

The First Heir 67

Chapter 67

She refused to believe this.

Ruby did not believe this.

Kyle and Jacob did not believe this either.

Lynn also did not believe this.

She knew what kind of person her brother-in-law was. He was just a spineless coward who lived off of a woman.

He even borrowed money from everyone to cure his daughter. How would a man like him have 30 million to buy 100 BMW bikes?

Where did he get the money?

However, at this moment, Philip put his hand behind his back and said indifferently, "I never said I had no money. You're the one who put a label on me. So what if I have no money? So what if I do? Everyone only has one life and this is the first time everyone became human. There's no reason for me to submit to everyone else because I have no money nor power. Also, there's no reason to bully someone because one's rich or powerful. I didn't ask you to be kind, I just wanted to tell you some principles."

Philip's voice was resonating.

Now that everyone's eyes were on him, his words were amplified even more.

Philip looked at everyone and said with a cold smile, "I, Philip Clarke, has a lot of money. If you're not convinced, then you should just stay on the floor. If you're not happy with me, I have all the money in the world to make you kneel on the floor and lick my feet."

He sounded so domineering.

sounded so righteous in his speech earlier,

Everyone was shocked.

Isabelle and her gang. They were looking at Philip

they were in fear and yet,

of BMW bikes sounded loudly from the

took off their helmets

the shop were also being driven out. They all stopped at the plaza with the

100!

There were 100 bikes!

Everyone took in

passersby stopped and took pictures

de Triumph Hotel. We'll be having

He announced to the drivers that were called in from all over

Arc de Triumph

Vroom!

BMW bikes drove down the street with their

spines had been

She looked at Isabelle with red eyes. "Belle, do you believe that he's that

I believe in? They've already driven

such a big client.

this moment, John walked over. He patted the dust on his suit in a pleased manner and towered over the wan and sallow-looking