

The First Heir novel Chapter 2428 - 2430

Chapter 2428

“Black and White Furies? What an unusual name.” Philip frowned.

Fennel responded, “They’ve gone through countless life and death battles with Hades for many years. They’re the killing machines that Hades personally developed. In the 12 Sacred Halls of the West, excluding the 12 hall masters, the strength of these two can be ranked in the top ten among the envoys. Philip nodded at his words, and his gaze fell on Hans who was chatting with a hot girl over there.

He asked, “What about in comparison to him?”

Fennel shook his head and said, “Hans is not a match for the two of them, but if it’s one on one, Hans can draw a tie with either of them. If it’s one against two, Hans’ chances of winning are very low. Even for me, it’s a little tricky.”

“They’re that powerful?” Philip was a little surprised.

Fennel shrugged, while Georgina interrupted from the other side, “That’s because the ability of Black and White Furies is quite special.”

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“Special?” Philip was puzzled.

According to Fennel, the strength of the Black and White Furies was ranked in the top ten among the envoys.

Fennel was the king of disciples in the fifth zone, so in terms of strength, it should be easy to deal with them.

Georgina said, “The attribute power of the Black and White Furies can restrain the disciples. In front of them, even Lord Apollo’s strength will be greatly reduced.”

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Fennel nodded and said, “That’s right. The attribute power of these two specializes in restraining the disciples. In front of them, no matter how strong the opponent is, they’ll fall to the same level as them.”

Philip finally understood that it was equivalent to neutralizing the attribute.

It was also specifically aimed at disciples. In other words, even though the power of the Black and White Furies was not a match for the 12 Hall Masters, fighting against them would be a different story.

It was indeed a little terrifying.

After a moment of silence, Philip asked, "What are we going to do next? I want to settle things here as soon as possible.

Fennel smiled and said, "Don't rush. Take your time. Hades is definitely thinking of ways to deal with us right now. We might as well drink up and wait for them to turn up at our doorstep."

When Georgina heard Fennel's words, her eyes were full of admiration.

Too cool! This was the Apollo she loved and admired! This was the Sun God!

Philip nodded and said nothing.

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Suddenly, there was a commotion over there. They looked over and saw Hans arguing with four or five burly men.

"Damn it! Don't touch me! I didn't do anything! I was just buying this pretty lady a drink," Hans cursed.

Several burly men grabbed Hans by the collar and cursed, "F*ck you! Go back to your country. You're not welcome here!"

"Go back to your countryside! Uncivilized stupid pig!"

Those people's words were unusually vulgar. Hans could not hold back any longer as he glared at the burly guy who grabbed his collar and said solemnly, "F*cker! Another curse from you and I'll rip your head off and kick it like a ball!"

"How dare these big guys discriminate against him?!"

"Oh, look, this damn stupid pig dares to threaten us. Sh*t!"

"Hahaha! This little guy doesn't look like he can stand a beating at all. What a loser!"

"Look, this guy's face is all red. Hey, do you think he knows kung fu? What a joke!"

Faced with the mockery of this group of foreigners, Hans was furious!

"Apologize! Apologize for your words and actions just now! We're not losers or stupid pigs! If you don't apologize, I'll beat you until you do!" Hans roared.

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“F*ck! How dare a barbaric loser like you ask me to apologize?!”

The man who grabbed Hans’ collar looked angry.

He clenched his fist, waved it in front of Hans, and said, “Brat! Look at my fist. I can easily beat you to the ground!”

After saying that, he looked at his friends around him with a smile and said smugly, “Look, this is a loser from the East.”

“Hahaha, watch howl beat him to his knees until he begs for mercy!”

The people around also raised the drinks in their hands and cheered. “Yeah, Charlie, ftck him up!”

“Knock him out and throw him into the toilet! Hahaha!”

“Charlie! Go on! Beat him up! Show him the savagery and charm of Western men!”

At once, the cheers of the crowd completely drowned the place.

Charlie, the guy who grabbed Hans by the collar, turned around, squeezed his fists, shook his head, and said with a smile, “Boy, you’re dead!”

After that, he smashed his fist right into Hans’ face!

Bang!

As a result, Hans also threw a punch at Charlie’s face!

Charlie’s face was instantly covered in blood. After staggering a few steps, he fell to the ground on his back and never got up again!

Hiss! The place went silent! All the onlookers were shocked!

Their jaws dropped open as their eyes went wide.

