

## **The First Heir 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!”

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

However!

Rat- tat-tat! Rapid gunshots!

were shot and fell in a pool of blood. The scene was

the hostages were

“All the hostages have been rescued, but

“Okay. Come back first.”

He was about to head back to

car, Cyril was jolted forward and said coldly, “What’s going on?

we’ve been blocked,”

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

same time, those people had surrounded

coldly, “Run

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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!

Bang, thud!

Rumble!

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

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

"Hahaha!"

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

said, Cyril

proactive to reactive mode. They

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

surged with raging energy

and stared fixedly at the figure that suddenly appeared and said with a sneer,

stood indifferently with a chill in his eyes and said, "Your actions are beyond my limit of tolerance,

one of the masters of Terrain Villa, after all. Do you really think that I'd be

a punch with raging

Philip merely raised his hand

Bang!

punch with raging energy

### **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.

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!

resounded through the

to resist. "Argh! You're so cruel! Let go of me. I'm the master of Terrain Villa

were distorted by the

annoying!" Philip said coldly and raised his hand to form

Puff!

sword pierced through Cyril's arms

depths of his soul, Cyril's bloodshot

He stared at the indifferent Philip in front of him and said tremblingly, "How

let me experience the wrath

this, Philip exerted force on his feet again. Cyril passed

looked up at the sky, and said,

was caught in an ambush soon spread to Terrain

Bang!

#### **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.

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

I know my mistake now. On account of the past, please save me! If you can resolve this matter, I'll serve you

this, Stanley pondered in silence and said,

his waist bent, he stood respectfully

something foolish. Fortunately, Philip has rescued the hostages. If they

cold sweat. He said, "I just wanted to increase our chances

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

Thud!

have to save me! Your father has

to help you,

## **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."

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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.

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

it became

interrupted Brad Sacha's speech and said coldly, "Mr. Sacha, are you

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,

of disciple assassins from the North infiltrated Golden City and Sunbury in the South and

was taken aback and a chill flashed

all and reprimanded him at first sight. Who did he

the business of the Supernatural Bureau, which has nothing to do with you. If you're doing this for a friend, I can tell

at this point, haven't

what, I'm still the leader of the Supernatural Bureau's Southern division. What's with your attitude of yelling

## **Chapter 2686**

Brad panicked!

He looked at the documents in his hands. Every charge and allegation was enough to send his head rolling!

"Slander! This is slander! These are all false accusations. They're not done by me at all! How could I have done such things?!"

Brad roared in agitation and said with panic, "Young Patriarch Clarke, how could you joke about this kind of thing? Have I offended you? Are you framing me?"

Brad said with certainty that everything was forged by Philip.

Philip chuckled and said coldly, "Brad, things have reached this point. How long do you think you can hide? As the leader of the Southern Division in the Supernatural Bureau, you dare to collude with external enemies! You suppressed the incident of the Warren and Hart families because you have unspeakable dealings with Terrain Villa! Do you want evidence? Alright, I'll give it to you! Men, bring Cyril Hopper here!"

at

Did

in Cyril, who was covered in

Bang!

given some basic medical attention, the pain in

Philip, who stood like a

"Cyril Hopper, are you and Ernest Turner the ones who did

through the torture and only had the thought of surviving now. He

what does this have to do with me? Since they did it, you should report it to

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## **Chapter 2687**

Philip sneered and said, "Cyril, if you want to survive and save all your family members, tell the truth. Tell me if the Southern Division of the Supernatural Bureau colluded with you in the incident involving the Warren and Hart families."

Cyril's eyes flickered as he gritted his teeth and glanced at Brad who had an ugly scowl on his face. He dared not say anything because his whole family was under Brad's supervision. If he said anything, his entire family would die in the next second!

Cyril shook his head and said in a low, weak voice, "Young Patriarch Clarke, I don't know what you're talking about. I don't know Mr. Sacha at all. This is our first meeting."

Hearing Cyril's sensible remark, Brad said smugly, "Listen, Young Patriarch Clarke. I don't know Villa Master Hopper at all. So, those false accusations are slander. You're framing me."

Hearing this, Philip frowned, looked down at Cyril, and said, "Cyril, you don't have many chances. If you don't tell the truth now, aren't you afraid that the other party will silence you later?"

Cyril's heart skipped a beat. However, he had no choice. Compared to his family, his life was trivial.

Seeing Cyril's hesitation, Philip added, "Villa Master Jefferson, bring them in..."

