said with a nod, “Stop fooling around and replace it later.”

The man playing on the phone nodded helplessly and said, “I’ll be promoted to gold level after this round!”

Back to Philip and Cynthia’s side, Philip made a shushing gesture and said in a low voice, “Don’t make a sound. I think there’s not only a camera here but also a bug!”

Hearing this, Cynthia got scared. She nodded and asked in a low voice, “What should we do now?”

Philip got up and started walking around in the small villa. After a while, he found seven to eight bugs and three to four cameras!

Looking at these bugs and cameras, Cynthia felt goosebumps all over. It turned out that she had been living under the surveillance of the Larson family.

“There should be more,” Philip frowned and said.

Cynthia quickly said, “What should I do then? I want to move out.”

Philip shook his head and said, “No, once you move out, it’ll tell others that you’ve discovered the secrets here. I’ll put these things back in their original positions later.

Remember, from today onward, you should pay attention to what you say. Of course, you also need to act naturally as if these things don't exist."

Cynthia thought about it and said, "Okay, I'll listen to you."

Then, Philip put the things back in place. He glanced at the rag doll and said, "By today or tomorrow, they should come to reinstall it."

"Huh? Who are they?" Cynthia was a little scared.

Philip smiled and said, "Who else but someone from the Larson family?"

"But I'm always here. If they had been here before, why didn't I know about it?" Cynthia asked.

Philip frowned and said, "Maybe they did it while you were asleep."

Thinking of this, Philip said, "I won't go back tonight. I'll stay on guard here."

Hearing this, Cynthia felt a lot safer. She nodded and said, "Okay."

Chapter 2793

In the night.

A silent figure snuck up in the dark and quietly approached the villa. He carried a small black bag, wore a mask, and muttered under his breath, "It's really troublesome. I've already formed a team to get gold tonight."

While he spoke, he used the backup key to open the villa door. Then, he sat grandly in the living room and took out food and drinks from the refrigerator with great familiarity. He was so at ease because the housekeeper in the villa worked with him.

Earlier, the housekeeper had lit special aromatherapy in the villa. At this moment, he took off his mask, glanced at the time, got up, and walked to Cynthia's bedroom. He opened the door and saw a graceful figure wrapped in a thin blanket lying sideways on the bed.

That curvaceous figure made the guy gulp several times before saying, "She's still so beautiful and her figure is so good. I really hope that such a woman can sleep with me once."

While saying that, he took out his mobile phone, took a few photos of Cynthia asleep on the bed, and sent it to his work group with the message, "What do you think of her figure?"

The work group instantly became lively as a group of men commented on Cynthia's figure without qualms. Then, the guy put away his phone, walked to the bedside, and picked up the rag doll. He glanced at it, took out the eyeball, and said, "So it's a short circuit."

With that said, he replaced it with a new one. He was on duty tonight, so there was no one in the underground surveillance room. He had to go back to duty after this. After everything was done, he glanced at Cynthia on the bed and licked his lips.

Maybe because he had drunk tonight, he felt extra hot. As if he was bewitched, he reached out to touch Cynthia's figure. However, suddenly, a cold voice said behind him, "If you dare touch her, say goodbye to your hand!"

The sudden voice like a ghost in the dark scared the man out of his wits!

Clang!

He pulled a dagger from his waist in an instant, turned his head sharply, looked at the figure in the corner of the room, and asked coldly, "Who are you? Why are you here?"

"I was about to ask you the same question."

Click!

Philip switched on the room lights. The room was instantly brightly lit.

The man hurriedly covered his face and said coldly, "You're courting death!"

With that said, he stabbed Philip with the dagger in his hand. However, a dagger like this would not hurt Philip.

Philip raised his hand lightly, grabbed the other party's wrist, and exerted a little force!

Crack!

The sound of a broken wrist bone. The dagger also fell to the floor with a clatter.

"You're not qualified to make a move on me."

Philip stared coldly at the man who was in pain in front of him. He raised his leg and kicked the man's knee.

Thump!

The man bent his knees and knelt on the ground!

“Ah! Let go of me! I belong to the Larson family. You’re dead if you dare to touch me!”

The man knelt on the floor and struggled violently. Hearing this, Philip kicked the man in the chest and sent him flying several meters away. He crashed into the wardrobe. Then, Philip stepped on the man’s face fiercely, making his cheek press against the floor.

Screams immediately resounded in the room!

At this moment, Cynthia had already got up from the bed and hid timidly behind Philip.

“I know you belong to Silva Larson. If you want to stay alive, you have to do what I say!” Philip said coldly.

Chapter 2794

The man’s face was being stepped on by Philip and he could not put up a fight. He begged for mercy, “Okay, I’ll listen to you. Please lift your foot.”

Philip raised his foot and looked at the man on the floor who was clutching his stomach, rubbing his face, and howling. He asked coldly, “What’s your name?”

The man was startled and quickly shook his head, saying, “I don’t…”

“What is your name?” Philip repeated.

“David Wall,” the man quickly replied for fear that the killing god in front of him would accidentally trample him to death.

