

## The First Heir novel Chapter 2686

Chapter 2686

Brad panicked!

He looked at the documents in his hands. Every charge and allegation was enough to send his head rolling!

“Slander! This is slander! These are all false accusations. They’re not done by me at all! How could I have done such things?!”

Brad roared in agitation and said with panic, “Young Patriarch Clarke, how could you joke about this kind of thing? Have I offended you? Are you framing me?”

Brad said with certainty that everything was forged by Philip.

Philip chuckled and said coldly, “Brad, things have reached this point. How long do you think you can hide? As the leader of the Southern Division in the Supernatural Bureau, you dare to collude with external enemies! You suppressed the incident of the Warren and Hart families because you have unspeakable dealings with Terrain Villa! Do you want evidence? Alright, I’ll give it to you! Men, bring Cyril Hopper here!”

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Brad shuddered at Philip’s order.

Cyril Hopper? Did he betray Brad?

Then, two heavily armed guards dragged in Cyril, who was covered in injuries.

Bang!

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Cyril was thrown to the floor. Although he had been given some basic medical attention, the pain in his body made him breathless!

On the floor, Cyril looked up at Philip, who stood like a demon king in front of him.

Philip asked with eyes lowered, “Cyril Hopper, are you and Ernest Turner the ones who did that to the Warren and Hart families?”

Cyril had gone through the torture and only had the thought of surviving now. He nodded weakly and said hoarsely, “Yes.”

Hearing that, Brad quickly shouted, "Young Patriarch Clarke, what does this have to do with me? Since they did it, you should report it to the Supernatural Bureau and we'll arrest them. It's not your place to mete out torture like this!"

After that, he stepped in front of Cyril and said warningly, "Villa Master Hopper, we really can't judge a book by its cover. I admired you in the past, but I never expected that you'd do such a thing! You must tell us everything honestly and think about your family. Don't say anything that shouldn't be said, and don't hide anything. Otherwise, you can't afford some consequences!"

Hearing this, Cyril trembled as if he had thought of something terrible.

Philip's face darkened as he glared at Brad and said, "Mr. Sacha, have you forgotten my existence by saying such threatening words?"

Brad snorted and said, "Young Patriarch Clarke, you're wrong. I just want the truth! After all, the Supernatural Bureau won't pay attention to any evidence gained through coercion."

## **The First Heir novel Chapter 2687**

### Chapter 2687

Philip sneered and said, "Cyril, if you want to survive and save all your family members, tell the truth. Tell me if the Southern Division of the Supernatural Bureau colluded with you in the incident involving the Warren and Hart families."

Cyril's eyes flickered as he gritted his teeth and glanced at Brad who had an ugly scowl on his face. He dared not say anything because his whole family was under Brad's supervision. If he said anything, his entire family would die in the next second!

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Cyril shook his head and said in a low, weak voice, "Young Patriarch Clarke, I don't know what you're talking about. I don't know Mr. Sacha at all. This is our first meeting."

Hearing Cyril's sensible remark, Brad said smugly, "Listen, Young Patriarch Clarke. I don't know Villa Master Hopper at all. So, those false accusations are slander. You're framing me."

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Hearing this, Philip frowned, looked down at Cyril, and said, "Cyril, you don't have many chances. If you don't tell the truth now, aren't you afraid that the other party will silence you later?"

Cyril's heart skipped a beat. However, he had no choice. Compared to his family, his life was trivial.

Seeing Cyril's hesitation, Philip added, "Villa Master Jefferson, bring them in..."

"Yes!"

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Very quickly, Cyril's family members were led in by several guards.

When Cyril saw them, he slumped to the floor and burst into tears. He stared at Philip and roared miserably, "Young Patriarch Clarke, I'll tell you everything! Please let go of my family members!"

Philip looked at Cyril impassively and said, "I've rescued your family members for you, so you should know what to do."

Seeing this, Brad sweated profusely and said sternly, "Young Patriarch Clarke, this is kidnapping and a deliberate attempt at slander and framing!"

However, Philip simply ignored Brad's furious roar.

Cyril said immediately, "Young Patriarch Clarke, Brad and I are old friends. Brad Sacha is involved in the Warren and Hart families' incident!"

After saying this, Cyril slumped like a deflated balloon on the floor. His eyes stared forlornly at his wife, children, and mother.

Brad pointed angrily at Cyril and roared, "Cyril Hopper, this is a false accusation! I don't know you at all! What about the Warren and Hart families? It has nothing to do with me!"

However, Philip gave Brad no chance. He asked the guards to take Cyril and the others away. After that, he stared at Brad coldly and asked grimly, "Brad Sacha, what else do you have to say?"

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Faced with Philip's question, Brad shook his head desperately and refused to admit it. He said, "Young Patriarch Clarke, I absolutely didn't do it! I don't know anything about the Warren and Hart families. This is an obvious setup! I've never offended you in any way, so why are you framing me?"

