

## The First Heir novel Chapter 1706

The person in front of him was none other than Fennel Leigh. This was the second time that Philip met him. This guy always moved without a trace and was all over the world. He had too many secrets. However, Philip would not ask him about those.

Fennel grinned and displayed his white teeth. With a flamboyant smile at the corner of his mouth, he held up the wine glass, motioned to Philip, and said in a lazy, magnetic voice, "Long time no see."

Philip raised his glass and the two toasted. He said, "It's been a while."

Then, Fennel gestured for the two hot girls to leave and poured another glass for Philip. He leaned back, stared at the ceiling, and exhaled before saying, "It's still better to be back in a metropolis at home."

Philip took a sip of wine. He cut to the chase and asked, "I want to know everything about the door."

Fennel sat up straight and took out an object from his pocket—a black card.

Philip recognized it at a glance. It was the black card from the Nonagon, but this one was different from the one Sheryl Larson had given Philip.

This card had a number on it.

"From the Nonagon?" Philip picked up the card and looked at it carefully.

Fennel drank his wine in one gulp, snapped his fingers, and said, "It seems that you already know something about it."

After that, he got up. At a height of nearly 1.9 meters, he looked very tall and handsome. Coupled with his face that could charm thousands of women and that unfathomable, cold, and unrestrained aura that radiated from him, it was nearly impossible to look away from him.

He walked to the window on the side and took out a cigarette from his jacket dashingly while tossing one to Philip. He lit his, exhaled puffs of smoke, and said, "If you want to understand the door, you must first understand the Nonagon. And if you want to understand the Nonagon, you must first enter the Nonagon."

Philip frowned and said, "What's the difference between the door controlled by the Nonagon and the door of the Clarke family?"

Fennel thought for a moment and replied, "I'm not sure about the Clarke family's door. I've never even seen it. However, based on the information I have gathered over the past few years, that door of yours is a little strange. Or rather, very special. It's not accessible to ordinary people. Even the disciples cannot approach that door. It will auto select the candidate to enter the door, and the conditions are very harsh one of which is that the person must be a member of the Clarke family and possess the Clarke family's bloodline."

Philip listened quietly and asked, "What about the door of the Nonagon?"

Fennel smiled, took out a fiery red object from his pocket, and flicked it with his finger to throw it into the air.

Philip reached out, grabbed it mid-air, and spread out his palm. It was the phoenix feather key, the key to the door of the Nonagon.

"It's for you. It's useless to me anyway. I can be considered an outcast of the door," Fennel smiled and said with an indescribable look in his eyes.

Philip took a close look at the phoenix feather pendant in his palm and suddenly realized that this key was different from the others he had seen.

Immediately, he took out the phoenix feather pendant that Sheryl had given him from his pocket. Upon comparison, he found that the one from Fennel was exceptionally bright in color with the geometric pattern of the Big Dipper on it. The fifth star that made up the constellation was the brightest.

Fennel glanced at it and said, "The one in your hand is just an ordinary key, a token used by the Nonagon to select candidates to enter the door once every few years. This type of key can only enter the first zone behind the door."