

The First Heir Chapter 1251

The old man on the opposite side sat in a prim and proper manner. He narrowed his eyes slightly, glanced at Philip, and said to Jacob, “Old Jensen, aren’t you going to introduce this new friend to us?”

Jacob responded, got up, and introduced him to everyone, “This is... Philip Clarke. As for which family he belongs to, it’s not convenient for me to disclose.”

Jacob originally wanted to tell the truth about Philip’s identity, but he quickly caught the slightest change in Philip’s eyes and immediately changed his words.

Not convenient?

The people at the table were all figures with the right to speak in the national martial arts circles. Jacob was one of the leading figures while the other six were not in attendance.

Hearing Jacob’s words, some people began to express their dissatisfaction and said coldly, “Old Jensen, your introduction is too secretive. At this table, is there anything that cannot be revealed?”

“That’s right, Old Jensen, we’re not the average people sitting outside. There’s no need to hide anything from us, right?”

“Little friend, you’re making yourself very comfortable. Why don’t you introduce yourself?”

Suddenly, someone directed the question at Philip.

Jacob was a little anxious. He glanced at Philip and found that he was still leisurely sipping on tea.

After taking a sip, Philip put aside his teacup and said, “The tea is good but I think the taste is a little off. Maybe it’s too old or too highly regarded. At the end of the day, tea is for people to drink, after all. Just because it has a little reputation in the market doesn’t mean that it’s superior and can think that the tea drinkers are not worthy of it.”

Suddenly, those seniors in the martial arts world were full of anger.

They were not fools, so they naturally understood what Philip meant.

He was comparing them to the tea, saying that they were too old and only had a good reputation.

By comparing himself to a tea drinker, it actually implied that his identity was higher than people like them.

“Young man, you’re too arrogant. Do you know who everyone here is?”

“Such audacity! Old Jensen, is this the person you invited? He doesn’t respect elders like us at all!”

“Young man, you should leave quickly. It’s not appropriate for you to stay here.”

Suddenly, several seniors in the martial arts world expressed their displeasure and dissatisfaction with Philip.

Jacob was also anxious and wanted to say something.

Clap, clap!

A sudden round of applause. It was the old man with the gilded walking cane.

He narrowed his eyes, smiled, and expressed admiration at Philip's words. "The little fellow's opinion is really unique. I don't look up to those conceited people who have tarnished the good reputation of the tea leaves as well. It's the same as the progression of national martial arts. It's not a bad thing to let it develop at its own pace. If we insist on making a joke out of it, that's merely giving others the chance to laugh at it."

As soon as the old man said this, the other old guys who were still very angry stopped talking.

It seemed that they were in awe of this old man!

Philip narrowed his eyes and looked at the old man on the opposite side. Who was this man?

A simple sentence could silence these pretentious national martial artists. He must definitely have a high reputation and a deep prestige.

Jacob seized the opportunity and immediately said with a smile, "Well then, please forget it on my account. We have more important things to discuss."

Several senior national martial artists snorted coldly, expressing their dissatisfaction.

However, some people still did not buy it and said coldly, "Mr. Jensen, this is a meeting regarding our martial arts world. Isn't it unreasonable for a young man who is a nobody to sit here?"

This...

Jacob was in a pickle and looked at Philip.

Philip stood up with a shrug and said, "Well, in that case, I won't bother you. Mr. Jensen, I'll visit you again later."

Jacob was flattered and quickly prepared to send Philip out.

Philip walked out of the private room, ready to leave in the eyes of other guests in the inner hall.

However...

Suddenly, a harsh voice sounded behind them.

"Wait a minute, young man. My master has given an order. He wants to talk to you later. You need to wait for him outside."

The person who stepped forward was the man with a mask on his face. His voice was aloof and did not reveal anything, but his attitude and arrogance were extremely domineering!

Outrageous!

How dare he make Philip condescend and wait outside?!

Jacob was shocked. He turned his head to look at Philip and found that a layer of frost was already on his face!