

## **The First Heir 641**

### **Chapter 641**

Swoosh!

The car door slammed to a close, and it drove away in an instant!

When Philip first laid eyes on the black car, he already knew that it was dangerous. However, he was five or six meters away from Wynn at the time!

The car also blocked his view, so he had no idea what was happening there!

“Philip, save me!”

Wynn cried out with all her strength the second before she was pulled into the car!

She knew that Philip was the only one who could save her!

Philip was the person she trusted the most in the world right now, the man who could give her a sense of security unlike anyone else!

Philip’s eyes gleamed. He never expected anyone to commit such a crime like this in the middle of broad daylight!

He barely even had time to think. When he saw that car zooming away, he made a run straight at it, sprinting at it like an Olympic runner.

However, Philip could not get far before a few motorcycles came crashing right into him!

They were totally aiming to kill!

least 120

even pausing to look, he

Bam!

one of the bikes, and the rider lost his balance, crashing onto the ground and then

somersaults as well, falling bloodied onto the ground

Pfft!

sound of something slicing

waist, coming at Philip rapidly as he swung his blade

shot a tile

and his body slanting as he

before he even registered what

He glanced at the black car that was quickly getting away, and then turned to stare at the last rider, who was drawing his

Bang!

last rider pulled the trigger, a golden bullet flying from the nozzle amidst

grateful for the torturous training that

looked in wide-eyed shock as

Was he even human?

His moves were incredible!

the time he turned around, a sharp knife with a gleaming edge

the speeding bike himself, immediately going

spent a couple

“Rick, Wynn’s been kidnapped!”

## **The First Heir**

### **Chapter 642**

Philip had not wanted to reveal his identity, but people kept interfering in his personal life lately, so he had no choice but to slowly expose his true self and what he was capable of.

This sudden incident in particular opened his eyes to the fact that he was still not prepared at all for this!

If Wynn was hurt because of him, Philip would never forgive himself!

He was no superman. Right here and now, he could feel that chill crawling through his entire body!

That feeling set him off to no end!

Philip knew that he was feeling fear. He was terrified!

If the assailants got their grubby hands on Wynn in the car, no matter how strong Philip was or how rich his family was, what else could he do to stop them?

Philip was furious. He could not forgive himself, and he definitely could not forgive the mastermind behind this!

With a loud vroom, several bikes swerved into Philip’s way!

Philip’s bike stopped in the middle of the road as he faced off against five men in black uniforms. They kept revving their engines, the air filling with the roars from their bikes!

Philip looked at them coldly, emanating an earth-shattering killing intent!

As he looked at the five people opposite him, he could clearly see the sneer in their eyes through their helmet visors!

meters apart. That distance was nothing  
came zooming toward Philip, pulling long  
He also abruptly let go of the brakes, flying  
at him, Philip lifted his front wheel into

Clang!

knives clashed with the metal body of the bike,  
swung a kick to the side, sending the

settled back onto his bike, both his body and his wheels landing steadily on the ground. He then swung  
the tail end of the

mouth into a sneer when he saw how spectacular Philip's moves

Bang!

and a bullet shot

did a

he received his next orders from his earpiece. He gave Philip a cold

saw the assassins leave, he did not go

At the entrance, he saw some abandoned bikes

the way here.

man in a black tracksuit and black shades, with a very deep scar down his forehead. He sat on the hood  
of an abandoned car in the park, playing with

stood at the entrance to the abandoned car park. Once he looked carefully, he saw that there

a black spaghetti-strap top, complete with a black leather jacket. Her hair was tied into a ponytail, and  
there were two scimitars strapped to her thighs. She was staring

them were

ability. They were all professional assassins,

## **The First Heir**

### **Chapter 643**

Philip harrumphed coldly and did not hold back. He stuck out his hand and instantly caught the rider's  
punch!

Next, he lifted his foot and stomped on the man's chest!

Bam!

Philip's foot caught the man squarely in his chest, sending him flying five meters away and crashing into a stack of abandoned cars!

Crash!

The stack of cars collapsed as a result of the impact, and the vehicles fell onto the man's motionless body! There was no knowing if he even survived that!

The other four assassins were instantly alert. They had to be after Philip finished off that rider so promptly!

Philip clenched his hands into fists, his eyes gleaming coldly.

"Tell me who the mastermind is!"

"Haha, you're pretty good, huh? But we have our own rules. If you want to know, you'll have to ask us yourself."

the shades did not seem too bothered about his companion's chances of survival. His eyes were one chance. Since you're that

as cold as

...

white bathrobe sitting in his presidential suite and listening to some light music nonchalantly. He

none other

had finally gotten his hands on

had been waiting for this day for so

sensed someone next to her. She quickly turned and saw Marcus's nasty grin next

Where am I? How did I

feeling dizzy. All she remembered was that she had been dragged into a car, and then they used something to knock her out.

the

could not exert any power at

you're awake,

pounced at her, trying

away! You monster! You're breaking the

not stupid. She just had to use her brain slightly; it was not hard

behind

do unspeakable things

chuckled coldly and grabbed Wynn's fair chin, looking at

## **The First Heir**

### **Chapter 644**

"You'll fulfill our wishes? Haha, you better get a good look around you. We're the ones who will take your life!"

