

## First Heir 31

### The First Heir

#### Chapter 31

Philip frowned at Aiden. The latter glared furiously at him and smirked. "You're even late at the simple request of delivering a painting. Aren't you just blatantly disrespecting Uncle Johnston?"

Slap! Charles had come over with an infuriated expression and slapped Philip hard across the face. He bellowed in anger, "Why do I have such a useless son-in-law like you? You're an embarrassment!"

This sudden slap stunned everyone inside the exhibition hall. However, there was not a trace of sympathy on these people's faces. Instead, it was filled with mockery.

Watching Charles hit Philip in front of so many people made Aiden ecstatic. Great slap! Trash like this should get slapped more often.

A biting chill flashed in Philip's eyes, but he quickly suppressed it. Lowering his head, Philip said, "I'm sorry, Dad. I was a little delayed on the way."

"Hmph!" Charles let out a cold snort. He took the painting, composed his emotions, then turned around smilingly to walk away. "Come, come, here's the authentic painting by Tang Bohu, the Companionship at the Spring Mountains."

straightened his suit and said cheekily, "Philip, you have great

cold smile. "That has nothing to

house. By then, you'll only be a stray dog. I want to see just where your pathetic mug will end up when that happens!" Aiden laughed out loud before casting Philip a

That scene earlier made him flare up in anger as he watched. "Mr. Clarke, do you want me to teach that brat a

is my problem. You just have to do

The mob king, Theo Zander, to be this respectful to a plain young man

a deep breath then stood in the corner

happiness on the older

this painting is really great! It's an authentic

auction it away, it would be worth at

think so. I say it might even be worth

was admiring the painting as