

## The First Heir novel Chapter 1708

At present, there were only five pavilions in the Nonagon. They had yet to conquer the sixth zone, while Roger Clarke, who used to be in charge of the seventh zone, was labeled as a defector and driven out of the Nonagon.

Philip's brain spun rapidly as he quickly sorted out the relationships between them.

Then, he asked, "My father used to be in charge of the seventh zone, which means that the Nonagon also controlled the sixth zone. Who's that person?"

Fennel's gaze burned, and the corners of his mouth curved into a smile as he said, "You're indeed smarter than I thought. You know the person in charge of the sixth zone as well. They have an extraordinary relationship with you."

"Who?" Philip asked with a frown.

"Your mother, Charlotte Larson," Fennel said.

His voice was not loud but it made a huge impact.

Philip was stunned, and his eyes went blank. Sitting on the sofa, his hands trembled slightly.

Not long ago, Sheryl said that his mother was once the most talented genius among the group of candidates of the Nonagon. However, it was a pity that she fell in love with someone she should not have.

Now, Philip understood that the person she should not have fallen in love with was his father.

The man who got kicked out of the Nonagon.

Philip could not figure it out. His mother had actually been in charge of the sixth zone of the Nonagon... However, everything made sense again.

His mother's death had something to do with the Nonagon. Now, the Nonagon only had five pavilions, while the sixth and seventh zones had no masters.

Was this a case of excluding dissidents?

Philip drank all the red wine in the glass and asked coldly, "Does my mother's death have anything to do with the Nonagon?"

Fennel sighed and said, "I'm not sure. I haven't found much relevant information, but some evidence has already pointed to the Nonagon. I'll continue to investigate this matter. Give me some time."

Philip clenched his fist, feeling a little agitated at the moment. He placed his wine glass on the table and said, "I want to enter the Nonagon."

Hearing this, Fennel was shocked. He said, "Are you crazy? The Nonagon has always been at odds with the Clarke family. You can't get in at all! Besides, even if you do get in, do you know what you'll be facing once your identity is exposed? That place is crawling with monsters, they're all f\*cking freaks! Even I can't guarantee that I can get in and out in one piece."

However, Philip had made up his mind. He said, "I've considered this matter carefully. I want to enter the Nonagon. After I enter the door, I want to find the people behind my mother's death."

Seeing Philip's serious gaze, Fennel frowned before asking, "Have you really decided on this?"

Philip nodded and said, "Back then, my father could enter the Nonagon and take charge of the seventh zone. I can do the same."

Fennel shook his head and laughed. "It's not that I don't believe you, but taking charge of the seventh zone is not something ordinary people can do. I can help you enter the Nonagon and avoid their vetting, but after you get in, you must conceal your identity and never reveal it, let alone think about taking control of the seventh zone. For decades, no one has ever dared to challenge the seventh zone. Especially the five pavilions. You must avoid contact with their people. Remember my words, or else, you'll face the pursuit of the entire Nonagon. If that happens, I'm afraid that even the Clarke family will probably be in huge trouble."

Philip smiled and said, "I know, I'll be careful. I'll come out as soon as I discover the clues to my mother's accident."

Fennel looked solemn and said, "These days, the Nonagon is selecting talents. There should be some enforcers in Uppercreek. I'll keep a lookout for you."

Philip smiled, took out the card given by Sheryl from his pocket, and said, "Tonight. Those people are having a private party. I'll attend it."

Fennel took the special black card from Philip's hand and asked suspiciously, "How did you get this access card?"

"Sheryl Larson gave it to me," Philip replied.

"Sheryl Larson of the Larson family? That iceberg chick gave it to you?" Fennel exclaimed strangely before looking at Philip from top to bottom. With the corner of his mouth twitching, he said with a smirk, "Well done, Philip Clarke. You've even conquered the ice-cold chick, Sheryl Larson?"

Philip rolled his eyes at Fennel and said, "What nonsense are you talking about? I'm her uncle. Stop messing up the seniority."

Fennel chuckled and said, "What if I tell you that Sheryl is not a biological descendant of the Larson family?"

Thump!

Hearing that, Philip's heart jolted as he asked dubiously, "What do you mean by that?"

Fennel put his hands in his trouser pockets and responded, "When I was investigating the Larson family in Fernvale sometime ago, I accidentally found out about this hidden secret. Sheryl Larson is not the biological daughter of the current patriarch of the Larson family. She was adopted."

"Adopted?" Philip was stunned and asked, "What does that mean?"

"I haven't found out. Sheryl can enter the door on her own but chooses not to enter. This matter reeks of a conspiracy." Fennel chuckled and added, "Philip, I don't think you can trust the Larson family too much. Based on the information I've gathered and my personal contact with them, the Larson family is not that simple. Your mother's accident back then is related to the Larson family."

