

## The First Heir 421

### Chapter 421

Philip sighed and said, "Soon. I don't want to make a move before going back home."

The man in the shadows said no more before leaving.

The next day, Philip returned to the villa and saw that Martha had already taken over more than half of it.

She had moved all the things from their old residence over, and she even told Philip with considerable pride, "What do you think? I did a good job decorating the place, didn't I?"

Philip glanced around for a while and then went upstairs for a look too. He soon realized that she had somehow turned the villa into what looked like a residential shack.

She had even taken over the master bedroom he shared with Wynn.

In fact, she even moved their wedding photo to the smaller bedroom downstairs.

Martha saw how stormy his expression was when he came downstairs from the master bedroom. She immediately knew what she had done wrong, so she snuck a glance at Charles next to her.

Charles ignored her and earned a glare from her.

"Move all your things out!"

Philip's expression was dark as he glared fiercely at Martha.

Martha was very reluctant to leave. The master bedroom was luxurious and she had fallen in love with it, so there was no way she would want to leave.

this house with her money. Besides, are you asking me and

said unreasonably, "Both your father and I are old, so we should get

won't waste my breath on you. Move your things out of my room before the end of today. If I see your things still

left without turning

properly incensed

to be so harsh on us? What did he

She plopped her butt

you should treat Philip better from now on.

crazy woman so blind to these

saying now, Charles

She had

What did Philip give me for my birthday? It was a piece of authentic work from the Tang Bohu, that all? He just stumbled across it at a hundred million, right? Do you think he found that at a market too? He just gave it to the old man but now that the idea was planted in her mind, up shook his head, sighing. "Listen to me, and be more to play chess stayed sitting on the couch, but the more she thought about it, the what was the matter secretly be from a wealthy rich, why would he suffer at the Johnstons' for

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Martha took a moment to process that and then instantly blew up. "What do you mean by that, Philip? Your uncle is inviting you to dinner, but you can't be bothered? Do you think I want to invite you? If you want to say hi, come over yourself!"

Martha then hung up in a huff.

That Philip was getting more unreasonable by the day.

Philip was a little taken aback too, but it seemed like he had no choice. He had to attend that night, after all.

He gave Wynn a call, telling her he was going to pick her up from work that night.

It just so happened that George had just bought him a car recently. It was nothing too fancy, just a BMW 5 Series. That would do for his purposes.

That night, Philip drove his brand-new BMW and waited for Wynn outside her office building.

When she saw the new car, Wynn froze for a long while too. She was both pleasantly surprised and confused. "Where did you get the money to buy this car?"

Philip leaned on the car door, wearing shades. He looked quite dashing like that.

He then bowed slightly and opened the car door, inviting Wynn to get into the car like a true gentleman.

Philip said, "I told you, right? I still have some change left over, so I bought this car for you. That way you won't have to take the public transport to work every day."

Wynn was quite touched, but she rolled her eyes anyway and said, "Don't spend your money so recklessly after this, you hear me?"

Philip shrugged in reply.

to treat them to dinner here, it meant

Wynn stopped the car at the front door and handed the keys to the

they saw that Charles, Martha, and their uncle Mont Renner were already there. Mont's entire family

Mont, Aunt

relatives

greeted each of them

at him with derision,

all. She watched Philip take his seat with eyes full of contempt. Just look at him, acting as though he had never had a meal

they have

Fern Milner, looked very much like her. Although the older woman was already past forty, she was quite stylishly dressed. She gave Philip a sideways look and said coolly, "Looks like

looked down on Philip

watched them coldly without a word. Inwardly, she was already counting all of Philip's faults

she would not have invited him. He was an embarrassment after

Martha was also quite annoyed by

moment he walked into the room. In a way, that was

at Fern in confusion too. They then turned to look at the man who

immediately read the room. It seemed that the Renners were not particularly fond of

the strangers' lips curved

atmosphere was slightly

and smiling sheepishly. "In that

turned around, the mild smile on

how Fern had taunted him at

been hiding his identity back then, and he did not want any trouble,

now. He did not need to tolerate their boasting

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Wynn paused and looked at Philip suspiciously. She was very confused.

Uncle Mont and his family had already insured them to such an extent, so why was Philip saying they would stay?

Martha was enraged too. She had already stood up and prepared to leave, but she froze when Philip said that.

