

# The First Heir novel

## The First Heir – Chapter 1659

Philip chuckled and said, “You want me to meet him? Hoyt, I think you have a personal interest in this.”

Hoyt smiled and said, “Young Master Clarke, it seems I can’t hide it from you. The truth is, I want to introduce him to you and get both of you acquainted. This person is very capable and has a sharp mind. He’ll be helpful to Beacon’s future development.”

Philip thought about it and said with a nod, “Alright, then. For your sake, I’ll meet up with him.”

Soon, the Rolls-Royces arrived at the most famous restaurant in Uppercreek, the Imperial Court. It was definitely the top restaurant in Uppercreek. Those who could come here to eat were the rich and noble. All of them were well-known figures in Uppercreek!

Moreover, the Imperial Court practiced a membership system.

Anyone with assets of less than 100 million would not be eligible to become a member of the Imperial Court. Meanwhile, a well-known entrepreneur in Uppercreek was standing at the entrance of the Imperial Court.

He was the chairman of Medcom Trading Group, Clint Neal. He specialized in overseas trade, import and export of drugs, and medical equipment.

As the chairman of Medcom Trading Group, Clint’s personal fortune had reached one billion dollars. He was on the list of the top 20 richest people in Uppercreek! Of course, he was also a domestic collector and had a lot of fame.

Now, Clint was leading more than a dozen top executives from his company to stand respectfully at the entrance of the Imperial Court.

This scene really shocked a lot of people who came here to eat. It also led to a burst of discussions and many awe-inspiring looks.

“That’s Clint Neal, the chairman of Medcom Trading Group. Who is he waiting for?”

“It’s unbelievable. Clint is a billionaire but he’s actually waiting at the entrance for someone.”

“Is a big shot coming? I haven’t heard any news about it.”

Sitting in the Rolls-Royce, Philip glanced at the magnificent entrance of the Imperial Court. He noticed the two rows of well-dressed elites and said with a frown, “Didn’t I say to keep a low profile? Why are you still doing this?”

Hoyt quickly said with a sheepish smile, “Young Master Clarke, I’m sorry for not conveying the message properly. Perhaps Chairman Neal felt that this would be more in line with your status.”

“This is an extraordinary time. We need to do things carefully and not make anything public. Tell them to withdraw,” Philip said coldly, “Inform Clint Neal to meet me in private.”

"Understood," Hoyt nodded and said.

The car immediately made a turn and headed toward the parking lot.

Meanwhile, at the entrance of the Imperial Court, Clint had been humbly and respectfully standing upright while quietly waiting for the big shot's arrival. If he was valued by the Uppercreek Chamber of Commerce, Clint's future development would be limitless!

At the same time, standing beside him was a flashy and handsome young man, Finn Neal. He was Clint's son. He was a famous rich young master in Uppercreek who spent most of his time drinking, dining, racing, and dancing. He generally just liked to fool around.

He was now hungover and feeling a bit dissatisfied. With his hands in his trouser pockets, he grunted. "Dad, how long do we have to wait? Who's the other party putting on such airs? It's been almost half an hour. If he doesn't show up soon, I'm going home to catch some sleep."

Clint cast a sideways glance at Finn, exasperated at his son's failure to live up to expectations. He berated him, "Stand up properly! All you know is to drink and dance all day! Later when the big shot arrives, you mustn't talk too much. Whatever happens, you need to observe and listen. Just don't interrupt unnecessarily. If something goes wrong, I'll teach you a lesson when we return!"

Finn snorted bitterly, feeling very upset.

He had drunk too much last night and fooled around until early in the morning. He was having a headache now. His father was really too much for dragging him along to meet this so-called VIP.

Until now, there was not even a glimpse of his shadow, which showed that this person was putting on airs.

It was also at this time when Clint suddenly received a call. Then, he said solemnly to the crowd, "We don't have to wait any longer. The person has already arrived."

Arrived?

Many of them were skeptical and discontented.

Finn was so angry that he immediately cursed, "Damn it! What's wrong with him? He made us wait here for half a day without seeing anyone but he's arrived?"

"Cut the crap and come with me." Clint glared at Finn.

Finn dared not talk back to his father and could only suppress the ache in his head as he resentfully followed his father into the Imperial Court.