

The First Heir novel Chapter 2696

Chapter 2696

In the outer and inner circles of the venue, fully armed guards were patrolling. Battle tanks and armored vehicles also form solid protection in the surrounding. Hundreds of fully armed guards at the scene were equipped with special weapons distributed by the Supernatural Bureau to perform patrol duty.

After all, the spectators today were all supernatural disciples, and there were many kingship holders. Once the situation got out of control and triggered a war between the disciples of the North and South, the consequences would be unimaginable. Therefore, the security around the venue was at the highest level. Even the satellite system constantly monitored the energy fluctuations in this area.

If an accident occurred, it would be dealt with as soon as possible.

Soon, the venue was packed.

Heavily armed guards patrolled each section, each wearing special protective clothing enough to resist a blow from the disciples of the fourth zone. Moreover, the guns in their hands were also special energy guns with different attribute powers.

For example, a small conflict had happened between the South and North sections just now. Eight guards armed with energy guns decisively made a move and fired a golden metallic net that flashed with lightning power. It tied up all the troublemakers.

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In short, the atmosphere at the scene was very tense. Of course, this was just a one-off incident.

Disciples from the North and the South sat down, eagerly awaiting the start of the competition. After all, this was traditionally the major event of the North and South!

Ordinary supernatural disciples were placed in the stands. The heads of the disciple families of the North and South and some core family members followed the usher to the highest stands that overlooked the competition platform below clearly.

Of course, Philip and the others were placed here in the first row.

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Just as Philip led Fennel and the others to sit down, a mocking laugh came from behind them.

“Young Patriarch Clarke, I didn’t expect that you’d really dare to show up. In the following competition, the talented disciples of the North will not show any mercy. When the time comes, I hope you can bear this in mind.”

Ernest Turner walked over with a large group of experts from Terrain Villa as well as his selected participants. Of course, some special contestants did not show up here. After all, pride was necessary. Thus, Ernest felt a little angry when he saw Philip and the others sitting here nonchalantly.

“Hmm... Hehehe...” Philip chuckled and said, “Villa Master Turner, have you heard of the story of a wolf in sheep’s clothing?”

Hearing this, Ernest frowned in anger. He led his disciples and contestants to sit on the left.

Philip snorted and swaggered to the right with Fennel and the others.

Leon sat next to him and said in a low voice, “Young Patriarch Clarke, we have no information about the contestants from the North this time. All of them are new.”

Philip knew that with Tango making the move, the Northern contestants who had always participated in the competition would not be able to get out of bed for a month.

Soon, discussions were heard in the audience. There were various opinions on this disciple competition and bets!

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“Have you heard? The contestants of Terrain Villa have been replaced with all newcomers this time!”

“I’ve long heard about it. It’s rumored that two days ago, the original participants of Terrain Villa were challenged, and they were all disabled in one move!”

“Whoa, scary! Did the South find someone to do it because they were afraid of losing?”

Philip and the others turned a deaf ear to the surrounding chatter.

Soon, a glamorous-looking middle-aged man who was also the host of previous competitions appeared on stage. As soon as he appeared, he threw a punch into the sky and shouted excitedly, “Good afternoon, everyone! The disciple competition is about to begin!”

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Chapter 2697

The audience was instantly ignited. Everyone shouted and cheered.

After the crowd finished cheering, the host yelled, "Everyone's very enthusiastic, so let's begin. First of all, this disciple competition will adopt a new rule to match the opponents randomly on the spot. Isn't it exciting?"

"What? Match the opponents randomly? Wow!"

"This is so exciting! If the strongest is matched with the weakest, then..."

For a moment, there was a heated discussion.

The host pointed to the huge electronic screen behind him and shouted, "Now, let's take a look at the list of final participants for the disciple competition this year! Let the random matching begin!"

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In an instant, both sides of the large electronic screen that represented the participant lists of the North and South rolled and flashed rapidly.

Everyone's breathing became tense!

The host shouted, "Three, two, one, stop!"

The screen froze, and the final list for the competition was released. All eyes were fixed on the electronic screen that displayed the final list of matches.

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"Hey, Fennel Leigh is up against Auric Singer, who's the eldest young master of the Singer family. He's an unquestionable kingship holder. Who's Fennel Leigh?"

"I don't know. And look, Stanley Berry is up against... Philip Clarke?"

"Whoa, that's the young master of the Berry family. It was rumored that he was a kingship holder long ago, and he's very strong. Who's Philip Clarke? I've never heard of him at all. Is he strong?"

"Rick Davenport, Ethan Clarke, Maine Jones, and Stuart Carr. Are they newcomers?"

In an instant, there was a heated discussion. However, everyone figured it out soon. This time, the South would surely lose again!

With Stanley Berry and Auric Singer competing, their opponents, Philip Clarke and Fennel Leigh would definitely lose. It would be an instant kill!

