

First Heir 45

The First Heir

Chapter 45

Leon's mind was now like a roller-coaster, in complete chaos.

My name is Leon Larson, and I am now in a state of panic! There are thirty armored cash carriers outside the door, waiting in a line. Beside each car are four SWAT officers carrying loaded guns. They're all wearing black battle uniforms, black helmets, and carrying black guns. Yes, it's not the regular armored car escorts who carry rubber bullets. These are real bullets. Because the sum was too huge, the bank has contacted the SWAT team urgently, and they have sent more than a hundred SWAT officers over to escort the money. This was all done in less than ten minutes.

Philip calmly looked at Leon whose forehead was now covered in sweat and said, "I called them here."

Boom! Leon felt his mind explode. His hands kept shaking. He was from a wealthy family and knew full well how terrifying a person is to send over so much cash in such a short time! His scalp felt prickly as he experienced despair for the first time. However, he was reluctant to give in.

"Impossible, there's no way! There's no way that you're the one who called them!" Leon could barely stand still. He took his phone to call his father frantically. Find Dad, Dad can definitely solve this!

However, before he even spoke, furious yells flowed from the other end of the call, "Stupid brat, have you gone insane? Who did you provoke?" Lewis was currently going mad with anger at the president's office of his own company. Not too far from him stood an old man in a swallow-tail coat, holding a gold and black walking stick, wearing a calm expression.

come to Prime

he ended the call and smiled flatteringly at George. "President Thomas, I'm so sorry. My son has caused trouble. I

shook his head. The tall female secretary beside him immediately handed Lewis a corporate acquisition contract. "Mr. Larson, our young master plans to acquire your business. This is the agreement with the buying price of three hundred million. Please sign it," George said indifferently. His tone did not sound like

tight, he forced out a smile and asked, "President Thomas, do I need to? Why don't I personally apologize to Young Master Clarke?" This company was Lewis's life. While it was true that his company was worth three hundred million, but if he handed it away so suddenly, how would

a negotiation. It's my young master's intention. Please sign it." George maintained an indifferent attitude. His eyes were

he held up the pen with much difficulty as he signed his name on the

sign it? This man before him was George Thomas, the wealthiest man in Riverdale, worth more than tens of billions! If his young master wanted to acquire his company, how would he dare to refuse? If

leave his body all

have a clear view of

he stood up, it was like he had grown ten years older. That shrewd spark seemed to have disappeared from his muddled eyes. He now

phone was a hit. Its popularity had now crossed over millions! The screen was filled with popped up comments like, 'tycoon', 'awesome', 'god of fortune, please let me pray to you' and etcetera. Thirty armored cash carriers

Philip said coldly. "Now, I'm giving you a choice. Either you go outside