

The First Heir novel Chapter 2351-2352

Chapter 2351

Philip was silent. A chill flashed in his eyes as he asked, "The Hall of Evil, what level are they?"

Fennel replied, "The weakest are the disciples of the third zone, the middle-ranked ones are disciples of the fourth zone, and several fifth zone disciples are acting kings of disciples! Vataco should be the king of disciples in the fifth zone.

Recently, there are rumors that he may soon enter the sixth zone." Hearing this, Philip frowned, turned to look at Fennel, and asked, "Between you and him, who is stronger?"

Fennel smiled and said, "I've never fought him before. It should be 50-50"

Philip took a deep breath and said, "I want to visit the Hall of Evil. I need to clarify some things."

Fennel was silent for a moment before he said, "Okay, I'll go with you. "

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Then, Fennel took out a document and handed it to Philip while saying, "These are the information and clues I recently found out about your sister, Hannah Clarke. The power disputes behind your sister are more complicated than we thought. There seems to be a bigger game and conspiracy behind her. I advise you to be mentally prepared for it. It's very likely that the enemies you're facing are not ordinary people."

Philip took the document from Fennel and flipped through some photos of Hannah. Although they were mostly candid shots and not very clear, Philip recognized her at a glance. It was Hannah. Moreover, in every photo, she always had one woman beside her.

"I've made some inquiries about that woman. There are no clues about her information. Her identity is very well-hidden. She must be an important person in the organization behind Hannah. Moreover, according to the current information, Hannah had spent some time in the Hall of the Underworld back then. Later, because Hannah stole something from Hades, she incurred the pursuit of the Hall of the Underworld. However, for now, your sister is safe," Fennel said.

Philip nodded heavily and said, "That's right. I'd like to know what my sister did in the Hall of the Underworld in the past and what she took from them."

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After hesitating for a moment, Fennel said, "Then I need to make some preparations in advance. The Hall of the Underworld is not that easy to enter."

After Fennel left, Philip returned to the bedroom.

Wynn was going through the company's project plans. As she was wearing scant and sensual nightwear, it was difficult to conceal her exquisite figure. Her side profile was so gorgeous that she looked like a goddess who had descended to earth.

Carrying a glass of warm milk, Philip walked to Wynn's side. He gently put the glass down and reached out to squeeze Wynn's shoulder.

In the past, Philip would give Wynn a shoulder massage every night to relax.

The pen in Wynn's hand stopped.

There was a slight flicker in her eyes as she turned to look at Philip.

She put her delicate little hand on the back of Philip's hand and said somewhat sadly, "I'm sorry. I was soft-hearted again."

Philip smiled and said, "It's okay. It's because of your kindness that I love you. Leave Liam and Martin to me."

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Wynn sniffled, shook her head, and said, "I want to try on my Own. I don't want to rely on your help all the time. If I can't handle it, you can help me then."

Philip thought about it and squatted down. He took Wynn's small hand, looked up at her delicate eyes that were glittering with tears, and asked, "Wynn, do you trust me?"

In the past, Wynn would have nodded without hesitation.

However, she did not know what to do now.

The incident regarding her biological parents was a big stone that weighed heavily on Wynn's heart.

Chapter 2352

"I don't know." Wynn's eyes reddened, and she hesitated.

Philip squeezed Wynn's small hand and said, "Wynn, trust me. No matter what decision you make, I'll support you. I'll always be your greatest support"

Wynn's tears started falling.

Philip got up and left the bedroom. He walked to the door, turned back to Wynn, and said with a smile, "Have an early rest tonight"

Then, Philip returned to his bedroom. These days, he and Wynn slept separately. With certain things acting as a barrier between them, it was not that easy to resolve the issue between them.

Many things needed time to fade away.

In the middle of the night, both of them lay on their beds. Neither could fall asleep as both were lost in their thoughts. The two rooms were separated by a wall.

Philip could use his control of rules and matter to easily detect Wynn's situation in the master bedroom next door. Her breathing was even as she tossed and turned. She did not seem to be asleep.

Wynn lay sideways as she kept thinking about her past with Philip.

At one point, she suddenly got up and gently opened the bedroom door. She walked into the bedroom where Philip was and curled up behind Philip.

"Let me sleep here tonight."

In the dark, Wynn's weak voice carried a hint of fatigue. Philip hummed softly, turned around and pulled Wynn into his arms. The two slept in each other's arms for the rest of the night.

The next day, Wynn woke up very early and went to the office. Today was the last day to

negotiate with Willy Fadden. Upon reaching the company's meeting room, Willy and his team were already waiting impatiently.

Bang!

A male assistant beside him slapped his hand on the table and yelled, "What's wrong with Madam Johnston? Is this a show of Respect to Mr. Fadden by making us wait here? She's already two minutes late!"

Mindy anxiously sat in the chair and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Fadden, Mr. Warren. Madam Johnston is caught in traffic and will be here Soon."

Willy laughed and did not seem to care about the two minutes. He said, "I'll give you another minute. if Madam Johnston is not here by then, we'll leave."

Mindy was anxious and made a call.

Suddenly, the meeting room door was pushed open and Wynn rushed in.

First, she apologized to Willy and the others, "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. Let's get started."

However, Willy snorted coldly and said, "Madam Johnston, I don't like people who are not punctual. It's fine if you want to start, but want to change the profit distribution. 70-30. 70 to me, and 30 to you!"

Blatant autocracy!