At this moment, David Wall finally saw the man in front of him clearly. This was Young Patriarch Clarke who crashed the Larson family’s wedding banquet this morning. Even the family head could do nothing to him. A small potato like him would be dead for sure.

Thus, with no other choice, David could only listen to Philip and ask, “Young Patriarch Clarke, as long as you don’t kill me, I’ll do whatever you want.”

Philip smiled with a nod and said, “You’re a fast learner.”

David chuckled and said, “We heard about your awesomeness during the day. You’re amazing. We can’t afford to mess with you!”

Philip could not be bothered with someone like David and asked, “How long have you been monitoring this place?”

David quickly replied, “It’s been a year. Ever since Miss Cynthia came back, the patriarch told us to keep an eye on her.”

Hearing this, Philip frowned, turned to Cynthia, and asked, “Didn’t you notice anything?”

Cynthia was wearing a thin nightgown at the moment. She shook her head pitifully and said, "No..."

David interrupted and said cheerfully, "Young Patriarch Clarke, it's impossible for Miss Cynthia to have noticed us. We're professionals and are very secretive in our work. Otherwise, Patriarch Larson wouldn't have hired us."

Philip snorted coldly and said, "Professionals? How did I catch hold of you, then?"

"Uh..." David was speechless for a while and said, "You're too good at this. I take my hats off to you."

Philip waved his hand and said, "Cut the crap. You're not allowed to say a word about what happened today. If I find out, you'll die a miserable death."

David quickly nodded and said, "I understand. I won't say a word. Please rest assured!"

"Next, just continue doing what you need to do, but I want you to install some bugs and cameras on Silva's side for me," Philip thought about it and said.

Hearing this, David was so frightened that he trembled all over and said, "Y-Young Patriarch Clarke, I can't do that. If Patriarch Larson finds out, I'm dead!"

"Oh? Do you choose to die right now, then?" Philip smirked wickedly.

Seeing this smile, David shuddered and lowered his head, looking very hesitant and distraught. He was dead either way!

What should he do?

Seeing the sweat on David's forehead, Philip smiled and said, "Don't worry. If you help me with this, I'll arrange for you to leave Fernvale and give you 10 million."

Chapter 2795

'10 million?'

Hearing this, David gulped. Then, he clenched his fists.

Since he would die either way, why not take a chance?

"Okay, Young Patriarch Clarke, I'll do it!" David nodded in response.

Philip smiled and said, "Very good. After it's done, I'll send you away from Fernvale."

Soon, David left. As he walked out the door, he felt as if he had just escaped from the gates of hell. He was sweating all over. He finally calmed down before he returned to the underground monitoring room.

Coincidentally, another man from the day shift was standing at the door of the monitoring room at the moment, smoking a cigarette unhappily. He said, "What's the matter with you? You were away for so long. Have you done the replacement already?"

David smiled and said, "Of course, I have. I just got delayed along the way."

"Hehe, I think you were just drooling over Cynthia's beauty. Hey, what's wrong with your face? Did you get hit?"

The man suddenly asked, instinctively becoming alert. David quickly said, "No, I was in a hurry to come back and stumbled on the way. Hey, why did you come here suddenly?"

The man did not take it to heart and replied, "The patriarch told me to install some monitoring devices in the place where the Clarke family's gang are staying. There was some signal failure, so I came back to get the signal device and adjust the receiver."

David hummed in response.

After a few minutes, the man left with the tool bag. David looked around and quickly sent a few text messages to Philip, informing him of Silva's plan.

Philip had returned to the villa where he stayed at this moment. When he saw the text messages sent by David, he sneered and said, "This David Wall is quite good. He got into his role so quickly. Since Silva wants to watch, let him watch."

For the next two days, Philip and the others wandered around Larson Manor leisurely. They ate, drank, and played quite comfortably.

As for 17's side, they had arranged for some punks to start harassing some of the Larson family's businesses.

Back to the Larson family meeting hall.

At this moment, several important members of the Larson family were there, including Silva and Zayn.

Bang!

"Outrageous! Who's targeting our Larson family? How dare they make such petty moves?!"

“Patriarch, in the past two days, various businesses have been disrupted by these punks and the impact is very bad!”

“Yes, Patriarch, there must be someone behind this. If this goes on, it’ll be difficult for our companies to operate normally.”

Silva sat on the main seat and listened unhappily to the complaints from the representatives of various businesses that belonged to the Larson family.

Smack!

He slapped the table and said coldly, “That’s enough! They’re just a bunch of troublemakers. Just deal with them as you should. If we’re in the wrong, just pay them if they want money. If they’re being unreasonable, find someone to drive them out!”

“Patriarch, we’ve done all that, but these people are coming one after another.”

“That’s right. Otherwise, we wouldn’t be discussing this matter with you.”

The representatives of several companies lamented. These troublemakers were clearly punks who could not be handled easily.

“Have you found out the people behind them?” Zayn asked at this moment.

The representatives shook their heads. However, Silva sneered and said, “Who else could it be but him behind the scenes?”

When Zayn heard this, he said, “Silva, are you talking about Philip Clarke?”

“Hmph!” Silva snorted coldly and said, “Who else is there besides him?”