"Yes!"

were led

into tears. He stared at Philip and roared miserably, "Young

rescued your family members for

Brad sweated profusely and said sternly, "Young Patriarch Clarke, this is kidnapping and a deliberate attempt at

simply ignored

friends. Brad Sacha

on the floor. His eyes

is a false accusation! I don't know you at all! What about the Warren and Hart families? It has

chance. He asked the guards to take Cyril and the others away. After that, he stared at Brad coldly and asked grimly,

and refused to admit it. He said, "Young Patriarch Clarke, I absolutely didn't do it! I don't know anything about the Warren and Hart families. This is an obvious setup! I've never offended you in any way, so why are you

Philip stepped forward, stared at him coldly, and said, "Brad, at this point, it doesn't matter whether you admit it or

## **Chapter 2688**

He had to point everyone out?

Brad panicked. He would offend many people if he did that. Could he still survive then?

With that thought, Brad shook his head and said, "I can't do that, Young Patriarch Clarke. If I point everyone out, I'll die all the same."

Philip snorted coldly and said, "Do you think you'll have a chance to survive in front of the director?"

Brad trembled at that remark. It was better to offend everyone else than to be punished by the director!

Thus, Brad slumped to the floor, his eyes dull.

Seeing his state, Philip did not dwell on this topic and said to Leon behind him, "Villa Master Jefferson, please send someone to watch over Mr. Sacha and make sure he's properly fed and served. After the disciple competition two days later, bring him in."

Young Patriarch

means were simply too explosive. He took down Brad Sacha

Southern Division in the Supernatural Bureau, a high-ranking figure. Even Leon had to treat him  
was Philip's

Ernest's ears in Terrain Villa. Of course, the news was deliberately released by Philip to make the  
opponent flustered so that he

hall, Ernest smashed the teacup in his hand, stood up angrily, and roared, "That

detained and Cyril's confession. Now, he must

"Men!" Ernest shouted angrily.

on one knee, and

off immediately! If they don't bring Cyril's head back with them, they can atone

"Yes!"

responded and quickly left

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### **Chapter 2689**

The door of the ancient building was closed, and the room was dark and secluded. Only two rows of dim lamps were lit on both sides of the hall, which seemed very quiet. In the main hall, there were two pillars carved with dragons and phoenixes on each side. On both sides of the pillars, there were ponds about half an arm deep with lotus lamps and some small black fish.

13 steps led up to a high platform at the end of the hall. An ancient podium carved with a dragon stood atop the high platform.

At this moment, a withered old man with scant gray hair and a hunched back sat cross-legged on the podium.

After Ernest entered, he immediately bent down, walked cautiously to the bottom of the steps, and prostrated on the floor. He greeted, "Grandmaster..."

The old man on the podium opened his profound eyes, looked at the kneeling Ernest below, and said in a gruff, deep voice, "Get up."

Ernest stood up but was still bent over.

The old man on the podium asked, "Is something wrong with the villa? Why are you here in such a hurry?"

Ernest again wailed, "Grandmaster, you

man's aura suddenly became dark as he said, "Tell me what's

wants to destroy Terrain Villa. I'm really forced into the corner

anger burst out from

me that Clarke

Grandmaster. It's that Clarke family! Their young patriarch is Philip Clarke. According to the information I received, he's

"Roger Clarke?!"

in rage. "Is that old

patriarch of the Clarke family, Roger Clarke's son. It seems that the feud between the Turner family and the

Turner family

circle of energy aura and the power of rules rippled outward

## **Chapter 2690**

Back to Philip's side.

Cyril and his family members were placed in two separate suites.

It was midnight now.

Suddenly, a group of 12 assassins appeared at the hotel downstairs. They looked at each other before going their separate ways. They quickly ran from the outer wall of the hotel to their respective target points. Yes, these people ran over the walls like geckos at top speed!

Lights could be seen in the two suites. The 12 people used advanced tools, broke open the windows quietly, and jumped inside!

Soft sounds of footsteps landing.



In Cyril's suite, he lay on the bed in bandages and was on drips. He breathed weakly. Suddenly, he opened his eyes as if sensing the danger. However, a shiny dagger soon appeared in front of him. He wanted to scream for help, but the other party had covered his mouth with leather gloves!

Swish!

neck, Cyril felt a

this group of people too. The 12 Killers were the most powerful assassins in the North. They were all disciple killers in the fifth zone, and the leader was the former

much. Villa Master Turner

Cyril gave up resistance and closed his eyes. Just as

Bang!

of fully armed guards quickly rushed out from all corners of the room with guns aimed at the people around the bed. Red

assassin narrowed his eyes and threw the dagger in his hand at a guard without hesitation. They had been engaged in assassination missions and knew

Rat-tat-tat!

suite. Amid the gunshots, several figures jumped back and forth

Bang, thud!

flying by the other party. Some were even kicked out the window and fell dozens o. meters

of guards. However, it was a one-sided fight. After all, these six were disciples of

six were enjoying the kill, a languid figure suddenly walked out from behind the