

## The First Heir 73

### Chapter 73

“Wait, Philip, hold on. Why the rush? It’s not always that we get to meet old classmates. Let’s talk for a little longer.” Wesley ran after him.

Philip’s eyebrows furrowed further, his expression darkening.

There was little he and Wesley Warren had in common. Philip would very much rather not deal with old classmates like him anymore.

They had changed—changed into people of greater statuses.

Philip shook his head and said coldly, “Back then, you were but a piece of trash to me, Wesley Warren. Though I did not expect that you’d still be a piece of trash now.”

Wesley froze. “What did you say?”

He did not expect a sentence like that to come out from the mouth of a good-for-nothing like Philip Clarke.

He called him a piece of trash?

Who was the real piece of trash here?

“You think that now you’re the manager of Arc de Triumph, you’re at the top of the world? So cool now, are you? So you’re showing it off to rub it in my face? What’s wrong with us delivery boys? You think you’re f\*cking better than us?” Philip snorted.

He had kept it in for long enough.

Not wanting to add fuel to the flames, he did not expect his toleration to result in the other’s aggravation.

“Haha! Philip Clarke you dumb f\*cker, are you kidding me?” Wesley laughed, his expression potent with means to mock. “I, the manager of Arc de Triumph, earn a monthly salary of 40 thousand! You’re just a delivery boy. Even after working your \*ss off, I doubt if you can even earn six thousand. Perhaps you only earn slightly more than five thousand a month. What do you have that’s better than me in terms of familial background, status, and contacts? How am I not better than you, Philip Clarke? Yeah, I’m f\*cking better than you, Philip! What are you gonna do about it, huh?”

Wesley could not tolerate how the other was still pretending to be all high and mighty.

a bunch of juniors falling at your feet. Why’re you delivering food now? I’ll tell you why. ‘Cause you suck! You are all pieces of trash in my eyes! So what if I think I’m better than

he said, but he also offended all

over 60 people were

they surrounded Wesley

if you're a manager? You're working  
us delivery boys pieces of trash. What are you, some kind of  
like you, I'm gonna f\*ck you  
the lobby began  
had resorted to violence. They were letting their fists  
of bodyguards rushed to the scene. With Wesley protected behind them, the bodyguards stood off  
against Philip's mob  
f\*cking galls to hit me! What are you doing? Get this group of busybodies out!" Wesley roared  
had Philip's mob of people surrounded in an instant. Merely surrounded  
too many people, after  
Philip's  
huh? Fine. If you don't want to leave on your own, then don't blame me for not being polite!" Wesley  
glared ominously at  
called  
how he felt at the moment for he could pretty much already  
me with a gang of delivery  
of security arrived only to see the scene of chaos before  
"Manager Warren. What happened?"  
time. Throw this gang of f\*cking \*ssholes  
Warren. These are our hotel's  
on, it was evident to him that Wesley was picking on