Now she could not go or stay.

Well, that was awkward.

“What are you doing, Philip? Who told you to babble? Hurry up and apologize to your aunt and uncle?”

Martha was left with nothing better to do, so she took her temper out on Philip as usual.

The Renners were doing very well for themselves in Golden City. They were the richest and most powerful out of all their distant relatives.

As a result, they took every chance they could get to insult the Johnstons.

As the years passed, Martha grew gradually more intimidated by the Renners. These days, she was relatively tamer the moment she saw them.

Although Charles used to be a section head, that was still nothing compared to what Mont Renner had achieved.

There was no helping it. After all, the latter was based in Golden City, the heart of the Riverside region.

Besides, Mont had a great many connections.

“Why should I apologize, Mom? Don’t forget, Wynn is now the chairwoman of her company. Why should we bow to them?”

Philip said, rather crossly.

The moment he said that, the atmosphere in the room changed.

Philip and then at Wynn, eyes narrowed in

of her

tone

Martha’s head cleared, and she

Her company even received an investment of a billion bucks from him. In other words, Wynn was every bit as established as Mont now, so why was Martha

only got promoted a short while ago, and only to the position of chairwoman. It’s nothing much to shout about, even

could easily tell that Martha was obviously

pretty brows and muttered to herself, “A

looked around her and  
that her nephew, Wynn Johnston,  
the table immediately plummeted to rock-bottom, and  
and Philip a smile, saying, "Wynn, Philip, hurry up and sit. Ignore your aunt, she's been in a bad  
took their seats again, accepting  
other contemptuous gazes from around the table landed on Philip  
could proudly announce that they were tied to their wives' apron  
get together that often,  
smile, "I also invited one of the higher-ups here at Riverdale over. He'll be here  
and soon they launched into the usual greetings  
daughter sure is pretty, Renner.  
middle-aged man looked at Cindi and asked her  
a marriage between his son and Mont's daughter. After all, the Renners were  
organizing this dinner for a director  
his  
work with me and insisted on going to work at Lambda Property instead. She's doing  
him quite proud even though she worked away from  
that's impressive! Lambda is one of the top five  
in visible surprise and  
replied with a polite smile, "You're flattering me, Aunt Sunny. I'm just

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### **Chapter 424**

"Oh, a delivery boy? But that makes no sense, didn't he say his wife is a chairwoman or something?"  
said someone in surprise.

"A chairwoman? What does it matter if she's the chairwoman of some two-bit company?"

Fern rudely called Philip out. "Stop stuffing your face like that, Philip. Can't you hear that your elders are talking to you?"

She was proud and arrogant!

Mont saw what she was doing and wanted to stop her, but eventually he just shook his head helplessly.

He had already done enough to protect these poor relatives of his.

To be honest, he also wanted to use this chance to wake Philip up. He wanted to show Philip just how far behind he had fallen so far the latter might buck up and go to work like a proper adult.

It was so embarrassing for a man to live off his wife like that.

Martha also glared at Philip, who was still preoccupied with his food. She yelled, "Philip, your aunt is talking to you! Say something!"

Philip was embarrassing enough at home, but why did he have to embarrass her when they were outdoors as well?

At the same time, Wynn secretly tugged at Philip's hand, signalling at him to be patient.

They were all family, so he would just have to tolerate this for a bit.

Finally, Philip put his chopsticks down and smiled sheepishly. "Thank you for your concern, Aunt Fern. I'll do my best."

"Haha, don't be mad at me for being a little strict with you, okay? Considering your background, if you don't put more effort into getting a decent job, what will become of your future?"

elder, teaching Philip an unsolicited lesson. "Even if Wynn is some chairwoman now, she's only the leader of a small company. How much can she earn every year? If a man doesn't work harder, all he'll get

absolutely right, Aunt Fern. I'll work

waste his time on this woman's nonsense, and he had

Mont. I toast to your health and

that, Philip stood up, held up his wine

just said. Philip is my husband, and

but now

she sniggered and said, "Sure. I won't say anything if you insist on keeping such a useless

her breath, "What are

watched the drama like mere spectators, their contempt

to anything in life

did not even dare to fight back after someone else insulted him so badly.

