

## First Heir 9

### The First Heir

#### Chapter 9

At the front desk, Rose was waving the card as she swept an arrogant glance at Philip before saying, "Help me check if this card can reserve us a private room."

Everyone was holding their breaths, waiting to watch Philip make a fool of himself.

The girl at the front desk received the card, swiped it, and all of a sudden, her expression looked nervous. She asked, "Miss, is this your card?"

When Rose saw this, she shook her head. Extending her hand with red painted nails, she pointed to Philip, who was being surrounded and laughed tauntingly. "It's not mine. It's his." Haha! What a joke! Philip is going to make a fool of himself, and Wynn would lose all face along with him! This is too great. There's actually a man who would publicly ridicule himself.

Rose was dying of happiness. She glanced happily over at Wynn who was looking sullen and mocked, "Deputy Manager Johnston, your husband sure is an excellent man."

Wynn was extremely embarrassed. She shot a vicious glare at Philip, ready to reprimand him when the girl at the front desk suddenly ran out. She then stood respectfully in front of Philip and said very politely, "Sir, you are our restaurant's platinum member. There is a special room specially reserved for you. Please follow me."

The mocking snickers around them immediately stopped!

That all happened too suddenly!

Everyone could not regain their sense.

What was happening? A special room...?

Rose was the first to speak, agitated as she pointed at Philip and nagged, "Hey, hey, hey, are you mistaken? He's your restaurant's platinum member?"

"Take a closer look. He's a delivery man. A kept man even! How could he be a platinum member?"

Gavin, too, was dumbstruck. He had prepared a lot of sarcasm, ready to unleash! But this sudden revelation of Philip being a platinum member caught him off guard that he felt a lump stuck in his throat.

Wynn was looking at the female staff, confused, and then turned to look at Philip. Was her husband a platinum member at Virtuous Court? She just heard from Gavin that a regular membership required one million in annual spending. Did that not mean that a platinum membership would cost at least a few million?

The female staff smiled politely and said, "I'm not mistaken. This is a platinum card, and our restaurant has issued only eight pieces where each cardholder has a private room specially reserved for them."

“Woah!” The crowd gasped. One private room for each cardholder! This was a service fit for a king! Was this... still Wynn’s wretched husband?

“Sir, this is your card. Please follow me,” said the staff respectfully.

Philip took the card then looked at the crowd who was staring wide-eyed and gritting their teeth at him. He explained, “It’s not mine, it belongs to my company’s boss. I’m just here to make a reservation.”

explanation, Gavin and Rose let out a sigh of relief. So, it was just a case

glare then taunted, “And here I was wondering why, so

since the room has

did not explain. He only said to Wynn faintly, “Take them to dinner. I’ll go back first.” Then, without waiting for Wynn to persuade him to stay, Philip had already walked out of Virtuous Court with the box of painting

resist her colleagues’

not enjoy this dinner very much because

after Philip had left Virtuous Court. He received

and smiled,

He was actually the heir to the world’s largest consortium, but because he was unwilling to inherit the

Wynn about this? Maybe after

Philip

way there, as Philip made a right turn, a

and in an instant, Philip felt a strong breeze beside him as the motorcycle swerved right. Following a crashing sound, the riders and the bike fell into

bicycle away and rushed over to

black skirt had been torn by the tree branches and she looked frightened. The man had his hands on his waist as he bellowed, “Are

I didn’t see you there. Are you guys alright? Do you want to go to the hospital? I’ll

started scolding Philip. “This is a Harley-Davidson Sportster Iron 883 Custom! It’s worth two

you three hundred thousand. The hundred thousand is for medical

broke into a sarcastic laugh before giving Philip a furious shove. “You think you have a lot

frowned and said, “You’re the ones running a red light. I’m

turning right. The rider was just trying to run a red light. If they were to be reasonable, it was

Which eye did you see it with?” The biker let out a

then, the girl behind him finally regained her senses. She took off her helmet, looked at Philip, and screeched,

the voice to realize

atmosphere immediately

don't let him off

was Jacob Wells, the

Lynn, feeling a little hesitant, Jacob pointed at Philip's nose and asked Lynn,

cousin brother-in-law, but we're

front of me? Are you tired of living?" Jacob scolded before taunting Philip, saying, "Alright then, didn't you say you would compensate

expression. Three hundred thousand? Hah! Where would useless trash