

The First Heir - Chapter 1847

It was rare for Philip to return. He had only been back for a few days and they had not even enjoyed their time together yet. Now, these people were about to take her husband away. How could Wynn not be angry?

Philip's eyes suddenly flashed with a cold light. He did not act recklessly but asked indifferently, "Which unit are you from? What authority or reason do you have to take me away?"

A trace of coldness and impatience was reflected in the eyes of the thin faced man. He pulled out his ID and tossed it to Philip.

"Internal Combat Division Investigation Bureau!" he said solemnly.

Philip looked at the other party's ID. Sure enough, he was a junior commander. Then, he casually tossed the other party's ID in the trash can on the roadside!

"I'm sorry, I don't know this unit. If there's nothing else, I'll be sending my wife upstairs," Philip said with a slightly mocking smile.

His act of throwing away the ID was extremely cocky. He was deliberately provoking the other party and trampling on their authority!

The thin faced man scowled as his eyes flashed sinisterly.

He glanced at the ID that had been tossed into the trash can and a taunting smile appeared on the corner of his mouth.

This guy by the name of Philip Clarke was very cocky. No wonder the supreme told him to personally bring this person back.

One of the subordinates standing behind the leader was also dressed in the same green uniform. When he saw Philip provoking his superior in such a manner, he immediately became angry. He pointed at Philip and roared, "You, retrieve Junior Commander Weiss' ID at once!"

After saying that, a sinister expression washed over the man's face. He looked as if he would kill Philip as long as he refused.

However, Philip merely replied flatly, "Don't talk to me like that. I don't like it. Besides, you're scaring my wife. The person who last spoke to me like this..."

"What?" the man twitched his eyes and asked fiercely.

"The grass on his tomb is already three meters high." Philip suddenly smiled provocatively, his eyes filled with unbridled arrogance.

Hearing this, the man in uniform was furious.

'Was he saying that he was courting death?'

Immediately, the man in uniform glared at Philip furiously and shouted, "You're dead!"

With that said, he clenched his iron like fist and punched Philip's face!

“Ah!”

Wynn screamed in fright and tried to pull Philip back. The corner of Philip’s eyes froze as a violent aura exploded from his body. He raised his hand and grabbed the other party’s fist.

Boom!

A muffled sound exploded in the air!

When the young man in combat uniform saw that the other party could grab his fist so easily, he was furious and tried to kick him.

However, Philip did not give him the chance at all. He exerted some force and rotated the other party’s fist 90 degrees.

A crunching sound was heard!

Immediately after, a muffled groan could be heard from the man in combat uniform. His face turned pale, and his facial features were contorted due to the extreme pain.

“Go to hell!”

However, even though his arm had been broken by the opponent, the man in combat uniform still clenched his other fist. With the force of thunder, he punched Philip again.

Philip had no choice but to raise his foot and violently kick the man in the stomach.

Bang!

Like a cannonball, the man flew out and crashed heavily into one of the jeeps!