

The First Heir novel Chapter 1607

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Suddenly!

Charles shouted coldly, "Enough! What are you saying in front of our daughter? What are you trying to do?"

Charles was furious. Martha almost had a slip of her tongue and let the cat out of the bag.

She was taken aback as well. Realizing that she had almost said something she should not have, she quickly said in a huff, "I don't care. When I recover from my injury, I'll make you divorce Philip!"

Wynn was also powerless and just said, "Okay, please leave now. I want to rest."

Only then did Charles glare at Martha and push her wheelchair out.

In the other suite, Charles was furious and cursed, "Just look at you! Weren't you the one who told me not to say anything earlier? Look at what you just did? You almost let it out!" Charles was so angry that he slapped the back of his hands.

Martha sat in the wheelchair in annoyance and grumbled, "I didn't mean to. If you hadn't mentioned it to me in the first place, I wouldn't have almost said it."

Charles was helpless. He shook his head and asked, "Let me ask you, are you really unable to get along with Philip?"

Martha froze. What she said to Wynn just now was done in a spur of the moment. Her relationship with Philip was not really that bad.

"Do you really think I'm a shrew? If Philip wants to stay in our Johnston family, he has to be different from ordinary people. He must at least be a rich man and he mustn't lie to us all the time. Just look at the mess he made in the past. Take the Milanelson Angel Investment Group as an example. I wanted to be good to him when I first heard about it. But after looking into it, found out that it's just a shell company!"

Martha said angrily, "Tell me, is this piece of trash worthy of being our son-in-law?"

Charles scoffed. "What makes you think your investigation results are accurate? What if Philip is really rich? What will you do then? How will you regret it then? I told you long ago not to take things to the extreme, but you refuse to listen to me and insist on treating Philip so harshly. If there really comes such a day, I'll see what you'll do then!"

Martha was stunned. She felt a little scared and muttered, "Is Philip really that capable? I'm telling you, Charles, don't forget that he has a wicked stepmother. Do you really believe Philip Clarke is that amazing? What bullsh*t Clarke Group is that? Even if he used to be a young master, as far as I can see, he's now a down-and-out young master who has been driven out! With that stepmother of his, Philip will never make a comeback in this lifetime."

Martha knew clearly that Giada was not an ordinary person. She was exceptionally ruthless!

When she first came into contact with Giada, Martha had understood that with such a woman around, it would be useless even if Philip had any great abilities!

Charles thought about it but did not intend to dwell on this topic. He glumly read the newspaper instead.

At the same time, a black Cadillac was parked downstairs at the hotel.

The door opened and a handsome young man got down from the car, Shane Lovelace.

He glanced at the hotel at this moment and a faint smile appeared on his mouth. He raised his hand and shook it a little. The subordinate behind him hurried over, asking respectfully, "Third Young Master, what are your orders?"

Shane looked around and whispered, "Arrange some people to get rid of those standing on guard nearby."

"Yes, Third Young Master," the man said respectfully. Shane raised his eyebrow as a proud look appeared on his face.

Too incompetent!

He could see at a glance that there were at least a dozen people secretly on guard around this hotel.

Following that, he walked into the hotel and went straight to the front desk. He took out a photo from his pocket and said, "Excuse me, which room is this woman in?"

The female attendant at the front desk looked at the photo in Shane's hand, raised her eyebrows, and sized him up carefully. She then said with a smile, "I'm sorry, sir, but the information of hotel guests is confidential."

Shane nodded without a word and put the photo away. Then, under the gaze of the crowd, he walked to the side, took a golf club from the display set, and walked back to the front desk.