

The First Heir 97

Chapter 97

Seeing Philip walk away, she turned her head, took Wynn's hand, and earnestly said, "Oh Wynn, haven't I told you? Why do you still want to be with that trash? Are there no good men in this world? I think Aiden isn't bad. He's handsome and has a good family background. What counts is that he treats your father and me well."

Wynn felt very helpless. She knew her mother was up to nothing good when she came over.

"Mom, please stop talking. I don't feel like thinking about this now."

Wynn helplessly said. She went up to her bed and lied down sideways.

Martha, however, continued talking. "If you don't like Aiden, Juan is okay too. I see that he's busy these days. This type of guy is extremely rare now."

When Wynn did not reply to her, Martha got so mad that she groaned.

"This girl! How are you so stubborn? What's good about Philip Clarke? He can't earn money and has no social connections. His friends are poorer than the others. This type of man is a scum of society.

"I don't care if you agree or not, you're my daughter. I call the shots for you. You must divorce Philip!"

Martha had secretly made up her mind that for her daughter's marriage and also for her future happiness, she must take matters into her own hands.

Wynn was tired of listening. She ignored her mother and covered herself with the blanket.

Martha whispered a few words, carried her bag in a swift manner, and left the hospital.

Philip was ready to return to the company after leaving the hospital.

Mila was still at the company being taken care of. Things had been really busy these days and he could not take care of her.

riding the electric scooter, Philip's phone rang. It turned out

she calling

Starlight Bar! Hurry over in

Snap!

after she

had not figured out what was happening. He could only sigh helplessly and ride his

there were seven or eight young people surrounding Lynn and her

were two men

very familiar with the two men—Kyle Lyon and Jacob

cheeks were red and swollen, and they had
arrogantly, "Half an hour has passed! Didn't I say to arrive
"Sorry, traffic." Philip smiled.
didn't you? I'll go back and tell my cousin that
and Jacob also
this good-for-nothing? What
right, what can
turned around, and walked away without
did not come here to be
if you dare leave, I definitely won't let you go! As long as I say a few words to Uncle and Aunt, can you
still have
spoken, Philip stopped. He turned around and stared
I don't have the time
moment, all seven