

The First Heir 175

Chapter 175

Michael's eyes twitched. The two of them were flirting with each other in front of him. They were not respecting him at all!

Damn it!

How dare they look down on him?

Michael was furious. He pointed at Philip and shouted, "Kid, don't blame me for being vicious. You asked for all of these! Go! Cripple him and take that woman away!"

More than ten of Michael's thugs approached Philip while smirking.

Could one man defeat more than ten of them?

He overestimated his ability.

A few people in the crowd were shaking their heads and sighing helplessly.

That was it. That kid was done for.

That was Michael Moseby. He was well-known for being cruel. Whenever someone crossed him, it would be as if they had crossed a mad dog. He would target you your entire life.

However, Philip was calm in dealing with this. He took out his phone slowly and dialed a number. Then, he said coldly, "Jim, when are you getting here? I'm being blocked by your manager at your restaurant."

At the same time, a middle-aged man in a black suit was running to the entrance of the restaurant after he got out of his Land Rover. He said frantically, "Young Master, I'll be there in a second. I'm at the entrance now."

Slam! Philip hung up the phone.

Jim Winger's back was drenched in sweat and so was his forehead.

ago, he got Philip's call. He told him to come to the restaurant to stop a woman named Wynn Johnston. However,

by his manager and his men in his

bloody manager was

Oh damn! Oh damn!

to sweat from

him as the manager because he

pay for it with his life." Jim wiped away his sweat and ran into the

and started guffawing. "Well, well, well. You even know my boss,

piercing. He did not think that the man in front

However, so what?

dressed so ordinarily. How could he be

Winger would not argue with him because of Philip.

looked at Michael indifferently and said, "I

frowned. "Are you trying to stall this, kid? Alright, I want to

not in a hurry. His face was contorted from his malicious grin.

loser was just a dumb*ss. Would he really be a threat to

is not your territory. It's mine," Philip said quietly. His eyes were heated and they were

This restaurant was his.

17 restaurants in this

me! What did you say? This is your territory? Who gave you the confidence

else. He had the guts to be so ostentatious in front

he mean

trying to say that Northern

Preposterous!

such a