At Brad's denial, Philip stepped forward, stared at him coldly, and said, "Brad, at this point, it doesn't matter whether you admit it or not. If the director of the Supernatural Bureau finds out about this matter, do you think you'll have a way out?"

Thump!

Philip's remark totally shattered Brad's final line of defense.

The director of the Supernatural Bureau. That was one extremely dangerous and ruthless character!

That person was a criminal expert. In front of that person, Brad had no chance to lie at all, because he dared not. Moreover, that person was not easy to deceive.

Thud!

Brad knelt on the floor and said tremblingly, "Young Patriarch Clarke, I was wrong. Please don't tell the director. I'll do whatever you tell me to. I just hope that you'll give me a way out."

Faced with Brad's plea for mercy, Philip said indifferently, "You only have one chance. After the disciple competition two days later, I want you to point out Ernest Turner and Terrain Villa as well as everyone involved in this matter."

## **The First Heir novel Chapter 2688**

Chapter 2688

He had to point everyone out?

Brad panicked. He would offend many people if he did that. Could he still survive then?

With that thought, Brad shook his head and said, "I can't do that, Young Patriarch Clarke. If I point everyone out, I'll die all the same."

Philip snorted coldly and said, "Do you think you'll have a chance to survive in front of the director?"

Brad trembled at that remark. It was better to offend everyone else than to be punished by the director!

Thus, Brad slumped to the floor, his eyes dull.

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Seeing his state, Philip did not dwell on this topic and said to Leon behind him, "Villa Master Jefferson, please send someone to watch over Mr. Sacha and make sure he's properly fed and served. After the disciple competition two days later, bring him in."

"Yes, Young Patriarch Clarke," Leon responded.

He was very excited because Philip's means were simply too explosive. He took down Brad Sacha in such a short time.

He was the person in charge of the Southern Division in the Supernatural Bureau, a high-ranking figure. Even Leon had to treat him with respect. However, Brad had knelt in front of Philip.

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This was Philip's strength and means.

Soon, the news reached Ernest's ears in Terrain Villa. Of course, the news was deliberately released by Philip to make the opponent flustered so that he would reveal his flaw and make the wrong move.

In the main hall, Ernest smashed the teacup in his hand, stood up angrily, and roared, "That damned Philip Clarke wants to drive me to the grave!"

Ernest already knew all about Brad being detained and Cyril's confession. Now, he must think of countermeasures to resolve the current situation.

"Men!" Ernest shouted angrily.

Two guards walked in, knelt on one knee, and said, "Villa Master Turner."

"Tell the 12 Killers to set off immediately! If they don't bring Cyril's head back with them, they can atone for their deaths!" Ernest roared in a rage.

"Yes!"

The two guards responded and quickly left the main hall.

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Ernest stood in the hall, his breathing rapid. His eyes were full of chills. He had been oppressed by Jenkins Singer for many years. Now that Jenkins was finally dead and he could show off his prowess, he must not let everything be in vain.

After giving the order, Ernest paced back and forth in the hall. Finally, he stepped out of the hall and said to the guard at the door, "Let's go up the mountain to see the grandmaster!"

Soon, Ernest passed through a steep and winding mountain road behind Terrain Villa. He walked up and came to a small house on the top of the back mountain. The small house was built here hundreds of years ago. It looked ancient and imposing.

Ernest stood outside this ancient building and said with a bow, "Ernest Turner requests to see the grandmaster!"

After a long while, the door of the ancient building slowly opened from the inside with bursts of fireworks. Then, an old voice came from inside the building and said, "Come in."

Ernest immediately walked respectfully and reverently into the ancient building.

Crack, bang!

## **The First Heir novel Chapter 2689**

### Chapter 2689

The door of the ancient building was closed, and the room was dark and secluded. Only two rows of dim lamps were lit on both sides of the hall, which seemed very quiet. In the main hall, there were two pillars carved with dragons and phoenixes on each side. On both sides of the pillars, there were ponds about half an arm deep with lotus lamps and some small black fish.

13 steps led up to a high platform at the end of the hall. An ancient podium carved with a dragon stood atop the high platform.

At this moment, a withered old man with scant gray hair and a hunched back sat cross-legged on the podium.

After Ernest entered, he immediately bent down, walked cautiously to the bottom of the steps, and prostrated on the floor. He greeted, "Grandmaster..."

The old man on the podium opened his profound eyes, looked at the kneeling Ernest below, and said in a gruff, deep voice, "Get up."

Ernest stood up but was still bent over.

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The old man on the podium asked, "Is something wrong with the villa? Why are you here in such a hurry?"

Ernest quickly knelt down again and wailed, "Grandmaster, you must save me."

Hearing this, the old man's aura suddenly became dark as he said, "Tell me what's going on."