The two men drew guns from their belts and looked at Philip sardonically.

If their client had not demanded they take him back alive, Philip would be dead by now!

Philip looked at them coldly and then turned his gaze toward the man with the shades.

"Don't waste your breath on him. Break his limbs and send him to the rendezvous spot. Just get the money and scam, we can't be late for our next appointment!"

"Alright, allow me!"

The two assassins exchanged a look and aimed their guns at Philip's hands and feet!

However, the second they were about to pull the trigger, they were stunned to see that Philip had vanished from the spot!

The very next moment, they felt a wave of killing intent wash over them from behind. It was several times more intense than their own!

They were all survivors from the battlefield who had seen more than their fair share of life and death!

Even so, both of them were now shaking from head to toe. That killing intent felt almost solid, like an actual blade piercing through their chests!

By the time they looked down at their chests, both of them saw a sharp dagger piercing through their body from behind!

It hurt!

It hurt so much, as though they were being torn apart!

them could clearly feel the pain blossoming from

short of a demon, as his killer whispered into his ear, "I

Bathump!

men collapsed onto the

and the woman, both of whom looked stunned. His voice was icy as

abandoned car park, across the two men lying in pools of their own

emitted a cold gleam as he looked at the man in shades sitting on the car hood and

Damn it!

hell

in shades finally lost his cool, terror in his

some of the better killers in their organization, but they amounted to nothing when faced with Philip. He got rid of

in shades did not even see how

a fighting

No, a legend!

finally understood the meaning of death. He was more afraid

mission this time was probably destined

on earth are

man in shades asked as he stood up, gripping his dagger tightly. He was

coldly. "Didn't your master

"Bold words! Now die!"

hard against the ground and dashing toward Philip. The dagger he held was nothing

man was no pushover, but all resistance was

and lifted his leg, slamming his knee into

Crack!

the sound of ribs

## **Chapter 645**

"S-She..."

Bang bang!

There were two consecutive gunshots!

Philip quickly swung the man in front of him like a shield, and the two bullets sunk into the assassin's back!

His female colleague had made her move. Since her first attempt did not work, she did not linger, leaving in the blink of an eye.

Philip frowned deeply, looking at the man in shades. The latter was lying on the ground with blood bubbling out of his mouth, so Philip knew that he was not getting any answers there.

He quickly called Rick and soon found his answer.

Curse that Marcus Quaid!

Curse the entire Quaid family!

Had the previous incident not taught them anything?!

How dare they try something like this!

...

At a presidential suite at United International Hotel.

“Hehe, give it up, Wynn. I promise I’ll treat you well.”

Marcus was holding a piece of Wynn’s dress that he had torn off her body. He brought it to his nostrils and took a deep whiff before spreading his lips into a creepy grin.

the room, armed with the bedside lamp. Her face was stained with tears as she howled hoarsely,

“Help! Help, save me!”

only sounds in the large presidential suite

he approached her, one step at a time. Despair filled her heart, and tears continued to trickle from

save

pounced at her in the corner. He had been waiting for this moment

onto the bed and then pressed his body over hers, trapping

fight, kept screaming at the top of

the very last second, she cried out in despair,

Bam!

Crash!

a tremendous

eyes flew open, and she saw a large and powerful body standing

he

never before been

wanted to kill someone so

that would kill anyone who

covers and blanketed her body with it. He then bent

was still dazed. She gripped the covers tightly, feeling the very real warmth of real embrace around her.

Her body was

here. It was

alright. Everything is alright

Philip kept consoling her.

back the hair

up and walked over to Marcus, who was still

“Why are you here?!”

He seemed to have broken a few ribs,

scarier part was that Marcus had not even seen how Philip managed to get in

this man

Smack!

## **The First Heir**

### **Chapter 646**

He read the specter of death in Philip’s icy eyes. It was extremely vivid, as though Philip could kill him with a snap of his fingers!

Why did he disobey Uncle Len? Why did he insist on opposing Philip?

Marcus was filled with regret right now. He would gladly beg Philip for mercy on his knees.

However, it was all futile now. He was still the second son of the Quaid family, the heir to their fortune. No, he had the right to be proud!

He did not believe that Philip would actually kill him!

“No way! You wouldn’t dare to kill me! I’m the second son of the Quaid family, I represent the Quaid!”

Marcus roared, trying to catch the attention of the guards outside by yelling.

