

The First Heir novel Chapter 1611

The First Heir – Chapter 1611

Since the last time she was humiliated by Philip during the engagement banquet with Howard Lowe, Ruby had held a grudge against Philip. She had always wanted to seek revenge on him.

As she had met him by chance today, the hatred buried in Ruby's heart sprouted again!

"Ruby, is this really that wimp Philip Clarke you told us about?"

"This man is too powerful, isn't he?"

"So what? He beat up Lou Webb, the younger brother of Dru Webb! He's done for!"

Several of Ruby's best friends looked at Philip with shocked expressions.

Ruby had done her best to discredit Philip in front of them.

"Dru Webb? In that case, Philip is doomed! The Webb brothers have a notorious reputation around here!"

Ruby frowned and secretly took out her phone to take a picture of Philip at this time.

At this moment, Philip flexed his arm with a cold chill on his face.

Who the hell dared to take his legs?

Without another word, Philip rushed to Lou and raised his leg, stomping it on Lou's stomach. Then, he raised his fist and punched his chin again!

Bang!

Teeth flew and blood sprayed from Lou's mouth.

"You, brat! How dare you hit me? You're looking for death!"

Lou looked at Philip in horror and said viciously, "My brother is Dru Webb, the security manager of Nightingale Nightclub. He's also the person in charge of more than a dozen venues in this area!"

Bang!

Philip went over with another vicious kick on Lou's stomach. The latter screamed miserably and curled up like a shrimp, his face flushed.

With this kick, Lou's kidneys felt like they were about to explode!

"Who cares who the f*ck your big brother is? I just want to know who sent you here!"

Philip asked grimly as he grabbed Lou's hair and shouted.

He was already annoyed with Wynn's matter with nowhere to vent his anger.

It was just as well that Lou delivered himself to Philip.

Lou was obstinate. With a mouth full of blood, he laughed miserably and said, "Oh, f*ck you! You're dead! My brother will be here soon!"

Smack!

Philip slapped him again harshly and Lou could hear a buzzing in his head.

"Who sent you here?"

Philip asked again with murderous intent in his eyes.

Lou was steadfast and still held his head up, saying with a pitiful laugh, "You're dead! I know you have a wife. I must find someone to mess with her!"

Barn!

Philip's expression became cold as he punched him again squarely in the face.

"Stop it!"

At this moment, a furious shout sounded. A fat middle-aged man rushed in with a dozen people in tow.

The gangsters Lou had brought earlier quickly got up from the ground, bent over respectfully, and shouted, "Mr. Dru!"

Dru Webb was here!

Dru rushed in with his men. When he saw his brother beaten beyond recognition, he immediately became angry.

"Who are you? Why did you hit my brother?"

Dru's face was sullen, and the flesh at the corners of his mouth was trembling. A dozen people behind him immediately surrounded this place. All irrelevant people were blocked outside.

Philip put down the sluggish Lou, straightened up, and put his hands in his trouser pockets. He looked at Dru indifferently and sneered, "Are you his brother?"

Dru looked angry and said, "That's right, I'm Dru Webb! Everyone on the streets calls me Mr. Dru! You've caused trouble in my turf and injured my brother. How do you want to die?"

His tone was stern and non-negotiable. Dru had already made up his mind that this guy must be taught a severe lesson. Otherwise, how could Dru continue to exert his influence here? In this area, more than a dozen venues in the vicinity were under his protection! If this matter got out, it would damage his reputation!

Philip calmly took out a cigarette, lit it, and said flatly, "Your turf? Haha, then I really want to see what you can do to me."

