

The First Heir Chapter 2866 - 2870 -

Chapter 2866

Hogan immediately turned down Cynthia's offer and said, "No way. We can't let Philip know about this. He's on his way to Mystic City now. That place is dangerous. Don't let him be distracted by the grandmaster's problem."

"What should we do, then?" Cynthia asked anxiously.

Hogan looked at Chip who was standing at the door and preventing them from entering. He said coldly, "Chip, you actually betrayed the grandmaster."

Chip sneered and said, "Fourth Master, you've misunderstood. I've been loyal to the Larson family all my life."

"Loyal to the Larson family? Haha!" Hogan sneered and said, "One day, you'll understand how stupid your actions today are!"

Then, Hogan looked at the yard and said to Cynthia, "Let's go and look for Supreme Williams!"

With that said, Hogan left with Cynthia. The Larson family could no longer stop Hogan and Cynthia at will right now.

Seeing them leave, a chill flashed in Chip's eyes as he said, "Everything we do means the most to the Larson family!"

When Silva heard that Hogan was going to look for Reed, he sneered and said, "Good for Hogan! He's betraying the Larson family blatantly! Pass on my order to remove Hogan from the Larson family's registry. In addition, announce to all of Fernvale that Hogan Larson, including everyone from the fourth branch, are no longer members of the Larson family! Kick them out right away!"

"Yes, Patriarch!"

A guard responded and quickly carried out the order. After Hogan found Reed, they were about to go to the Larson family when they saw an advertisement on the street!

"Breaking news! Hogan Larson blatantly betrayed the Larson family and has been removed from the Larson family's registry! The fourth branch is being kicked out of the Larson family!"

Seeing the news, Hogan's eyes froze, and he said with helplessness and anger, "Silva Larson!"

Cynthia said anxiously, “Dad, what should we do now?”

Hogan turned to Reed and said, “Supreme Williams, I have to trouble you to bring my family members out first.”

Reed nodded and deployed an elite team to the Larson family to bring out all the members of the fourth branch. Due to the elite team sent by Reed, the Larson family did not make things difficult for the fourth branch.

On this side, Hogan was despondent when he saw his family members sobbing.

“We need to make plans...”

Back to Philip and Fennel.

The private plane they took flew for nearly three hours before they reached the destination. Philip looked at the city below through the window. It was an ancient city without any modern design. To be precise, this place was not affected by modernization yet and was still in the same state as decades ago. However, many vehicles were parked outside the city. They seemed to have arrived in the past few days. The peace here seemed to be broken and had become lively. Moreover, the terrain nearby was quite mountainous, full of yellow sand with few oases.

From a high altitude, the city was shaped like a magic circle with a very tall temple right in the middle. The surrounding houses seemed to be facing the temple in the middle as if in worship.

‘So this is Mystic City, which is also known as Hanger Pass?’ Philip thought.

Chapter 2867

On the westernmost side of the city, Philip found a mountain gate that looked vague and mysterious.

When Philip and the others landed, they finally had a good feel of the environment here. A dry wave of heat rushed over them, and the sunlight burned their skin. They were surrounded by loess and ruins. It was as if a great war had happened here.

There were four entrances and exits in the city. Philip and his gang landed on the small apron outside the east gate.

After they landed, a local tour guide approached and asked in a local accent, “Hello, everyone, are you here for a holiday or to participate in the Mystic City Competition?”

Philip glanced sideways at Fennel, who said with a smile, “Holiday...”

The tour guide immediately said cheerfully, "My name is Doggo. I'll bring you into the city for a rest."

Philip glanced around. Many groups of people were dressed up like they were here for business and seemed to be discussing with other tour guides too.

"Sure," Philip replied.

Soon, they entered Mystic City with Doggo.

As soon as they entered the city, Philip noticed the local customs and culture. The streets were full of vendors selling food and souvenirs, as well as some stones and local jade. There were many shops, hotels, and restaurants on both sides of the street. The development of Mystic City seemed suspended in the early 21st century.

The people walking around would not say anything but covered themselves up tightly as if they were afraid of being recognized.

After walking for a while, Philip and the others had almost figured out the situation here. There was a patrolling station nearby that should be responsible for maintaining the law and order here. However, the patrolling station here seemed different from those in the outside cities.

"Everyone, here we are. This is our local special hotel. Please have a rest. This is my business card. If you have any questions or want to go anywhere, please contact me and I'll come over at once," Doggo took out the crumpled business card with a smile.

Philip sat down and glanced at the business card and Doggo.

Doggo seemed to be in his early 20s. His freckled face was flushed and peeling from the sun, but he seemed quite smart.

"Okay," Philip smiled, took out a banknote, and handed it to Doggo.