However, it was all for naught.

Rick had disposed of all the guards outside.

“If you touch me, you’re making an enemy of the Quaid family. If anything happens to me, the entire family will come after your life! Trust me, we’re more than capable of that! No matter how strong you are, can you protect your family? Your friends? What about her? Don’t you think my family will come after her with a vicious vengeance?”

Marcus had leverage. Once he remembered that, he no longer feared anything. In fact, he only grew bolder.

Smack!

him



shut

be the second son of the Quaid, but the Quaid has always been nothing to me! Or

His older brother?

suddenly thought that he had to be planning something bad. Marcus shuddered despite

teeth in his mouth, glaring at Philip. "I'm warning you, Philip, you should leave while you can. If Uncle Len finds you here, you won't be able

of death, but you're still worried about others? No, I think you're scared of me, aren't you? That's why you want me to leave,

then removed his foot from Marcus's chest, pulling a fruit knife from the coffee

to kill Marcus. It was his first time wanting to kill someone else so

no fool. He wanted to

he decided to give Marcus a

crouching next to Marcus. The latter squirmed backward in fear, asking in a panic, "W-What are you

the moment you

chuckled coldly and minced no more

Pfft!

"Argh!"

a scream as Marcus clapped his hand around his bloody groin. He curled up into a ball, kneeling in a pool of his

covered in blood, like a

want to kill you! I want to

crimson as

lost his

and looked down at Marcus, who had fainted from the pain. He then brought his foot down and trampled the lost

about regaining any

## **Chapter 647**

Philip carried Wynn out of the hotel.

At the door, Rick gave them a glance before he left as well.

Soon, Theo reached the scene, but what he saw immediately gave him a headache.

That was the second young master of the Quaid family from Capital City!

This was going to be a big deal!

A storm was coming right for Riverdale soon.

“What should we do, Theo? This is Master Marcus Quaid from Capital City.”

Tiger stood next to Theo, his large body looking awkward as he scratched the back of his head helplessly.

Theo frowned slightly, his eyes focused on Marcus, who lay unconscious in the room. He sighed in exasperation.

“Send him away. Things will get messy soon, so tell our men to prepare.”

Theo said, his expression determined.

He was not going to betray Philip. Way back then, he had acknowledged Philip as his leader.

Even if a bloody tragedy ensued, he was going to have Philip’s back!

After that battle in the villa, Theo’s determination had only strengthened further.

had hailed a cab and

in the master bedroom, desperately trying to wash the filth off

offered her a cup of steaming

It’s good for

“Right, thanks.”

hair still dripping wet. She took a few sips of the tea and then

just curled up on the couch in a daze, looking at the night outside the window without

one would be able

“Thank you, honey.”

resounded in the

pulled her into his embrace, rubbing her back tenderly. His voice was gentle as he said, “No need to thank me. I’m just glad you’re

of Wynn’s eyes. She looked at Philip blankly, pulling at the corners of her white lips. All of a sudden, she sat up and said

hurt anywhere? Shall I call the

her with worried

gaze calm as she said, “I’m fine, but I want

later. What you need right now is rest. I'll help you handle things at work, and don't worry about the Quaid's either. I

babble and asked him seriously, "Who

took a deep breath and grinned. "I'm me, of course. What's the matter? Is your head screwed

up on the wrong end?" Her eyes were full of fear as she looked at Philip. "Give me a proper

name." Wynn felt as though she had never really known

him. First he owned a restaurant, then he turned out to be the young master of the Clarke Group from Capital City. Then there

was giving her one surprise after

another

one. It was that her husband was

living in a villa that night, Wynn was even more certain that

## **Chapter 648**

There was instant silence on the other end, followed by a wave of pressure like an earthquake!

This was no trivial matter. It threatened the future of the Quaid family legacy!

Furthermore, Marcus was the family's brightest hope for the next generation.

"Find out who did it, and kill them!"

The voice on the other end roared with the aura of a king, followed by, "And send Marcus back here at once!"

"Yes, sir!"

Len responded and ended the call, wiping the cold sweat from his brow.

Since the master had given him an order, he just had to carry it out.

Capital City was a busy international metropolitan where cash and alcohol flowed freely.

Right now, a few rays of moonlight were shining through the windows into a dark room in a villa. Inside, a young man in a wheelchair was looking out of the window expressionlessly. His gaze was dark, but no one could read what he was thinking.

Just then, his phone rang.

The handsome young man glanced at the caller ID and frowned slightly. After a moment's thought, he accepted the call.

