

# The First Heir – Chapter 1856

Seeing that scene, Hal said to Mandy respectfully, “Miss Una, let’s go.”

Mandy nodded and turned around. After taking a couple of steps, she turned around again and glanced at Philip who was lying there.

‘This man was quite interesting.’

Not long after leaving, Mandy’s previous cutesy demeanor was replaced by a cold and aloof look. She said to Hal who was following behind her, “Junior Commander Weiss, this person must be guarded under enforced security. I can’t help feeling that he’s not as simple as he appears to be.”

“Not simple?” Hal was taken aback before he laughed mockingly and said, “Miss Una, you worry too much. No one can escape alive after getting here. He may have been a former soldier with some skills and brains, but now that he’s here, he’s no more than a normal person.”

In Hal’s opinion, Philip was just a warrior before and had some skills. However, that was about it.

Hal overlooked Philip’s skills because many vicious villains were secretly imprisoned here, all top agents or assassins of a certain country. Any random person picked out from this group could kill Philip in seconds.

Mandy nodded. The two returned to the office, and Mandy immediately looked at the surveillance screen of the prison cage where Philip was being

kept. Looking at the lying figure, a strong look of curiosity and mocking appeared in her eyes.

“Junior Commander Weiss, I don’t want him to live comfortably these few days. Do you know what I mean?” Mandy turned to look at Hal next to her.

Hal naturally understood and nodded his head in response. “Miss Una, your order will be carried out.”

Mandy nodded. Of course, she knew that those people locked up in Warehouse 8 were the top agents and killers of all countries. For a guy like Philip to stay in there, he would probably start begging for mercy within a day.

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Back to Philip. He lay on the hardwood bed and kept thinking of countermeasures. His mind had never been so clear before. Many things flashed before his eyes like a movie. Even his plan to return to Arcadia Island slowly evolved and enhanced in his mind.

Mandy just stared at the monitoring screen, her shapely brows slowly furrowing. She never thought that this guy could still fall asleep so leisurely in such an environment.

Should he not be anxious and nervous? Moreover, the atmosphere in Warehouse 8 was too harmonious.

Mandy turned her head and looked at Hal unhappily.

Hal was startled. Just now, he was looking at Mandy's graceful S-shaped silhouette as she bent over to look at the surveillance screen. Especially that perky made him a little distracted.

Now that their two gazes collided, Hal quickly took out the walkie-talkie and ordered, "Try him out. Don't let him sleep so peacefully."

Soon, as seen in the surveillance footage, a foreigner with tanned skin walked up to Philip. With fierce eyes, he frowned as he looked at this newcomer who had his eyes closed. Strong displeasure appeared in his eyes.

Philip was resting when he felt a vicious kick from someone. It made him upset.

He opened his eyes and saw a petite man in front of him. He was the only person with such stature among these six people.

"What's up?" Philip asked with a frown.