

The First Heir Chapter 1383

Philip had exploded in fury, his body swelling with monstrous rage and killing intent!

Malone, who was in front of him, was already beaten up so badly that even his mother would not be able to recognize him. He said coldly, "This is Car Wash City in Westside. It's Master Jensen's territory!"

"You still refuse to tell me?"

Philip narrowed his eyes, and his killing intent burst in all directions!

Thump!

Malone shuddered as his pupils rapidly dilated!

His entire body shook uncontrollably because from Philip's gaze just now, he experienced an unprecedented sense of crisis and killing intent!

This guy had such a strong killing intent!

He trembled as fear seeped into his very bones.

However, he still bit the bullet and bellowed, "Go to hell!"

As soon as he said that, Malone fished out a dagger from his trouser pocket and viciously stabbed Philip right in the abdomen!

However, when the dagger was half a fist away from Philip's abdomen, it could not advance another half an inch!

It was because Philip's hand was already holding Malone's wrist in a death grip!

The shock on Malone's face was reflected in his pupils before it turned into a raging fire!

Crack!

With a heart-wrenching scream, Philip broke Malone's wrist!

"Ah! My hand! You're dead! Master Jensen won't let you off! Your wife and daughter are dead!" Malone shouted.

Bam!

Philip got up and fiercely stepped on Malone's face!

This kick almost made Malone feel like his head was about to be smashed into the concrete!

"Ah, let go of me! Release me at once!"

Malone struggled. The pain in his face made his head feel like it was going to explode!

"I'll ask you one last time. Where are my wife and daughter?"

Philip asked as he looked down at the miserable Malone who was on the ground.

At this moment, Malone could not bear it any longer. With a trembling hand, he pointed to the three-story-high building a hundred meters away behind him.

Here, this small mansion was the symbol of Car Wash City.

Philip raised his eyebrows and looked over. The corners of his eyes were cold, and he removed his foot to walk toward the tall building!

Malone was slumped on the ground. He struggled to get up and roared at Philip's back grimly, "If you dare to step in, you won't even be able to die in one piece!"

Philip paused and waved his hand. Instantly, Master Bell's men rushed up and pinned all the men from the other party on the ground.

Master Bell also hurriedly caught up with Philip and followed him toward the single-unit small mansion.

Sure enough, a dozen meters away from the mansion, a group of people rushed out from inside. They were all holding weapons in their hands.

Philip's eyes were cold as he shouted, "Where's Wylan Jensen? Tell him to come out!"

However, no one answered his question.

Just at this moment, a sound of clapping came from upstairs.

"Hahaha, Young Master Clarke, you really showed up. You have some skills to be able to get here."

On the balcony on the second floor, Wylan propped his hands on the white marble railing. Wearing a white suit, he stared coldly at Philip downstairs while sneering.

Philip raised his eyebrows, stared at Wylan with a chilly face, and said solemnly, "Let go of my wife and daughter. Just come right at me!"

At this time, Philip knew he could not provoke the other party.

Wylan shrugged, spread his hands, and said with a smile, "Sure."

As he said that, he raised his hand and the two men behind him brought Wynn out of the house.

"Philip!"

As soon as Wynn came out and saw Philip downstairs, she struggled fiercely.

Philip exclaimed, "Wynnie!"

At this moment, he could clearly see the wounds on Wynn's face. Moreover, Mila was not in sight!

"Where's my daughter?" Philip shouted.

Wylan shook his head and said, "Don't be impatient. Let's do this one by one."

While saying that, he yanked Wynn's hair and said grimly to Philip downstairs, "I just want to find out how important your wife is in your heart."

Hearing that, Philip frowned, clenched his fists, and drew a deep breath. He asked through gritted teeth, "What do you want?"

"What do I want? That's an interesting question. Let me think about it."

Wylan laughed and continued, "Back then, you made me kneel to the old master. Now, of course, you must kneel and beg for my mercy."