"Related to the Larson family?" Philip was stunned. His eyes went blank as he could not figure it out.

Back then, his mother's accident and the sudden withdrawal of the Larson family from the mainland had already made him very puzzled.

Philip always thought that the Larson family was trying to avoid some trouble, but now, after listening to Fennel, there seemed to be something else hidden.

Fennel shook his head and said with uncertainty, "Without enough evidence, I can't be sure yet. The Larson family withdrew too quickly after your mother's accident. After so many years, the Larson family is still keeping their mouths tightly shut on this matter as though they're trying to conceal something."

Philip looked gloomy and said, "I got it. Regarding Sheryl's case, does she know about it?"

Fennel said, "Of course, she knows. But I'm curious. Why did she give you this card and the key? It stands to reason that entering the Nonagon and entering the door is the desire of many people. The Larson family should be very willing to do it."

Philip looked at the phoenix feather pendant in his hand and frowned. This matter seemed to reek of a conspiracy.

"Go with me tonight. We'll find out what Sheryl is up to. Besides, I really want to get in touch with the people from the Nonagon. I want to see what kind of prodigies these people are." Philip's eyes were stern as an invincible aura rose from his body.

Fennel nodded and said, "Sure, but I'll be there later. I have something to deal with in a while."

"What is it?" Philip asked.

Fennel waved his hand lazily and said, "Those guys from the 12 Sacred Halls of the West have crossed the line. I want to teach them a lesson."

Philip nodded and asked, "You said just now that you came to Uppercreek while tracking my sister's case. What's going on?"

Fennel's face immediately turned grave and he said, "Previously, you asked me to track down your sister's whereabouts. I found clues leading me to Sendona, but after following the trail, I found out that the people guarding your sister, or the organization behind them, have a foothold in Uppercreek."

"The Beauty Killers?" Philip asked.

Fennel nodded and said, "It's the Beauty Killers. I've come into contact with this organization before. Strangely, they're different from all the other organizations I've come into contact with. Some are in it for the money and some for fame. But they seem to be after something else. Moreover, the network behind them is intricate, involving many domestic figures. They're even connected to the Hall of the Underworld from the 12 Sacred Halls of the West."

"The Hall of the Underworld?" Philip's expression tensed.

Had he underestimated the Beauty Killers before?

"Then how is my sister now?" Philip asked.

Fennel said, "Don't worry about this. According to the clues I found, Hannah's position in the Beauty Killers isn't low. She's being protected by someone important behind her. I think the Beauty Killers won't do anything to her for the time being."

Philip breathed a sigh of relief when he heard this. After chatting with Fennel for a while longer about the secrets of the door, Philip left the clubhouse.

After leaving, he looked somewhat grave. He looked up at the sky and saw the clouds rolling above. The despondent sunset made him feel very uncomfortable. Things were progressing differently than he initially thought.

The Nonagon, the door, the door belonging to the Clarke family, the Five Pavilions, there were too many. There were too many things that Philip had to figure out.

With his hands in his pants pockets, Philip smiled and said to himself, "I'll just take it slow. I have plenty of time."

After saying that, he hailed a cab to the hotel Sheryl had told him to go to.

Sure enough, Concord Hotel was heavily guarded today.

There were eight bodyguards at the entrance, and just by looking at them, Philip knew that the strength of these people was very unusual.

Philip swaggered to the door and was stopped by the other party before he could get any closer.

"Sir, I'm sorry, but this place has been reserved for a private gathering today. Please leave." The bodyguard who took the lead had a grim face and his whole body oozed with a murderous air.

Philip smiled. Just as he was about to take out the access card from his pocket, a few black Bentleys drove over.

At once, these few bodyguards directly isolated Philip and stepped forward respectfully, guarding the cars.

Philip raised his eyebrows, and his eyes fell on the car in the middle. The door opened and a middle-aged man in a gray suit stepped down. He was closely followed by a young and beautiful tall woman in a short red skirt and high heels. She had curves in all the right places and looked like a mature beauty. Her fair and ivory straight legs that no men could resist marveling at made this woman the focus of attention wherever she went.

After getting out of the car, the two stood at the door, seemingly waiting for someone.

Philip looked at them for a few moments before he took out the access card of the Nonagon from his pocket and said to the bodyguard, "Can I go in now?"

The bodyguard took a look at it and invited Philip in respectfully.

Before entering, Philip glanced back and found that a black SUV had stopped at the entrance. The two people from earlier rushed toward the car with great respect and excitement.

When the door opened, four people stepped down from inside the car. They wore hooded black robes that concealed their faces. Only a golden badge on their chests could be seen, which was the geometric pattern of the Big Dipper that Philip saw when Fennel gave him the key.

The people from the Nonagon were here!