Ernest quickly said, "Grandmaster, the young patriarch of the Clarke family wants to destroy Terrain Villa. I'm really forced into the corner now and have no choice but to see you."

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"The Clarke family?" Hearing that name, uncontrollable anger burst out from the old man's body and eyes.

He stared at Ernest with hatred and asked, "Is it that Clarke family? Have they already selected the young patriarch?"

Ernest quickly nodded and said, "Yes, Grandmaster. It's that Clarke family! Their young patriarch is Philip Clarke. According to the information I received, he's Roger Clarke's son."

"Roger Clarke?!"

The old man on the podium suddenly roared in rage. "Is that old guy not dead yet?"

The old man raged before he laughed and said, "Very well. The young patriarch of the Clarke family, Roger Clarke's son. It seems that the feud between the Turner family and the Clarke family isn't over yet."

"Grandmaster, you have to save me," Ernest said.

The old man waved his hand, and a circle of energy aura and the power of rules rippled outward like a circular airwave. It spread from the ancient building to a radius of 100 miles!

In an instant, all the disciples in the North felt that fierce and murderous aura from the sky.

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A half-step to the other shore! A powerhouse half-step to the other shore had actually appeared in the North!

Leon, Fennel, and Tango Lidds in the North felt this fierce aura as well. At this moment, Tango, who was executing a secret mission somewhere, turned around and stared in the direction of Terrain Villa. A chill flashed in the corner of his eyes. His brows twitched, and he said under his breath, "Is that the one from the Turner family?"

At the same time, the old man on the podium in the ancient building sneered and said, "The Clarke family has no right to run rampant in my Northern territory! A young

patriarch of the Clarke family isn't worth my attention! You can just act according to your plan. At the critical juncture, I'll go out and help you!"

Hearing this, Ernest quickly knelt down and said, "Thank you, Grandmaster."

Then, he slowly retreated from the ancient building. After he left the building, Ernest stood at the door and looked at the view of Terrain Villa. He sneered and said, "Philip Clarke, let's see what you're going to do! Terrain Villa is not a bug that you can crush at will!"

## **The First Heir novel Chapter 2690**

Chapter 2690

Back to Philip's side.

Cyril and his family members were placed in two separate suites.

It was midnight now.

Suddenly, a group of 12 assassins appeared at the hotel downstairs. They looked at each other before going their separate ways. They quickly ran from the outer wall of the hotel to their respective target points. Yes, these people ran over the walls like geckos at top speed!

Lights could be seen in the two suites. The 12 people used advanced tools, broke open the windows quietly, and jumped inside!

Soft sounds of footsteps landing.

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In Cyril's suite, he lay on the bed in bandages and was on drips. He breathed weakly. Suddenly, he opened his eyes as if sensing the danger. However, a shiny dagger soon appeared in front of him. He wanted to scream for help, but the other party had covered his mouth with leather gloves!

Swish!

Seeing the dagger slashing toward his neck, Cyril felt a sense of relief.

He already knew that he would not survive this ordeal. He knew this group of people too. The 12 Killers were the most powerful assassins in the North. They were all disciple killers in the fifth zone, and the leader was the former king of disciples.

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"I'm sorry, Villa Master Hopper, you know too much. Villa Master Turner wants us to bring your head back."

The guy with the dagger wore a black mask and said emotionlessly. Cyril gave up resistance and closed his eyes. Just as the other party made his strike!

Bang!

Suddenly, the room door was broken open from the outside. A team of fully armed guards quickly rushed out from all corners of the room with guns aimed at the people around the bed. Red focus beams were all over them!

The lead assassin narrowed his eyes and threw the dagger in his hand at a guard without hesitation. They had been engaged in assassination missions and knew what to do right away!

Rat-tat-tat!

In an instant, rapid gunfire resounded in the suite. Amid the gunshots, several figures jumped back and forth under the lights.

Bang, thud!

One by one, the guards were sent flying by the other party. Some were even kicked out the window and fell dozens of meters down!

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Six people fought with this group of guards. However, it was a one-sided fight. After all, these six were disciples of the fifth zone and could not be easily taken down by a group of secular guards.

Just as the six were enjoying the kill, a languid figure suddenly walked out from behind the crowd.

Ethan Clarke stepped forward and said with a frown, "You guys are disturbing my sleep. It's very annoying."

The six people stood back to back, and their eyes quickly locked onto Ethan. It was because they could see that Ethan was the leader of this group of guards.

In an instant, two people split away from the group and attacked Ethan.

As Ethan did not exude any energy fluctuations, they determined that the man in front of them was not a disciple. Two of them could easily obliterate him.

Seeing two assassins approaching him, Ethan smiled in disdain and said, "Hey, you're underestimating me."

After saying that, he threw a punch right at the dagger that the assassin stabbed at him!

Clang!