What a worthless wretch!

read their expressions to some extent. The Renners were still his relatives and elders, so it was one thing for them to tell him off.

his feet excitedly. "He's here! Come on, follow me and

All of them stood up and  
at the front of the group, while Philip stood on the edges, chatting happily with  
“Are you alright?”  
she was quite fed-up with all these  
Wynn’s smooth little face. “It’s fine, I’m used to it. I can deal with  
witnessed their little interaction, and her impression of Philip  
has is a sweet  
the fray too, her  
face slightly to look at Cindi. She wore jeans over her slender straight legs and a pink coat over her  
ample bosom. Philip decided not to  
men should not fault women like  
Ambrosia. He looked gentlemanly and wore glasses,

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### **Chapter 425**

Nick rapidly approached Philip, visibly delighted as he said, “You’re here too, Mr. Clarke! What a pleasure it is to see you here.”

Philip was talking to Wynn. When he heard Nick’s voice, he raised his head and found that he did not know the man in front of him. “And you are?”

“Oh, you wouldn’t remember little old me. I’m in charge of property matters in these parts, my name is Nick Cage. The ruckus my son Mickey caused at Longford today was my fault, I didn’t raise him well enough. I hope you don’t mind, Mr. Clarke.”

Nick heaped on the flattery, his words filled with adulation.

Philip finally remembered who he was. He said with a smile, “Good to see you too, Director Cage.”

Nick wanted to talk to Philip more and get closer to him, but Mont and the others were also approaching them now, looking far from pleased.

Next to Philip, Wynn was looking at him suspiciously.

So Philip even knew the higher-ups in the property circle?

“Hey, do you know Nick Cage?”

Wynn tugged at Philip’s hand and looked at him dubiously.

Philip thought it over and nodded. “I guess I do. I’ll tell you more later.”

Just then, a deep voice behind him demanded,

“What are you doing, Philip? Why aren’t you greeting Mr. Cage properly?”

Mont’s expression was cold now. Philip’s nonchalant look was inevitably ticking him off.

This man was their most important guest for the night. He was a director in the Land Registry, so if anything went awry now, Mont’s plans to enter the Riverdale property market would go up in smoke!

That was why everything had to go smoothly!

wonder that he was somewhat angry

for indulging your broke relatives. What will you do if he

wife, Fern, tore down the last

at Philip’s useless face. Peasants like him in the family will eventually cause the downfall of us  
mother’s side as

the first place, and she used to be quite envious of Wynn too, so of course she would  
off, his expression cold.

was baffled. What had he done

saw that the

they asking Mr. Clarke to apologize

no laughing

Nick down a peg, his entire family

talk to

“Mr. Clarke?”

was taken aback. Did Nick respect

That made no sense!

one of the leaders here at Riverdale, while Philip was just his relative’s worthless son-in-law who lived

What was happening here?

not the only one confused. His wife,

is just

asked, voicing

by its cover. Someone like you has no right

flashed across Nick’s face. He wanted to give Mont a tongue-lashing

Preposterous!



say that about

too. He could clearly see that Nick truly respected

going

Who was Philip?

## **Chapter 426**

“Renner, why aren’t you apologizing to Mr. Clarke? Don’t you want your project to be approved?”

Nick stopped smiling and began to weaponize his authority instead.

Mont immediately panicked. Very reluctantly, he told Philip, “Sorry, I was rude to you just now. I hope you won’t hold it against your uncle.”

Philip smiled. “No worries, Uncle Mont. We are family, after all.”

Everyone burst out laughing at that, all to try and ease the tension in the air.

Only Cindi and her mother continued to look constipated. They wanted to criticize Philip some more, but they never expected that good-for-nothing to know someone as impressive as Nick Cage.

The others were shocked as well, but they hid their reaction behind awkward smiles.

Just a second ago, that man was a worthless wretch just about anyone could criticize, but now they were saying that he was friends with Nick Cage, a director at the Land Registry. What a miraculous turn of events!

Everyone returned to the room, but over the meal, all the attendees could see just how much Nick respected Philip. It showed in his every word and action.

They were inevitably confused. Nick Cage stood above them all, but he seemed to look up at that shabbily-dressed good-for-nothing.

They soon polished up their dinner. After they sent Nick off, everyone else who remained in the room looked at Philip quite differently.

Mont kicked his wife under the table, gesturing at her with his brows.

“Philip, do you really know Nick Cage? Why didn’t you tell me sooner?”

