

First Heir 3

Chapter 3

"It's just money. Who said I didn't manage to borrow any?" Philip glared viciously at Juan.

Juan was dumbstruck as his expression froze. When the surprise was still evident in his eyes, Philip tossed the plastic bag in his hand in front of him and Wynn. The bag fell with a loud thud and rolls of cash appeared before their eyes. The corner of Juan's eye twitched slightly as his lips trembled. His hands had subconsciously balled into fists.

Wynn was surprised. She stared at the money Philip had tossed in front of them, confused, but then her expression immediately turned cold as anger surfaced in her eyes.

'Where did Philip get all this money? If he had this, why didn't he take it out earlier? I even had to keep another man company by chatting happily with him! Doesn't he know how tiring it is?'

"Here's a hundred thousand. I'm paying you back all at once, including the past loans! Don't ever come here again," said Philip coldly.

Juan did not take the money. To be frank, this hundred thousand did not amount to much in his eyes. He only thought of it as a charity to the poor.

"Well done, Philip. You manage to fund this much in such a short time. But I'm curious, who would lend you so much in such a short amount of time?" Juan asked ambiguously, feeling his ego being shaken. He had stayed there just to wait for Philip to come back so he could ridicule him. Besides, he wanted to show Wynn just how terrible the man she had chosen was!

But now, the words that Juan wanted to say were all stuck in his throat. This feeling of discomfort and a lump in his throat made him antsy.

"Does it have anything to do with you?" answered Philip indifferently.

Wynn could no longer stand it. She stood up and yelled at him, "That's enough, Philip! Brother Juan has helped us out so many times now, so how can you say that?"

"Did I ask him for help? Don't you have any idea who he's doing all this for?" Philip retorted, his rage barely visible in his eyes.

Wynn was stunned. Of course, she knew why Juan cared for Mila so much. However, being exposed so directly by her husband hurt her pride. She accused, "What do you mean by this?"

Philip took a deep breath to calm his emotions. He had been arguing with Wynn a lot more recently.

"Aren't you leaving?" He moved the conversation back to Juan.

Juan snickered. He then picked up the money and left without saying more.

Wynn shot a furious glare at Philip before chasing after Juan. "Brother Juan, let me see you out!"

It was finally quiet. Philip sat down beside Mila's bed and watched his daughter sleeping soundly. He felt immense guilt.

“Mila, is it hard for you to be with Papa? But I’ll tell you what, from today onwards, you’ll be a little princess,” Philip stroked his daughter’s forehead gently with great affection in his eyes.

Just then, Wynn returned to the room. She asked coldly, “Where did you get the money from?”

Philip answered without ever looking up. “I borrowed it.”

“From who?”

“Howie.”

of relief. She had thought that he borrowed it from a loan shark. “You’ve already borrowed from him too many times. You can’t keep troubling him. Make sure to return it to him soon. I heard

return it to him as soon

together, there was still a charm to her. It was just a pity she did not know that her good-for-nothing husband, who had collapsed after one setback, was now the heir to the world’s wealthiest family. He could now summon clouds and rain with just

to borrow money this time, but what about the next? Will

spirited back then. It was also the reason why she fell for him. But after he had failed in his

was slightly irritated. “I know what to

to say, “Philip, even if it’s not for yourself, think of it as doing something for Mila. Come with me to my father’s birthday this weekend. Apologize

say anything, Wynn grew more annoyed. She stomped her foot,

room in anger, Philip finally let out a helpless sigh. Life without

had some urgent matters to take care of, so he got the nurse to look after Mila. Wynn was busy with work, so she was already back at her office. Philip got onto his scooter, refreshed his delivery list to start working again. He received

Philip knocked on the door, “Hello, your delivery

a crop top with spaghetti straps and black shorts. There was a tattoo of

delivery with a bright

“Philip?”

staring at Philip with a surprised expression as suspicion and

ears today, hehe...” Coming

him, and slammed the door shut. Philip stood dumbfounded outside the door for a

even in a room with another

on a black trench coat and trotted over in her high heels before sitting on the opposite of Philip. She took out three hundred dollars from her

at the three hundred and snorted.

and dug out another two hundred to toss onto the table. "Five hundred! Is that enough? This is worth two days

Well, that escalated quickly!

He has worked so hard for you, and you two were going to get married by the end

him?" Ruby snorted and lit a ladies' cigarette, saying nonchalantly, "Philip, why don't you just

no wonder your wife wants to divorce you, trash!" Ruby then stood up and crossed her arms, staring proudly at Philip. "Don't

waiting aside, and both of them left the hotel, arm in arm. Philip clenched his fists tightly. After he took the money on the table, he left the hotel and made

at the caller ID showed that it was

exploded from the other end. "Philip, what the f*ck are you doing?! I've received more than ten complaint phone calls! Were you delivering to Mars? Come straight back

hour, he had received more than ten

this trash trying to work at

me because I

"Say what? Philip Clarke..."

Philip hung up.

but things were different now. He had been made to inherit his family fortune and was now the heir of the world's biggest consortium, so how could he let just

dug out his phone and called George. "George, I want to repurchase my