They held their heads and shouted like lunatics, “Oh, sh*t! What the hell is going on here?!”

“Charlie, stand up! Stand up and get him!”

“F*ck! What’s wrong with that kid? He knocked Charlie down with one punch!”

Hans tugged at his collar, glanced coldly at the foreigners who were watching and shouting, and said angrily, "I'm not a loser of the East! Please show some respect!"

"F*cker! You're seeking death!"

Suddenly, a few guys in the crowd who came with Charlie swung their fists at Hans!

The results were as expected.

Within half a minute, all of them fell to the ground while clutching their heads and arms.

They were groaning in misery. Hans snorted coldly, stepped over these people, and returned to the booth.

Fennel and the others had long noticed the commotion over there but did not make a move.

"How was it?" Fennel asked with a smile.

Hans drank the whisky on the table, wiped his mouth, and said, "It's not even enough for me to warm up."

Fennel smiled and said, "Alright, let's go back"

Just as they were about to get up, a group of bodyguards in black suits rushed in from the bar's entrance.

They cleared the area, and everyone was driven to the corners of the bar.

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Immediately, someone shouted, "Oh, it's the Michael family! Look at the symbol of the golden cobra on their chests!"

"They must be here to avenge Charlie! Those damned Orientas who offended the Michael family are doomed!"

"Guess who will show up? Rick Michael or Matlin Michael?"

Fennel and the others had just gotten up from the booth when they were surrounded by a group of bodyguards in suits with the golden cobra logo on their chests.

"What Michael family?" Philip asked in puzzlement.

Georgina replied, "The Michael family is one of the four great families in Sedona.

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They control a quarter of the economy in Sedona and also own the largest casino and bar here!

They're the king of the casinos and bars here in Sedona!

Moreover, they have the backing of the Hall of Evil.

Their patriarch is one of the great envoys of the Hall of Evil!

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This family of theirs is the most vengeful.

"It seems that the person Hans dealt with just now is a member of the Michael family." Hans' face was ugly at the moment.

He yelled as he stepped forward, "Danm it! The hell with the Michael family! And that Rick Michael has been pissing me off since day one! If not for the boss preventing me from making move, I'd have killed him long ago!"

The Michael family had contact with the Hall of the Sun.

Of course, it was over some financial dispute.

However, because the patriarch of the Michael family was one of the seven envoys of the Hall of Evil, Fennel never crossed the line.

After all, the 12 Sacred Halls of the West had their rules and guidelines. It was not like he could take out anyone who displeased him.

Fennel glared at him, and Hans was so scared he shrank his neck and backed away.

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Meanwhile, at the bar's entrance, there was a young man in a white suit who was very handsome and looked cheerful.

He had his hands in his trouser pockets.

There was a golden cobra badge on his chest and a gold pocket square in his side pocket.

He walked in, and all the women in the bar cried out excitedly!

"It's Rick Michael! Oh my god! He's so handsome!"

"Dear Lord, please give him to me! He's too cool!"

Rick walked in elegantly in his leather shoes.

His eyes contained the charm of a mature man, and a faint smile was always present on his lips.

He walked in and smiled charmingly at all the women, making them go crazy.

Then, his eyes fell on Fennel and the others standing in the booth.

Of course, he only knew Hans and Georgina. As for Fennel and Philip, he had never met them before.

Hence, he first bowed slightly to Georgina and said, "Dear Miss Georgina, it's a pleasure to see you again."

Georgina snorted coldly without looking at him at all. Rick did not feel embarrassed.

He turned to Hans and said with a smile, "Hans Gooding, making a move on my friends in my bar doesn't seem to be in line with the rules. Is this the way a great envoy from the Hall of the Sun should act?"

Whoa!

All the people in the bar were shocked when they heard the title 'the great envoy from the Hall of the Sun' coming out of Rick's mouth!

What?

That Eastern man was actually the great envoy from the Hall of the Sun?

The woman beside him whom Rick called Georgina just now.

OMG!

The goddess envoy of the Hall of the Sun, Georgina!

This was crazy! They actually met the legendary envoy Georgina!

All the men in the crowd finally noticed Georgina at this moment and were amazed.

She was simply a goddess in the eyes of Western men.

At this moment, Hans glared at Rick and said coldly, "Rick, are you surrounding us right now?" Rick shrugged and smiled.

He turned to Fennel and Philip, asking softly, "You don't look too familiar. May I know your names?"