“Hahaha, maybe the South sent them just to make up the numbers! These people don’ t even have a ranking on the disciple list! This is rubbish!”

“Huh, I say those idiots from the South shouldn’t compete in the first place. This is embarrassing.”

Hearing the various discussions in the venue, Philip and the others were indifferent.

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On the side, Ernest Turner said with a sneer, “Young Patriarch Clarke, it seems that no one is optimistic about you. That’s to be expected. After all, with such a matchup, Terrain Villa is sure to win.”

Philip looked sideways and said with a sneer, “Villa Master Turner, are you so sure that we’ll lose?”

Hearing this, Ernest frowned and said, “Young Patriarch Clarke, I admit that you’re strong enough to destroy the Singer family, but Young Master Berry and Young Master Auric Singer are not people you can figure out. You’ll know their strength on stage later!”

Then, Ernest snorted, turned to a young man on his side, and said, “You’re the first one up. Get ready and give us a good head start!”

“Yes, Villa Master!”

The young talent responded, glanced at Philip arrogantly, and said provocatively, “I’ll win the first match and let you know the gap between the North and the South!”

Philip smiled lightly and said, “I hope so.”

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Chapter 2698

The host shouted on stage, “The first round of competition between the North and South supernatural disciples will officially begin right now!”

“Ned Tomlinson of the North will be up against Alex Baxter of the South!”

“Hahaha!”

After hearing the host’s announcement, Ernest laughed with a flushed face, “Young Patriarch Clarke, the show is about to begin. I’ll be taking the first win.”

The patriarchs and core disciples of other disciple families in the North and South also looked over at this moment. Ernest Turner, the master of Terrain Villa, was really confident!

The disciple families of the South held a breath of anger at this moment. That was because Ned Tomlinson was the young master of the Tomlinson family in the North with the peak strength of the fourth zone. With such a tricky opponent in the first round, this was really not easy to deal with!

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As for Alex Baxter of the South, since when did this person appear among the disciple families?

Everyone was puzzled. When they looked at Philip and Leon Jefferson, they looked indifferent.

Philip sat without speaking. His arms and legs were crossed. His eyes were indifferent and sharp as he stared at the two contestants who slowly took the stage.

“We invite the two contestants to come on stage!”

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As the host yelled, Ned and Alex stepped on stage. They bowed politely before taking their respective sides.

The first match of the disciple competition between the North and South supernatural disciple world officially started amid the warm applause and cheers of everyone. It was the first match, after all. Hence, everyone’s enthusiasm was like a surging ocean!

The battle songs of the North and the South also rang out at the scene!

“I’ve heard of Ned Tomlinson of the North. He’s a disciple at the peak of the fourth zone with extraordinary strength. He’ll surely defeat his opponent in seconds!”

“Hehe, this year’s North-South Disciple Competition is so boring. Have you heard of Alex Baxter of the South?”

“Hehe, I think a loser like that is just a casual disciple. The South has already gotten to this point. They got a casual disciple to make up the numbers.”

Constant chatter filled the stands.

The ridicule and irony from the North aroused dissatisfaction from the South, and heated arguments exploded in the audience!

Ernest laughed as he sat leisurely in his seat and sipped tea. He said, "Young Patriarch Clarke, Ned Tomlinson is a little quick-tempered and aggressive. If he hurts your Southern contestant later, I hope you can bear with him."

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"Sure." Philip smiled lightly and said, "I hope you can do the same, Villa Master Turner."

"The first match will officially begin!"

The host roared, and the lift platform rose into the air, leaving the competition platform the size of several thousand square feet for the two contestants.

After the announcement, Ned Tomlinson, the talent from the North, gestured his middle finger to Alex Baxter. He said, "Trash! I'll defeat you with one move!"

Whoosh! Bang!

As a result, as soon as Ned finished speaking, Alex rushed forward and threw a heavy punch at Ned's stomach like a comet collision. He sent the man flying!

Ned was very arrogant and wanted to intimidate his opponent a little. The match had just started but before he could finish his intimidation, he was already lying on his back. He spat out blood and howled in pain!

Hiss!

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Chapter 2699

The crowd fell silent. All cheers quieted down.

In the stands, Ernest stood up in agitation and stared at the stage in disbelief. "It's... Impossible!"

On one side, Philip took out a folding fan from nowhere, flipped it open, and said, "Gee, the Northern disciples are really weak."

The folding fan in his hand was written with the words, 'Power is a lonely feeling.'

Behind Philip, Fennel and the others as well as Leon and the other contestants smiled faintly. Leon could not believe it either. Before this, Philip had proposed to change the list. He selected a group of people from somewhere and sent them to Beechwood City in secret.

At that time, Philip had simply said, "We'll witness the result on the competition stage. Keep everything secret."

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Now, it seemed that the group of people selected by Philip was very strong!