It was a call from home. Something happened to Master Marcus, and the Old Master is in a right

of mind. He remained calm as he asked, "By

his name suggested, and he never caused any trouble or picked any fights, just doing what he had to do. He was the number one candidate for dethroned Lawrence from his position in turned Capital City had offended someone he should not have, costing the Quuids same time, Lawrence lost his been reduced to a useless piece Master Marcus was maimed and left impotent... The Master has sent Sir on the other end was trembling as "He was maimed?" piece of news, his expression remained unchanged see was that he was positively elated right This was his chance! been cut out as he hung up, Lawrence was certain of one not importantly, the opportunity he had been waiting his era to shine from now, however, he was going to transform into a hunting hound, baring his fangs and taking back all that he his name suggested. No one knew the real him, or rather, everyone The corner of his lips slowly began to crease, and his loud laughter rang out through

## **Chapter 649**

"His last name is Clarke, but he probably isn't from that group."

The butler replied, but he did not say any more than that.

"Probably? Look into it again!"

The middle-aged man lost interest in the topic and said calmly, "Keep a close eye on what the Quuids do now. If they try anything unusual, tell me immediately. As for that Philip Clarke fellow, try to keep him alive if possible."

"Yes, sir."

The butler left the room, leaving the middle-aged man alone in the large study. He continued to admire the painting on the wall, marveling at its beauty.

However, just then, the door to the study flew open, and an old man leaning on a cane appeared at the door.

The middle-aged man hurriedly ran to the old man and said respectfully, "Why did you come down here, Father? It's so late!"

The old man sat on the couch and coughed softly before saying, "I hear that the Quaid's son was castrated?"

This was Old Master Joo, the foundation of the Joo family and the person with the most say!

He was the emotional center of the entire family!

As long as Old Master Joo remained strong, the Joo family would always stay at the top of Capital City's four military families!

The middle-aged man poured his father some tea and took a seat next to the old man, saying politely, "That's right. The Quaid's are probably tearing out their hair right now."

"I see." The old man nodded and said, "Did you find out who did it?"

"We did. It's a young man named Philip Clarke, and he was pretty ruthless about it. According to our sources, the Quaid's wanted to take over Riverdale, but their boy Marcus went and caused some unexpected trouble. He was castrated for his efforts."

information to his father

say? His

man's expression changed suddenly,

matter, Father?

his father when he saw

his son aside, beaming brightly. "Haha, so it's that brat! No wonder! Seven years, it's been

middle-aged man was confused by his father's rambling. "Father, do

father only dealt with a very specific group of

"Nonsense!"

the tiled floor. "Have you forgotten what happened to the first son of the Quaid family back

son of the

Wait, could it...?!

But how?!

"Could it be...?!"

something. Although the Quaid's tried to hush up what their position were especially inclined he remembered correctly, the man back then had the last name way back then were terrifying to behold as than the Joo family. They were at the peak of their perch almost instantly within a day, and they never reached those heights again. They never once surpassed the to have left the Quaid's in the bad books of the central-most Clarke from back then had ties to the national heroes had interfere to make peace between the No! gave the Quaid's a harsh someone to Riverdale right away, and stop the Quaid's from

### **The First Heir**

#### **Chapter 650**

In truth, she wanted to ask Philip how he was going to settle the problem with Marcus Quaid. After she thought it over, though, she decided to let it be. Her husband was pretty mysterious. He probably would not let her interfere. Wynn got up and cleaned herself up, changing into clean clothes. Only then did Philip run back into the room, all smiles.

"Do you feel better now, Wynn honey?"

Philip wiped his sweat with a towel and asked her with a chuckle.

Today, Wynn was dressed like a girl next door, wearing some exercise clothes and her hair tied in a ponytail.

"I'm fine."

Wynn said, doing a few simple stretches. She showed off her figure perfectly, giving Philip quite the knock-out punch this early in the morning!

"Are you going out for a walk?"

Philip guessed based on how Wynn was behaving. Was she still tormented by what happened yesterday?

“Yeah. I’m going out jogging for a bit.”

Wynn replied, leaving the villa without hesitation in a jog.

wait for me. I’ll come with

Philip hurriedly gave chase.

she went upstairs, Wynn took a hot bath and then sat on the balcony with a cup of coffee, admiring the

in Longford Park, it had a manmade lake behind it. There was also a

the Longfords’ capabilities. They could start

only open to the

stayed next to Wynn, telling her countless jokes. However, he just

both

away on the surface of the lake, there was a motionless white yacht just floating there. On it, there was a woman in skintight black leather clothes. She

then a voice came through

found the target,

man’s voice said darkly into her ear. It

woman smiled

“Kill him!”

voice commanded in

and picked up a long

behind, aiming the scope

laugh, but

Mila?” Wynn

doctor said she needs more exercise and

and rested his head on his hand, looking out at the blue lake. Just then, he suddenly felt a

very faint, but Philip’s sharp senses told him

Danger!!!

even thinking, at just the last second, he leaped around and wrapped his arms around Wynn. He then crashed through the glass

Bang!

Crash!