

# The First Heir Chapter 1317

## Chapter 1317

Fulton stood behind Philip, nodded his head, and hummed in response before saying, “Yes, Young Master.”

Philip looked up at the sky, his heart shuddering!

The Clarke family actually had its own door!

The Clarke family actually owned a door that could only be controlled by a single country!

What kind of person was his father?

What was he planning?

Philip felt incredibly weak and bewildered at the moment. It turned out he knew so little about his father.

“Have you entered this door?” Philip asked again.

Fulton shook his head and said, “The door of the Clarke family is a bit different from other doors. Only members of the Clarke family are qualified to enter.”

“What about the key?”

Philip turned his head and looked at Fulton with some surprise.

Fulton smiled and said, “Clarke family members are the key to this door.”

What?

Philip was shocked!

All the other doors needed the so-called key, but this door could only be entered by members of the Clarke family?

After a moment of silence, Philip asked again, “Why has father been hiding it from me?”

“It’s not time yet. The secret of the door is too significant. In this world, only a handful of people know that the Clarke family has a door. This is why all other countries have raised their efforts to find the fourth door.

“Of course, this secret can hardly be contained any longer. Some people have speculated that the fourth door is in the Clarke family.

“The lord has asked me to bring you back this time. It’s about the door. He needs to explain some things to you.”

After Fulton finished speaking, the atmosphere in the room was subdued.

Philip put his hands in his trouser pockets and lowered his eyebrows in thought. After a while, he asked, “Is my mother’s accident related to the door?”

Fulton frowned and looked into Philip’s eyes before nodding. “Yes.”

Huff!

Philip took a deep breath. Sure enough, he had guessed correctly.

“Who is it?” Philip asked, his eyes bloodshot.

Fulton shook his head and said, “Young Master, the lord has given orders about this matter. When the time is ripe, you will naturally come to learn about the incident.”

Crack!

Philip clenched his fist in his trouser pocket and said angrily, “Time, time, time! Why does he say this every time? What is he doing? I’m his son and that’s his wife. Isn’t he the head of the Clarke family? Isn’t the Clarke family the most powerful family in the world? Isn’t he a talented genius from that whatever Nonagon? Why doesn’t he even dare to investigate his wife’s accident?!”

Philip was furious!

This was the grievance and anger that had been bottled up in his heart for more than ten years!

He hated his father!

He was tired of all the overt and covert fighting in that family!

“Young Master, the lord has unavoidable reasons—” Fulton tried to explain.

“Enough! I don’t want to hear it! I’ll investigate this matter myself!”

After saying that, Philip turned around angrily and left the room.

Fulton stood at the window, looking at the lonely figure that was walking away below. He dialed a number and respectfully said, “My lord, the young master has already learned about the door, but he is haunted by his mother’s accident and seems to hate you even more. Should you tell him the truth...”

On the other end of the phone, the old voice was accompanied by coughs. “Let him hate me. It’s not time yet. Those old guys behind the scenes are getting impatient. Letting him know at this time will be detrimental to him, to Wynn, to my granddaughter, and the unborn child.”

“But my lord, the door is about to be closed and you can no longer go in. If the young master doesn’t go back and open the door, it’ll take another 20 years for it to reopen again,” Fulton said anxiously.

“I know. Find an opportunity and bring him back.”

The call ended.