

The First Heir novel Chapter 1696

Joy jumped in delight and quickly told the front counter where to deliver the goods.

Due to the large purchase, combined with the fact that Rowan Holmes wanted to befriend Philip and leave Philip with a good impression of him, he ensured that everything bought today would be delivered right to their doorsteps.

This was really fortunate. Otherwise, even though Philip practiced martial arts, he would not be able to handle two women and a shop's worth of clothes.

"Mr. Clarke, are you a member of the branch or main Clarke family?"

While the two women were happily divvying up the clothes in front, Rowan poured Philip a cup of tea in the general manager's office next door.

Philip took a sip of tea and said, "This is good tea." Then, he continued to drink.

Rowan was a little embarrassed and wanted to continue asking when Philip spoke up.

"Mr. Holmes." Philip put the cup of tea in his hand on the table and said lightly, "You're a good person and I'm willing to get to know you, but there are some things that shouldn't be asked. These things are also better not asked about to avoid getting burnt. In other words, don't jump into the fire pit. Isn't that right?"

Rowan slapped his forehead and said, "Yes, of course, I'm being careless. Here, please have more tea."

Philip smiled and continued drinking tea.

After that, Rowan said, "Mr. Clarke, my brother's name is Alan Holmes and he's quite reputable in Uppercreek. I'd like to invite you for dinner and introduce my brother to you. I wonder when will be a convenient time for you?"

Philip was silent for a while and asked, "Alan Holmes is your brother?"

Rowan quickly nodded and said, "Yes, I'm Alan's younger brother. Do you know him?"

Philip shook his head and said, "No, but I've heard Victor Bell talking about him. He's one of the three lords of Uppercreek, known as Master Alan."

Hearing that, Rowan shuddered. It turned out he knew Master Bell!

It was fortunate for Rowan. If he had made the mistake of going along with Henley's snobbery just now, things might have ended up in a bloody storm.

"I didn't expect you to know Master Bell. It's my ignorance and blunder," Rowan said politely.

Philip chuckled. When everything was almost done, he accompanied Wynn back.

After they arrived at the hotel and settled down, someone came in and reported, "Mr. Clarke, someone is downstairs looking for you."

Philip raised his eyebrows and asked, "Who is it?"

The person replied, "I don't know. She said you know her. Her last name is Larson."

Larson?

Sheryl Larson?

How did she know he was here?

Philip arrived at the lobby and saw Sheryl sitting on the sofa in the lounge area.

She wore a long black dress, a beach hat with black lace, and her hands were wrapped in black hollow-out lace gloves. She sat with her long and slender legs crossed, while her rosy lips were on the rim of a cup of coffee. She was poised, dignified, and elegant, yet creating a distance between her and others at the same time.

No man would dislike such a woman. She was mature yet charming, s*xy with a hint of nobility.

“Why are you looking for me?” Philip approached her and sat down opposite her.