

# The First Heir novel

## The First Heir – Chapter 1690

Henley got a shock and quickly said, "Dad, what's wrong? I didn't cause trouble. Someone else messed with me."

"How dare you ask me what's wrong? Do you know that someone seized our mine just now? It's all because of you!" Bo roared.

The mine was seized?

Henley's heart jolted as he asked in a hurry, "Dad, don't joke with me. How could our family's mine be seized? Don't you have someone above you?"

"This is something I should be asking you. Do you know that you've caused a terrible disaster? Who did you offend outside? Why did the Uppercreek General Inspection team suddenly mobilize its people to search us? They even said you messed with some young master of the Clarke family and searched our entire mine. Now, the factory has stopped production! You're such a prodigal son! Do you want to kick me into my coffin before you stop?" Bo said, almost dying of anger. Henley was in a panic now. The family's mine could not be seized. Otherwise, where would his future monthly allowances come from?

"D-Dad, I don't know. I didn't offend anyone. What Young Master Clarke? The store owner's name is Rowan Holmes, not Clarke. Clarke..." As Henley said that, his eyes suddenly fell on Philip who was looking at him coldly with a smile.

Young Master... Clarke?

The Clarke family!

Instantly, Henley's hair stood on end as horror washed over him.

He remembered what Philip just said. He said he was going to call someone and that person did not have to appear on the scene.

Was it really him?

Philip Clarke?!

Did Clara Nolan not tell him that he was just a loser?

"Young Master... Clarke," Henley muttered to himself blankly.

Bo heard that and quickly said, "What? Who are you talking about?"

"Dad, I... This Young Master Clarke may be standing right in front of me." Henley's voice was already shaking. Looking at Philip's gloomy eyes, his teeth began to chatter uncontrollably.

"Is he called Philip Clarke?" Bo quickly asked.

"Yes, how do you know that?" Henley asked in amazement. In fact, he was already almost sure about it, but he just could not believe it right now.

If it was true, it would be too terrible!

Did the Uppercreek General Inspection team really mobilize its people just because of a worthless piece of trash like him?

Henley heard a crash over the phone. Bo had raised the cup in front of him and smashed it on the floor!

"I just knew that you're the bastard who got me into trouble outside! Did you really mess with that Young Master Clarke? Do you know who he is? Do you know how much power he has behind him?!" Bo roared hysterically, almost in a frenzy. "Also, I told you to kneel down and apologize to Mr. Holmes. Now, I also want you to kneel and apologize to Young Master Clarke!"

Henley was frightened. Seeing Philip's expression, he could not help but to try and avoid the situation. He said, "Dad, he's right in front of me now. I... What should I do? You have to save me! If he's really so powerful, I'm dead for sure. I can't run away, Dad!"

"Save you? I can't even protect myself now! Hurry up and apologize to Young Master Clarke now! Get down on your knees and apologize! I'm telling you, don't get up until he nods his head! If you can't convince him to forgive you, don't come home! I'll sever all ties with you and I won't give you any more money!"

Click.

After saying that, Bo hung up. He must hurry to the scene.

That rascal would definitely not listen to him!