Doggo was immediately excited. His eyes widened as he said with a smile, "Thank you, sir!"

A big banknote! He struck it rich! This was a big customer!

Philip and the others sat down and ordered tea and some snacks.

"Hey, what do you think of this place?" Philip asked.

Fennel frowned and looked around. Many groups sat in the lobby, drinking tea and eating snacks. Everyone was watching each other vigilantly.

"It's hard to say. There's something wrong with the atmosphere here. We should proceed with caution," Fennel said.

Philip hummed.

17 and the others sat on the side and said, "Young Lord, I think those few people have been watching us since we entered."

Hearing this, Philip followed 17's gaze.

In the corner, four sturdy men stared viciously at Philip and his gang. When they saw Philip looking over, they deliberately made a swiping motion across their necks.

Philip frowned. He did not want trouble. However, the other party was obviously targeting Philip and his gang on purpose. They got up and approached their table.

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Seeing the four burly men approaching, Philip and the others frowned. They remained silent.

Bang!

The fat man in the lead had a round face and beard, as well as yellow teeth. He was smoking a cigarette and had a huge machete on his waist. He stepped on Philip's chair, put his hand on his knee, and asked, "Hey, are you new here? Which faction do you belong to? Don't you know that this territory belongs to me, Sumo? Why didn't you greet me when you walked in?"

Philip frowned and said coldly, "I'm sorry, I don't know you. We're here for a holiday."

"Hahaha!" The bearded fat man laughed, sized Philip up, and said, "A fair and delicate kid like you is here for a holiday? Who are you trying to fool?"

"Boy, I saw you giving a banknote to Doggo just now. I can see that you're very rich. It just so happens that we're short of money, so give us some right now!"

The fat bearded man stretched out his black greasy hand and motioned for money. This looked like daylight robbery.

Many groups of people sat in this hotel lobby, drinking tea and eating snacks. When they saw Philip and his gang being harassed by Sumo and the others, no one stood up for them but looked indifferent instead.

"Sumo has targeted another piece of fresh meat."

“Hehe, they’ve been here for three years and robbed many visitors from other places. They choose all the rich ones.”

“Keep your voice down and eat your food. If Sumo hears you, all of us will die!”

Hearing the discussions around him, Philip also found out a little about the people in front of him.

A typical village bully who robbed others. A person like this could actually sit in this hotel so grandly. One could already imagine how chaotic this place was. They should have a force behind them too. Otherwise, they would never dare to do this.

“Kid, what are you waiting for? I think you look like rich people. Pay up to ward off danger, lest Lord Sumo kills you!”

The bearded man touched the machete on his waist, pulled it out, and swung it on the table with a bang!

“Ah!”

Many guests in the hotel were so frightened that they screamed and ran out.

Sumo laughed and called them cowards. Then, he looked at Philip and the others coldly. He took out a cloth bag from his waist, threw it on the table, and said, “Hand over all your valuables. “

Philip sipped his tea indifferently, smacked the teacup on the table, and said coldly, “Everything is here. Take it yourself.”

Philip pointed to the bulging bag on his waist.

The bearded man snorted and reached out for Philip’s waist. After fumbling around for a while, the arrogant smile on the bearded man’s face froze. His eyes widened as if he saw a ghost, and he quickly pulled his hand back.

His companions looked suspicious and asked excitedly, “Lord Sumo, what’s wrong? Is there a lot of money?”

“What the heck with money!”

Sumo roared angrily and slapped the guy’s face so hard that he spun around on the spot. Then, he looked at Philip and the others with a flattering smile. He said, “Everyone, I’m sorry. We were blind and ignorant. We’ll leave right now!”

With that said, Sumo was about to run with his people.

This scene naturally made everyone in the lobby very puzzled.

However...

Click!

Philip took out a golden Desert Eagle from his waist, raised his right hand while drinking tea, and pointed the muzzle at Sumo's head.

"You want to leave? It won't be that easy. On your knees." Philip's muzzle pointed randomly at Sumo and his gang.

Thump!

In an instant, the four burly men with wide eyes and cold sweat on their foreheads knelt on the floor without hesitation!

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The other guests in the hotel lobby were stunned at this scene.

Someone with a gun!

Sumo had run into a tough opponent. No one expected these ordinary-looking people to bring a gun with them!

"Sir, I'm sorry, we were wrong. We're blind and ignorant. Please give us a way out. We won't do this again."

At this moment, Philip turned around indifferently. He propped his arms on his knees, and his hands were relaxed. The golden Desert Eagle was held in his right hand. He raised the golden Desert Eagle in his hand, placed it on Sumo's neck, jerked his round face around, and asked, "How long have you been here?"