Fern batted her lashes at him, her attitude completely different from before. “I hope you won’t take what I said just now to heart. Here, I’ll drink this as an apology.”

that, she quietly downed a glass of white

property market this year. Since you know Mr. Cage, and since he seems to respect you quite a bit, could you put in a word or two for your uncle? Maybe find out what it’s

said from her

career, she

I'm a useless good-for-nothing, right? I don't think I can help Uncle Mont all that  
smiled and did

Inwardly, she burst out swearing at the rude brat, but then she forced herself to smile awkwardly,  
mom out? Do you really think you're all that? So you know that Cage guy, so what? Do you think  
she saw how cocky Philip

end of the day, he was still

and be more polite to Philip from now on. He's

turned red and told Cindi

"Hmph!"

in front of her chest and looked at

me a hand? It's okay if you can't. Don't

his bets on Philip. After all, the latter had never made anything of

Cage would

over and then turned

Philip to ask her to make

can, why not? We are family, in the

a smile. All of a sudden, it felt like her position was elevated, and she was unbelievably proud

ever said that her husband was

help, he would not delay any further, so

said, "If you have time tomorrow, Mr. Renner, come over to the Land Registry and we can talk things

you, Mr. Cage, thank

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### **Chapter 427**

Wynn was beside herself with anxiety. "I don't know! The hospital called and said it was an accident."

An accident?

F\*ck!

Philip slammed the gas and raced toward the hospital.

Once they reached the hospital, Wynn scrambled out of the car. There were a great many ambulances crowding the entrance, and the casualties kept streaming in.

The hospital was in complete chaos!

Several dozen nurses and doctors were yelling at the top of their voices,

“Over here, over here! This one’s critical! Stop the bleeding, stat!”

“We need oxygen over here!”

“Hurry up and get more hands in from other hospitals! Call the director!”

The scene was a complete mess. There was an endless stream of victims covered in blood getting carted out of the ambulances!

The whole place smelled of blood!

There were missing arms and legs everywhere!

The wailing never stopped!

Wynn was faint with shock. Her entire body trembled and she clapped her hand over her mouth, looking for something amongst the bodies covered with white sheets on the ground.

“Mom? Dad? Where are you?”

her

corpses under the white sheets. It was a

he could

be

her. There was a

I don’t see my

came from the depths of her

He would be at a loss if anything happened to them

doctor! Do you know if there are any patients called Martha Yates and Charles

could not hold back for another second, so she grabbed one of the doctors as he ran past, covered in

“Are you their family?”

and Philip suspiciously. He clearly recognized

Where are my parents?

to imagine the

“They’re over there.”

at a corridor leading into the hospital lounge. There were

as she looked, Wynn found her parents sitting in a

“Mom! Dad!”

arms around Martha and Charles, bawling

So close!

just

goodness they

Wynn, I was nearly

choked with sobs as well. That had been quite

so many people died on the spot. Thankfully, their driver was a professional, and their car only fell on its side. They sustained wounds on their foreheads and some scratches here and

they were relatively

“Are you okay, Mom?”

heaved a sigh of relief when he saw that his in-laws were alright. He ran up to

you see how badly we’re hurt?

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### **Chapter 428**

“What, now the two of you are ganging up to defend that wretch? Won’t you spare a thought for me at all?”

Martha was furious and especially unhappy when she saw that Charles and Wynn were united against her.

She was the master of this household.

Philip was nothing!

“Mom, could you stop being so unreasonable?”

Wynn was flabbergasted. What was wrong with her mother now? Why did she have such a temper all of a sudden?”

“I’m being unreasonable? Look at him, he’s just standing there! He could’ve at least asked to look at our wounds. We might seem fine at first, but what if we’re more badly injured somewhere you can’t see? All he’s doing is standing there. I bet he just wants us to die as soon as possible!”

Martha said fiercely, her brows raised viciously and her expression icy. Her gaze shone with her rage at Philip.

“Alright, Mom, Dad. I’ll go call a doctor now.”

Philip had no choice. He turned and jogged off to get a doctor.

Even Philip had no idea how he had survived three years with such an unreasonable nightmare of a mother-in-law.

After Philip left, Martha pouted and muttered under her breath, "See, he's totally doing it on purpose. He just stood there like an idiot for so long instead of getting a doctor for your dad and me."