Ernest was furious. He turned his head, stared at Philip angrily, and roared. "You cheated! This isn't the strength a Southern disciple should have!"

However, Philip shrugged indifferently and said, "Villa Master Turner, that's nonsense. They're clearly the disciples of the South. You're simply too ignorant of the situation in the South."

On stage, Alex looked at Ned who flew out. He turned around, scratched his head, looked at Philip on the high platform, and said, "Young Patriarch, I'm sorry. I didn't control my strength well enough and sent him flying."

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Philip smiled and said, "27, you did well!"

In the startled eyes of the audience, the first round of the competition started and ended just like that.

Too fast! It broke the fastest record ever! An instant kill!

However, it was the South that defeated the North in seconds. The audience could not react for a while...

Ernest slowly sat down at this moment, his face ashen. He felt uneasy as if he had just eaten poop. Before the match started, Ernest was very pretentious. Now, he was the total opposite. Just now, his lofty ambition of taking the first win was still vivid.

Now...

"Villa Master Turner, thank you for giving way. We'll take the first win," Philip said calmly, but it felt like a punch in Ernest's gut!

Damn it! Simply abominable!

Many disciples subconsciously rubbed their eyes at this moment as they watched the situation on stage.

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The Southern disciples slowly regained their senses. Seeing the North being defeated in seconds, the expressions on their faces suddenly became excited. Immediately after, all the Southern disciples in the audience stood up and cheered!

The battle song of the South also rang at this time! This was a rule of the competition. The winning side would play the battle song!

This was like a dream. After so many years, this was the very first time that the battle song of the South was played at the first match during the North-South Disciple Competition. Many Southern disciples were moved to tears at this moment.

Leon sat on his seat, his fists tightly clenched. His eyes were red with tears.

In this lifetime, he could hear the battle song of the South being played in the first match. It was wonderful!

Philip said lightly, "You can shout if you want to because we're the winners!"

"Ah! We won, we won!"

After hearing Philip's remark, Leon could no longer resist. He suddenly got up, clenched his fists, raised them above his head, waved vigorously, and roared. With Leon's shout, the Southern disciples in the audience burst into cheers again!

On the other hand, Ernest's face was gloomy. He almost went mad with anger!

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Chapter 2700

The victory that should belong to the North was gone just like that!

At this moment, the host also scratched his head in disbelief and confirmed that the contestant had fallen to the outfield before he announced, "The winner of the first round goes to Alex Baxter of the South!"

In an instant, the competition venue was drowned out by cheers again. The pent-up emotions of the Southern disciples were released at this moment. On the other hand, the Northern disciples were full of doom and gloom.

This was humiliating!

For many years, they were used to hearing the Northern battle song being played in the first match, but that practice was broken now. They found it hard to accept for a while.

Alex returned to the stands and the others asked happily, "27, how do you feel?"

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Alex smiled and said, "No feeling. He's too weak."

Hearing this, Ernest's face turned purple with anger!

Philip smiled lightly and said, "Villa Master Turner, Ned Tomlinson seems to be badly injured. My people may be a little aggressive. I hope you can overlook it. If you need me to compensate for the medical expenses, I can pay up."

"No need!" Ernest said coldly, then said to the other person behind him who was dressed in black, "You're up next. You must win the match!"

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"Yes, Villa Master!"

Alex Baxter represented the South in the first match and defeated his opponent, Ned Tomlinson from the North, with the fastest time in history. The South took the first victory!

The Northern disciples had just recovered from their astonishment and started discussing.

"Hmph, he can't even beat such a lousy opponent. Ned Tomlinson's strength is overrated!"

"Alas, I think he underestimated the enemy. He didn't expect the opponent to be so strong!"

However, on the Southern side, they began to ridicule.

"Hehe, I think I can do it too. If I were in the match, I could definitely stand one second longer than Ned Tomlinson!"

"Hahaha! That's right, I can hang on for two more seconds!"

Instantly, the disciples of the South and North quarreled again!

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"What are you looking at?"

"I'm looking at you, so what? Hit me if you dare!"

As the two sides were about to fight, the heavily armed special guards rushed out immediately and pulled the two parties apart. The host also broke into a cold sweat. Everyone's temper ran high this year.

About ten minutes later, the host took the stage again and said, "In the first round of the competition, the South took the first win as a dark horse in this year's disciple competition, but can they keep winning? Let us wait and see! The second round of the competition will start with Kemp Grant of the South against Diego Gomez of the North!"

Whoa!

A heated discussion erupted!

"Gosh, Diego Gomez? Isn't he an exchange student from Fusha? It's rumored that his strength has reached the fifth zone!"

"He's an expert in Fusha swordsmanship. When he was in the fourth zone, he killed a fifth zone disciple in six sword moves!"

"Hehe, it seems that we'll win this time!"

Amid the discussions, the two contestants were already on stage. The man in black stood with his arms crossed with three Fusha scimitars on each side of his waist!