"T-Three years..."

Sumo stared at the golden Desert Eagle in Philip's hand and squeezed out a smile. The fat on his face trembled as he said, "Sir, be careful or the gun will go off."

Sumo was scared. It was not as if he had not seen anyone with a gun, but he was unlucky enough to run head-on into one now.

"Are you very familiar with this place?" Philip asked.

Sumo immediately nodded and said, "Yes, there's nothing here that I don't know. If you want to know anything, just ask me and I'll definitely tell you."

Philip nodded and asked, "Who told you to come here?"

This question caught Sumo off guard. He faked a smile and said, "Sir, you must be mistaken. I don't know what you're talking about. I'm just after money."

"Is that so?" Philip sneered, and his stern gaze sent chills up Sumo's spine.

Bang!

A gunshot!

Philip pulled the trigger, and the bullet hit Sumo's right knee. In an instant, Sumo's gut-wrenching howl rang in the lobby!

"Argh! My leg!"

Philip looked indifferently at Sumo as he fell to the ground and rolled around while clutching his bloody right leg. He said coldly, "I'll give you another chance. Who sent you here?"

Sumo hugged his bloody right leg and said stubbornly, "I really don't know. I just want to get rich. Sir, you've misunderstood."

Philip raised his eyebrows, then looked at the other three men kneeling and trembling all over. He said, "Is there anyone willing to tell me? Tell me and you can get one million. If you don't, you'll end up the same as him!"

With that said, Philip fired twice!

Sumo fell into a pool of blood. His left leg and right arm were shot. His screams deafened others.

Seeing this scene, the three kneeling guys shouted quickly, "I'll say it!"

"It was Lord Ludo who asked us to do this."

"Yes, Lord Ludo said to mess with you."

Philip frowned and asked, "Who's Lord Ludo?"

"That would be me," Suddenly, a cold and uncanny voice sounded at the hotel's door.

Chapter 2870

The person who walked in was a young and handsome man about 25 or 26 years old. He wore a white suit and black sunglasses. He was followed by six guys in black suits and had a black tattoo resembling the pearly gates on his neck.

People from the Heavenly Court?

Philip and the others immediately noticed the tattoos on these people's necks.

The young man in the lead nonchalantly exposed his wrist that had a golden tattoo of the pearly gates. In an instant, Philip recalled the information about the Heavenly Court that Fennel showed him last night. Everyone in the Heavenly Court had a tattoo for identification.

It was the logo of the pearly gates. The black ones represented the guards, bodyguards, thugs, and so on. The silver ones represented the management of Heavenly Court. They had some strength and power. The golden ones represented the core personnel of the Heavenly Court, the leaders.

In other words, the young man in front of them was actually the core personnel of Heavenly Court. His status was not low!

In an instant, the expressions of Philip and the others became very solemn. They had just arrived in Mystic City. They did not expect to run into someone from the mysterious Heavenly Court right away. Moreover, it seemed that the other party was very hostile.

The young man put away the golden fan in his hand. The followers behind him took out a piece of gold foil and placed it on the seat before the man sat down with a smile.

Seeing this scene, even Philip, the heir of the Clarke family, admired him somewhat.

He had to bring his own gold foil paper when he went out just to pad his butt. It must be said that the Heavenly Court was really rich and powerful.

"Do we know each other?" Philip sized him up before he asked.

The young man in a white suit did not seem to take Philip seriously at all. He said blandly, "No, we don't."

Hearing this, Philip frowned, swung the golden Desert Eagle in his hand, and said, "You're the first person who's made me feel disgusted at first glance."

The man in a white suit smiled and said, "I feel the same way about you. Maybe, as Granny Leena said, you and I are destined to be opponents."

Hearing this, Philip was even more puzzled.

'Granny Leena? Destined opponents?'

"Young Patriarch Clarke, I want to give you a piece of advice now," the man in a white suit said leisurely.

Philip raised his eyebrows and said with a shrug, "I'm all ears."

"Mystic City of the northwest is not a place you should come to. If you don't want to die here, leave as soon as possible with your people."

After saying that, the man in a white suit radiated a cold and severe aura. He was quite domineering. Not many people could speak to Philip like this.

"Hmm.. Haha..." Philip scratched his head with the muzzle of the golden Desert Eagle and said with a smile, "Do you think your advice is useful to me?"

"No," the other party replied.

Interesting. This man in a white suit did not play by the rules at all.

"In that case, why still bother?" Philip asked.

The man replied, "Because the advice is not only for you but also for others. Besides, I need a valid reason. In this way, I can make a move against you without fear. Don't you think so, Young Patriarch Clarke?"