

# The First Heir novel

The First Heir – Chapter 1681

“What?”

Joy fumed and said, “If you give them this dress, we won’t buy anything either!”

The attendant looked at Joy coldly and said, “I don’t think you intended to buy anything in the first place.”

“Damn it! Believe it or not, I can buy all the clothes in your shop!” Joy said angrily. She was indeed capable of doing so.

The daughter of the Cabot family, one of the four great families in Uppercreek, was not a presence anyone could compare to.

However, Old Master Cabot placed importance on education and self-reliance when he raised his children. Hence, Joy had developed a habit of being frugal since childhood and would not spend money recklessly. Even if she did, she only spent the money that she earned.

However, if she were to get really angry, she would call her brother and make him buy her the entire shop.

Despite that, she had a strong personality and would not beg her father or brother unless it was the last resort.

The shop attendant simply ignored her this time. Everyone could brag.

At this time, Wynn’s obstinate temper also flared. She must get her hands on this dress by all means.

Furthermore, Clara Nolan had pursued Philip before.

“Stop being so money-minded. Although we’re not buying a lot, we’re your customers too,” Wynn said petulantly.

The corners of the attendant’s mouth curved as she chuckled lightly. “I’m sorry, customers are divided into different categories. We’re naturally willing to serve the big shoppers. The purchasing power of this lady and gentleman is much higher than yours. How can I miss out on doing big business and offend them?”

Hearing this, Clara laughed wildly and said, “That’s enough, Wynn. Stop embarrassing yourself out here. Money is king in this world. Weigh your wallet first if you want to compete with me. Does it have that weight?”

Wynn faltered slightly. Although she was the chairwoman of Beacon Group, her funds were still frozen because of Martin’s case and she did not have much money on her.

“You have money, but did you earn it yourself? You only rely on others to give it to you!” As she said that, she glared at Henley standing next to Clara indignantly. Clara laughed!

“Wynn, you’re really interesting. I finally get what you’re so pissed about. Yes, indeed, my money is not my own. Henley also pays for the things I buy. But so what? I can find a handsome and rich boyfriend, unlike you, who married such a loser and is wasting your life away. You can’t lead a good life and even have to put up with embarrassment! As for me, Henley will buy me whatever I want. Right, Henley?”

While saying that, Clara took Henley’s arm and shook it coquettishly.

Henley Dill glanced at them triumphantly, bopped Clara on the nose, and said, “Of course, baby, I’ll buy you anything you want. We’re rich, unlike these beggars!”

Looking at Clara, that vixen, Joy was livid. She was just about to curse when Wynn pulled her back in a huff and said, “Let’s go!”

With that said, she was about to drag Joy out of the shop.

“Wait a minute.”

At this moment, a low but very gentle voice sounded. Philip stepped in front of Wynn and Joy.

Wynn glared at Philip angrily and said, “What are you doing? Let’s go home!”

While saying that, Wynn’s aggrieved eyes turned a little red.

Seeing Wynn’s red eyes, Philip felt a little distressed. He was about to reach out and hold Wynn when Joy slapped his hand away.