To Martha, Philip's very existence was a mistake right now.

Helpless, Wynn took Martha's hand and said carefully, "Mom, you can't treat Philip like that from now on. What on earth did he do wrong? We've been married for three years, and we even have Mila. Is he not your son-in-law? Is Mila not your granddaughter?"

I want to treat him like

to him? Sure, if he has a few millions in savings, or if his family has some clout. I'll never recognize such a good-for-nothing

pressed her lips

that, he would probably chuckle coldly to

was worth several hundred billions in itself, and that was just the tip

family's influence, it went further

Much further!

mouth to yourself, Martha. Have you already forgotten how Director Cage treated Philip at

have such a goldfish

Cage

everything

eyes widened at

accident had scared those memories

Registry, treated that

to be

you know what's going on there,

know either. Maybe

"Sure."

Martha nodded.

had to figure out exactly that brat managed

back and rest for a couple

earlier. All

I feel real dizzy right now, so please give me another

insisted, holding her head

stunned. What was wrong with this woman? She just wanted to

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### **Chapter 429**

On the way, she called Joel as well. She had been calling him over the past few days, but he never picked up.

Of course, Martha heard the rumor that the Harrises had moved away from Riverdale. Even Ronald's company had supposedly moved away.

Naturally, Martha was worried.

Joel was her dream son-in-law, after all.

"Hey, we're supposed to be going to the Hong Kong cafe. Where are you going?"

Martha looked out the window and realized that the cabbie was not going the right way. Where was he heading?

This was the road that led away from the city!

"Hey, do you know the way? If you don't, I'm getting out!"

Martha had some harsh words for the cabbie. "What an idiot! Why drive a cab when you don't even know the way? Are you trying to fleece me? I'm no tourist! Put on your meter, I'll lodge a complaint later!"

on and on from the

noticed that the cabbie wore a cap and a

he

the car door desperately, yelling, "I wanna get out! Let

and Martha's head smashed into the

Her hands and legs were tied to a

Mmmgh-mmgh-mgh!

a mess, and she kept mumbling into the tape, feeling

a long while, someone finally walked through the door. He held a baseball bat, and wore a cap and a

and viciously ripped the tape off her

Riiip!

Martha's lips immediately tore, and

"Ah! Help, help!"

took a deep gulp of air and

one responded to her

at the panicked, horrified Martha coldly. In a low voice, he said, "You can save your breath. We're more than twenty kilometers away from the city, and this abandoned factory is the only structure within five

### **Chapter 430**

Had she been kidnapped?

The driver threw away his instant noodles and walked over with a baseball bat.

The sound of it against the floor triggered Martha's every nerve.

She yelled, "Don't kill me! I'll give you money, I'll give you money!"

However, when she saw the person after he got closer, she was completely stunned as if she had been struck by lightning.

"You!" Martha screamed in terror.

The driver in a black skintight outfit removed his cap and guffawed malevolently. He said, "Aunt Martha, I trust you've been well since we last met. It looks like you still remember me."

"Joel... Joel, did you get the wrong person? I asked you to teach Philip, that useless bum, a lesson. Please let me go. My head hurts. Take me to the hospital now."

Martha wailed. She was petrified.

Joel was only two steps away from her. He squatted down, and she could see that his face was so thin he looked disfigured. His eyes were sunken, and he had dark eye circles. He looked like a ghost.

"Shhh." Joel lifted a finger in front of his cracked lips. He laughed sinisterly, "Aunt Martha, I didn't get the wrong person."

Did not get the wrong person?

terrified. She sobbed

He said angrily, "You don't know what you've done? Do you know the reason I'm like this is because of you? You're also the reason the Harrises went

now! It's all because of your

don't know what you're talking about? Joel, if

“Let you go?”

reached out his hand

She did not know

Joel was too scary.

like this once be

be a mistake. I really

was terror-stricken. Her entire

no idea? I’ll beat

her stomach, then grabbed the baseball bat and started attacking Martha for as long as

when Martha lay on the floor

I was wrong...

It was as if

It was so painful!

felt like she

for me and I’ll promise not to

the badly wounded Martha on the floor with

the brink of death. She got up and knelt on the floor as if she had seen a glimpse of hope. She hugged Joel’s leg and begged. “I-I’ll do it. I’ll do it. I’ll do it,